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26-92

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXVIII. JULY, 1823. Vol. XIV.

Contents.

London Oddities and Outlines. No. I. 3
English Songs, ... 4
The Exhibition at Somerset-House, ... 10
The Pyrenees, ... 13
Lectures on the Fine Arts, No. I.
On George Cruikshank, ... 18
New Poetical Translations—Wiffen—Rose—Gower, . 26
Rapp's Memoirs, ... 39
Italian Art of Hoaxing. No. IV. From the Novels of Lasca.
Tenth and last Tale of the Third Supper, ... 43
The Unknown Grave, ... 59
Sketch of the Revolution in Mexico, ... 61
An Idyl on the Battle, (betwixt Spring and Neat,) . . 65
On the Gormandizing School of Eloquence,
No. I. Mr D. Abercromby, ... 73
The Tory. Letter I. 76
Letters of Timothy Tickler, Esq., to eminent Literary Characters. No. VII. . . . . .
On the last Number of the Quarterly Review, ... 80
On the New Cantos of Don Juan, ... 88
The Inhabited Well, translated from the Hindoostanee, . 93
Lord Byron and Mr Landor, ... 99
Noctes Ambrosianæ. No. X. 100

Works Preparing for Publication, ... 107
Monthly List of New Publications, ... 108

MONTHLY REGISTER.

Appointments, Promotions, &c. 117
Births, Marriages, and Deaths, ... 119

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EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXIX. AUGUST, 1823. Vol. XIV.

Contents.

History of the Garden of Plants, Paris, ... 121

Note on Neill's Horticultural Tour through Flanders, Holland, &c. . 123

Pococurante, ... 133

On the Pluckless School of Politics. No. I. 139

The Rev. Mr Irving's Orations, ... 145

Quin's Visit to Spain in 1822 and 1823, ... 163

Las Cases' Journal of the Private Life and Conversation of Napoleon at St Helena, ... 169

Napoleon's Memoirs, ... 173

Letter from a Contributor in the Sulks, ... 181

The Tory. No. II. 184

A Scots Mummy. In a Letter from James Hogg, ... 188

London Oddities and Outlines. No. II. 191

The Rev. Mr Irving, ... 192

Parisian Sketches. No. I.

Six Months before, and Six Months after October, 1814, . . . 193

A Ball at the Opera House, ... 196

New Ear Trumpet. In a Letter from Thomas Morison, M.D. 199

The Parson's Visitor, a Lyrical Ballad, ... 200

The late Whig Attacks on the Lord Chancellor, . . . 202

Letters of Timothy Tickler, Esq. to Eminent Literary Characters. No. VIII.

On the last Number of the Edinburgh Review, and Things in General, 212

Noctes Ambrosianæ. No. XI. 236

Mr North's Lecture on "The Choice;" a Poem recently written by Leigh Hunt, a Convert, and Vice-Poet-Laureate to Blackwood's Magazine, 241

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXX. SEPTEMBER, 1823. Vol. XIV.

Contents.

On the Sources of the Picturesque and Beautiful, . . . 249
Blunt's Vestiges of Ancient Manners and Customs, Discoverable in Modern Italy and Sicily, ... 254
Bartholomew Fair, ... 259
Time's Whispering Gallery,
No. V. A Visit to the Leasowes, ... 262
No. VI. Milton at Chalfont, ... 265
On a Childe Playing, ... 268
The Man-of-War's-Man.
Chap. VIII. 269
Chap. IX. 278
ODoherty on Don Juan, Cantos IX. X. XI. 282
Popular Tales of the Northern Nations, ... 293
London Oddities and Outlines. No. III. 294
A Traveller's Week, ... 296
Hayley's Memoirs, ... 303
Letters of Timothy Tickler, Esq., to Eminent Literary Characters.
No. IX. To Thomas Campbell, Esq. Editor of Colburn's Conduit-Street Magazine, ... 308
Postscript by ODoherty, ... 311
No. X. To Christopher North, Esq. On Campbell, Cobbett, &c. &c. &c. 312
On the Pluckless School of Politics. No. II. Letter from Andrew Ardent, Esq. 330
Answer from Mr North, ... 331
The General Question. No. I. 332
Bits. By the Director General, ... 342
Prize Dissertation on the Age of Homer, ... 343
Heaven and Hell. By the Reverend Edward Irving, . . 346
Verses to the Memory of Robert Bloomfield, ... 353
Song, occasioned by some gloomy Anticipations of the Effects of the Change in the Navigation Code, ... 354
Works Preparing for Publication, ... 355
Monthly List of New Publications, ... 357

MONTHLY REGISTER.

Appointments, Promotions, &c. 368
Births, Marriages, and Deaths, ... 372

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No. LXXXI. OCTOBER, 1823. Vol. XIV.

Contents.

Horæ Germanicæ. No. XVI.
Wallenstein, translated by Coleridge, ... 377
The Last Words of Charles Edwards, Esq., ... 396
Letter from ODoherty, ... 416
The Unwilling Author, ... 417
Notices of Modern British Dramatists. No. I.
Tennant. Cardinal Beaton, ... 421
Hogg's Three Perils of Woman, ... 472
The West Indian Controversy, ... 437
The Glasgow Dinner. A Fragment. By Mr Tickler, . . . 459
Mr Blaquiere's Report on Greece, &c. &c. 465
Sawney at Doncaster. By the Author of the Ayrshire Legatees, ... 468
London Oddities and Outlines. No. IV. 470
Letter from a Contributor in Love, ... 471
The Complete Angler of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton, 473
Sunday Evening, ... 483
Noctes Ambrosianæ. No. XII. 484
The Manifesto, ... 504

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BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXII. NOVEMBER, 1823. Vol. XIV.

Contents.

The Night Walker, ... 507
Letters of Timothy Tickler, Esq. to eminent Literary Characters. No. XI. . . . . .
The Gentlemen of the Press, ... 511
Public Credit—Project in Aid of it, ... 516
The Pewter Quart, ... 520
Dissertation on the Leather Bottle and the Black Jack, 521
Leaving Port—A Passenger's Olio, ... 529
Letter from Gabriel South, Esquire, ... 532
The Irishman. No. I.—Pamphlets on Ireland, ... 534
Rules for Plain People respecting the Evidence of Miracles, 552
Modern Dramas, and Dramatic Writers, ... 555
The Memorabilia of William Faux, ... 561
Letter to Christopher North, Esq. concerning Mr Tickler's last Appearance in Maga, ... 572
History of the Garden of Plants. Part II. 577
The Confessions of a Footman, ... 590
Six Sonnets on the Scenery of the Esk, ... 601

Works Preparing for Publication, ... 604
Monthly List of New Publications, ... 607

MONTHLY REGISTER.

Appointments, Promotions, &c. 618
Births, Marriages, and Deaths, ... 622

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BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXIII. DECEMBER, 1823. Vol. XIV.

Contents.

The Chancellor and the Edinburgh Review. 627
Panaceas for Poverty. 635
A Chapter on Goblins, ... 639
The West Indian Controversy. No. II. 647
Whig and Tory, ... 666
The Graces, or Literary Souvenir, ... 669
Beauty, ... 672
Spain, ... 675
Letters of Timothy Tickler, Esq. to eminent Literary Characters. No. XII.
On the last Number of the Edinburgh Review, ... 695
The Diary of Joseph Burridge, Esq. of Millford Hall, Essex, edited by Lord Flanders, ... 702
Wrestliana, or an Historical Account of Ancient and Modern Wrestling, by William Litt, ... 705
Notices of the Modern British Dramatists,
No. II. Beddoes, ... 723

Works Preparing for Publication, ... 730
Monthly List of New Publications, ... 732

MONTHLY REGISTER.

Appointments, Promotions, &c. 739
Births, Marriages, and Deaths, ... 740

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BLACKWOOD'S

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No. LXXVIII. JULY, 1823. Vol. XIV.

LONDON ODDITIES AND OUTLINES.

"Quicquid agunt homines."

No. I.

London has now gone through her intellectual year; for, after the first of July, no man writes, reads, or thinks. The booksellers stray through dusty and deserted shops; authorship, weary and wasted, coils itself in its secret haunts, till winter shall revive it to plumpness and activity again. Actors play *Clari*, *Adelgitha*, and such other symptoms of theatrical exhaustion; legislators hurry to the country to canvass the wives of the men of corporations, and shoot partridges; parliament expires in the languid impeachment of an Irish judge, and the burlesque puzzling of an Orange examination; Canning speaks no more; the Chancellor of the Exchequer brings out his budget; and Brougham talks—the effect is irresistible; and St Stephens is emptied of all who have ears to hear. Bond-Street has symptoms of agricultural produce aspiring between its stones; Lord Petersham abjures his black *silk shirt*, and wears a white neckcloth—sign that the season is over when men of fashion were to be made envious. Barristers quarrel with each other in empty courts; and all Cheapside is transmitting its tepid elegance to steam-packets under weigh for the mouth of the Thames.

When a rise of ten degrees in the thermometer can work such changes, who shall wonder that the first topic of English conversation is the "*weather*?"

If, in some of the future revolutions of climate, England should possess a settled sky, and men should be accustomed to expect a summer, posterity will be at a loss to conceive the cause of some of our public phenomena. Why Sir Robert Wilson is as much forgotten as if he had never raved; why no man alive asks whether he is, at this sultry hour, hiding his glory and his honours in a *cabaret* at Corunna, or cooling his ambition in a Portuguese jail;—why common halls are vocal no more with radical nonsense and grammarless language;—why Hunt and Lord Ellenborough have equally disappeared from the streets, and Holland House incubates young reviewers no more;—why the Duke of Devonshire suddenly saves his lamplight, and throws Piccadilly into a darkness emblematic of his own oratory;—why Michael Angelo Taylor vapours no longer against chancellors, chimney-sweepers, and *id genus omne*, bag-bearing and black-vestured, &c. Of all these wonders, the true solution is sudden sunshine.

Montesquieu was in the right, after all. Men are made by the climate. Their minds are, like their bodies, earth and water; and laws and government have no more actual influence on them, than on the copiousness of cabbage-leaves, or the toughness of turnips.

Why is the German a worshipper of eternal dissertations on Hebrew roots, and a propagator of the muddiest philosophy on the dingiest paper? Why is he, *par excellence*, a dreaming politician and a mystic theologue? Simply because he sees nature through a fog, and deepens that fog with the eternal fume of his own tabacco. Why is the Spaniard the most consummate of idlers, the most devoted of lovers,

and the most extravagant of poets? Simply because he is the most sunburnt of men. Why is the Frenchman all over caprice, feeble and violent, gay and gloomy,—this month a worshipper of the Bourbon, and the next, *si Diis placeat, un brave de la republique?* Because he breathes a milder fitful sky, and is more frequently washed from head to foot by the free bounty of the heavens, and dried by the same cheap and summary exsiccation, than any man between the Poles. Why do an Englishman's doors and windows shut close, while beyond his shores there is not a door or window in Europe that is not freely entered and battered by shower and storm? Why is he a man of broad-cloth and bent brows, a lover of firesides and a puddler in desperate finance,—of sullen aspect and sturdy politics? Because it rains every month in the year. His house is a ship, he must therefore spend his life in caulking and nailing. He has an instinctive horror of a chink; he navigates among the nations; and he has thus become the most plodding, humid, prosperous, and unhappy, of animals.

Half of this year has been rain. We are more fortunate in our power of resisting submersion than our forefathers; in Noah's time, it rained but *forty days*. Such is the benefit of custom. As it is, however, the effect of this determined irrigation was formidably obvious. I disdain to allude to the extinction of fields and farm-yards, and the utter absorption of all that once made the physiognomy of spring. The nobler operations of the mind, ministerial and opposition, were in a state of such utter dilution, that scarcely a speech has been uttered since the beginning of the year, loud or deep enough to remind us of the existence of the legislature. All public meetings seemed to have been soaked away. A few rash attempts made in York, in a vain reliance on waterproof cloaks, umbrellas, and popular irritation, were visited with immediate and vindictive torrents; and, from the utter silence which has since filled that region of wrongs and oratory, it is concluded that the chief speakers, several of whom had long found it difficult to keep their heads above water, had fairly gone down. In Parliament, Mr Canning's *exposé* of the Bourbons, and Mr Plunkett's *exposé* of himself, were expressly put off till those months when there might be a hope of fine weather. On the stage nothing had appeared, but a play by *Miss Mitford*, an extremely watery production, and an eastern melodrame, of which by much the finest scenery represented the bottom of the *sea*. In poetry we had but one publication, and that one was upon the *deluge*. Thus we were in a state of universal humectation at home,—abroad, war paused on the Pyrenees, and carried a barometer instead of a sword. In Africa, the invasion of the Mandingoes was washed back by an inundation, and *Cape Coast Castle* preserved for new crimes and calentures. Along the *Zaara*, supplications for sunshine were put up to Mahomet, through ten degrees of sand and lions; and, for the first time in the life of the colony, the settlers in Hottentots' Holland were wet from Heaven.

*English Songs.**

The English have been charged by foreigners with having no native music. This charge partakes of the spirit of all foreign accusations, and is partly prejudice, and partly ignorance, let the impeachment be laid by whom it may. With the chief portion it is rank ignorance; for under the name of England they have included the empire, and are still, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, to be told that Ireland and Scotland have had a music of their own, infinitely purer, more original, and more touching, than all the canzonets and cavatinas, from the Alps to Vesuvius.

But even among ourselves there have been many shrewd doubts and bitter aspersions on the musical fertility of the centre of the island. That fat and flourishing district, which has supplied the realm with sovereigns and merchants, and has borne away the palm in beeves and battles, from time

* The Loyal and National Songs of England, for one, two, or three Voices. Selected from original MSS. and early printed copies in the library of William Kitchener, M.D. London, Hurst and Robinson, 1823.

immemorial, has undoubtedly had occupations more stirring and engrossing than those of the whole host of minstrelsy, northern or western. A great, busy-governing, opulent, prosperous, public-speaking, turtle-feeding, trade-loving country, cropped with parliament men, bishops, and philosophers; a huge mart for all the nations of the earth, a spot to which the Virginian, as he sets his tobacco, and the Kamschatkan, as he skins his ermine, cast their eyes with a fellow-fondness for the due return;—England has had other things to do with its sleek and pursy opulence, or with its turbulent and nervous industry, or with its haughty and supreme ambition, than the idlers of Italy. She has paid for their music; she has had the whole continent quick-eared and open-mouthed for her pay. In the spirit of political economy she has found it cheaper to import, than to raise the commodity, and she has imported it accordingly. If she have not hitherto shown a Catalani propagated on the banks of the Thames, or a Farinelli of indisputable Yorkshire, it is because she has not thought it worth her while; or if she be content to take Rossini's music at second-hand, or leave Germany the honour of the only Mozart, it is because she has been too busy and too much pleased with settling the affairs of the earth, to think about the manufacture of composers. Yet England has had great composers, (for the true estimate is genius, not volume,) though she neither forced the soil for them, nor extinguished her other products to fill the world with sonatas—yes, GREAT COMPOSERS. Some of these men are known but by a few melodies, but melodies of the heart, things *perennis ævi;* substantial additions to the national treasure of delights; bold, natural, and characteristic appeals to the natural impulses of the English character, or deep and most touching responses to the pathos of a people, that in all their busy life have as deep a tenderness as ever sang to the moonlight in the most sentimental casino in sight of St Marks. The majority of their songs are, as they should be, in the spirit of a brave, free, and conquering nation—the first on land and sea, with its heart eminently engaged in all the achievements, and chances of those whom it sends to struggle round the world. Doctor Kitchener deserves an apotheosis for having gathered a volume of those fine records. His work comprehends *fifty-six* of the most celebrated old *land* songs. Another volume will present a selection of the finest in honour of our *sea* glories, and both will form a collection of singular value and interest, whether as specimens of English music, or memorials of the predominant feeling of our forefathers in their days of victory and patriotism.

The volume, a showy folio, is prefaced by an *introduction* treating of the general design of the work. The doctor here indulges in the triumphant tone of successful authorship. "The first number of the LOYAL AND NATIONAL SONGS OF ENGLAND will be a sufficient answer to those who have heedlessly said, *the English have no national songs*, and prove the proud fact in direct contradiction, that no nation in the world has half so many loyal, nor half so many national songs. What country can boast more beautiful national songs than *God save the King, To arms, Rule Britannia, Hearts of Oak*, and a hundred others which are presented to the public in this work?" Then follows a list of names beloved by glee clubs and the men of cathedrals, but eclipsed in our degenerate day by foreign "balladmongers." The list is nearly thirty long, and boasts of Locke, Purcell, Bird, Carey, Leveridge, Croft, Green, coming down through the Arnes, &c. to Calcott.—Even among the modern composers a vast number of works, popular in their day, have been flung into unmerited oblivion, as the occasion passed away. This is the natural course of things. Victory supersedes victory, and with the old success perishes the old song. Party is trampled under the heel of party; the Tory once shrunk before the Whig, and the Muses were furiously solicited to sing his discomfiture; the Whig changed his principles, grew contemptible, and lost the favour at once of the nation, and of Parnassus. Honest men eschewed the name, and good poets scorned to give an eleemosynary stanza to its *manes*. Toryism rose for the honour of common sense, and the good of the country; and if it has hitherto been tardy in cementing its constitutional supremacy by its harmonic captivations, yet, as all the songs in honour of English honour, loyalty, and glory, are palpably but

Toryism set to music, it is still at the head of affairs in Helicon, without costing itself an additional stave. Our musicians have not been idle. The complete published works of the English composers fill *two hundred and fifty folio volumes;* and we venture to predict, that the doctor's sale, *serus in cœlum*, will be the choicest compilation of black-letter melody that has been committed to the eloquence and the hammer of a Christie, or an Evans, since Queen Elizabeth played upon the virginals.

This collection is attended with all imaginable advantages for all kinds of professors and performers. Regular *scores* for the scientific; simple basses for the novice; in brief, all the cunning of counterpoint displayed in all its charms. The introduction discusses a question which had lately excited infinite curiosity among the *cognoscenti*, and been the unhappy parent of a thick *quarto*—the true history of *God save the King*. The *quarto* had decided that Doctor *John Bull* was the composer. No man will deny that the song, if it ever had a composer at all, ought to have had one bearing this name. But see "how a plain tale puts down" a happy theory. In all the volumes left by the doctor, and they are many and mighty, there is not a bar of the great symbol of loyalty.

"It is recorded in page 205 of Ward's Lives of the Gresham Professors, that one of Doctor John Bull's books contained a composition of his, which he entitled '*God save the Kinge.*' The editor has the volume in his possession, and in it there is indubitably a God save the King, pressed into juxtaposition with a *Fantarin*, *Felix affertorium*, a *Levex vous Cœur*, and a *Philis heft myn hert Gestoolen;* but this associate of love and piety, Latin, French, and Dutch, is no more like the true, than the Doctor to Hercules. In the present publication, the work of Bull is not only made visible, but brought, by the industry of Mr Edward Jones, the King's bard, into a form accessible to our modern performers, who would have been formidably repelled by its six-line staves, and its merciless variety of *cleffs*. This composition is "merely a *ground* or *voluntary* for the organ, of the four notes, C, G, F, E, with *twenty-six different basses!*" and, as the editor pledges himself, "is no more like them now sung, than a frog is like an ox." The editor's contemptuous conviction is, "that there is no other than *mere hearsay* evidence or *vague conjecture*, as to the composer or the time of this anthem, nor any proof that the words or the music of *God save the King*, as now sung, had been either seen or heard previously to October 1745, when it was published in the Gentleman's Magazine. In the table of contents prefixed to that month's magazine, it is styled, 'God save our Lord the King, a *new* song.'"—This is powerful authority, but it has not altogether cured the world of scepticism; and no subject can be worthier of the summer consideration of my Lord Aberdeen and the Antiquarian Society. In addition to this preface, curious little notices of the principal songs are given, and the work, in general, is a capital specimen of musical publication.

The names of the songs are a treasure of loyalty in themselves, the sound of a trumpet to the ear of all lovers of the Catch-club and the constitution. The praises, healths, and prosperities of monarchy, take, as they ought, the first place; and we have, including "God save the King" twice over, a whole succession of kingly melodies, in all the forms of song, glee, catch, and chorus. We have thus, "Long live the King, composed by Handel, in 1745," for the Gentlemen Volunteers of the City of London. The words are true, honest, straightforward allegiance, and such as might bring discomfiture to the heart of any Whig, even in our day of rebellious politics and romantic poetry. Ex. Gr.

"Stand round, my brave boys,
With heart and with voice,
And all in full chorus agree;
We'll fight for our King,
And as loyally sing,
And let all the world know we'll be free.

"The rebels shall fly,
As with shouts we draw nigh,
And Echo shall Victory ring;
Then safe from alarms,
We'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it, 'Long live the King!'"

This is poetry to the purpose,—no rambling about groves and doves, lips and sips; no raving about sobs and sunflowers, and "victory's moon;" but proper words in proper places, and adapted to the capacity of volunteers. The whole corporation of the *Pierides* could not have done it better.

This is followed by a long and worthy list of

"Great George is King," (1745.)

"Here's a health to our King," (1700.)

"Long live Great George," (Dr Boyce, 1780.)

"God preserve his Majesty," (Dr Blow, 1699.)

It is painful to pass over the poetry which gave force to those fine melodies. But *Here's a health to our King* has an irresistible claim on our commemoration, from its having been a favourite of *Swift*, a name "unmusical to Volscian ears." The poetry is first-rate in its style.

"Here's a health to the King,
And a lasting peace;
May the factious (the Whigs) be hanged,
And Discord cease!

"Come, let us drink it while we've breath,
For there's no drinking after death;
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.
Down, down, down, down! (*ad libitum.*)

Yet it has competitors, and Dr Blow's renowned catch may rely on immortality, if such can be gained by pithiness of conclusion.

"God preserve his Majesty,
And for ever send him victory,
And confound all his enemies!
—TAKE OFF YOUR HOCK, SIR!—
. . . . —Amen!"—

No. 11., written in 1700, has all the merits of the Augustan era. It is true, terse, triumphant, and Toryish.

"Here's a health to the King, who has said from his throne,
That his heart is true English, as well as our own.

"And the Church, fixed by law, is resolved to maintain
Through the course of his life, and the course of his reign.

"Thus we need not to fear any danger to come,
While our arms rule abroad, and our King reigns at home."

But Harrington's Round distances all the rest. The sentiment is as old as the days of Alfred, and the phraseology was probably copied from the Runic. It is the true sublime.

"*A Toast for the Enemies of Old England.*

"Cobweb breeches, hedgehog saddles,
Jolting horses, stony roads,
And tedious marches, (*in æternum.*")

The volume must now be left to its triumph, but a parting glance will fall from time to time on some fragment of touching and resistless captivation. What can be more *native* than the fine naval contempt of the beginning of "*Fight on, my boys*"?

> "Ye *rakes* and ye *beaus*, that wear the red clothes,
> Come fight for your country, and conquer your foes;
> For the old British tars, *they never* fear'd wars;
> So fight on, my boys, we shall beat them," &c.

The close of Jeremy Clarke's (1700) Song on "St George," is worthy of a Greek epigram.

> "All the world can't shew the like Saint.
> All the sacrifice that we expend,
> Is to drink fair, and to deal square,
> And to love our friend."

No. 43.—"*Come, my lads,*" should stand beside it in the Anthologia. It was written on a Spanish war.

> "Who cares a puff for France and Spain,
> Soup maigre in alliance!
> They'll soon be hang'd, as cross the main;
> We give them bold defiance.
>
> "The Monsieurs want some English beef;
> Some pudding would delight them;
> We'll fill their bellies, ease their grief;
> And afterwards we'll fight them."

This is incomparably *British;* at once brave and benevolent, contemptuous and charitable. The idea of first feeding and then killing, could not have occurred to any other than a great nation, equally beef-eating and belligerent; the spirit of agriculture and ambition could go no farther.

The praise of beef is, however, a subject at once so national and *individual,* that we are surprised at the editor's moderation, (to give it no more invidious name,) in limiting the glories of the matchless nutriment of British heroism to a single song. That one is, however, an *apotheosis*—The renowned "Roast Beef of Old England," (Leveridge, 1730.) The words have all the grace of fiction, and all the accuracy of history.

> "King Edward the Third, for his courage renown'd,
> His son, at sixteen, who with laurels was crown'd,
> Ate beef with their armies, so never gave ground!—
> Oh the roast beef of Old England, &c.
>
> "The Henrys, so famous in story of old,
> The Fifth conquer'd France, and the Seventh, we're told,
> Establish'd a band, to eat beef and *look bold.*
> Oh the roast beef, &c.
>
> "When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
> Ere coffee and tea, and such slip slop, were known,
> The world was in terror, if e'er she did frown.
> Oh the roast beef," &c.

The fortunate celebrity of the song almost prohibits quotation; and the *Laus Kitcheneri* must close; yet the "British Grenadiers" "detains the spirit still," and the reader shall have the parting delight of a few couplets from a composition whose mythology and music might have given new ardour to the troops of Leonidas, or reversed the fates of Chærones. It is Greek in the

highest degree, and breathes of a scholarship that must have made the author a phenomenon in the Guards.

The British Grenadiers.

"Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Conon and Lysander, and some Miltiades,
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can compare,
With a tow row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadiers.
Chorus—But of all, &c.

None of your ancient heroes e'er saw a cannon-ball,
Or knew the force of powder, to slay their foes withall;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
With a tow row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.
But our brave, &c.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand-grenades,
We throw them from the glacis about our enemies' ears,
With a tow row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.
We throw them, &c.

The God of War was pleased, and great Bellona smiles,
To see these noble heroes of our British isles;
And all the Gods celestial, descending from their spheres,
Behold with admiration the British grenadiers.
And all the Gods celestial, &c.

Then let us crown a bumper, and drink success to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the *louped* clothes;
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadiers!
May they and their commanders," &c.

It is almost superfluous to say, that those words are set to the most animated and manly melodies. The vigour of the verse implies it. Though excellence of all music is its appropriateness, no man will suppose that words like these are conveyed to the ears of the earth in *Sicilianas* and *affetuosos*. But for boldness, loftiness, and a direct connexion of energy of sound, with energy of sense, they certainly have no superiors in the whole chronology of music. All the continent has been labouring to produce a *God save the King*, and all its efforts have failed. What are the *Vive Henri Quatre*, the *Wilhelmus von Nassau*, or the innumerable "God Save the Kings," "Electors," Emperors," &c." flooding out yearly from the German school, to our noble melody? The old English composers have fully established their claim to distinction; and when Doctor Kitchener, in the fulness of years and publication, shall descend to the elysium of painters, poets, and musicians, we predict that the shades of Blow and Green, Purcell and Leveridge, will be waiting at the entrance, deputed to lead him to the softest seat, and overwhelm his brows with the greenest laurel.

"At dubium est, habitare Deum sub pectore nostro?
In cœlumque redire animas, cœloque venire?
Utque sit ex omni constructus corpore mundus,
Ætheris atque ignis summi, terræque, marisque,
Spiritum et in toto rapidum qui jussa," &c.

The Exhibition at Somerset-House.

In this age of absurd scepticism, it has become the fashion to doubt the value of Exhibitions, as auxiliaries to the progress of the Arts. But we should first doubt the value of competition, of publicity, of purchase, of the comparison of styles, of public criticism, and of the assurance of a fair trial of merits. An exhibition on the scale of that at Somerset-House comprehends all those advantages; and to its annual display may be attributed at once the increased popular feeling for the Fine Arts, and the increased general excellence of the British School. Exhibitions do not create genius; but they cherish it; they give it the immediate power of attracting the public eye; they render it superior to cabal, and place in the first rank the man who deserves to stand in the first rank, without delay, and without difficulty. The English School has now thrown all those of the continent altogether out of competition. The French is learned, accurate, laborious, and meagre; the Italian, dry, loose, and feeble; the German, a compound of the French and Italian; the English, in its vigour and simplicity of conception, its adherence to nature, and its command of colouring, has had no superior since the days of Titian.

In the present Exhibition, there are about a thousand pictures. The great majority are portraits. These are, of course, almost beyond observation. Of the others, I mention only those which catch the general eye.

No. 21.—*The Solar System*, by *Howard*. This artist has distinguished himself by the study of the more fanciful parts of fable, ancient and modern. His *Pleiades*, a delicious composition, first brought him into notice; and he seems never to have exceeded that early effort. His *Solar System* represents the planets by male and female figures, floating in a circle round *Phœbus*, and drawing light in urns from the Sun. The conception is from *Milton*,

"Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light."

But the execution, partially beautiful, is partially embarrassed and unnatural. Phœbus sits in the centre, touching his lyre, but with the face of a fat milkmaid. The Sun is by his side, a clumsy reservoir of light; and the floating gatherers of the radiance seem perplexed between the double service of filling their urns, and sailing round their ring. The Sun lies beside Phœbus, like a beer-barrel. Light and the God of Light should not have been disjoined.

No. 22.—*The Dawn*, by *Fuseli*. The subject is suggested by the lines in Lycidas,

"Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn."

A youth is asleep on the foreground. The air is filled with rolling mists; the grass is deep and dewy; a long pyramidal flash of pale purple shoots up from the verge of the horizon. The youth is profoundly asleep, and the general expression of the picture is touching and true.

No. 34.—*John Knox remonstrating with Queen Mary on her intended marriage with Darnley.*

This is one of the most spirited pictures in the room. Knox, with the Bible in his hand, and in an action of great force, bends towards the Queen. His countenance is remonstrative and imperious. At the opposite side of the picture stands Erskine, leaning over Mary in an attitude of conciliation. Mary sits at a table, with her head supported by her hand. She is in tears, and the youthful freshness of her countenance forms a striking contrast to the withered and acrid physiognomy of her persecutor. But Mary's face is the chief failure of the picture. It altogether wants the romantic and lofty beauty that tradition has given to the Queen. The breadth of the cheek is rustic and heavy, and the colour is neither the flush of indignation, nor the floridness of early beauty.* The details of the furniture and architecture are minute and accurate; but the subject is, on the whole, repulsive. Mary's sufferings

* Such is our correspondent's opinion, and much may be said on both sides. Our own opinion is, that Allan is right throughout—that he has made her cheek-bones broad, because she was *a Scottish Beauty*, and because coins (better authority than vague tradition) give Mary the characteristic outlines of her country's physiognomy—and that Allan has not painted the Queen as in the full glow of natural passion, simply because he had adopted Dr M'Crie's belief, that, throughout the whole of this scene with Knox, she was *acting a part*. The picture of Archbishop Sharpe's death, however, is still the best that has been painted from the History of Scotland. C. N.

are less forgotten than her errors, if she had any errors beyond those of inexperience, and the natural impulses of a confiding and loving heart.

The Scotch Novels have made the Covenanters distasteful to the multitude, and, sincere as they might have been in their conventicles, the artist should look to other times and men for the most popular exercise of his genius. The days of Scottish magnificence and chivalry, her court celebrations, her huntings through her picturesque and mountainous districts, the adventures of the Bruce, the Wallace, and the Montrose, offer a succession of subjects of the richest character to an aspiring national artist. The world are weary of the bitter mixture of politics and religion.

No. 78.—*Portrait of the Duke of York*, by *Phillips*.—The Duke is painted in the full robes of knighthood, the likeness is striking, and the arrangement of the robes at once stately and graceful. *Phillips* is one of our first colourists, and he has exhibited all his powers on this picture.

No. 131.—*Portrait of the Duke of York*, by *Wilkie*.—This picture is of the Cabinet size. The Duke is looking over some papers. The light is thrown from a window behind the figure, and the Duke's costume, and the furniture of the apartment, are admirably treated. But the face has escaped Wilkie, and the resemblance is lost in a mass of a heavy and featureless shade.

No. 151.—*Arthur Lord Capel defending Colchester*, in 1648, by *Cooper*.—This artist has obtained reputation by painting battle-pieces of cavalry. He has spirit and general fidelity to nature and costume. But if he be emulous of the fame of Wouvermans, he must follow him in the selection of a noble and generous class of the horse. Cooper's horses are, almost without exception, the rudest models of their kind; the short hackney, or the rough and crabbed mountain horse, with more vice than blood, and more hair than sinew. His heavier chargers are mere dray-horses. In this picture his knights are stately, though clumsily mounted, and the attempt to express the stirring business of the time is nearly a failure. His battle has the composure and gravity of a pageant.

No. 196.—*Comus, with the Lady in the enchanted chair*, by *Hilton*.—The Enchanter is offering the cup, the lady shrinks from him, and a whole host of fauns and satyrs are gambolling round them both. This picture is inferior to the Una of the same artist, though the manner is remarkably and injudiciously similar. The lady is a feeble and heavy figure, with a countenance totally the reverse of captivating. *Comus* is colossal, and thrown into an attitude of awkwardness and distortion. But the surrounding groups are highly animated, their general colouring luxuriant, and the depths and green alleys of the forest painted with a rich and verdurous beauty.

No. 261.—*L'Improvisatrice*, by *Pickersgill*;—A rising artist who seems to possess a peculiarly fine conception of female loveliness, one of the rarest faculties of painting. The poetess is young and handsome, her dress is Italian, her hand is resting on a guiter, and her large eye and glowing countenance, fixed upon a brilliant southern sky, are full of inspiration.

No. 272.—*Shakespeare's Jubilee*; with *portraits of the performers of Covent-Garden*, by *Sharp*.—This picture represents its groups forming a procession to the temple of Shakespeare. The arrangement is tasteful. But the merit of a work of this kind is to be looked for in the fidelity of the likenesses; and here lies the weakness of the picture. The portraits are traceable in general with difficulty, and in some instances they completely evade the eye.

No. 135.—*The Parish Beadle*, by *Wilkie*.—The Beadle is arresting an Italian boy with a monkey; the whole family of adventurers are following him in great indignation; the father, a pale, nervous, strong-featured gipsy, is on the point of attacking the Beadle; the mother is in the full tide of scolding. A youth behind leads their bear; two boys of the rabble hooting at the Italians, complete the group. *Wilkie* has done nothing since his *Rent-day*, superior to this picture. The story is told with perfect clearness, the characters are fully sustained, and the colouring is probably the happiest effort of his pencil.

Canova's *Danzatrice* is the principal sculpture, and is unworthy of his name; it curiously combines the vulgarity of a rustic, and the affectation of an opera girl.

Haydon's misfortunes have been

made so public, that there is no indelicacy in the topic. It directly arose from two things: his idle scorn of following the common courses of his profession, and his determination to paint only Scripture-pieces, and those on the most colossal and hazardous scale. Much may be forgiven to the errors of an ambitious spirit, resolved on freeing itself from what had been, however childishly, called the degradation of its art. But cooler sense would have taught him, that exclusively to paint subjects, for which none but cathedrals and churches could be purchasers, and which, from the custom of the country, neither would purchase, was a hazardous speculation. The mere size of his pictures puts them beyond all hope of admission into private collections; for what could be done with three or four hundred square feet of canvas, covered with whatever majesty of prophet or apostle? Even if he must paint Scripture-pieces, his choice of subjects was injudicious. The New Testament was his selected field. But the character of the New Testament is beyond the power of painting. The highest grandeur clothed in the most extreme simplicity; prophets and apostles wearing the aspect of fishermen and peasants. All magnificence of mind under all humility of body, even a Deity veiling himself under the semblance of a harassed and outcast man, are all beyond the reach of an art which speaks only to the eye. No force of the pencil can make, or ought to make, those beings look otherwise than men, whom we yet *know* to be more. The nearer the painting is to probability, the farther it is from reality. The little artifices of *haloes* and glories round saintly and divine heads, are at once repulsive to truth, and evidences of the conscious inability of painting. Yet these unconquerable disadvantages *Haydon* undertook to combat, and to combat with the addition of a difficulty entirely his own. He conceived for himself a head of the *Saviour*, repugnant to all those fine imaginations of the Italian school which had already established the countenance. The result was total, undeniable failure. For the combined loftiness and suavity, the mild superiority, and the dignified sorrow, that alternately predominated in the pictures of Raphael, Corregio, and Guido, he gave us a head modelled on some fantastic conception of craniology, and a visage as dull as a mathematician's. The countenance in which the first painters in the world had given their finest impression of the united nature of God and man, and which had become by habit identified with the name, was profaned; and a heavy and repulsive physiognomy substituted for the features of manly beauty and celestial virtue. This palpable fault degraded his picture of the *Entry into Jerusalem*, a work of great design, and vigorous execution. The physiognomy of the principal figure was fatal to the popularity of the powerful groups that filled the canvas; and piety and taste alike turned away.

If *Haydon* had selected the Old Testament, he might have found the congenial field for his boldness, originality, and breadth of design. The Hebrew kings and warriors, the gorgeous ceremonials of the Hebrew rituals, the mighty events of a history illustrated by human pomps and divine glories, the united crownings and consecrations, the magnificence of Persia, Egypt, and India, in the midst of the scenery of Palestine, the perpetual miracles, the intercourse of men and angels, the ascent to heaven, have all formed the most sublime efforts of the pencil. They all address the eye. Where there is grandeur of purpose, there is grandeur of person. Acts worthy of kings and prophets are done in palaces, or in the presence of classes and companies of magnificent shapes, mortal or immortal, that relieve the mind from all doubt of the nobleness of the agent, and invest him with a magnificence suitable to the minister of God, or the ruler of nations.

Haydon has petitioned the House of Commons to extend its patronage to History-painting. One of the objects of this petition may have been to bring his case before the country. It is to be hoped that this object will not be disappointed, and that a man of his ability will not be suffered to linger under the depression of hopeless ill fortune. But when *Haydon* shall re-appear, he must altogether change his conception of the way to fame. He must be undone, or listen to the advice which tells him, that no individual can triumph by resisting the taste of a civilized age; that if he expect to sell his pictures, he must restrict them to the size of sale; that if he will live by the public favour, he must consult the public taste in the

choice of his subjects; and that if his patrons are weary of historical pictures, he must, like Lawrence, and Phillips, and Shee, or like Rubens and Rembrandt, occasionally stoop to paint portraits. He is a man of talents, from which much may be hoped for still. The severity of his present lesson, however to be regretted, may have the advantage of forcing on him the salutary conclusion, that his past progress has been constructed upon erroneous principles; and if the hour that sends him among the world again shall send him out as a new man, to commence a new career, young with the experience of years, and vigorous from the excitement of new hope, he may yet rejoice in his temporary calamity, and do honour to his age.

THE PYRENEES.*

There is some old and absurd attraction in all that relates to Spain. *Nous Anglois* talk of it in a universal spirit of romance; and it is the only topic on which we do not ridicule and scorn romance in word and deed. But, something mingled of Moor and Christian chivalry, as *theorbos* touched to Sultanas, and bowers and alcoves fretted over with Arabesques and Saracen poetry, the remnants of the manners of a brilliant, fierce, jewelled, and mailed people haunt our imaginations; and it is thenceforth allowed and allowable for every man to be an enthusiast for Spain, for its beauty and valour, gallantry and guitars, the luxuriance of its valleys, and the proud brows of its *sierras*, provided he has never been within the borders of the land. Romance in an actual traveller is beyond all mercy. In our closets, and with a volume of *Gongora* or *Calderon* on the table, we may be forgiven for the folly of dreaming the Spaniard of the 19th century into the bard, the hero, and the enthusiast of the 15th. But the testimony of the eye should be fatal; and he who resists it is equally desperate of cure and pardon. The Spanish war is already extinguished, cast away, gone down with its whole revolutionary cargo. But some pamphlets have been brought out by it, descriptive of features and adventures that deserve to survive the Cortes, their Constitution, and their burlesque war. One of these gives a few curious details of the frontier, when the French kept watch, during the past year, over the plague and the revolution together. The writer, *Thiers*, is a Frenchman, and is what would once have been a *philosopher*, and would have been worshipped in the *Pantheon*, but that fashion has passed away, "nous avons changé tout cela;" and *M. Thiers* is now a respecter of the rights of independent nations, and swears by Monarchy and *la Charte*. His work is written with some ingenuity, with the eye of an artist, and with a profound admiration for France, the *great man now no more*, and himself. But his descriptions are better than his politics. His *coup-d'œil* of the south is *graphic*.

"The soil of Provence, though covered with mountains, is essentially different in character from that of the Alps and Pyrenees. It does not present continual heights and defiles, like the great mountainous countries, nor moderate eminences, gradually declining to the plain, as we see on the north side of the Pyrenees. There are plains, hills, and, above all, some stray ridges of the Alps, which terminate in the Mediterranean. Hence the prospect over this diversified soil, is not always bounded by masses of rocks, confined within valleys, or lost in immense plains. It alternately contracts and extends over a soil which is sometimes level, sometimes covered with perpendicular mountains, and sometimes loses itself over the expanse of a sea, when the darkest azure is contrasted with sparkling light.

* * * * * *

"In the midst of an immense opening between two great chains of rocks, which stretch into the sea, lies *Marseilles*. When a traveller arriving from the north reaches the first chain, he suddenly perceives this immense basin, and is astonished at its extent and dazzling brilliancy. Soon after, he is struck with the structure of the soil, and its singular vegetation. An immense mass of grey and bluish limestone forms the first enclosure; lower branches diverge from it, and extend into the plain, composing an unequal and very varied soil. On every eminence there are tufts of Italian pines,

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* The Pyrenees, and the South of France, during the months of September and December 1822. By A. Thiers. 8vo. Treuttel and Wurtz, London, 1823.

which form elegant parasols of dark, and almost blackish green. Pale green olive trees, of a moderate height, descend along the hills; and, by their paleness and little round masses, contrast singularly with the slender stature, and magnificence, and dome of the pines. At their feet is a low, thick, and greyish vegetation; it is the *sage*, and the *odoriferous thyme*, which, when trodden on, emits a powerful and agreeable perfume. In the centre of the basin, Marseilles, almost concealed by a long and straggling hill, appears in profile; and its outline, sometimes hidden in the vapour, sometimes appearing between the undulations of the ground, terminates in the blue of the sea, with the handsome town of St John. Indentations of the coast are washed by the waves of the Mediterranean, which extends to the west, with the Isles of Pomegue, Ratonneau, and the fort of If. It is under those beautiful pines, and in these innumerable country houses, that the Marseillese come every Sunday to forget the bustle of the quays, their disputes with the officers of the customs, and the business of the counting-house.

"As the tourist approaches the Spanish frontier, he is reminded of the state of things by groups of Spanish Monks flying into France, by aides-de-camp filling the inns, by waggons and droves of mules choking up the roads, and all the bustle of fugitation and war. He reaches Perpignan.

"I immediately walked through the town. It is an ancient place, which was always fortified, because it is the passage between Roussillon and Catalonia. It is situated in a beautiful plain, bounded on the west by Mount Canigou, one of the highest of the Pyrenees; to the north, by the mountains of Corbieres; to the east, by the sea, hidden behind fertile hills; to the south, by the road to Catalonia. The temperature of the climate is entirely southern. Some leagues from it, the orange grows in the open air, and in the very basin in which it stands, there are immense plantations of olives, which extend to the foot of Canigou. Thus, while the summit of this mountain is buried under the snow, its base is covered with the finest productions of the south.

"The fortifications of Perpignan are of brick, and their form and system are ancient. A skilful engineer has lately repaired a considerable part of them; he has replaced most of the towers by bastions; protected the ramparts by means of terraces or excavations; has made covered ways and outworks. The citadel is now very strong; a triple enclosure renders it able to resist three attacks; and, by its position, it commands the town. The works were carried on with extreme activity during the latter end of the autumn; almost all the batteries were armed; the supplies of powder, cartridges, and provisions, were completing; wood was cutting in the country for making *gabions*, and a park of field-artillery was forming in a plain to the east of the town. A considerable number of waggons was already collected, and twenty, or twenty-five, pieces of cannon, were placed on their carriages. Though these preparations are not so considerable as had been reported, it is nevertheless equally desirable that the same were done in the fortresses on the Rhine; for it is probable that our real enemies are rather in the north than on the south. However, the works of Perpignan are said to be nothing more than the completion of plans long since made, for the repairs of our fortresses; and the expense does not perhaps amount to above 150,000 francs.

"Perpignan is certainly not of so much political importance as Toulouse. The latter city, with its *Trappist*, its two journals, and its pious souls, is the centre of vast projects. However, Perpignan is, for the moment, a place of great interest, if not political, yet picturesque; and I often wished for the pencil of M. Charlet, to paint the numerous fugitives with which it is filled.

"The monks, who are the forerunners of every emigration, swarmed at Perpignan, and preceded the Regency. At Narbonne, I had already met the Capuchins, with their ample brown flowing robes, their large hoods hanging down to the middle of their backs, their rosary, and their bare head and feet. At Perpignan, I saw monks of all colours; black, blue, white, grey, and reddish brown; the *Cords*, in large surtouts and immense French hats. I remarked a singular habit in them when I met them; they followed me with their eyes, as if ready to answer a question, and their extended hands, as if ready to give the benediction. In Spain, they bless all the peasants; and

I understood they were inclined to be equally generous in France. Two of them, with whom I conversed, said carelessly, 'The Spaniards like it, and we give it to them. In France, they do not care for it, and we keep it to ourselves.' In general, I did not find them very fanatical. They have a kind of indolence, which excludes violent sentiments. They are very little affected by the diminution of the King's power; but the happy *theocratic* influence which they enjoyed, has been disturbed. Several of their convents have been visited; the majority have suffered for the crimes of a few, and they have fled; in no great hurry, however, and contented with the quiet and easy pace of their mules. The profession of a monk is very general in Spain, because it is easy, pleasant, and favours all kind of idleness. If a man has committed any irregularities, or if he be still more lazy than his lazy countrymen, he is received into a monastery, and displays his tranquil sanctity in the eyes of the people. A portion of the land is allotted for their support; and voluntary donations add considerably to their established income. This lazy mode of life gives most of them a happy *en bon point*; a lively red to their cheeks, effaces the fine lines of the Moorish countenance; renders those happy bodies difficult to be moved; and in their untroubled reign, takes from them even the hatred of heresy, the very name of which is unknown to the greater part of them. In others, the cloister appears to have made the complexion sallow, hollowed and inflamed the eyes, depressed the cheeks, and thus produced the *ideal* of fanaticism. I have never seen anything finer than some of these heads projecting from the large robes of the capuchins, with an ample forehead, a long straight nose, large black fixed eyes, a little, strong, and thick beard. Among them are those men, who, by turns, monks and guerillas, have quitted the mountains since the return of Ferdinand, and now go back to them, to satisfy an ardent temperament, which, under other institutions, would have shewn itself in great actions and noble enterprizes."

This Frenchman describes with some feeling of picturesque beauty, and his sketches of scenery have a closeness rare among his countrymen. The range of the Pyrenees is full of those finer features of landscape, which make the true province of painting; with some points of gigantic height and savage solitude, with *glaciers* and *avalanches*, its general height is that which allows the harmonies of finest colouring, of luxuriant valleys, and of sparkling and gentle streams. The Alps are too wild and lofty for this; the Apennines are perhaps too low, too naked of forest, and too steril. Our artists have now exhausted the prominent subjects of the pencil at home; a diligence and a week will place them in the midst of a new world of characteristics nd glorious scenery; and I should not be surprised to see Mount Canigou, and the Cerdagne, monks, mules, fortresses and all, transformed to English walls.

"One of the finest sights that I met with in the Pyrenees, was that which struck me when I first left Perpignan to penetrate into the mountains. It was about six in the morning. The cold was severe; a violent and icy wind blew from the mountains of Caspir, which were covered with snow; and a young man of Roussillon, with a short jacket, a hanging cap, and a short and lively face, drove at a gallop four horses, which carried us round Mount Canigou. The plain had not yet received a ray of the sun, when suddenly the top of Canigou was lit with a rose-coloured tint, which, blending with the white of the snow, produced a shade inexpressibly soft. The luminous band increasing as the sun rose higher, the upper peak seemed to enlarge in proportion as it was illuminated. The whole mountain was speedily covered with light and purple. Then all its forms, hitherto concealed by the darkness, became marked at once; all its projections rose, all its hollows seemed to be deeper. The cold, the wind, and our rapid motion, added to the effect of this fine scene.

"After having proceeded a long time round the foot of Canigou, the mountains of Caspir, which are at first in front, appear at the side. We then enter the defiles, and the plain disappears, not to appear again till a hundred leagues off, that is to say, at Bayonne. Advancing to the defiles which lead to Cerdagne, we find a people who are entirely Spanish. The women, whose faces are round and animated, wear a handkerchief, which, spreading like a veil at the back of the head, is fastened, by two corners, under the chin,

and hangs in a point over the shoulders. A bow of black ribbon, tastefully fastened at the root of the hair, ornaments the forehead; the waist is strongly compressed by a corset, laced in front; and they shew peculiar grace in their Sunday dances."

M. Thiers now comes rapidly into the centre of operations.

"Prades is the first place at all considerable that we meet after Perpignan, and it is the last. Carriages cannot pass beyond it; the way of travelling is on horseback. At the moment of my arrival, news had been received of the late defeats of the Regency, and of the flight of the insurgents into the French territory. I heard the mountaineers speaking of it with warmth, and with the fullest disposition to find something marvellous in it. Every one told his own story, but all spoke with wonder of the cavalry of Mina, which, they said, *ran upon the points of the rocks*. Without, however, being so miraculous, it is certain that this cavalry traverses the mountains with surprising rapidity and ease. They also announced the approach of several generals, the Regency itself, and, above all, *El Rey Mata Florida*, as the peasants here called him."

In those days, "Rebellion was good-luck;" and the Cortes were "viceroys over the King." The scale has turned since, and the kingly Cortes are now playing the fugitive, in place of *El Rey Mata Florida*. The tourist is at last indulged with a view of an emigrant rebellion.

"I was anxious to get to the place where those celebrated insurgents were to be seen. After travelling very rapidly, towards night-fall, I met with the first encampment, in a small field, at the foot of the mountains, and in the midst of the snow. I never saw a more melancholy and original sight. It was distinguished, at a distance, by the floating pennons of our lancers, who were placed as sentinels at the four corners of the itinerant village. Twelve or fifteen hundred poor creatures, men, women, children, and old people, were stretched upon the ground, with their baggage spread out; some were lying on a little straw; others added their clothes, and endeavoured to make beds of them. Some mules were fastened outside the circle, with their heads covered with ornaments, and their eyes with plates of copper, according to the Spanish fashion."

* * * * *

The traveller then penetrates into the defiles, and finds, as he advances, the increasing evidences of the confusion and misery brought upon the population by the giddy and unnational attempt of the Cortes.

"I resumed my way among the mountains. The roads were covered with the poor stragglers who had remained behind. To these were added, officers, monks, curés, students with the large Arragonese hat, and the gown tucked up.

* * * * *

"In the midst of this melancholy scene, I was much struck with a young man, dressed in rather a handsome uniform, and well mounted, who, though unarmed, was distinguished by a loftiness and grace entirely African, put his horse on all his paces, and seemed to amuse himself with the road and the fugitives."

Our extracts must close, though the pamphlet contains many interesting details. But the flight of the Regency is too curious an event in the chapter of revolutionary accidents, not to be worth transferring. The traveller has set out early to pass the defiles leading to the valley of the Cerdagne.

"I left *Olette* in the morning, after having, with great difficulty, procured a mule and a guide. The sky was dark, and stormy; an impetuous wind blew through the defiles. I took the road to Mount Louis. There the mountains draw closer together, and rise. The road is cut out on one side of the rocks, at one third of their height, and allows room for one mule at most.—Above, are inaccessible eminences—below, are torrents—and beyond, are other mountains. The scene is most diversified. Sometimes you rise, and seem to command the abyss; at others, you descend, and seem to have it over your head. Sometimes, following the sinuosities of the defile, you come into an obscure enclosure, apparently without an outlet; then, suddenly doubling a point, you discover an unexpected and immense prospect; vast amphitheatres of dazzling snow, black pines, and a succession of mountains, which crowd together, and *lock* into each other. The confusion of cubic and broken masses of limestone; blocks of granite; the schistus, detached in slabs, or broken into little flakes, added to the roaring of the torrents, the disorder of the winds, and the pressed

and rent clouds, afford a perfect picture of chaos. Never did the confusion of the elements appear to me more dreadful, even in the midst of a storm at sea.

"On this day, and during this dreadful storm, I met with still more fugitives than on the day before. Not a Monk, not a woman, had ventured to set out. Those who had no families with them, were conducted in bands by some of our soldiers. The poor wretches wrapped themselves up as well as they could; fortunately for them, they had the wind in their backs, and, impelled by it, they ran along the narrowest paths with extreme agility."

He now meets the curious phenomenon of a Government running away, and seems to have been rather exhilarated with the sight, notwithstanding some natural touches of feeling for those luckless fellow-sharers of the desert and the storm.

"My guide, when we set out, told me that we should meet *El Rey Mata Florida*. In fact, the *pages* of the Regency soon announced his approach. I must make my reader acquainted with those pages, who have been spoken of with so much complacency, as well as the portmanteaus containing the archives of the Regency. I saw horsemen pass me in groups of three or four together, upon horses which were lean, indeed, and ill-shaped, but excellent, for they galloped over the snow, and along the paths, with a security, I might almost say an infallibility, which was truly surprising.—Their equipment was worthy of the place, of the men, and of the army to which they belonged. Some had old caps, very much worn; others rusty helmets, or little round hats, with short plumes of various colours. They had uniforms, or Catalonian jackets, sometimes pantaloons and shoes, but, for the most part, gaiters and *spartillas*, and no spurs. Some had no saddles, nor any other harness than a halter. We met from sixty to eighty horsemen, of whom there were perhaps twelve or fifteen well equipped, and wrapped in good blue cloaks, escorting officers," &c. &c.

The aspect under which this unfortunate Regency appeared at last, was certainly not calculated to raise very superior ideas of its former influence. A more shattered and lonely remnant of government, could not have been easily found in all the expulsions of Europe. Its decrepitude, contrasted with the speedy triumph of its principles, and the pomp of its military return, form a singular contrast, and seem made to forbid politicians from prophecy.

"At last I met the long-expected Regency. We were climbing a flight of steps, which, extending along the side of a hill, turned towards its summit. On a sudden, I saw a horseman at the summit of the path, who turned the point, and advanced towards us with a truly martial air. He was an old dragoon, enveloped in an immense cloak, and resembling the warriors in Wouverman's battle-pieces. After him came a foot-soldier, leading two good horses by the bridle. We were in our turn doubling the point, and descending by the opposite flight of steps, when I perceived a group who appeared to ascend it with difficulty, on foot. A man between fifty and sixty years of age, of middle stature, pale, thin, and stooping, with his eyes red, wearing a black cap and a brown great-coat, was leaning upon two other persons, and dragging himself along with the greatest difficulty. My guide, at this sight, called out to me, '*El Rey, El Rey Mata Florida!*'

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"His suite were not less characteristic—three or four mean-looking and ill-dressed individuals walked by his side; those were the great officers of the Regency. One of them, who was pretty far advanced in years, very tall, wearing an enormously large French hat, covered with oil-skin, and carrying a bundle under his arm, kept a little on one side—he was a minister, I know not of what department. Behind him was a tall Capuchin, in a long robe, who seemed to represent the altar near the throne. Lastly, a few steps behind them, came a young man in a green cloak, with several capes, dressed completely in the French fashion, rather stout, and of a very remarkable appearance. I was told that he was the son of the Marquis Mata Florida. The wind blowing violently at the moment, both parties stopped, and I had sufficient time to examine this fugitive court. They watered their horses at a little stream which issued from the side of the mountain, and which flowed under a thick covering of ice that had been broken. After this, we continued our respective routes."

Lectures on the Fine Arts.

No. I.

On George Cruikshank.

Ladies and Gentlemen, It is high time that the public should think more than they have hitherto done of George Cruikshank; and it is also high time that George Cruikshank should begin to think more than he seems to have done hitherto of himself. Generally speaking, people consider him as a clever, sharp caricaturist, and nothing more—a free-handed, comical young fellow, who will do anything he is paid for, and who is quite contented to dine off the proceeds of a "George IV." to-day, and those of a "Hone" or a "Cobbett" to-morrow. He himself, indeed, appears to be the most careless creature alive, as touching his reputation. He seems to have no plan—almost no ambition—and, I apprehend, not much industry. He does just what is suggested or thrown in his way—pockets the cash—orders his beef-steak and bowl—and chaunts, like one of his own heroes,

> "Life is all a variorum,
> We regard not how it goes."

Now, for a year or two, to begin with, this is just as it should be. Cruikshank was resolved to see *Life*—and his sketches shew that he has seen it, in some of its walks, to purpose. But life is short, and art is long; and our gay friend must pull up.

Perhaps he is not aware of the fact himself—but a fact it undoubtedly is—that he possesses genius—genius in its truest sense—strong, original, English genius. Look round the world of art, and ask, how many are there of whom anything like this can be said? Why, there are not half a dozen names that could bear being mentioned at all; and certainly there is not one, the pretensions of which will endure sifting, more securely and more triumphantly than that of George Cruikshank.

In the first place, he is—what no living caricaturist but himself has the least pretensions to be—and what, indeed, scarcely one of their predecessors was—he is a thorough-bred *artist*. He draws with the ease, and freedom, and fearlessness of a master; he understands the figure completely; and appears, so far as one can guess from the trifling sort of things he has done, to have a capital notion of the principles of grouping. Now, these things are valuable in themselves; but they are doubly, trebly valuable, as possessed by a person of real comic humour, and a total despiser of That Venerable Humbug, which almost all the artists of our day seem, in one shape or other, to revere as the prime god of their idolatry.

Nobody, that has the least of an eye for art, can doubt that Cruikshank, if he chose, might design as many Annunciations, Beatifications, Apotheoses, Metamorphoses, and so forth, as would cover York Cathedral from end to end. It is still more impossible to doubt that he might be a famous portrait painter. Now, these are fine lines both of them—and yet it is precisely the chief merit of Cruikshank, that he cuts them both—that he will have nothing to do with them—that he has chosen a walk of his own—and that he has made his own walk popular. Here lies genius; but let him do himself justice—let him persevere and *rise* in his own path—and *then*, Ladies and Gentlemen, *then* the day will come when his name will be a name indeed—not a name puffed and paraded in the newspapers—but a living, a substantial, perhaps even an illustrious, English name. Let him, in one word, proceed—and, as he proceeds, let him think of Hogarth.

The English artists seem in general to be very pleasant, lively, good-hearted fellows. I know a great many of them, and I love them—but I cannot compliment them much upon the extent and depth of their views as to Art. How rare a thing is the least approach to originality! How rare a thing is the least approach to what deserves the name of success! Will you forgive me for venturing upon a few hints—certainly well-meant—and as certainly not hasty ones?

The dignity of Art—the importance of Art—the grandeur of Art—these are phrases that are never out of their mouths; and yet how few of them seem to take any pains upon themselves such as might become people devoted

to what is important, dignified, and grand? None, or almost none of them, appear to have considered in what sort of state the world is at present as regarding them and their art. The world is, in the first place, in possession of a vast body of masterpieces in every department; and, secondly, the world is full of light and information; and, whatever it might have done three hundred years ago, more or less, it will not now tolerate, at least it will not now applaud, any artist whose works do not announce a mind rich in general accomplishment and acquirement—a mind that has been fed with the contemplation of human thoughts and feelings, as well as human forms—a highly educated and cultivated mind.

An ignorant man, my friends, cannot succeed in our time either in Art or in Authorship. Exceptions there may be—but no long-headed man goes upon the strength of exceptions; and, after all, how very, very rare are the exceptions!

Who, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the greatest painter now living?—Nobody can hesitate about the answer—WILKIE. And what is Wilkie? Is he not a man, who, if he were a lawyer, a physician, or a divine, would be pronounced—by any one that had spent an evening in his company—a singularly well-informed man? He is so—and no wonder; for he is not a mere painter—he received the same general education which would have been bestowed upon him, had he chosen to wear a gown and cassock, or a three-tailed periwig—the education of a British gentleman. He has all along lived in the society of men of the world—and he is a man of the world. He, therefore, being possessed of this mechanical art, makes use of it exactly as he would have made use of the art of writing, or the art of speaking, had his turn happened to lie another way. He knows what the world has been, and what the world is—and he expresses by his art that understanding of, and sympathy with, the spirit of the age in which he lives—without which a painter is, in point of fact, just as mane, incomplete, and ineffectual a being, as a poet or an orator.

Alas! my dear hearers, the world is a very old world now. In former days, people came very fair speed, by merely seizing on the rough traits of things, and expressing them by pen, pencil, or chisel; but now this will not answer. First of all, these things have been so, and by such hands, expressed:—and nobody cares for having them over again. But, secondly, and still more, we wish to have the finer traits. Intelligence is now diffused and general—so much so, indeed, as to make an essential part of *that* Nature which all Art must imitate. It follows, that people who can only meddle with the rough work,—that is to say, [for a stray Hogg, &c. here and there, are merely exceptions,] all rough-hewn and illiterate people,—had better not meddle either with poetry, or painting, or sculpture, Q.E.D.

Now what are the painters in general? Capital fellows, no doubt, in their way—a little addicted to turning up their noses at each other—amicably open in their vanities—but, upon the whole, pleasant people—most assuredly so. But what do they know of the world, past, present, or to come? They have never read anything worth speaking of—that, indeed, they scarcely ever pretend to have done—So much for the past. They live among themselves—they marry [most commonly as the modern Pygmalion would fain have married] or they are bachelors—men of the third floor and the mutton chop—cheerful over ale or gin-twist "of an evening,"—smokers of shag, frequenters of the pit, emergers into sunshine on "clean-shirt day"—dry, yellow, absurd men, with fantastic curls or picturesque baldness—the solemn smile of a recluse—the ease of an actor *off the stage*—a shuffling lounging gait—and too often green spectacles. So much for the present. As for the future world, I strongly suspect it is far from occupying anything like a due proportion of their attention. They seldom go to church at all, the more is the shame to them; and, when they do so, it really is not much better, for, instead of attending to the divine truths which the eloquent preacher is uttering, they are generally studying some *effect* about the chandeliers or the window-curtains, or scratching down the heads of the church-warden and his lady on the fly-leaf of the little red Prayer-book.

My drift in short is, that all painters of talent ought to be diligent students of other things besides their own particular art. And my argument, at

least one of my chief arguments, is, that the painters who have succeeded splendidly in past times, and more especially in the present time, have all done so. Michael Angelo was a great poet. Raphael a most elegant scholar. What would the other two Carraccis have done with all their manual skill, but for what Mr D'Israeli so properly calls "the *profound* meditations" of Ludovico? Albert Durer was a dungeon of middle-age lore. Sir Joshua Reynolds *was* the author of his charming Lectures. Greek Williams has put forth recently a delightful and most classical volume of Travels. Turk Allan, too, has written a very pretty little book about a Circassian love-story—besides being responsible for I know not how many comic interludes, &c. wherewith, to this blessed hour, the private theatres of the Ukraine, Crim-Tartary, and several other outlandish regions, are enlivened. Haydon appears to have written his own catalogues. Sir Henry Raeburn was!—alas! *was*,—one of the best informed men in the North,—a true Scottish gentleman of the old school—as true a one as ever kingly sword laid knighthood on!— As for Mr Thomson of Duddingstone,—perhaps after Turner, the finest landscape painter now extant—he is a highly accomplished member of the clerical profession. In my opinion, he ought to be made a Principal. His Aberlady Bay is a perfect jewel. Sir Thomas Lawrence is another extremely well-read painter—he is a complete gentleman, and man of the world, and one of the handsomest men in London into the bargain. And what is the result? Nobody but himself could have painted that picture of Lady Blesington—nobody since Titian.

The same sort of thing may be said with equal propriety as to the actors. Garrick was a glorious farce-writer—a glorious song-writer—the pupil and friend of the celebrated Dr Samuel Johnson. Old Cibber's *Apology*, and some of his comedies stand in the very first order of meritoriousness—John Kemble was a prime black-letter scholar—and possessed besides all the learning of the sacred profession for which he was originally destined. Mrs Siddons is the author of an abridgement of Milton's Paradise Lost. Charles Young is as accomplished a gentleman as any L.L.D. A.S.S. within the four seas; and Charles Matthews is (can praise go higher?) the principal author of several of his own entertainments. Dan Terry was bred an architect, and is learned in all the learning of the Palladios—and, moreover, he has dramatized the Heart of Midlothian, &c. As for Liston, the exquisite, inimitable Liston, who does not know that he was at one time a teacher of youth, and that he discovered where his true forte lay, from observing, that all the dread of a brushing could not keep the boys from dying of laughter whenever he was spouting *ex cathedra*, the Soliloquy of Hamlet, or the Speech of Moloch? Mrs Bellamy's life of herself is a *chef-d'œuvre* of libel and libidinousness, and, to wind up with a stomacher, MOLIERE and SHAKESPEARE were players.

I am of opinion, that George Cruikshank is one of the many young gentlemen, whose education, (like that of the English opium-eater,) has been neglected. But there is no time lost; he has, I hope, a long life and a merry one before him yet; and he may depend upon it, his life will be neither the shorter nor the duller for his making it something of a studious one. He should read—read—read. He should be indefatigable in reading. He should rise at six in the morning. If he can't work till he has had something to settle his stomach, (my own case,) he may have a little coffee-pot placed on the hob over night, and take a cup of that and a single crust of toast—and he will find himself quite able for anything. What a breakfast he will be able to devour about nine or half-past nine, after having enriched his mind with several hours of conversation with the greatest and the wisest of his species! He may rely upon it, this hint is worth taking—Then let him draw, etch, and paint, until about two o'clock P. M., then take a lounge through the streets to see if anything is stirring—step into Westminster-hall—the Fives court, the Rev. Edward Irvine's chapel, (if it be Sunday,) or any other public place, jotting down à la Hogarth all the absurd faces he falls in with upon his finger nails. A slight dinner and a single bottle will carry him on till it is time to go to the play, or the Castle Tavern, or the House of Commons, or the evening preaching, or the Surrey Lecture, or the like. At first sight, it

may appear that I am cutting short the hours of professional exertion too much—but this I am convinced is mere humbug. Does the author of Waverley eat, or drink, or ride, or talk, or laugh, a whit the less because he writes an octavo every month? no such things. Does Jeffrey plead his causes a bit the worse because he is the editor of the Edinburgh Review? Does Wordsworth write worse poems, for collecting the taxes of Cumberland, or Lamb, worse Elias, for being clerk to the India House? The artists are all of them too diligent—that is the very fault I want to cure them of. Their pallets are never off their thumbs—their sticks are eternally in their fingers. They are like the old race of kings, who are represented as lying in their beds all in full fig, with crown, globe, and sceptre. Such doings are not adapted for the present enlightened state of society. Such kings are exploded—the kings *hujusce ævi* wear top-boots, hessians, and Wellingtons, military uniforms, neat blue surtouts—black stocks—in short, they dress no better than their subjects—or worse. Painters, poets, &c. who all think themselves at least as great as if they were kings, ought without question to behave like their brother potentates—conform themselves to the customs of the world—be educated and literate, since all other people are so—and eat and drink, that their soul, (that is their genius,) may live.

The advantage of a little proper reading may be illustrated by the history of George Cruikshank—as well as by that of any other individual I have the pleasure of not being personally acquainted with. I admit, that he shewed great talent in "The Matrimonial Ladder," the "House that Jack built," and, indeed, in all his earlier performances. His caricatures of the Chancellor, and Lord Sidmouth in particular, were quite admirable; and so, when he was working on the other lay, were some of his caricatures of Burdett, Grey Bennet, Waddington, Mackintosh, Carlisle, Joseph Hume, Hone, Brougham, and Peter Moore. All these were in their several ways excellent things. But what a start did he make when his genius had received a truer and a diviner impulse from the splendid imagination of an Egan! How completely—how *toto cœlo* did he out-cruikshank himself, when he was called upon to embody the conceptions of that remarkable man in the designs for Tom and Jerry? The world felt this—and he himself felt it.

Again, no disparagement to my friend Pierce Egan, (who is one of the pleasantest as well as one of the greatest men now extant; and with whom, last time I was in town, I did not hesitate to crack a bottle of Belcher's best,) Cruikshank made another, and a still more striking stride, when he stept from Egan to Burns, and sought his inspiration from the very best of all Burns's glorious works, "The Jolly Beggars." It is to this work (the "Points of Humour") that I am now to speak. It was for the purpose of puffing it and its author, and of calling upon all, who have eyes to water, and sides to ache, to buy it, that I began this leading lecture. It is, without doubt, the first thing that has appeared since the death of Hogarth. Yes—Britain possesses once more an artist capable of seizing and immortalizing the traits of that which I consider as by far the most remarkable of our national characteristics—the Humour of The People. Ex pede Herculem: The man who drew these things is fit for anything. Let him but do himself justice, and he must take his place *inter lumina Anglorum.*

As for describing a set of comic etchings—I must beg to be excused—it is not at all in my line—but I pity the man, woman, or child, who does not feast upon them *propriis oculis.* You, Ladies and Gentlemen, you are more fortunate—here they are.—The first of the series represents the old soldier, with the wooden-leg, in this attitude:—

"An' aye he gied the Tozie Drab
  The tother skelpan kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab,
  Just like an awmous dish;
Ilk smack still did crack still,
  Just like a cadger's whip;
Then, staggering," &c. &c.

The lines are worthy of being written in letters of gold—they are worthy of having inspired Cruikshank to the highest triumph his genius has ever yet achieved, and that is far better. The old fellow's face, you observe, is round, and drawn to a point at the nose; his eyes are almost quite shut; his firm lip

projects about an inch beyond his pimpled proboscis, and conceals two-thirds of his bristly chin. His three-cornered, iron-bound hat is cocked half fiercely, half "jauntily," on the right ear. The stump of that dexter arm stands out as in a vain but violent effort to clasp that time-worn fair. And she!—what a simper—what quiet luxury about her heavy eyelids, and that indescribable, ineffable muzzle! The great toe of her right foot is curled up in an ecstasy of "nothing loath"—she shews, after all she has come through, a plump and juicy calf—her right hand is fumbling about his breast-plate, and the left, half unconsciously, as it were, is fiddling about the tankard on the table there behind her. As Wordsworth says, in complimenting a painting by Sir George Beaumont,

"Oh! 'tis a passionate work!"

The Bank of England to a mealy potatoe, it is worth all the paintings, either of his own, or of other people's manufacture, that Sir George Beaumont possesses.

The contest between the Tinker and the Fiddler (turn over two or three leaves, my hearers,) is scarcely inferior—and the Balladmonger uprising to chant (on a few pages more, Ladies,) is as good. I think, upon looking at it for a few minutes more, it is even better. Yes—it is the best of the whole—it is the gem—the star—the glory of the book. What a profound sense of the glorious felicity of whisky is manifested in this half-sleepy, half-enthusiastic, fat, bald, freckled, leering, squinting, gaping, roaring physiognomy,

"He rising, rejoicing,
Between his two Deborahs,
Looks round him, and found them
Impatient for the chorus."

There is more persuasion, and more triumph too, in the style in which that dexter hand is expanded, than in all the fists that ever thumped a velvet-cushion. The uncertain, staggering stride—the ineffectual staff—the leather-breeches, (Ladies and Gentlemen)—the shirtless arm—they are all perfect. It is from such a glorious fellow, and no other, that Burns would have cut off a year of his life, to hear the strain sung—that inimitable strain—that true "ballad of the best."—I shall try it myself, however,—

"See the smoking bowl before us!
Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus—
And in raptures let us sing.

Now the chorus, audience!

A fig for those by laws protected,
Liberty's a glorious feast;
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

"What is title, what is treasure,
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where.
A fig, &c.

"With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig, &c.

"Does the train-attended carriage
Through the country lighter move?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, &c.

"Life is all a *variorum*,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum,
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, &c.

"Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets;
Here's to all the wandering train;
Here's our ragged brats and callets,
One and all, cry out, *Amen!*
A fig," &c.

To proceed.—This sketch of the whole party in the acme of their revel—and this counterpart of them starting in the morning—when they are all shrivelled, bundled up, blind, lazy, melancholy, moping—are both quite exquisite—and the notion of the contrast may be classed with anything that even the wit of Hogarth has bequeathed to us. Cruikshank here steps beyond his author, turns poet himself, and completes what Burns began, as well as Burns himself could have done.

There are several etchings in this little book besides these—excellent, no doubt, but still inferior—those of Frederick and Cardinal Bernis far the best. Seriously, Cruikshank must attend to the hint we have been giving him, and learn to respect himself. He must give up his mere slang drudgery, and labour to be what nature has put

within his reach—not a caricaturist, but a painter.

And yet it is no trifle to be a good caricaturist. Forbid the thought, ye shades of Bunbury and Gilray!—forbid it, even thou, if thou be still in the land of the living, Good Dighton!—forbid it, charming, laughter-moving Rowlandson! Bunbury was a great genius, and would have been a great caricaturist, had he been possessed of art at all in proportion to his imagination. But he could not draw—not he. As far as faces went, he was at home and admirable; and, even as to the figure, provided he was allowed the benefit of loose breeches, and capacious coats, and grizzly wigs, and tobacco-smoke, he could get on well enough. But this is not the thing. The caricaturist should be *able* to represent everything; and then he can represent what he chooses in a very different style from that of a man whose ignorance, not his choice, limits the sphere of his representation. Rowlandson, again, is a considerable dab at drawing; but, somehow or other, his vein is *ultra*—his field is not comedy, but farce—buffoonery—and this will not do with the English temperament, except for merely temporary purposes. The Rev. Brownlow North, (worthy of bearing that illustrious name, O Christopher,) is another capital caricaturist. His "Ringing the bell," "the Boarding-School Miss returned," "the Skating Club," and some other pieces of that kind, are divine. But, like most amateurs, he wants science; and I suspect, after all, that poor Gilray did more for his best designs than the etching of them. Gilray was in himself a host. He is the first name on the list of *Political Caricaturists*, strictly so called. George III., (honest man!) and Boney, and Fox, and Sheridan, and Pitt, and Windham, and Melville, and Grenville, are his peculiar property. His fame will repose for ever on their broad bottoms. Cruikshank may, if he pleases, be a second Gilray; but, once more, this should not be his ambition. He is fitted for a higher walk. Let him play Gilray, if he will, at leisure hours—let him even pick up his pocket money by Gilrayising; but let him give his days and his nights to labour that Gilray's shoulders were not meant for; and rear (for he may) a reputation, such as Gilray was too sensible a fellow to dream of aspiring after.

It is, I cannot help saying, a thousand pities that Cruikshank did not publish his first *livraison* of the "Points of Humour" two or three years ago; for, if he had done so, in addition to the high character it must have gained for him in England, it would, in all probability, have been the means of putting several hundred pounds of good Scotch cash into his fob. There can scarcely be a doubt, that the distinguished connoisseurs, who took in hand to have the cupola of the New Advocates' Library here in Edinburgh painted, would have turned their patronizing eyes and liberal hands towards George Cruikshank. The caricature which they have procured for the jurisconsults of the Modern Athens, is undoubtedly a very fair caricature. These nine buxom Muses, and Glorious Apollo, with his yellow head, are good in their way. Old Homer, with his flannel petticoat and fuddled physiognomy, and Robin Burns, sitting at his knee, in corduroy breeches, velveteen waistcoat, and a spotted handkerchief, form a meritorious group—and so do Socrates, in his tunic, and Dr Paley, in his gown and cassock; each of them throwing apparently a sly glance towards Miss Urania. There is GENIUS in these juxtapositions—there is the very quintessence of WIT. It is impossible not to smile at the thing. The mixture of Roman togas and laced waistcoats, long beards and three-tied periwigs, Athenian sandals and Sanquhar hose, Ionian lyres and Parisian snuff-boxes, is certainly productive of a truly comic effect. The deities on the other side are almost as sublime as those of Blarney Castle—

"All sitting naked in the open air."

So far as the affair goes, it is blameless—and the artist and his patrons are entitled to our tribute of applause. But I must still be of opinion, Ladies and Gentlemen, that, in the hands of a Cruikshank, such a subject would have received still greater ornament. His fearless crayon would not have been restrained by certain absurd punctilios, which seem to have checked the flow of genius in that nevertheless immortal piece. Since he was to jumble Mount Olympus, Marathon, and Maybole—since he was to annihilate time and space—he would

have gloried in pushing his privilege to its utmost limit. He would have introduced those great Dons who are at this moment flourishing among us as boldly as those who died twenty or even thirty years ago; and will anybody, possessing *mens sana in corpore sano*, deny, that this cupola would have been a still more perfect thing than it is, had the painter clapped in a few celebrated professors, poets, and critics, of the present brilliant era, among the rest of them? Since David Hume was to be represented as offering a pinch of rapee to Epicurus, why not have Joseph Hume exhibiting his smuggled silk handkerchief, or perhaps offering a thimbleful of his smuggled Fairntosh, to Marcus Tullius Cicero? Why introduce Burns, and yet omit Hogg? I am sure his maud and top-boots would have looked as picturesque every bit as his great predecessor's blue short-coat and rig-and-furrow stockings. And why, I ask, when Shakespeare was to lounge on the same sofa with Æschylus, why, Ladies and Gentlemen, should not Barry Cornwall have been allowed to draw in his chair, and sit opposite to his defunct compeers, with his "footman in green livery" at his back? These are questions which it is impossible not to ask. These are questions which it is impossible not to answer. They speak home to our business and our bosoms—they touch upon the most sacred privileges of the British Constitution.

But grant that it is improper to introduce living characters, expressly and avowedly as such, in an historical picture, or in an historical caricature, why, I must still demand of the patrons and performers of that masterpiece—why was not advantage taken of that ingenious plan of which Mr Haydon has made such glorious use in several of his finest *chefs-d'œuvre*? Does any man pretend to tell me, that the real features of Euripides, Empedocles, and the rest of these antique gentry, are known? No—the assertion would be absurd. If, then, their real physiognomies are long since obliterated from the recollection of the human race, why did not this artist replace them by likenesses of existing kindred spirits—inheritors of the same divine genius—masters of the same heavenly arts—possessors, now and hereafter, of the same lofty fame? As Haydon, in his great picture of "The Entrance into Jerusalem," made a Wordsworth bow down for the good centurion, a Voltaire turn up his nose for a certain sneering Sadducee, and a Hazlitt sit for the countenance of St John, &c. &c.—why did not this painter seek similar advantages for the use of similar ingenuities? Why, in a great literary Caricature, painted and paid for in Edinburgh in the 19th century of the present era, must future ages look, and look in vain, for the least corporeal representation, either of the author of Waverley, or of the author of the Chaldee Manuscript, or of the author of the article "Beauty" in Macvey Napier's Encyclopædia?—*Proh! Deûm et hominum fides!*—I call upon Mr Clerk and his Zeuxis for a reply. The moment their papers are lodged, I am willing to abide the decision of the Director General of the Fine Arts for Scotland.

To return from this digression, which, under all the circumstances of the case, may not, I should humbly hope, be regarded as unpardonable, I have now to submit that Mr George Cruikshank ought on no account whatever to petition parliament for public patronage to his "Points of Humour." An artist, above all such an artist as Cruikshank, ought to stand upon his own bottom. That the public will, in the proper style, shape, and form, patronize him,—most effectually, most strenuously, patronize him,—I cannot entertain the shadow of a doubt. I am sure they will purchase his work—

"To buy or not to buy—that is the question."—SHAKESPEARE.

But, if they do not, the real truth of the matter is, that parliament cannot help it.

We have recently terminated a glorious war in which we have achieved the freedom of England, and rescued Europe from the most iron and despotic thraldom that ever insulted the annals of the world. This is true; but we have still something to do. We still owe much to ourselves, and to our children, and to our children's children. Our finances are yet labouring under the effects of those noble sacrifices, which duty, patriotism, religion, and honour, so imperatively demanded at our unhesitating hands. And, to go further still, the spirit of tumult and turbulence is yet abroad

in the world. It agitates either hemisphere. In the sublime language of Milton, it perplexes monarchs with fear of change. British statesmen, in a word, whether we look to the east or to the west, to the north or to the south, to India or to Persia, to Turkey, to Greece, to Naples, to Spain, to Portugal, to Wirtemberg, to Mexico, to Brazil, to Poyais, to Russia, to France,—or to ill-fated, unhappy, disunited Ireland,—whichever way we cast our eyes, I repeat it, we shall find that those persons in whom fate, fortune, or merit, have reposed the sway of the affairs of this great empire, have, as the saying is, their hands full of business. England lost but the last year one of the first of her statesmen from excess of business. The weight of business must not be unnecessarily increased—the public burdens, too, must be diminished. The tax on the carriage of stones coastways has been abolished—that on barilla has been re-established. But this is not all. Improvement must not hesitate nor stumble in her majestic march. The spirit of Hume walks. Ere long, as Mr Henry Cockburn lately remarked to Lord Rosslynn, it is to be hoped that this great man will even thrust his hand into the pockets of the sinecurists of Scotland. And is this a time for calling upon the legislature of this mighty empire to embarrass themselves with the capaciousness of canvas, the cost of casts, the paucity of picture-purchasers, and the waste and desert baldness of white-washed church-walls, destitute of gilded frames, and resplendent with no rapture-raising representations of Hiram, Habakkuk, and Holofernes? The supposition is monstrous, and will certainly receive no sanction either from the representatives of the British nation in parliament assembled, or from the Director General.

Apply the principle elsewhere, and consider for a moment what would be the infallible result. Painters are not the only artists whose works fail at times to invest them with a lordly proportion of the perishable good things of this sublunary and imperfect world. There are poets—there are prosers too, who, in their own opinion, *bene meruerunt Reipublicæ*, (far be it from us to assert that their opinion is wrong as to this matter,) and whose performances, nevertheless, are monthly, weekly, daily and hourly, received with hesitation by the bookseller—and with neglect by the book-buyer. Can these things be new to any lady or gentleman who has cast an observant glance upon the course of affairs in the present crisis? No—they are universally known—they are palpable—they are acknowledged truths. And what is to be the consequence, if whenever Dr Southey publishes a quarto poem, and nobody buys it, he is to apply to his friend Mr Brougham to petition Parliament for redress? What is Parliament to do? Suppose Parliament buys up one edition and makes a bonfire of it, will not this munificence encourage the poet to put forth another quarto, equally bulky and equally unpopular, in the Spring of the immediately succeeding year. What?—Is the House of Commons to buy up this quarto too?—Is the British Parliament to buy up the *opera omnia* of Platonist Taylor?—Are the public repositories of this empire to be crammed with Mr Macvey Napier's dissertation on the Scope and Tendency of Bacon? Are the two Houses to take in the supererogatory copies of the Edinburgh Review—and thereby make up to its industrious compilers for that *deficit* of individual favour which begins to throw a shade of disgrace upon the whole intellectual character of the incomprehensible age in which we have had the misfortune to be born? Is the House of Lords to be compelled to sustain the sinking pinions of a certain member of their own noble eyry? Are they to pass a bill, declaring that "Christian, or the Island," is as good a poem as "The Bride of Abydos," and inflicting the pains and penalties of a high crime and misdemeanor upon all who took in the brochures of John Murray, and yet hesitate to take in the equally well-printed brochures of John Hunt? No—*De maximis non curat Prætor*. We are a free people, we received the holy bequest of liberty from our forefathers, and we will hand it down untarnished to our posterity. It is the sacred privilege of Britons to admire, and therefore to purchase, just what pictures, and what books, they choose. That privilege is inborn and inalienable, and the minister who dares to

trench upon it, owes his head to the block, and his name to the execration of the world.

I propose in my next Lecture to pursue this subject, and to direct the attention of my hearers, 1st, to the merits of Julio Romano, as a caricaturist;—and, 2dly, to those of Mr Geddes, and, in particular, to his truly excellent caricature of the "Discovery of the Scottish Regalia,"—a performance which, if Mr Cruikshank is to admit any designs but his own, appears almost worthy of being transferred to copper for the use of the "Points of Humour."*

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honour to wish you, respectfully, a good evening!—

* The "Points of Humour" are to appear in occasional Numbers. No. I. contains about a dozen etchings, and 50 pages of very well written letter-press. The work is published by C. Baldwyn, Newgate Street, London, and the price, per Number, is only 8s., which is dog-cheap, as things go.

NEW POETICAL TRANSLATIONS—WIFFEN—ROSE—GOWER.*

No branch of literature seems to have been cultivated during the season that has just expired, with more distinguished success than that of poetical translation. So much, indeed, has been done in this department, that we find it quite inconsistent with our limits to draw the attention of our readers into the various meritorious works that have accumulated upon our table. We cannot, however, permit the month, which may be considered as the last of the book-buying portion of the year, to pass away without saying a few words concerning each of three publications, which we think more especially entitled to the attention of the lovers of polite literature.

The first of these is a complete translation of the Poetical Works of Garcilasso De La Vega, by Mr J. H. Wiffen. It is strange enough to find an English Quaker attempting to transfuse the beauties of one of the most stately and chivalric of Castilian bards. Mr Wiffen, however, has contrived to lay aside his drab suit, and to wear the lofty plume and embroidered mantle of the gallant Spaniard, as naturally as if he had never been accustomed to figure among humbler habiliments. We really have not for a long while encountered a volume more entitled to the praise of ELEGANCE. First of all, it is, as to externals, one of the most chaste and beautiful specimens of typographical art and embellishment that ever issued from the English press. And, what is of greater moment, the jewel is quite worthy of the rich casket in which it is placed. Mr Wiffen's own prose introduction is a model of that species of composition, full, clear, yet concise, and above all, entirely unaffected. Of the poetical versions themselves, we shall only say, that the Odes and Lyrical Pieces are much superior to the Eclogues; and that they are so just because Garcilasso's originals were in these cases more worthy of inspiring Mr Wiffen's muse. Our translator is a perfect master of the language in which Garcilasso wrote; and he renders him into English with the ease, the gracefulness, and the majestic flow, of an English poet.

Garcilasso was, as almost all the great Spanish geniuses have been, a soldier; he was noble, brave, courteous, amorous, the mirror of Castilian honour and Castilian love; he died, after a life of enterprize, misfortune, and glory, at the early age of thirty; he is the Surrey, and more

* 1. The Works of Garcilaso de la Vega, surnamed the Prince of Castilian Poets, translated into English Verse; with a Critical and Historical Essay on Spanish Poetry, and a Life of the Author. By J. H. Wiffen. London; Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1823.

2. The Orlando Furioso, translated into English Verse, from the Italian of Ludovico Ariosto; with Notes. By William Stewart Rose. London; Murray. 1823.

3. Faust; a Drama. By Goethe. And Schiller's Song of the Bell; translated by Lord Francis Leveson Gower. London; Murray. 1823.

than the Surrey of Spanish letters. We should willingly allot many pages to him and his worthy translator,—but, for the present, we must confine ourselves to a couple of specimens.

The following Ode was addressed by Garcilasso to a young Neapolitan lady, (called the Flower of GNIDO, from the quarter of the city of Naples in which she lived,) at the time when a friend of the poet's was enamoured of her. Nothing, we apprehend, can be more perfectly elegant—

THE FLOWER OF GNIDO.

1.

"HAD I the sweet resounding lyre,
Whose voice could in a moment chain
The howling wind's ungovern'd ire,
And movement of the raging main,
On savage hills the leopard rein,
The lion's fiery soul entrance,
And lead along, with golden tones,
The fascinated trees and stones,
In voluntary dance;

2.

"Think not, think not, fair flower of Gnide,
It e'er should celebrate the scars,
Dust rais'd, blood shed, or laurels dyed,
Beneath the gonfalon of Mars,
Or, borne sublime on festal cars,
The chiefs who to submission sank
The rebel German's soul of soul,
And forged the chains that now control
The frenzy of the Frank.

3.

"No, no! its harmonies should ring
In vaunt of glories all thine own;
A discord sometimes from the string
Struck forth to make thy harshness known.
The finger'd chords should speak alone
Of beauty's triumphs, Love's alarms,
And one who, made by thy disdain
Pale as a lily clipt in twain,
Bewails thy fatal charms.

4.

"Of that poor captive, too contemn'd,
I speak,—his doom you might deplore—
In Venus' galliot—still condemn'd
To strain for life the heavy oa.
Through thee no longer, as of yore,
He tames the unmanageable steed,
With curb of gold his pride restrains,
Or with press'd spurs and shaken reins
Torments him into speed.

5.

"Not now he wields for thy sweet sake
The sword in his accomplish'd hand,
Nor grapples, like a poisonous snake,
The wrestler on the yellow sand:
The old heroic harp his hand
Consults not now, it can but kiss
The amorous lute's dissolving strings,
Which murmur forth a thousand things
Of banishment from bliss.

6.

"Through thee, my dearest friend and best
Grows harsh, importunate, and grave;
Myself have been his port of rest
From shipwreck on the yawning wave;
Yet now so high his passions rave
Above lost reason's conquer'd laws,
That not the traveller ere he slays
The asp, its sting, as he my face
So dreads, or so abhors.

7.

"In snows on rocks, sweet Flower of Gnide,
Thou wert not cradled, wert not born,
She who has not a fault beside
Should ne'er be signalized for scorn;
Else, tremble at the fate forlorn,
Of Anaxárete, who spurn'd
The weeping Iphis from her gate,
Who, scoffing long, relenting late,
Was to a statue turn'd.

8.

"Whilst yet soft pity she repell'd,
Whilst yet she steel'd her heart in pride,
From her friezed window she beheld,
Aghast, the lifeless suicide;
Around his lily neck was tied
What freed his spirit from her chains,
And purchased with a few short sighs
For her immortal agonies,
Imperishable pains.

9.

"Then first she felt her bosom bleed
With love and pity; vain distress!
Oh what deep rigours must succeed
This first sole touch of tenderness!
Her eyes grow glazed and motionless,
Nail'd on his wavering corse, each bone
Hard'ning in growth, invades her flesh,
Which, late so rosy, warm, and fresh,
Now stagnates into stone.

10.

"From limb to limb the frosts aspire,
Her vitals curdle with the cold;
The blood forgets its crimson fire,
The veins that e'er its motion roll'd;
Till now the virgin's glorious mould
Was wholly into marble changed,
On which the Salaminians gazed,
Less at the prodigy amazed
Than of the crime avenged.

11.

"Then tempt not thou Fate's angry arms,
By cruel frown or icy taunt;
But let thy perfect deeds and charms
To poets' harps, Divinest, grant
Themes worthy their immortal vaunt:

Else must our weeping strings presume
To celebrate in strains of woe,
The justice of some signal blow,
That strikes thee to the tomb."

The next is valuable, not only for the great beauty of its language, (to which Wiffen does, on the whole, justice) but as presenting one of the most happy specimens of that particular vein, which was produced by the mixture of Italian ornament, with the deep native sentiment of Castilian passion.

THE PROGRESS OF PASSION FOR HIS LADY.

1.

"ONCE more from the dark ivies, my proud harp!
I wish the sharpness of my ills to be
Shown in thy sounds, as they have been shown sharp
In their effects; I must bewail to thee
The occasions of my grief, the world shall know
Wherefore I perish; I at least will die
Confess'd, not without shrift:
For by the tresses I am dragg'd along
By an antagonist so wild and strong,
That o'er sharp rocks and brambles, staining so
The pathway with my blood, it rushes by,
Than the swift-footed winds themselves more swift;
And, to torment me for a longer space,
It sometimes paces gently over flowers,
Sweet as the morning, when I lose all trace
Of former pain, and rest luxurious hours;
But brief the respite! in this blissful case
Soon as it sees me, with collected powers,
With a new wildness, with a fury new,
It turns its rugged road to repursue.

2.

"Not by my own neglect, into such harm
Fell I at first, 'twas destiny that bore,
And gave me up to the tormenting charm,
For both my reason and my judgment swore
To guard me, as in bygone years they well
Had guarded me in seasons of alarm;
But, when past perils they compared with those
They saw advancing, neither could they tell
Or what to make of such unusual foes,
How to engage with them, or how repel;
But stared to see the force with which they came,
Till, spurr'd on by pure shame,
With a slow pace and with a timid eye,
At length my reason issued on the way,
And more and more as the fleet foe drew nigh,
The more did aggravating doubt display
My life in peril, dreading lest the die
Of that day's battle should be lost, dismay
Made the hot blood boil in my veins, until
Reclaim'd, it sank into as cold a chill.

3.

"I stood spectator of their chivalry;
Fighting in my defence, my Reason tired
And faint from thousand wounds became, and I,
Unconscious what the insidious thought inspired,
Was wishing my mail'd Advocate to quit
The hopeless quarrel,—never in my life
Was what I wish'd fulfill'd with so much ease,
For, kneeling down, at once she closed the strife,
And to the Lady did her sword submit,
Consenting she should have me for her slave,
As victory urged, to slaughter or to save,
Whichever most might please.
Then, then indeed, I felt my spirit rise,
That such unreasonable conditions e'er
Had been agreed to; anger, shame, surprise,
At once possess'd me, fruitless as they were;
Then follow'd grief to know the treaty done,
And see my kingdom in the hands of one
Who gives me life and death each day, and this
Is the most moderate of her tyrannies.

4.

"Her eyes, whose lustre could irradiate well
The raven night, and dim the mid-day sun,
Changed me at once by some emphatic spell
From what I was—I gazed, and it was done.
Too finish'd fascination! glass'd in mine,
The glory of her eye-balls did imprint
So bright a fire, that from its heat malign
My sickening soul acquired another tint.
The showers of tears I shed assisted more
This transformation; broken up, I found,
Was my past peace and freedom; in the core
Of my fond heart, an all-luxuriant ground,
The plant whereof I perish, struck its root
Deep as its head extended high, and dense
As were its melancholy boughs; the fruit
Which it has been my wont to gather thence,
Sour is a thousand times for one time sweet,
But ever poisonous to the lips that eat.

5.

"Now, flying from myself as from a curse,
In search of her who shuns me as a foe,
I speed, which to one error adds a worse;
And, in the midst of toil, fatigue, and woe,
Whilst the forged irons on my bound limbs ring,

Find myself singing as of old, but oh,
How soon are check'd the causeless songs I sing,
If in myself I look my thoughts! for there
I view a field where nought but brambles spring,
And the black night-shade, garlanding despair,
Hope in the distance shows me, as she flies,
Her fluttering garments and light step, but ne'er
Her angel face,—tears rush into my eyes
At the delusion, nor can I forbear
To call her false as the mirage that kills
The thirsty pilgrim of the sandy waste,
When he beholds far-off, 'twixt seeming hills,
The stream he dies to taste;
With eager eye he marks its lucid face,
And listens, fancying that he heard it roar,
But, when arrived in torment at the place,
Weeps to perceive it distant as before.

6.

"Of golden locks was the rich tissue wove,
Framed by my sympathy, wherein with shame
My struggling Reason was entrapp'd, like Love
In the strong arms of Appetite, the fame
Whereof drew all Olympus to regard
The Fire-God's capture; but 'twere out of place
For me this capture to go gaze, debarr'd
Of that whereby to contemplate the case.
So circumstanced I find myself! the field
Of tournament is clear'd, the foe descried,
Alarm'd I stand, without a spear or shield,
Closed are the barriers, and escape denied.
Who at my story is not terrified!
Who could believe that I am fall'n so low,
That to the grief I hurry from, my pride
Is oft-times found so little of a foe,
That, at the moment when I might regain
A life of freedom, I caress my chain,
And curse the hours and moments lately lent
To freer thoughts, as mournfully mis-spent!

7.

"This fancy is not always paramount,
For of a brain so wild the phantasies
Sleep not a moment; Grief at times will mount
The throne of Slavery; and her sceptre seize,
So that my fancy shrinks as from its place,
To shun the torture of its frightful face,
There is no part in me but frenzied is,
And wail'd by me in turn; on my wild track,
Afresh protesting at the blind abyss,
I turn affrighted back.
Not urged by reason, not by judgment, this
Discretion of the mind is wholly lost;
All is become a barrenness or blot,
But this one grief, and even the rising ghost
Of dead joy, gliding by, is heeded not;
I keep no chronicle of bygone bliss,
But feel alone, within my heart and brain,
The fury and the force of present pain.

8.

"In midst of all this agony and woe,
A shade of good descends my wounds to heal;
Surely, I fancy, my beloved foe
Must feel some little part of what I feel.
So insupportable a toil weighs down
My weary soul, that, did I not create
Some strong deceit of power, to ease the weight,
I must at once die—die without my crown
Of martyrdom, a register'd renown,
Untalk'd of by the world, unheard, unview'd!
And thus from my most miserable estate
I draw a gleam of good.
But soon my fate this train of things reverses,
For, if I ever from the storm find peace,
Peace nurtures fear, and fear my peace disperses,
Swift as a rainbow arch'd o'er raging seas:
Thus from the flowers which for a space console,
Springs up the serpent that devours my soul.

9.

"Ode! if men, seeing thee, be seized with fright
At the caprice, inconstancy, and shock
Of these conflicting fancies of my brain,
Say that the cause thereof—tormenting pain—
Is stable, fixt, and changeless as a rock.
Say thou, that its fierce might
So storms my heart that it must yield, ere long,
Even to a foe more terrible and strong;
To Him, from whom all cross themselves—to save;
The power whose home is in the lonely grave!"

These beautiful verses will, we trust, sufficiently recommend Mr Wiffen to the notice of our readers. He is engaged in a work of still greater importance—a new translation of Tasso into English *ottava rima*, and we confess that we look forward with the highest expectation to a *Jerusalem* executed by such a hand. Indeed, Mr Wiffen has already published a small specimen of his Tasso;—and there can be no doubt, that, when his work is finished, he must find himself in possession of a very enviable reputation. On comparing the fragment he has print-

ed, with the corresponding pages of Fairfax, (for Hoole is not worth the mentioning,) we think it is impossible that any one should hesitate about agreeing with Mr Wiffen, that a new version was wanted, and with us, that Mr Wiffen is admirably qualified for supplying the want.—Mr Wiffen's GARCILASSO is dedicated, with great propriety, to the Duke of Bedford—the Poet being his Grace's librarian at Woburn Abbey, and deriving from this situation the means of indulging his taste and talents *otio haud ignobili.* Long may he do so. The dedication, however, will probably be considered as somewhat of a curiosity—for, though the production of an English Quaker, it is as abounding in titles and compliments, as if Garcilasso himself had indited it in honour of some Spanish Grandee of the first class. In the "Heraldic Anomalies," there is a queer enough chapter on Quakers—and we suspect from the strain thereof, that Mr Wiffen may be called over the coals, even by the brethren of our own time, for the liberal use of "your Grace," and the like sinful abominations.—To be sure, Paul called a Roman dignitary, "Most noble Festus," only for giving him a decent hearing; and our friend may *justify*, on this authority, and that *a fortiori* too, for we suspect he has much more reason to applaud John Duke of Bedford, than ever the Apostle had to applaud the most noble Festus.

MR W. S. ROSE.

The second work of this class we are to notice, is Mr William Stewart Rose's Translation of the Orlando Furioso—of which six cantos have just appeared in a very neat little volume of the same size with his abridgment of the INNAMORATO. The specimens we gave a few months back of Mr Rose's translation from Berni, might, perhaps, render it a matter of little consequence, though we should entirely omit extracting from his Furioso. We shall, however, gratify ourselves by quoting a few of these delicious stanzas. Some of our readers may not have had any opportunity of seeing Mr Rose's little volume, and may, perhaps, be saying to themselves, "This is a book which no doubt we must buy some day—but we shall wait till it is complete." We mean to poke these dilatory people by our extracts. Such a way of proceeding is exceedingly unfair to the publisher of a work like this—a work which, *of necessity*, addresses itself to the more refined classes—and we may add, is unfair to the author too—for there is no author that does not write the more spiritedly for being encouraged, and as for being too rapid and careless of execution, this is a species of transgression which no one will think Mr Rose likely to fall into. Never was such close scrupulous fidelity of rendering associated with such light dancing elegance of language. This, indeed, will be an addition to the standard literature of our country. A hundred years hence, it will stand beside Dryden's Virgil, Pope's Homer, and Carey's Dante.

We shall, partly for the sake of the lazy reader, and partly because we are luxuriously disposed ourselves, give Ariosto's own stanzas, side by side with those of his English translator.

The well-known commencement of the whole poem is thus felicitously transfused.

"Le Donne, i Cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,
Le cortesie, l' audaci imprese io canto,
Che furo al tempo, che passaro i Mori
D'Africa il mare, e in Francia nocquer tanto;
Seguendo l' ire, e i giovenil furori
D'Agramante lor Rè; che si diè vanto
Di vendicar la morte di Trojano
Sopra Rè Carlo Imperator Romano.

"OF LOVES and LADIES, KNIGHTS and ARMS, I sing,
Of COURTESIES, and many a DARING FEAT;
And from those ancient days my story bring,
When Moors from Afric pass'd in hostile fleet,
And ravaged France, with Agramant their king,
Flush'd with his youthful rage and furious heat;
Who on king Charles', the Roman emperor's head
Had vow'd due vengeance for Troyano dead.

"Dirò d'Orlando in un medesmo tratto
Cosa non detta in prosa mai, nè in rima;
Che per amor venne in furore, e matto,
D' uom, che sì saggio era stimato prima;

"In the same strain of Roland will I tell
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
On whom strange madness and rank fury fell,
A man esteem'd so wise in former time;

Se da colei, che tal quasi m' ha fatto,
Che'l poco ingegno ad ora ad or mi lima,
Meno sarà però tanto concesso,
Che mi basti a finir quanto hò promesso.

" Piacciavi, generosa Erculea prole,
Ornamento, e splendor del secol nostro,
Ippolito, aggradir questo, che vuole,
E darvi sol può l' umil servo vostro.
Quel, ch' io vi debbo, posso di parole
Pagare in parte, e d' opera d' inchiostro:
Nè, che poco io vi dia, da imputar sono;
Chè quanto io posso dar, tutto vi dono.

" Voi sentirete fra i più degni Eroi,
Che nominar con laude m' apparecchio,
Ricordar quel Ruggier, che fù di voi,
E de' vostri Avi illustri il ceppo vecchio.
L' alto valore, e i chiari gesti suoi,
Vi farò udir, se voi mi date orecchio;
E i vostri alti pensier cedano un poco,
Sì che tra lor miei versi abbiano loco.

" Orlando, che gran tempo innamorato
Fà della bella Angelica, e per lei
In India, in Media, in Tartaria lasciato
Avea infiniti, ed immortal trofei;
In Ponente con essa era tornato,
Dove sotto i gran Monti Pirenei,
Con la Gente di Francia, e di Lamagna,
Rè Carlo era attendato alla campagna:

" Per fare al Rè Marsilio, e al Rè Agramante
Battersi ancor del folle ardir la guancia;
D' aver condotto l' un d'Africa quante
Genti erano atte a portar spada, e lancia:
L' altro, d' aver spinta la Spagna innante,
A distruzion del bel Regno di Francia,
E così Orlando arrivò quivi appunto,
Ma tosto si pentì d' esservi giunto.

" Che gli fù tolta la sua Donna poi;
(Ecco il giudicio uman come spesso erra)
Quella, che dagli Esperj ai liti Eoi
Avea difesa con sì lunga guerra;
Or tolta gli è fra tanti amici suoi
Senza spada adoprar, nella sua terra.
Il savio Imperator, ch' estinguer volse
Un grave incendio, fù che gli la tolse.

" Nata pochi dì innanzi era una gara
Tra'l Conte Orlando, e'l suo cugin Rinaldo;
Che ambiduo avean per la bellezza rara
D' amoroso disio l' animo caldo.
Carlo, che non avea tal lite cara,
Che gli rendea l' ajuto lor men saldo;
Quella Donzella, che la causa n' era,
Tolse, e diè in mano al Duca di Bavera.

If she, who to like cruel pass has well
Nigh brought my feeble wit, which fain would climb,
And hourly wastes my sense, concede me skill
And strength my daring promise to fulfil.

" Good seed of Hercules, give ear and deign,
Thou that this age's grace and splendour art,
Hippolitus, to smile upon his pain
Who tenders what he has with humble heart.
For, though all hope to quit the score were vain,
My pen and page may pay the debt in part;
Then, with no jealous eye my offering scan,
Nor scorn my gift, who give thee all I can.

" And me, amid the worthiest shalt thou hear,
Whom I with fitting praise prepare to grace,
Record the good Rogero, valiant peer,
The ancient root of thine illustrious race.
Of him, if thou wilt lend a willing ear,
The worth and warlike feats I shall retrace;
So thou, thy graver cares some little time
Postponing, lend thy leisure to my rhyme.

" Roland, who long the lady of Catay,
Angelica, had loved, and with his brand
Raised countless trophies to that damsel gay,
In India, Median, and Tartarian land,
Westward with her had measured back his way;
Where, nigh the Pyrenees, with many a band
Of Germany and France, King Charlemagne
Had camp'd his faithful host upon the plain.

"To make King Agramant, for penance, smite
His cheek, and rash Marsilius rue the hour;
This, when all train'd with lance and sword to fight,
He led from Africa to swell his power;
That other when he push'd, in fell despite,
Against the realm of France Spain's martial flower.
'Twas thus Orlando came where Charles was tented
In evil hour, and soon the deed repented.

" For here was seized his dame of peerless charms,
(How often human judgment wanders wide!)
Whom in long warfare he had kept from harms,
From western climes to eastern shores her guide,
In his own land, 'mid friends and kindred arms,
Now without contest sever'd from his side.
Fearing the mischief kindled by her eyes,
From him the prudent emperor reft the prize.

" For bold Orlando, and his cousin, free
Rinaldo, late contended for the maid,
Enamour'd of that beauty rare; since she
Alike the glowing breast of either sway'd.
But Charles, who little liked such rivalry,
And drew an omen thence of feebler aid,
To abate the cause of quarrel, seized the fair,
And placed her in Bavarian Namus' care.

"In premio promettendola a quel d'essi,
Che in quel conflitto, in quella gran giornata,
Degl' Infedeli più copia uccidessi,
E di sua man prestasse opra più grata.
Contrarj ai voti poi furo i successi,
Che 'n fuga andò la Gente battezzata,
E con molti altri fu 'l Duca prigione;
E restò abbandonato il padiglione,

"Dove, poi che rimase la Donzella,
Ch' esser dovea del vincitor mercede,
Innanzi al caso era salita in sella,
E quando bisognò, le spalle diede,
Presaga, che quel giorno esser rubella
Dovea fortuna alla Cristiana Fede:
Entrò in un bosco, e nella stretta via
Rincontrò un Cavalier, ch' a piè venia.

"Indosso la corazza, e l' elmo in testa,
La spada al fianco, e in braccio avea lo scudo,
E più leggier correa per la foresta;
Ch' al palio rosso il villan mezzo ignudo.
Timida pastorella mai sì presta
Non volse piede innanzi a serpe crudo,
Come Angelica tosto il freno torse,
Che del Guerrier, ch' a piè venia, s' accorse."

"Vowing with her the warrior to contest,
Who in that conflict, on that fatal day,
With his good hand most gainful succour lent,
And slew most paynims in the martial fray.
But counter to his hopes the battle went,
And his thinn'd squadrons fled in disarray;
Namus, with other Christian captains, taken,
And his pavilion in the rout forsaken.

"There, lodged by Charles, that gentle bonnibel,
Ordain'd to be the valiant victor's meed,
Before the event had sprung into her sell,
And from the combat turn'd in time of need;
Presaging wisely Fortune would rebel
That fatal day against the Christian creed;
And, entering a thick wood, discover'd near,
In a close path, a horseless cavalier.

"With shield upon his arm, in knightly wise,
Belted and mail'd, his helmet on his head;
The knight more lightly through the forest hies
Than half-clothed churl to win the cloth of red.
But not from cruel snake more swiftly flies
The timid shepherdess, with startled tread,
Than poor Angelica the bridle turns,
When she the approaching knight on foot discerns."

One more passage—it shall be from Canto sixth, where Rogero, after being warned in vain by the metamorphosed Astolpho, is beguiled into the Magic Palace of the Enchantress Alcina.

"Venne al cavallo, e lo disciolse, e prese
Per le redini, e dietro selo trasse;
Nè come fece prima, più l' ascese,
Perchè mal grado suo non lo portasse.
Seco pensava, come nel paese
Di Logistilla a salvamento andasse.
Era disposto e fermo usare ogni opra,
Che non gli avesse imperio Alcina sopra.

"Pensò di rimontar su'l suo cavallo,
E per l' aria spronarlo a novo corso;
Ma dubitò di far poi maggior fallo,
Che troppo mal quel gli ubbidiva al morso.
Io passerò per forza; s' io non fallo;
(Dicea tra se) ma vano era il discorso.
Non fu duo miglia lungi alla marina,
Che la bella Città vide d'Alcina.

"Lontan si vede una muraglia lunga,
Che gira intorno, e gran paese serra;
E par che la sua altezza al Ciel s' aggiunga,
E d' oro sia dall' alta cima a terra.
Alcun dal mio parer quí si dilunga;
E dice, ch' ella è Alchimia; e forse ch' erra:
Ed anco forse meglio di me intende:
A me par'oro, poi che si risplende.

"The courser from the myrtle he untied,
And by the bridle led behind him still;
Nor would he, as before, the horse bestride,
Lest he should bear him off against his will:
He mused this while how safely he might find
A passage to the land of Logistil;
Firm in his purpose every nerve to strain,
Lest empire over him Alcina gain.

"He to remount the steed, and through the air
To spur him to a new career again
Now thought; but doubted next, in fear to fare
Worse on the courser, restive to the rein.
'No, I will win by force the mountain-stair,'
Rogero said; (but the resolve was vain)
Nor by the beach two miles his way pursued,
Ere he Alcina's lovely city view'd.

"A lofty wall at distance meets his eye,
Which girds a spacious town within its bound;
It seems as if its summit touch'd the sky,
And all appears like gold from top to ground.
Here some one says it is but alchemy,
—And haply his opinion is unsound—
And haply he more wittily divines:
For me; I deem it gold because it shines.

" Come fu presso alle ch. ricche mura,
Che'l Mondo altro non ha della lor sorte;
Lasciò la strada, che per la pianura
Ampia, e diritta andava alle gran porte;
Ed a man destra, a quella più sicura,
Ch' al monte gia, piegossi il Guerrier forte;
Ma tosto ritrovò l' iniqua frotta,
Dal cui furor gli fu turbata, e rotta.

" Non fu veduta mai più strana torma,
Più mostruosi volti, e peggio fatti.
Alcun dal collo in giù d' uomini han forma;
Col viso altri di scimie, altri di gatti;
Stampano alcun co' piè caprigni l' orma;
Alcuni son centauri agili, ed atti;
Son giovani imprudenti, e vecchi stolti;
Chi nudi, e chi di strane pelli involti.

" Chi senza freno in su un destrier galoppa,
Chi lento va con l' asino, e col bue;
Altri salisce ad un centauro in groppa;
Struzzoli molti han sotto, aquile, e grue.
Pensi altri a bocca il corno, altri la coppa;
Chi femmina, e chi maschio, e chi ambedue,
Chi porta uncino, e chi scala di corda,
Chi pal di ferro, e chi una lima sorda.

" Di questi il capitano si vedea
Aver gonfiato il ventre, e'l viso grasso;
Il qual su una testuggine sedea,
Che con gran tardità mutava il passo.
Avea di quà, e di là chi lo reggea;
Perch' egli era ebro, e tenea il ciglio basso.
Altri la fronte gli asciugava, e il mento;
Altri i panni scotea per fargli vento.

" Un, ch' avea umana forma, i piedi, e'l ventre,
E collo avea di cane, orecchie, e testa
Contra Ruggiero abbaja, acciò ch' egli entre
Nella bella Città, ch' addietro resta.
Rispose il Cavalier: Nol farò, mentre
Avrà forza la man di regger questa;
E gli mostra la spada, di cui volta
Avea l' aguzza punta alla sua volto.

" Quel mostro lui ferir vuol d' una lancia;
Ma Ruggier presto se gli avventa addosso.
Una stoccata gli trasse alla pancia,
E la fè un palmo riuscir pel dosso;
Lo scudo imbraccia, e quà, e là si lancia;

" When he was nigh the city-walls, so bright;
The world has not their equal, he the straight
And spacious way deserts, the way which, dight
Across the plain, conducted to the gate;
And, by that safer road upon the right,
Strains now against the mountain; but, in wait,
Encounters soon the crowd of evil foes,
Who furiously the Child's advance oppose.

" Was never yet beheld a stranger band,
Of mien more hideous, or more monstrous shape.
Form'd downwards from the neck like men, he scann'd
Some with the head of cat, and some of ape;
With hoof of goat that other stamp'd the sand;
While some seem'd centaurs, quick in fight and rape;
Naked, or mantled in outlandish skin,
These doting sires, those striplings bold in sin.

" This gallops on a horse without a bit;
This backs the sluggish ass, or bullock slow;
These mounted on the croup of centaur sit;
Those perch'd on eagle, crane, or estridge, go.
Some male, some female, some hermaphrodit',
These drain the cup and those the bugle blow.
One bore a corded ladder, one a hook;
One a dull file, or bar of iron shook.

" The captain of this crew, which block'd the road,
Appear'd, with monstrous paunch and bloated face;
Who a slow tortoise for a horse bestrode,
That passing, sluggishly, with him did pace:
Down look'd, some here, some there, sustain'd the load,
For he was drunk, and kept him in his place.
Some wipe his brows and chin from sweat which ran,
And others with their vests his visage fan.

" One, with a human shape and feet, his crest,
Fashion'd like hound, in neck and ears and head,
Bay'd at the gallant Child with angry quest,
To turn him to the city whence he fled.
'That will I never, while of strength possess'd
To brandish this,' the good Rogero said:
With that his trenchant faulchion he display'd,
And pointed at him full the naked blade.

" That monster would have smote him with a spear,
But swiftly at his foe Rogero sprung,
Thrust at his paunch, and drove his faulchion sheer
Through his pierced back a palm; his buckler flung

Ma l' inimico stuolo è troppo grosso;
L' un quinci il punge, e l' altro quindi afferra:
Egli s' arresta, e fa lor' aspra guerra.

Before him, and next sallied there and here;
But all too numerous was the wicked throng.
Now grappled from behind, now punch'd before,
He stands, and plies the crowd with warfare sore.

" L' un sin' ai denti, e l' altro sin' al petto
Partendo va di quella iniqua razza;
Ch' alla sua spada non s' oppone elmetto,
Nè scudo, nè panziera, nè corrazza.
Ma da tutte le parti è così stretto,
Che bisogno saria per trovar piazza,
E tener da se largo il popol reo,
D' aver più braccia, e man che Briareo.

" One to the teeth, another to the breast,
Of that foul race he cleft; since no one steel'd
In mail, his brows with covering helmet dress'd,
Or fought, secured by coralet or by shield;
Yet is he so upon all quarters press'd,
That it would need the Child, to clear the field,
And to keep off the wicked crew which swarms,
More than Briareus' hundred hands and arms.

" Se di scoprire avesse avuto avviso
Lo scudo, che già fu del Negromante;
Io dico quel, ch' abbarbagliava il viso,
Quel, ch' all' arcione avea lasciato Atlante,
Subito avria quel brutto stuol conquiso,
E fattosel cader cieco davante.
E forse ben, che disprezzò quel modo,
Perchè virtute usar volse, e non frodo.

" If he had thought the magic shield to show,
(I speak of that the necromancer bore,
Which dazed the sight of the astonish'd foe,
Left at his saddle by the wizard Moor)
That hideous band, in sudden overthrow,
Blinded by this, had sunk the knight before.
But haply he despised such mean as vile,
And would prevail by valour, not by guile.

" Sia quel che può, più tosto vuol morire,
Che rendersi prigione a sì vil gente.
Eccoti intanto dalla porta uscire
Del muro, ch' io dicea d' oro lucente,
Due Giovani, ch' ai gesti, ed al vestire
Non eran da stimar nate umilmente;
Nè da pastor nutrite con disagi,
Ma fra delizie di real palagi.

" This as it may: the Child would meet his fate,
Ere by so vile a band he prisoner led;
When, lo! forth-issuing from the city's gate,
Whose wall appear'd like shining gold I said,
Two youthful dames, not born in low estate,
If measured by their mien and garb, nor bred
By swain, in early wants and troubles versed;
But amid princely joys in palace nursed!

" L' una, e l' altra sedea su un Liocorno,
Candido più, che candido Armellino;
L' una, e l' altra era bella, e di sì adorno
Abito, e modo tanto pellegrino,
Che all' uom guardando, e contemplando intorno
Bisognerebbe aver occhio divino
Per far di lor giudicio; e tal saria
Beltà, s' avesse corpo, e leggiadria.

" On unicorn was seated either fair,
A beast than spotless ermine yet more white;
So lovely were the damsels, and so rare
Their garb, and with such graceful fashion dight,
That he who closely view'd the youthful pair,
Would need a surer sense than mortal sight,
To judge between the two. With such a mien
Embodied GRACE and BEAUTY would be seen.

"L' una, e l' altra n' andò, dove nel prato
Ruggiero è oppresso dallo stuol villano.
Tutta la turba si levò da lato,
E quelle al Cavalier porser la mano,
Che tinto in viso di color rosato
Le Donne ringraziò dell' atto umano;
E fu contento (compiacendo loro)
Di ritornarsi a quella porta d' oro.

" Into the mead rode this and the other dame,
Where the foul crew opposed the Child's retreat.
The rabble scatter'd as the ladies came,
Who with extended hand the warrior greet.
He, with a kindling visage, red with shame,
Thank'd the two damsels for their gentle feat;
And was content upon their will to wait,
With them returning to that golden gate.

" L' adornamento, che s' aggira sopra
La bella porta, e sporge un poco avante,
Parte non ha, che tutta non si cuopra
Delle più rare gemme di Levante.
Da quattro parti si riposa sopra
Grosse colonne d' integro Diamante.
O vero, o falso, ch' all' occhio risponda,
Non è cosa più bella, o più gioconda.

" Above, a cornice round the gateway goes,
Somedeal projecting from the colonnade,
In which is not a single part but glows,
With rarest gems of India overlaid.
Propp'd at four points, the portal did repose
On columns of one solid diamond made.
Whether what met the eye was false or true,
Was never sight more fair or glad to view.

"Su per la soglia, e fuor per le colonne
Corron scherzando lascive Donzelle;
Che, se i rispetti debiti alle Donne
Servasser più, sarian forse più belle.
Tutte vestite eran di verdi gonne,
E coronate di frondi novelle.
Queste con molte offerte, e con buon viso
Ruggier fecero entrar nel Paradiso.

"Upon the sill and through the columns there,
Ran young and wanton girls, in frolic sport;
Who haply yet would have appear'd more fair,
Had they observed a woman's fitting port.
All are array'd in green, and garlands wear
Of the fresh leaf. Him these in courteous sort,
With many proffers and fair mien entice,
And welcome to this opening Paradise.

"Chè si può ben così nomar quel loco,
Ove mi credo che nascesse Amore.
Non vi si sta, se non in danza, e in gioco,
E tutte in festa vi si spendon l' ore.
Pensier canuto, nè molto, nè poco
Si può quivi albergare in alcun core.
Non entra quivi disagio, nè inopia,
Ma vi sta ogn' or col corno pien la Copia.

"For so with reason I this place may call,
Where, it is my belief, that Love had birth;
Where life is spent in festive game and ball,
And still the passing moments fleet in mirth.
Here hoary-headed Thought ne'er comes at all,
Nor finds a place in any bosom. Dearth,
Nor yet Discomfort, never enter here,
Where Plenty fills her horn throughout the year.

"Quì, dove con serena, e lieta fronte
Par ch' ogn'or rida il grazioso aprile
Giovani, e Donne, son: qual presso a fonte
Canta con dolce, e dilettoso stile;
Qual d'un arbore all' ombra, e qual d' un monte,
O gioca, o danza, o fa cosa non vile;
E qual lungi dagli altri a un suo fedele
Discuopre l' amorose sue querele.

"Here, where with jovial and unclouded brow,
Glad April seems to wear a constant smile,
Troop boys and damsels: One, where fountains flow,
On the green margin sings in dulcet style;
Others, the hill or tufted tree below,
In dance, or no mean sport, the hours beguile.
While this, who shuns the revellers' noisy cheer,
Tells his love sorrows in his comrade's ear.

"Per le cime de' pini, e degli allori,
Degli alti faggi, e degl' irsuti abeti,
Volan scherzando i pargoletti Amori;
Di lor vittorie altri godendo lieti,
Altri pigliando a saettare i cori
La mira quindi, altri tendendo reti.
Chi tempra dardi ad un ruscel più basso,
E chi gli aguzza ad un volubil sasso."

"Above the laurel and the pine-tree's height,
Through the tall beech and shaggy fir-tree's spray,
Sport little loves, with desultory flight:
These, at their conquests made, rejoiced and gay;
These, with the well-directed shaft, take sight
At hearts, and those spread nets to catch their prey;
One wets his arrows in the brook which winds,
And one on whirling stone the weapon grinds."

We earnestly hope Mr Rose may go on and conclude this great undertaking as happily as he has begun it.—It is impossible to wish anything better than this, either for his own sake, or for our own.

LORD F. L. GOWER.

We now come to a bold venture—Goethe's FAUST, by Lord Francis Leveson Gower. This young nobleman, for we believe he is very young, has, we must confess, surprised us. He has not given a perfect *Faust*,—that nobody ever will do—but he has come so near perfection, that we may safely congratulate him on an achievement of which there are few practised poets now living in Britain that might not be proud.

By turning to the number of this Magazine for June 1820, the reader may refresh his recollection of the story of this wonderful masterpiece. The analysis there given of the fable, and the copious specimens of translation, were from the pen of a young Irish friend of ours,—a young man certainly of highly distinguished accomplishment and most promising genius. He, however, will, we are sure, be the first to approve of what we do, when we candidly say, that Lord Francis Gower has put us somewhat out of conceit with his efforts upon Faustus. They were spirited—but they were hasty—they want the refinement, and what is of still greater moment, they want the flow of this young lord's parallel passages. It would be ridiculous in us to give a second analysis of the original poem:—that our friend has done

as well as is at all necessary. We shall therefore be contented with quoting a few of Lord Francis's scenes.

The first shall be that in which Faust and Mephistopheles walk and converse with Margaret and Martha in the garden. The scene is one of the finest in Goethe; and nothing, we apprehend, can be more happy than the version. What delightful stage-effect—what rich contrasts among all the four personages—the bewildered, innocent, timid MAIDEN—the crafty, worldly WOMAN—the FIEND—and his perplexed VICTIM! what satire! what poetry! what pathos!

"*A Garden.*

MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm.* MEPHISTOPHELES *and* MARTHA *walking up and down.*

Marg. Too well I feel it, thus you condescend
Merely to shame me in the end.
You travell'd gentlemen are used
From kindness to put up with all.
I know you cannot be amused
With anything that one like me lets fall.
Faust. To hear you speak delights me more
Than wisdom's words or learning's lore.
(*He kisses her hand.*
Marg. How could you thus your lips offend?
The softness of this hand much toil has marr'd.
To all things I must needs attend—
My mother's rule is rather hard.
(*They pass to the back of the stage.*
Mar. to Meph. And you, kind sir, set out so soon again?
Meph. Business and duty still impel my course.
Often we leave a place behind with pain,
Yet onward must proceed perforce.
Mar. In youth to roam where fortune drives,
May suit you well by land, or on the waves;
Yet soon the evil time arrives;
To slink sad, lonely bachelors to your graves,
Is a black prospect for your latter lives.
Meph. Such end, with horror, I expect.
Mar. Then, worthy sir, in time reflect.
(*They pass back, as before.*
Marg. Yes, you are courteous, kind, and good,
But then you come of gentle blood,
Have many a friend of many a nation,
And, more than all this, education.
Faust. Dulness, not knowledge, wrinkles oft the brow—
Folly will often dress at wisdom.
Marg. How?
Faust. Strange, that simplicity should want the sense
To see the beauty of its innocence!
Marg. If sometimes upon me your thoughts should stray,
I shall have leisure memory's debt to pay.
Faust. You are alone then often?
Marg. Night and day.
Our humble household is but small,
And I, alas! must look to all.
We have no maid, and I may scarce avail
To wake so early and to sleep so late,
And then my mother is in each detail
So accurate.
I scarce approve these fancies of my mother's,
And think we might do more than many others.
My father left us what he had to give,
A house and garden, decent means to live;
My brother was a soldier bred;
One sister, younger than myself, is dead.
I had much trouble with the child,
And yet my love for it my time beguiled.

* * * * *

Before its birth my father was no more,
My mother almost gave it o'er;
It pined, and then recover'd by degrees;
'Twas I must feed it, hold it on my knees;
And thus I watch'd and nursed it, all alone,
And grew to look upon it as my own.
Faust. How sweet your task to rear the drooping flower!
Marg. And yet it cost me many a weary hour;
And then, besides, to tend the house affairs—
'Twould weary you to tell you all my cares.
(*They cross over.*
Mar. to Meph. Indeed 'tis uphill work to teach
You bachelors. Excuse the speech.
Meph. Would one like you my steps conduct,
I should be easy to instruct.
Mar. Now tell me true, in any place or station,
Has your heart never felt the least sensation?
Meph. A good man's hearth, the while his wife sits by,
Pearls cannot equal, treasures cannot buy!
'Tis thus the proverb says, and so say I.
Mar. I mean, if e'er your heart to love was tending?
Meph. I always found the ladies condescending.
Mar. I mean, if serious passion fill'd your breast?
Meph. Trifling with ladies is beyond a jest!
Mar. Ah! you mistake.
Meph. I grieve to be so blind;
But this I see—that you are very kind.
(*Cross over.*
Faust. Then you forgive my bearing in the street,
Near the cathedral, when we chanced to meet.
Marg. I was surprised and fluster'd; it was new

To be accosted by a man like you.
What, thought I, sure he must have seen in me
Some sign of wantonness, or levity?
Yet, I confess, I scarcely know what charm
Arrested me, as I refused your arm.
(*They make love.*
Mar. The night draws on.
Meph. True, and we must away.
Mar. I would invite you here to stay,
But in an evil neighbourhood we dwell,
Where nothing suits each gaping fool so well,
As when, neglecting all his own affairs,
At everybody else he stares;
And thus their talk would be of me and you,
And of these two.
Good night!"

We are very loath to turn over so many pages, but we must pass to the last scene of all. The poor ruined girl, who has innocently killed her mother, and madly her child, is alone in her dungeon—She is to leave it for the gallows at day-break. Faust, her miserable betrayer, more miserable than she, appears at the door with a bundle of keys and a lamp.—But we entreat our reader to turn back to the number of June 1820, ere he proceeds to read what follows—or if Madame de Stael's Germany be at hand, it will do equally well.

"*Dungeon.*

FAUST, *with a Bundle of Keys and a Lamp before a low iron Door.*

Faust. Strength to my limbs my fainting soul denies,
Sick with the sense of man's collected woe;
Behind this dungeon's dripping wall she lies,
Frenzy the crime for which her blood must flow.
Traitor, thou darest not enter in
To face the witness of thy sin.
Forward! thy cowardice draws down the blow.
Marg. (*within*) *sings.* Now shame on my mother,
Who brought me to light,
And foul fall my father
Who nursed me in spite.
Faust. (*unlocking the door.*) She dreams not that her lover hears the strain,
The straw's sad rustling, and the clinking chain.
Marg. (*hiding herself in the straw on which she lies.*)
Woe, woe! they wake me! bitter fate!
Faust. Hush, hush! I come to give thee means to fly.
Marg. Art thou a man? then be compassionate.
Faust. Soft! thou wilt wake thy jailers with that cry.
[*He seizes the chains to unlock them.*
Marg. (*on her knees.*) Who gave the hangman power
So soon to wake and slay?
Why call'st thou me at midnight's hour?—
O! let me live till day!—
Is it not time when morn has sprung?
[*She stands up.*
And I am yet so young! so young!
And yet so soon to perish by your laws.
Once I was fair too—that is just the cause.
One friend was near me then: he too is fled.
My flowers are wither'd, and my garland dead.
Seize me not thus! it gives me pain.
Have I e'er wrong'd thee? why then bind me so?
Let not my woman's voice implore in vain—
Can I have hurt one whom I do not know?
Faust. Can I outlive this hour of woe!
Marg. Ah! I am now within thy power;
Yet let me clasp my only joy,
My child! I nursed it many an hour,
But then they took it from me to annoy,
And now they say the mother kill'd her boy.
'And she shall ne'er be happy more'—
That is the song they sing to give me pain;
It is the end of an old strain,
But never meant me before.
Faust. He, whom you deem'd so far, before you lies,
To burst your chains, and give the life you prize.
Marg. Oh! raise we to the saints our prayer!
For see, beneath the stair,
Beneath the door-stone swell
The penal flames of hell.
The evil one,
In pitiless wrath,
Roars for his prey.
Faust. (*aloud*) Margaret! Margaret!
Marg. (*starting*) That was *his* voice!
[*She springs up; her chains fall off.*
Where is he? for I know 'twas he.
None, none shall stay me; I am free!
'Tis to his bosom I will fly,
In his embraces I will lie.
His Margaret he calls, on the threshold he stands,
'Mid the laughter and howls of the fiendish bands;
Through the shouts of their malice, their hissings of scorn,
How sweetly his voice of affection was borne!
Faust. 'Tis I.
Marg. Oh, say it, say it, once again,
My friend, my lover! Where is now my pain?
Where is my chain, my dungeon, and my grave?
He comes himself to comfort and to save.
I see the church's aisle, the street,
Where first we dared to gaze, to meet:

The garden blooms before me now,
Where first we shared the kiss, the vow.
Faust. Away! away!
Marg. Oh, not so fast!
Time is with you so sweetly past.
Faust. Haste, Margaret, haste!
For, if thou lingerest here,
We both shall pay it dear.
Marg. What, thou canst kiss no more!
Away so short a time as this,
And hast so soon forgot to kiss!
Why are my joys less ardent than they were?
Once in those folding arms I loved to lie,
Clung to that breast, and deem'd my heaven was there,
Till, scarce alive, I almost long'd to die!
Those lips are cold, and do not move,
Alas! unkind, unkind!
Hast thou left all thy love,
Thy former love, behind?
Faust. Follow me! follow, Margaret! be not slow:
With twice its former heat my love shall glow.
Margaret, this instant come, 'tis all I pray.
Marg. And art thou, art thou, he for certain, say?
Faust. I am; come with me.
Marg. Thou shalt burst my chain,
And lay me in thy folding arms again.
How comes it, tell me, thou canst bear my sight?
Know'st thou to whom thou bring'st the means of flight?
Faust. Come, come!—I feel the morning breeze's breath.
Marg. This hand was guilty of a mother's death!
I drown'd my child! And thou canst tell,
If it was mine, 'twas thine as well.
I scarce believe, though so it seem—
Give me thy hand—I do not dream—
That dear, dear hand. Alas, that spot!
Wipe it away, the purple clot!
What hast thou done? Put up thy sword;
It was thy Margaret's voice implored.
Faust. Oh Margaret! let the hour be past;
Forget it, or I breathe my last.
Marg. No; you must live till I shall trace
For each their separate burial-place.
You must prepare betimes to-morrow
Our home of sorrow.
For my poor mother keep the best;
My brother next to her shall rest.
Me, Margaret, you must lay aside,
Some space between, but not too wide.
On the right breast my boy shall be;
Let no one else lie there but he.
'Twere bliss with him in death to lie,
Which, on this earth, my foes deny,
'Tis all in vain—you will not mind,
And yet you look so good, so kind.
Faust. Then be persuaded—come with me.
Marg. To wander with you?
Faust. To be free.
Marg. To death! I know it—I prepare—
I come; the grave is yawning there!
The grave, no farther—'tis our journey's end.
You part. Oh! could I but your steps attend.
Faust. You can! But wish it, and the deed is done.
Marg. I may not with you; hope for me is none!
How can I fly? They glare upon me still!
It is so sad to beg the wide world through,
And with an evil conscience too!
It is so sad to roam through stranger lands,
And they will seize me with their iron hands!
Faust. I will be with you.
Marg. Quick! fly!
Save it, or the child will die!
Through the wild wood,
To the pond!
It lifts its head!
The bubbles rise!
It breathes!
Oh save it, save it!
Faust. Reflect, reflect!
One step, and thou art free!
Marg. Had we but pass'd the hillside lone—
My mother there sits on a stone.
Long she has sat there, cold and dead,
Yet nodding with her weary head.
Yet winks not, nor signs, other motion is o'er;
She slept for so long, that she wakes no more.
Faust. Since words are vain to rouse thy sleeping sense,
I venture, and with force I bear thee hence.
Marg. Unhand me! leave me! I will not consent!
Too much I yielded once! too much repent!
Faust. Day! Margaret, day! your hour will soon be past.
Marg. True, 'tis the day; the last—the last!
My bridal day!—'twill soon appear.
Tell it to none thou hast been here.
We shall see one another, and soon shall see—
But not at the dance will our meeting be.
We two shall meet
In the crowded street:
The citizens throng—the press is hot,
They talk together—I hear them not:
The bell has toll'd—the wand they break—
My arms they pinion till they ache!
They force me down upon the chair!
The neck of each spectator there
Thrills, as though itself would feel
The headsman's stroke—the sweeping steel!
And all are as dumb, with speechless pain,
As if they never would speak again!
Faust. Oh, had I never lived!
Mephistopheles (appears in the doorway)

Off! or your life will be but short;
My coursers paw the ground, and snort!
The sun will rise, and off they bound.
Marg. Who is it rises from the ground!
'Tis he!—the evil one of hell!
What would he where the holy dwell?
'Tis me he seeks!
Faust. To bid thee live.
Marg. Justice of Heaven! to thee my soul I give!
Meph. (*to Faust.*)
Come! come! or tarry else with her to die.
Marg. Heaven, I am thine! to thy embrace I fly!
Hover around, ye angel bands!
Save me! defy him where he stands.
Henry, I shudder! 'tis for thee.
Meph. She is condemn'd!
Voices from above. Is pardon'd!
Meph. (*to Faust.*) Hence, and flee!
[*Vanishes with Faust.*
Marg. (*From within.*) Henry! Henry!

We notice that Lord F. Gower has given but a very mutilated version of the May-day night scene. This was wrong in every point of view. It destroys the poem of Goethe; and, if his Lordship thought, (which he probably did, and certainly might well do,) that he could not outstep Shelley in this—why not adopt the fragment at once? We trust this may yet be done. As it is, Lord Francis has produced a work which must at once give him a place, and no mean one, among the literary men of his time. He must prepare himself for encountering something of that vulgar and petulant sneering, with which the gentlemen of the press are ever ready to insult the first appearance of a gentleman—still more of a nobleman. But all this will be of no avail. He has a right to be tried by his literary peers, and from their decision he has no reason to shrink. Mr Coleridge himself will not *now* dream of translating the Faust—another hand has done *almost* all that could be done even by *him;* and the English public may congratulate themselves upon the possession of one more work worthy to be associated with Coleridge's Wallenstein—worthy of being placed above even the best of Mr Gillies's translations from the German theatre—and worthy of being placed above *them* for this one plain, simple reason—that Goethe *is* what Müller, Grillparzer, and Oehlenshlaeger aspire to be—and may perhaps be ere they die; but certainly have not as yet shewn themselves to be. We hope this splendid example will not be lost upon Mr Gillies. We earnestly hope he will turn seriously to the true masterpieces of German genius, and not meddle with the pupils, however meritorious, until their great, and we half fear, inimitable masters have been exhausted. Let him give us the Bride of Messina—or the William Tell—or the Egmont, and take his place where he is entitled to be.

RAPP'S MEMOIRS.*

Most of our readers must have seen the print of Gérard's picture of the battle of Austerlitz—indeed it is on many a snuff-box. They may remember the cavalry officer, who, with his hat off, and sabre broken, is galloping up to Napoleon, who receives him, surrounded by his suite. This is no other than the author of the autobiographical volume now before us, the General Rapp himself. He was returning from the decisive charge which he had led in person, and which decided the day. "My sabre half broken," says he, "my wound, the blood with which I was covered, the decisive advantage gained over the choice of the enemies' troops, inspired the Emperor at the moment with the idea of the picture, afterwards executed by Gérard."

Rapp was a native of Alsace; he early distinguished himself under Desaix, and was taken notice of by that talented general. He soon rose to favour under Napoleon, whose esteem at times, and whose suspicion and displeasure, at others, he won by a military frankness and bluntness of speech. Whenever any of Rapp's friends fell into disgrace with Napoleon, the blunt Alsacian was sure to shew it by some expression of spleen or ill-timed expostulations. And he thus became

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* Mémoires du Général Rapp, Aide-de-camp de Napoléon écrits par lui-même. Paris et Londres, 1823.

generally implicated in the misfortunes of Regnier, Bernadotte, and subsequently of Josephine. But his gallantry at Austerlitz and Essling, with twenty and odd wounds, out-balanced his want of flexibility with Napoleon. Ney and Rapp were the only generals, said Napoleon, that preserved the hearts of stout soldiers in the retreat from Moscow. Rapp certainly paid his court at the Tuilleries in 1814, and in 1815 commanded the army of the Rhine for his old master. We shall see, whether the curious interview, in which Napoleon won him over, can excuse the desertion. He became afterwards chamberlain, or some such officer about Louis the Eighteenth's person, and was on duty at St Cloud the very day that the news of Napoleon's death arrived in Paris; the veteran, summoned suddenly before the King, made his appearance in undissembled tears:—" Go, Rapp," said the Monarch, " I honour you for this tribute to your old master."

These memoirs, seemingly excited by the ultra calumnies against the Ex-Emperor, which they commence with answering, are sketched by the bold and hurried hand of an old soldier. He represents Napoleon as mild, tender, and scarcely ever inexorable in matters of life and death. He relates many instances of successful interference in such cases, but allows that he was often driven into excesses by the servile adulations of the court. He represents him as open to advice, even to remonstrance, though intolerant of the common-place arguments, which his relations especially sometimes pestered him with.

" Fesch was about to remonstrate with him one day on the war in Spain. He had not uttered two words, when Napoleon, drawing towards the window, asked, 'Do you see that star?'—It was broad day.—'No,' replied the archbishop.—'Well, as long as I alone can perceive it, I follow my plan, and suffer no observations.'"

The following anecdote, though nothing in itself, may account for the contradictions and contrary reports about the Emperor's apathy of feeling, on which point the author of Child Harold, and the Quarterly Review, are at issue:

" On his return from the Russian campaign, he was deploring with deep emotion, the death of so many gallant soldiers, mowed down, not by the Cossacks, but by cold and hunger. A courtier seeking to put in his word, added, with a pitiful tone —'We have indeed suffered a great loss.' —'Yes,' rejoined Napoleon, 'Madam Barilli, the singer, is dead.'"

He mystified indiscretion, says Rapp, but repulsed neither pleasantry nor frankness.

After some chapters devoted to the character of Napoleon, and to anecdotes concerning him, the Memoirs proceed with the " Third War of Austria," when, all hopes of invading our island being at an end, the French succeeded in shutting up Mack with the remains of his army in Ulm. Segur's account of the surrender is exceedingly interesting; the getting possession of the bridge over the Danube at Vienna is one of the best *morceaus* of Rapp's books, and shews how effectually Buonaparte was seconded by the dexterity and courage of his generals:

" We were marching on the traces of the enemy's rear-guard. It would have been easy for us to have routed it, but we knew better. The object was to deceive them into an abatement of vigilance: we never pushed them, but, on the contrary, spread about reports of approaching peace. We permitted troops and baggage to escape; a few men were of little importance in comparison with the preservation of the bridges. Once broken, we would have had the whole campaign to fight over again. Austria was assembling fresh forces, Prussia was throwing off the mask; and Russia presented herself prepared for action with all the resources of these two powers. The possession of the bridges was a victory, and one only to be obtained by surprise. We took our measures in consequence. The troops stationed on the route were forbidden to give the least demonstration that might create alarm; no one was permitted to enter Vienna. When everything had been seen, and examined, the Grand Duke took possession of that capital, charging Lannes and Bertrand to make a strong *reconnoissance* on the river. These two officers were followed by the Tenth Hussars. They found at the gates of the Faubourg a post of Austrian cavalry. There had been no fighting for three days; there was a kind of suspension of arms on both sides. Lannes and Bertrand address the commandant, enter into conversation with him, attach themselves to his steps, nor leave him for a moment. Arrived at the borders of the river, they determine to follow him farther: the Austrian grows angry: they demand to speak with the officer commanding the troops on the left side of the river. He suffers them to proceed, but without any of their hussars; the Tenth are obliged to take up a position. In the meantime our troops arrived, conducted by the Grand Duke (Murat) and Lannes. The bridge was yet untouched, but the

trains were laid, the cannoneers held the matches—the least appearance of endeavouring to pass by force had ruined the enterprize. It was necessary to trick them, and the *bonhommie* of the Austrians gave us the means. The two marshals alighted, halted the column, and ordered but a very small detachment to advance and establish themselves on the bridge. General Belliard then advanced, walking with his hands behind his back, accompanied by two officers of his staff. Lannes joined him with others; they went, and came, talked, and even ventured into the middle of the Austrians. The commander of the post at first refused to receive them, but he yielded at last, and conversation was established between them. They repeated to him what Bertrand had already said, that the negotiations advanced, that the war was finished. 'Why,' said the Marshal, 'hold your cannons pointed against us? Haven't we had enough of blood, of combats? Do you wish to attack us, to prolong the evils of war, severer for you than for us. Come, no more provocation; turn your pieces.' Half convinced, half overborne, the commandant obeyed, the artillery was turned on the Austrians, and the arms piled up.

"During these arguments, the small body of the vanguard advanced slowly, masking sappers and artillerymen, who threw the combustible matters into the stream, poured water on the powder, and cut the trains. The Austrian, too ignorant of our language to take much interest in the conversation, soon perceived that the troops gained ground, and endeavoured to make us comprehend that this was wrong, that he would not suffer it. Lannes and Belliard tried to reassure him; they told him, it was but the cold that made the soldiers mark step, in order to warm their feet. The column, however, still approached, it had passed three-fourths of the bridge—the officer lost patience, and ordered his troops to fire. The troop ran to arms—the pieces were pointed—the position was terrible; with a little less presence of mind, the bridge was in the air, our soldiers in the waves, and the whole campaign compromised. But the Austrian had to do with men not so easily disconcerted. Marshal Lannes took hold of him on one side, General Belliard seized him on the other; they shake him, menace, shout, prevented his being heard. In the meantime Prince d'Aversperg arrives, accompanied by General Bertrand. An officer runs to acquaint Murat with the state of things, and to pass the order to the troops to hasten their step. The Marshal advances to Aversperg, complains of the commander of the post, demands that he be replaced, and sent off from the rear-guard, where he might trouble the negotiations. Aversperg is deceived. He argues, approves, contradicts, and loses time in a vain discussion. Our troops profit by the time, they arrive, expand, and the bridge is ours," &c.

The Memoirs sketch livelily and rapidly the victories of Austerlitz and Jena, and livelily describe the disgust of the French soldier in Poland:—

"Quatre mots constituaient, pour eux, tout l'idiome Polonais: *Kleba? Niema; VOTA? SARA:—Bread? There's none. Water? You shall have it.* C'était là toute la Pologne."

The dislike and horror of the French at passing the Vistula, amounted, indeed, almost to a presentiment, a prophetic feeling of their sufferings in Russia. Meantime, peace was concluded at Tilsit. Napoleon went to Spain, but was soon compelled to return by the wavering faith of the North. But the fame of Wellington's victories soon followed him—the Invincibles retreated—were mowed down by our forces—and English example wrought as much against Napoleon in the North, as their arms in the South.

"The reports, the disasters of Baylen gave Napoleon fresh doubts on the conduct of Prussia. He charged me to redouble my vigilance. 'Spare nothing to the Prussians,' he wrote me, 'they must not raise their heads more.'

"The news of the ill success which we met with in the Peninsula, spread itself immediately over Germany: they awakened new hopes, every breast was in fermentation. I forwarded accounts to Napoleon: but he did not like to be reminded of unpleasant occurrences, much less when they foretold a more disastrous future. 'The Germans are not Spaniards,' replied he; 'the phlegmatic character of the German has nothing in common with that of the ferocious Catalonians.'"

In opposition to the opinion of all his counsellors, military or civilian, Buonaparte entered Russia. We all know the consequences. Rapp received four wounds in the battle of the Moskwa, and lay sick when the flames of Moscow began; five or six times he dislodged to escape the flames. He gives a lively picture of the scene.—The noise, the hurry, the conflagration, the sane even affrighted, and the litters of the wounded generals meeting here and there, as they were dragged in search of a secure spot. Rapp, however, survived, and in the retreat was dispatched by Napoleon to take the command of Dantzic. Here he supported a long siege, but at length surrendered, and was carried prisoner into Russia. He returned to

the Tuilleries in 1814, and found, as he says, that the enemy had invaded everything. He meets many of his subalterns in favour, who regard the veteran *de haut en bas*. Of one of these gentry, he gives an anecdote, curiously descriptive of French life:

"J'en rencontrais un troisième, que ma presence ne mit pas à l'aise. Attaché autrefois à Joséphine, il avait fait preuve d'une prévoyance véritablement exquise: afin d'être en mesure contre les cas imprévus qui pouvaient survenir dans les promenades et les voyages, il s'était muni d'un vase de vermeil, qu'il portait constamment sur lui. Quand la circonstance l'exigeait, il le tirait de sa poche, le présentait, le reprenait, le vidait, l'essuyait, et le serrait avec soin. C'etait avoir l'instinct de la domesticité."

"But all these *preux*," says Rapp, "so eager for money, decoration, and commandments, soon gave sample of their courage. Napoleon appeared, they were eclipsed. They besieged Louis XVIII., the dispenser of favours; they had not a match to burn for Louis XVIII. unfortunate."

We shall not trouble our readers with more of General Rapp, with the exception of the following dialogue, which took place between him and Napoleon. When the latter returned in 1815, he sent for Rapp, who made his appearance.

"*Napoleon.* There you are, General Rapp; you have been wanting. Whence came you?

Rapp. From Ecouen, where I have left my troops at the disposition of the minister of war.

Nap. Do you really intend fighting against me?

Rapp. Yes, sire.

Nap. The devil! Dare you draw upon me?

Rapp. Without doubt—My duty——

Nap. 'Tis too much. But your soldiers would not have obeyed you. I tell you, the peasants of your native Alsace would have stoned you, were you guilty of such a treachery.

Rapp. Allow, sire, that the position is painful; you abdicate, you depart, you engage us to serve the King; you return—All the force even of old remembrances cannot even deceive us——

Nap. How? What would you say? Think you I return without alliance, without agreement? And, besides, my system is changed—no more of wars or conquests—I wish to reign in peace, and bring happiness to my subjects.

Rapp. You say so; but your anti-chambers are full of those *complaisants*, who have always flattered your inclination for arms.

Nap. Bah! Bah! experience will—— but went you often to the Tuilleries?

Rapp. Sometimes, sire.

Nap. How did those folks treat you?

Rapp. I could not complain.

Nap. Did the king receive you well on your return from Russia?

Rapp. Certainly, sire.

Nap. Doubtless. First cajoled, then sent adrift. 'Twas what awaited you all; for, in fine, you were not their men.

Rapp. The King at least cleared France of the Allies.

Nap. At what price? And his engagements, has he kept them? Why did he not hang Ferrand for his speech on national properties? It is that—it is the insolence of the priests and nobles that has made me leave Elba. I could have arrived with three millions of peasantry, who ran to offer me their services. But I was sure of not finding resistance before Paris. The Bourbons are lucky that I have returned; without me affairs had finished by a terrible revolution. Have you seen the pamphlet of Chateaubriand, which does not even grant me courage on the field of battle? Have you ever seen me amidst the fire? Am I a coward?

Rapp. I have partaken of the same indignation with all honourable men, at an accusation as unjust as it is base.

Nap. Saw you ever the Duke of Orleans?

Rapp. But once.

Nap. It is he that has tact and conduct. The others are ill-surrounded, ill-counselled. They hate me. They are about to be more furious than ever. They have wherewith. I am arrived without striking a blow. It is now they'll cry out upon my ambition; it is the eternal reproach; they know nothing else to say.

Rapp. They are not alone in charging you with ambition.

Nap. How? Am I ambitious, I? *Est-on gros comme moi quand on a de l'ambition?* Are men fat, like me, when they are ambitious? (and he struck his two hands with violence upon his belly.")

Beyond this *argumentum ad stomachum*, we cannot quote another line. It is too good, and so staggered poor Rapp, that he took the command of the army of the Rhine from Napoleon, and scarce had joined it, when the news of Waterloo and its consequences shattered his new hopes, and set his army in mutiny against him.

FROM THE NOVELS OF LASCA.

No. IV.

TENTH AND LAST TALE OF THE THIRD SUPPER.

Of the Hoax of Hoaxes, practised by Lorenzo de Medici upon Master Manente the Physician, and of the many rare and diverting Occurrences which proceeded from it.

The following Tale possesses, on many accounts, very peculiar merit—first, as exhibiting a picture, or rather a series of pictures, of national manners and customs, not exceeded in liveliness and fidelity by those which are presented to us in that invaluable repository of Oriental portraiture, the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, to which it will also strike the reader as bearing no little affinity in the resemblance between its hero, Lorenzo de Medici (commonly called the Magnificent,) and the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, a name so familiarly interwoven with all our recollections of childhood, by its frequent occurrence in that delightful store-house of fiction. Secondly, It is no less worthy of notice on account of the new light which it casts on the character of that hero, whom his illustrious English biographer has certainly omitted to represent to us in this view of his features. And lastly, it affords a very wide field for reflection, when it leads us to consider to what an extent, even under the forms of a popular and democratic government, the middling and lower classes of society were held as lawful subjects for the jest and diversion of the great, when so popular a chief as Lorenzo made no scruple of playing his favourite physician a trick, which cost him his liberty and his honour, and exposed his life and reason to the utmost peril, for no cause more just than that he was apt to make too free use of his bottle, especially when he could contrive to do so at a friend's expense. The treatment sustained by the worthy knight of La Mancha, at the hands of the unfeeling grandees of Spain, to whom he had the misfortune of becoming a laughing-stock, bears some analogy, (in that respect at least) to the present story; but I will not conclude these prefatory remarks without repeating, that it seems impossible to regard the tale as a mere fiction, or otherwise than as a narrative (perhaps highly coloured) of some real occurrences, the account of which was in general circulation at the time when the author composed it, that is, not more than fifty years after the death of the most distinguished personage whose name is mentioned in it.

The distinction of "Lorenzo il Vecchio," or The Elder, by which the hero of the jest is identified, led me once to imagine that another Lorenzo (the brother of Cosmo, surnamed Parens Patriæ,) was here intended; and the epithet "Il Magnifico" assigned to him, would not alone have disproved the supposition, but have only confirmed the truth of an undeniable assertion, made by Sismondi, and somewhat petulantly called in question by Roscoe, that the appellation itself was no other than an honorary mark of distinction, conferred indiscriminately on persons illustrious by birth or office. However, the mention of the "Selve d'Amore," (an undoubted work of the Lorenzo whom we usually distinguish by the name of the Magnificent,) seems to prove that no other than he was the person here meant to be referred to; and the phrase of "Il Vecchio" applied to him, must therefore be taken in contradistinction to a third Lorenzo, (commonly called Lorenzino,) the assassin of the first Duke Alexander.

INTRODUCTION.

Giacinto had arrived at the conclusion of his novel, with which he had not a little rejoiced and enlivened his auditory, when Amarantha, to whom alone now remained the task of paying the expected tribute, thus, sweetly smiling, began—"I design, most fair ladies, and gentle sirs, to relate to you an anecdote of mystification, which, albeit not brought to perfection under the guidance of Scheggia, or Zoroastro, or any other of the great masters of the art already noticed, I humbly opine that you will think no less worthy of admiration, nor less artificially contrived and executed, than any which you have

had already recounted to you. It is one which was practised by the Magnifico, Lorenzo the Elder, upon a certain physician, one of the most arrogant and assuming that the world ever witnessed. In the which so many strange accidents intervened, and such various chances were given birth to, that, if you ever in your lives were moved to surprise or laughter, you will now find matter for both, to your hearts' content."

Lorenzo, the elder de' Medici (as it behoves you to know,) was (if ever there was in this world) a man, not only endowed with all manner of virtue and excellence, but a lover and rewarder of virtue in others, and that in the highest degree imaginable. In his days there dwelt at Florence a certain physician, by name Master Manente della Piève, who practised both physic and surgery, but was more of a practitioner than a man of science; one, in truth, of much humour and pleasantry, but so impertinent and assuming, that there was no bearing him. Amongst his other qualifications, he was a great lover of the bottle, a hard drinker, and one who made it his boast that he was a consummate judge of good wine; and frequently, without being invited, would he go of his own accord to dine or sup with the Magnifico, who at length conceived such a dislike of him by reason of his perpetual intrusiveness and impertinence, that he could not endure his sight, and deliberated within himself in what manner he might play such a trick upon him as might effectually prevent him from repeating his usual annoyances. It happened that, one afternoon among others, the aforesaid Master Manente, having been drinking at the tavern, called Delle Bertucce, (which was his favourite haunt,) had made himself so intoxicated, that he could scarcely stand; and mine host, when it came to shutting-up time, caused him to be carried on boys' shoulders out into the street, and laid along on one of the benches in St Martin's market-place, where he fell so sound asleep that a discharge of cannon would not have awakened him. By some chance Lorenzo was made acquainted with this accident, and, thinking it a most favourable opportunity for the accomplishment of his project, he pretended to pay no attention to the person who was his informant, but feigning a desire to go to sleep, (it being already far advanced towards midnight, and he at all times a little sleeper, making it his constant habit to stay up till about that hour,) caused two of his most faithful grooms to be sent for to his chamber, and gave them instructions how they were to proceed; who, accordingly, well hooded and disguised, sallied forth from the palace, and went (by Lorenzo's commission) to the place of St Martin, where they found the sleeper still snoring most musically, whom they first placed on his legs, then muffled him, and, laying him like a wallet across their shoulders, took him away with them.

The poor physician, finding himself thus treated, full surely imagined that he was in the hands of some of his own companions, and so quietly suffered himself to be ushered, by a back door of the palace of the Medici, into the presence of the Magnifico, who was alone, waiting with incredible impatience the return of his messengers, and who now directed them to carry their load into a remote upper apartment, where, having deposited him on a feather-bed, they stripped him to his shirt, (he knowing no more of the matter than if he had been a dead man,) and, taking away with them all his habiliments, left him securely locked up in his new lodgings.

Lorenzo's next concern was to send for the buffoon Monaco—a personage remarkably well skilled in counterfeiting voices—whom, having first made him exchange his own clothes for those of the physician, and given him the necessary directions, he dispatched, just as the bells were ringing for matins, to Master Manente's house in the street de' Fossi. It was in the month of September, and the physician's family (consisting of a wife, an infant son, and a servant-maid,) were residing at his country-house in the Mugello, while he himself remained at Florence, but was never to be found at home except at night when he returned to sleep, making it his constant practice to dine either at a tavern, with his boon companions, or else at his friends' houses; insomuch, that Monaco, having found the house key in the owner's pocket, easily let himself in, and, in great glee at the thought

of at once housing the doctor, and gratifying the humour of the Magnifico, laid him down on Master Manente's bed, and went to sleep. It was nine o'clock before he woke, and then, having dressed himself again in Manente's clothes, and assuming the master's voice, he called out of the window of the court-yard to a female neighbour who dwelt opposite, saying that he felt himself very unwell, with a pain in his throat, which he had accordingly wrapped in a woollen handkerchief.

Now there was at this time great fear of the plague at Florence, where some symptoms had already discovered themselves; so that the good woman, dreading what might follow, asked him, in great trepidation, what he might please to want of her? To whom he answered, that he begged for a couple of new-laid eggs, and a little fire; and then, pretending that he was too ill to support himself, withdrew from the window. The good woman made haste to provide what he wanted, and called to him as loudly as she was able, to tell him that she had placed the articles at the door of his house, and that he must come and fetch them—the which he did accordingly—at the same time exhibiting to the bystanders the appearance of a person scarcely able to totter along through exhaustion, with his mouth and throat muffled up, and altogether so pitiable an object, that all who beheld him were forced to believe that he was in the worst stage of the dreaded disorder.

The rumour soon spread through the city; and a brother of Master Manente's wife, (a goldsmith by trade—by name Niccolajo,) came running forthwith to know how the matter really stood. He knocked, and knocked again, without receiving an answer, but was assured by all the neighbours, that the poor doctor's was, without doubt, a lost case. Just at this moment Lorenzo rode by the spot on horseback, (as if by accident,) attended by a numerous troop of gentlemen, and, observing the crowd collected round the door, asked what it meant. The goldsmith replied, that he was fearful his brother-in-law, Master Manente, was attacked by the plague, and related all he had heard on the subject. Upon this, the Magnifico gave immediate directions that some fit attendant should be sought for to have charge of the sick man, and told Niccolajo where he might find such a person, in the hospital of St Maria Nuova. To the hospital Niccolajo accordingly went, and found the person in question, who had already been instructed as to the part he had to perform; and who, having undertaken the office, entered the house forthwith, (by the aid of a locksmith,) and shortly afterwards opened one of the windows, and called out to inform the by-standers, that Master Manente had, in good sooth, a plague-boil on his throat as big as a peach, and was already lying at death's door. Upon hearing this, Lorenzo gave orders that the attendant should be supplied, through the window, with food and all other necessaries, and then departed, with great shew of grief and affliction; while the attendant, having received the supply of provisions, closed the window again, and, in company with the pretended dying man, made good cheer on the victuals which were sent him, to which they added a flask or two of the choicest wine which the doctor had in his cellar.

While these things were going on, the poor abused doctor, having slept away a whole day and night, at length awoke, and finding himself in bed, and in the dark, could not imagine what place he had come to, but, calling to mind what had passed before he lost his powers of recollection, persuaded himself that, having been drinking with his friends at the Bertucce, and become intoxicated, they had carried him back to his own house, as had not unfrequently before happened to him. He therefore got out of bed under this impression, and groped his way to where he expected to have found the window, where finding none, he was in utter amazement; and, after some vain efforts to enlighten himself, not having been able to ascertain the place of either door or window in the apartment, he finished by returning to bed again, where he lay in stupid wonder, and, although half famished, afraid to call out, not knowing what mischief might follow.

Lorenzo, in the meantime, proceeding with the management of the drama, ordered the two grooms, who had before been employed by him in this service, to disguise themselves as white friars, with long hoods on their heads, and grinning Carnival masks on their

faces; and, thus accoutred, he caused one of them to arm himself with a naked sword in the one hand, and a lighted torch in the other, while the second carried two flasks of excellent wine, two loaves of bread in a napkin, two cold capons, with a piece of roasted veal, and the proper fruits of the season, with which they proceeded in silence to the doctor's apartment. The door being locked on the outside, they opened it with a loud noise, and forthwith entered—the man with the sword and torch keeping guard before the door, to prevent the escape of the prisoner, while the other, advancing to the middle of the room, slowly spread his napkin upon a little table which stood there, and placed the provisions in order.

As soon as Master Manente heard the door open, he started up in his bed, intending to run out immediately—but no sooner did he behold the strange figures of those who entered, than fear overcame him, and not a word was he able to utter. Seeing the sword and torch, he expected little short of instant death; but a glimpse of the victuals somewhat revived him, and he sat patiently for a minute while the table was spread; but, when that was accomplished, and the dumb friar, by signs, invited him to partake, hunger at once became more strong than any other feeling, and, leaping out of bed, he rushed voraciously to the spot, without anything on him but his shirt, till the attendant pointing to a dressing-gown and slippers which were placed on a chair beside him, he accepted the invitation to clothe himself in them; then, taking his seat at the table, fell to work with as keen an appetite, as if he had totally forgotten the surprising nature of the circumstances in which he was placed. The attendants, seeing him thus occupied, quitted the apartment with the like speed and silence as they had entered it, and, leaving him without light as before, locked the door after them, and went to relate the success of their mission to the Magnifico. The doctor, meanwhile, found that hunger (like love) can see in the dark; and the mere touch and smell of those good victuals, and those delicious wine-flasks, gave him such spirits, that he said to himself, "It is well, Master Manente—things are not near so desperate as they might have been; and, come what will, if I am doomed to die, I shall at least have the satisfaction of dying with my belly full." So saying, he fell to with marvellous appetite, and, having consumed the best part of the provision which was laid before him, and carefully wrapped up in the napkin, and stowed away, the remainder, to serve for a future emergency, finding nothing better to be done, and flattering himself, (in the beatitude of a well-filled stomach) with the belief, that it was a mere trick of some of his companions, who would soon return to release him, he went into bed again, where he lay for some time, thinking upon the grinning masks which had saluted him, till the very thought of them made him laugh inwardly, and at last fell asleep as soundly as before.

Early the next morning, the attendant from the hospital threw open the doctor's window, and, in a loud voice, proclaimed to the neighbours, that his patient had passed a good night; that the boil had come to a head with the help of poultices; and that he entertained good hopes of his recovery. So passed the day without further inquiry, and, towards evening, the Magnifico made known to his coadjutors, that an excellent opportunity had presented itself for carrying on the jest, by the accidental death of a certain young gallant, named Franciosino, who had fallen from his horse and broken his neck, in the square of St Maria Novella, and had been laid out for interment, and buried that same evening, by the friars of the monastery, in one of the vaults without-side the principal entrance to their church. As soon as this occurrence was made known to them, together with what was Lorenzo's pleasure as to the prosecution of the adventure, they began to give effect to it by the hospital servant, in the first place, going again to the window, and declaring, in doleful accents, that the disease had taken a new turn, and the plague-boil so much increased, that poor Manente was almost choked by it, and very unable either to eat or speak. Upon this, the goldsmith, Niccolajo, became very anxious that he should have somebody sent to him, to make his last will and testament; but he was answered that the thing was impossible for that night, but he might return the next morning, when measures might be taken for accomplishing it; and also for confessing the patient,

and administering to him the sacrament. With this the goldsmith was obliged for the present to rest satisfied, and when the crowd had dispersed, the Magnifico's two grooms, who had been sent to disinter the body of the unfortunate Franciscino, brought it secretly to the doctor's house, where Mosaso and his attendant as secretly received it; and, having so done, wrapped it carefully in a new linen shroud, bound its throat with bandages, which they had previously dipped in plague-ointment, belaboured the face with thumps and blows, so as to make it look swollen and livid, and laid it out on a table in the basement story, with a bonnet on its head, which was well known to be one usually worn by the doctor on solemn occasions, and strewn with orange-flowers, and then went to bed, after again drinking and laughing together heartily.

It was no sooner morning, than the attendant once more opened the casement, and, with abundance of tears, proclaimed to the neighbours and passengers, how Master Manente had, just at the turn of day-break, departed from this present life; so that, in an hour's time, the news had spread throughout Florence, and the brother-in-law hearing it, ran to the spot, and was acquainted by the attendant with the pretended particulars. Seeing that there was now no remedy, the next step was to take instant measures for his interment; and, for this purpose, the goldsmith first gave the requisite information to the board of health, by whom the funeral was directed to take place with every proper precaution. Those to whom the charge of removing the corpse was committed, could not help remarking the great alteration of feature. This, however, was attributed entirely to the disorder of which he died, and not a doubt occurred to any of them, or to any of a numerous crowd of bystanders, who looked on at a respectful distance, smelling at sweet herbs and vinegar, while the body was tumbled into the first vault which they found open, head foremost. Nor is it to be doubted, that Master Manente's fur bonnet, which was well known to everybody present, greatly helped the illusion. The funeral being over, the goldsmith, Niccolajo, took upon himself the farther duty of acquainting his sister with the mournful event, which he did in the most soothing terms imaginable, recommending to her to remain with her young son in the country, and leave it to himself to settle the affairs of the deceased in Florence; which was arranged accordingly.

Five or six days had now passed away, during which they never failed to provide the physician with a plentiful meal every morning and evening, served up by the same men in hoods and masks, as on the first day of his imprisonment. At last, one morning, four hours before day-break, these same obsequious valets, dressed as before, opened the door of his apartment, by command of the Magnifico, and made the poor doctor get up, and slip on an under-garment of red *suguartone*, with a pair of long mariners' boots of the same materials, and a hat *à la Grecque* on his head. They then muffled him in a cloak, so that he was not able to see, led him out of his chamber, and conducted him into the court-yard, trembling all over from fright, as if he had had the quartan ague. There they lifted him from the ground, placed him in a covered litter drawn by two mules, and set forward on their journey by the gate of *La Croce*, the same two grooms leading the way on horseback, in their ordinary habits. Master Manente, as soon as he felt the motion of the carriage, was seised with new wonder and consternation. The voices of the country people, and noise of animals which they heard, as day advanced upon them, convinced him that it was not a dream. He bethought himself, however, of all things that appeared most favourable in the singular circumstances of his present condition, and allowed himself to be comforted. Meanwhile, not a word was uttered by either of his conductors, loud enough for him to hear. They stopped in the course of the day to take refreshments, and at last, about midnight, arrived at the Hermitage of Camaldoli, where they were gladly received and welcomed by the Father Guardian, and conducted by him, through his own cell, to an antichamber adjoining, and thence to a sort of study, which again opened into a little parlour, the window of which had been walled up, and which was furnished with a small truckle-bed, a desk, and a table. This last mentioned chamber was situate on the brink of a most deep and solitary

precipice, inaccessible from without to both man and beast, far remote withal from any inhabited part of the convent, and where not a sound was ever heard, except of wind and thunder, and now and then of a distant bell tolling for Ave-Mary, and mass, or calling the brethren together to their meals. This place was judged by the two conductors exactly suited to their purpose. So they went back to the Court-yard where they had left their unfortunate victim still locked up in the litter, from which they drew him forth, half dead with hunger and thirst, no less than with terror, and conveyed him, with scarce a sign of knowledge or understanding, to the habitation assigned him. They then once more accoutred themselves in their former habiliments, with the drawn sword and torch and grinning masks, which were now so familiar to their captive, that he felt as much joy at the sight of them as of some long-lost friend and acquaintance, more especially as they brought with them the welcome addition of a good supper to stay the cravings of his stomach, upon which he fell to like a cormorant.

We shall here take the liberty of shortening some of the details of this memorable history. The two grooms, having delivered themselves of their charge, left him, (with directions to two lay brothers of the monastery to serve him in the same manner as they themselves had been accustomed to do,) and returned to gratify Lorenzo with a report of their proceedings. It so happened that, shortly afterwards, the Magnifico had occasion to leave Florence on affairs of state, which occupied all his thoughts and attention during an absence of several months, and caused him utterly to forget the poor doctor; and the Guardian and the monks of Camaldoli having, in all this time, received no counter-instructions, went on, from day to day, treating their prisoner precisely according to what was first enjoined them; while he, having learned to consider his captivity as quite hopeless, had gradually become in a manner reconciled to his fate, placing all his happiness in eating and drinking, (the materials for which were abundantly supplied to him,) and consuming in sleep almost all the hours which were not devoted to these noble purposes of existence. Meanwhile, certain domestic events occurred, which (we will charitably suppose) had not been at all in the contemplation of the Magnifico when he projected this memorable mystification. The supposed widow, after mourning for six months with the most exemplary patience, was, at the end of that period, persuaded to bestow her hand, together with the possessions she had derived from her late husband, upon a friend of her brother, by name Michel Angelo, who was also a goldsmith, with whom she now resided at Florence, in Master Manente's house, in all joy and festivity, and was reported to be already in a fair way of increasing the family establishment.

Things were in this state, when Lorenzo, on his return to Florence, meeting accidentally a monk of Camaldoli, who had journeyed thither after certain purposes relating to his convent, was suddenly reminded by the sight of him of Master Manente, whom he had so long forgotten, and commissioned him accordingly to carry back with him a letter which he wrote to the Guardian, containing instructions how he was to proceed to act with his prisoner. Meanwhile, that unfortunate gentleman had generally prevailed upon his keepers to relax the extreme severity of the rules first adopted with respect to him. He was allowed the light of a lamp, which added to the gratification afforded him by the meals which were provided for him, the pleasure of *seeing* the good cheer which he tasted; and, though neither Guardian nor monks would venture so far to transgress their orders as to hold any converse with him, they permitted him to testify his gratitude for the indulgence granted him, by singing several of the airs which he used to be celebrated for his skill in chanting among his old boon companions; besides which, he would sometimes exercise his talent of an improvisatore, and, at others, having a fine clear voice and good pronunciation, would recite some of the stanzas of Lorenzo's lately published poems, entitled *Selve d'Amore*, all which his hearers listened to with marvellous delight and satisfaction.

By this time he had nearly abandoned the hope of ever again beholding the light of the sun; when the monk whom Lorenzo had met in

in the streets of Florence returned, and delivered to the Father Guardian the letter that was intrusted to him; on perusal of which, that Holy Father took upon him forthwith to carry into execution the instructions contained in it. Accordingly, before daybreak the next morning after, the two lay brothers, habited as before, entered the doctor's chamber, and having made him get out of bed, caused him, by signs, to clothe himself in a sailor's dress, which they brought with them for the purpose, after which they hand-cuffed and muffled him, and in that guise led him outside the gates of the monastery. Master Manente now surely thought that the end of his life was at hand, and that he should never more taste bread; but, though lamenting himself beyond measure, nevertheless, from the dread of something worse that might befal him, suffered himself to be led without resistance, wherever they pleased to carry him. For two hours or more, they accordingly dragged him along through woods and bye-places, till they arrived near the Vernia, where, at the foot of a very large pine-tree, in the centre of a deep valley, they stopped, and after binding him fast to the trunk with vine-twigs, removing the large hat from over his eyes, and the cloak from his back, and taking off his manacles, they left him to himself, and ran away with the speed of lightning; tracing back the way they had come, and never resting till they reached Camaldoli, where nobody, in the meanwhile, had noticed their absence.

Master Manente, thus tied to the tree and abandoned, was filled with exceeding great fear; but, having listened for a long while, and hearing no sound of any living creature near him, began to draw his hands together, and easily slipped his ligatures. He now looked up through the branches of the tree and saw the stars shining, by which he found that he was in the open air, and at liberty. His joy at this unexpected discovery, was somewhat moderated by the new species of alarm which he experienced from the nature of his situation—alone, in an unknown, and seemingly impervious forest; nor was he by any means without apprehension of his masked conductors returning and carrying him away with them again, the Lord knew whither. By degrees, however, daylight broke upon his solitude, and so far encouraged him, that he set forward on his route by a little straggling path which he discovered among the trees, though wholly ignorant where it might chance to lead him. He had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile before he reached a wider and more trodden road, on the summit of an eminence, where he soon after met a muleteer, of whom he inquired where he was, and was answered, at La Vernia, to which his informant added, "But, what the devil! are you blind? Don't you see San Francesco before you?" Upon which, looking upwards, he beheld indeed the church of San Francesco, at the top of the hill, at no greater distance than two bow-shots from the place where he was standing.

It is impossible to describe the delight of Master Manente on finding himself once more at a spot already familiar to him, as the scene of many a party of pleasure. He heartily thanked the muleteer, and set off full speed for the convent, which he reached in good season, and found there a Milanese gentleman, who, in travelling, had met with the misfortune of dislocating his ankle, and was about sending for a doctor from Bibbiena to come and set it. Manente, being informed of the circumstance, assured him there was no need, as he was himself a physician, and would undertake his cure in twenty-four hours; and as, notwithstanding his seaman's attire, there was that in his air and manner which inspired credit, the traveller was easily prevailed upon to accept his offer. To make this matter short, the cure was speedily completed, and the doctor having received two ducats for his fee, and having also liberally regaled himself at the expense of his patient, proceeded, in high spirits, on the road to Mugello, where (as we have said) was his country-house, which he reached about sun-set.

Here, finding the gate shut, the first thing he did on his arrival, was to call loudly, by name, on the bailiff, who had the charge of the place when the family were absent, and was answered, in a strange voice, that the person he called had long since left that service, and was living at another farm a great way off. This answer appeared not a little strange to him, as

he could not well digest the notion of his wife having taken upon her to dismiss his servants without his knowledge. He pretended, however, to the country man who now addressed him, that he was an intimate friend of the master of the house, and intimated that he should be glad of a night's lodging. The man, seeing his strange garb, was not well satisfied what to do upon the occasion. However, he was at last prevailed upon by Master Manente's fair speaking, and admitted him into his little cabin, where he was invited to partake of the slender supper provided for the household. The doctor being resolved not to make himself known to these people, asked no questions about the family; but, seeing pen, ink, and paper, on a table, sat down and wrote a short letter to his wife, which he gave to the labourer's son in charge to deliver the first thing in the morning at his house in Florence. He then betook himself to rest on the bed of straw, which was all the accommodation they had to offer him, and on which he soon fell asleep, notwithstanding the multitude of thoughts which now began to distract him.

Next morning, by the first dawn of day, Manente's messenger set off for Florence with the letter, and, reaching Master Manente's house by dinner-time, delivered it into the hands of his good lady, Monna Brigida, who, recognizing her husband's hand-writing, was ready to faint away on the spot. Her grief and consternation increased on perusal of the letter, and were still further augmented by the answers which the boy returned to her inquiries concerning the person, voice, and stature of him who had sent it. She immediately sent for Michel Angelo, the goldsmith, who was no less surprised than she had been at reading the letter; but, nevertheless, holding it for certain that Manente was dead and buried, gave it as his opinion that the person who wrote it was an impostor, who had adopted this contrivance for accomplishing some unlawful purpose, either with regard to her person, or her late husband's property; the contents of the letter shortly being, that the writer informed his dearly beloved consort, how, after many and strange perils had passed, after being shut up for a twelvemonth in fear of his life, and having finally escaped by a miraculous Providence, he had at length reached his own home in safety, but was there denied admittance; begging, therefore, that she would forthwith send an order to the new bailiff to receive him, together with a change of linen, his cloak, boots, and other necessaries, after which he would himself come to Florence the next day, and there, in the arms of his dear Brigida, recount to her all the particulars of the wonderful events that had befallen him.

Michel Angelo, the goldsmith, having (as has been said) made up his mind to its being an imposture, now wrote in the name of the lady, and returned by the same messenger, a letter full of wrath, commanding the pretender to depart in God's name, or he would otherwise send the officers to lay hold of him; and this being dispatched, he returned to his shop, leaving Monna Brigida at home full of suspense and half stupified.

Master Manente had passed the day in strolling to the house of a friend of his who kept poultry, about three miles off, to whom he passed himself for a traveller just arrived from Albano, and where (without making himself known to him) he purchased a pair of fat capons, which he carried back with him for his supper, fully expecting, on the return of his messenger, to be recognized as master, and admitted into his own mansion. He was not greatly delighted, therefore, at finding a very different reception, nor at the delivery of a note without seal or subscription —the contents of which were still more displeasing to him than the mode of address or delivery. His host of the preceding night gave him moreover to understand, (in no very courteous language,) that he must look out elsewhere for a lodging; a demand which the poor doctor did not stay to hear repeated, but told him he would depart immediately. His mind now began to misgive him, that he had, in good truth, made an exchange of his own personal identity, and was no longer Master Manente; insomuch that, in a voice at once the most humble and disconsolate, he entreated the countryman to tell him who was his master; whereto the countryman replied, that his master was Master Michel Angelo, the goldsmith, whose wife was Monna Brigida. He then inquired again whether this Monna Brigida had ever before been married; to

which the countryman returned for answer, Yes; and that her former husband, (as he had heard say,) was Master Manente, a physician, who died one day of the plague, and had left an only son, called Sandrino, (or little Alexander.) "Alas! alas!" exclaimed the physician, "what is this you tell me!" And then asked many other questions, to all which the man answered that he was not able to inform him, being himself from the Casentino, and an entire stranger to the neighbourhood of Mugello.

Master Manente now determined with himself to leave his present quarters without farther delay; and, as he had still two hours of day-light, took the road towards Florence, comforting himself with the hope that his wife and relations had been deceived by some false report of his death, but would immediately recognize him on his returning among them. He arrived late in the evening at a public-house, about a mile from the city, where he rested for the night, eating only two poached eggs for his supper; and the next morning early, having discharged his reckoning, proceeded to Florence, and walked half-way through the city without being recognized by a single individual, although he met several of his old friends and acquaintances, so entirely was he metamorphosed by his seaman's habit. At last, turning the corner of the street de' Fossi, he saw his wife, leading his little boy by the hand, enter the house, as they were returning from mass; and, being well assured that she also had seen him, but without shewing the least sign of knowledge, his heart misgave him; and, instead of going directly home, as was his first intention, he went to Santa Croce, to find one Master Sebastiano, his confessor, thinking that he would be a good negotiator; but, upon inquiry, was told that he had gone to Bologna, upon which he was quite in despair, and could not tell what step was next to be taken.

Thus, having made the circuit of the city, through the Piazza, and both the old and new market places, and having met, among divers others of his old acquaintance, his most intimate friends, Biondo the broker, Feo the musician, Leonardo the saddler, and Master Zenobio the barber, without any of them appearing to have the least recollection of him, he became at last almost beside himself. By this it was dinner-time, and, in a state of desperation, he betook himself to his old quarters, Delle Bertucce, where the landlord, Master Amadore, was another of his most familiar companions, who, after he had sat there some time, observed to him that he thought he had seen his face before, but could not remember where, or on what occasion; to which the mortified doctor replied that it was very likely, as he had formerly resided for some time in Florence, which he had left to go to sea, and, being now returned, intended to take up his abode here again; wherewith the said Amadore appeared to be perfectly satisfied, and asked no farther questions.

He now, having dined, resolved at all hazards to make himself known to Monna Brigida that same evening; and accordingly, when he judged it a convenient time, he sallied forth once more to the street de' Fossi, and having given two loud knocks at the door, the lady herself came to ask who was there.—To whom the poor physician answered, "It is I—open the door to me, my dear Brigida."—"And who are you?" rejoined the lady. To which Master Manente replied in a whisper, so as not to be heard by all the neighbourhood,—"Come hither, and I will tell you."—Monna Brigida, to whom both the voice and looks of the unwelcome visitor appeared greatly to strengthen the misgivings which his letter had occasioned, declined obeying his summons, and said only, "Whosoever you are, tell it me directly, and what you want?"—"Don't you see?" answered the physician—"Is it not I—your Manente—your true and lawful husband—and are you not my wife, whom I am come back to claim, after a long and cruel absence?"—"Master Manente, my husband—you certainly are not?" said the lady, "seeing that he is dead and buried."—"How, Brigida?—dead!" rejoined the physician; "No—I never died, nor was buried!" And then he added, "Open the door quickly—for love's sake, open. Why, don't you know me again, my own dear love? Am I then so metamorphosed? Nay, open, open, and I will immediately convince you that I am still living."—"What!" said the obdurate lady; "and are you then the impudent fellow that sent me a letter

yesterday? Begone! begone instantly—and a plague upon you! If my husband returns, and finds you here, there will be the devil to pay."

A crowd of people was by this time collected round the door. Whereupon Monna Dorothea, a very decent personage, who lived opposite, and had witnessed all that had passed, said to Brigida—"Have a care, daughter,—for this may well be Master Manente's spirit, seeing that, verily, he much resembles him in voice and figure. Speak to it, then, and ask it in civil language, whether or no it wants aught with thee?" Upon which Brigida, who was half inclined to believe the truth of what she now heard, began with piteous accents thus to accost him,—"Oh, blessed spirit! hast thou anything which presses upon thy conscience? Dost thou require the office for the dead to be performed for thee? Hast thou any undischarged vow to accomplish? Say what thou wouldst have, oh gentle spirit! and then depart in peace, and in God's name." Master Manente, having this invocation, was half inclined to laugh out in spite of his vexation; but he simply answered, by assuring her, that he was still living, and that she had only to open the door to be convinced it was so. She, nevertheless, went on, crossing herself, and asking if the poor ghost required the mass of St Gregory to be said for it; and then, also, Monna Dorothea, in like manner, chimed in with her, saying, "Spirit of grace! if so be that thou art in purgatory, declare it, in order that thy good wife may perform jubilee, and withdraw thee from the place of thy torments." Then, making the longest signs of the cross ever seen, and repeating at every moment her "Requiescat in pace," all the people who stood round about began by degrees to do the same, and withdraw themselves to a more awful distance; seeing which, and that there was no chance of his making any farther impression on Monna Brigida, supported as she was by her old gossiping neighbour, the poor disconsolate doctor once more quitted the field, and retreated in the direction of St Maria Novella, while the crowd made way for him on every side, crossing themselves with all their might, and running and tumbling over each other in their fright, no less than if they had actually beheld one risen from the dead.

For that night he again took up his old quarters at the Bertucce, intending the next morning to have recourse to the spiritual court for assistance. But, desirous to make one more trial, he proposed to his host to invite Burchiello,* and Biondo the broker, (than whom he had not two more intimate friends in the world) to sup with him; which mine host gladly undertook, and the invitation being as gladly accepted, they all three met at the Bertucce at the hour appointed.

At their first meeting, Burchiello exhibited some signs of recognition, particularly on hearing the sound of his voice; and Master Manente, on his feet, paid him the most marked attention, saying that he had been induced, by his reputation, thus to seek the honour of his acquaintance; for all which, Burchiello thanked him with due formality. They then sat down to table; and while they were waiting for supper, Master Manente entertained them with a long fabulous narrative of his life, and the cause which had brought him hither. Burchiello had by this time whispered Biondo that he never saw so great a likeness as of this man to their old friend Manente; and that, if he had not been sure he was dead, he should say, that without doubt, it was he himself—to which Biondo fully assented.

Meanwhile mine host, having put all things in order, the sallads made their appearance, accompanied by bread and two flasks of sparkling wine; upon the sight of which they left off their discourse, and set to with excellent appetites, mine host and Burchiello taking the inside of the table, and Master Manente and Biondo the opposite seats. Thus, while they ate and drank, Burchiello kept his eyes constantly

* Domenico Burchiello was a burlesque poet, so celebrated in his day as to have given name to a peculiar species of composition, called after him the *Burchiellesca*. (See Ginguené.) This Burchiello, (the poet,) died, however, in 1448, when Lorenzo was a child. Either (therefore) he is not the same with the Burchiello of this story, or we have detected Lasca in an anachronism.

fixed on the doctor, and the first thing he remarked, was his drinking two cups of wine, one immediately after the other upon his sallad, which was also Master Manente's constant custom. He remained silent, however, though inwardly marvelling; and, on the arrival of the next course, consisting of pigeons and small birds, he again remarked that the first thing done by the stranger was to separate the heads from the bodies of the birds, and eat them,—being a part of which Master Manente was likewise particularly fond. Upon this, he was just on the point of discovering himself, but restrained his intentions for the sake of still farther assurance. Lastly, when the fruit was placed on the table, consisting of pears, (*sementine,*) grapes, (*sancolombane,*) and excellent *raviggiuoli*, he became perfectly satisfied; for the physician, after partaking of both the former, ended his supper without touching the *raviggiuoli*, notwithstanding all the rest of the company bestowed upon them the highest praises; Burchiello very well knowing that Master Manente had such an antipathy to this species of eatable, that he would as soon have eaten both his own hands as touched them. Upon receiving this last proof of identity, he seized him (laughingly) by the left hand, and lifting up his sleeve, discovered near the wrist the mark of a rasher of bacon, which Master Manente had brought with him from his mother's womb; whereupon he exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Thou art Master Manente, and canst conceal it no longer;" and, throwing both his arms round his neck, embraced and kissed him.

Biondo and mine host, seeing what passed, were lost in amazement, and retreated backwards a little, that they might the more securely mark what followed: Which was, that Manente replied to Burchiello's salutation, by saying, "You only, Burchiello, of all my friends and relations, have acknowledged me for what I am, and that I am indeed that very Master Manente, who never died, as was falsely reported, and is so foolishly credited by my wife, and by all Florence." At this, Amadore and Biondo waxed pale as ashes—the one crossed himself, the other followed his example, and both felt the same terror as if they had really seen the ghost of one departed; but Burchiello took upon him to re-assure them, saying, "My good friends, don't be frightened. Touch him, and feel him; spirits are not made of flesh and bone, as this man is—besides which, have you not seen him eat and drink in your presence?" To which Manente added, "I am a living man, pray, don't doubt it; don't be afraid of me, my brethren! In good sooth, I never yet have known what death is. Only listen, and I will relate to you one of the most marvellous stories ever heard beneath the sun." By which, and other such like expressions, he, with Burchiello's assistance, at length so far succeeded, that, by little and little, they got the better of their terror and incredulity.

Supper being cleared away, and the doors locked to prevent intrusion, the four friends resumed their seats at the table, and Master Manente recounted to them in full the history of his strange disasters. He had no sooner concluded, than Burchiello (who was the cleverest fellow existing) said directly, "This is all a trick of Lorenzo the Magnifico." The others stoutly opposed this conclusion, declaring that the whole was most undoubtedly the effect of enchantment. Nevertheless, Burchiello, persisting in his first impression, continued, "It is not every body who knows as well as I do the fruitfulness of that man's invention, nor how impossible it is to make him forego any enterprize which he has once taken in hand. It is the very devil to have to do with one who, like him, knows everything, and has power and inclination to back all his designs." Then turning to the Doctor, he said, "I long ago suspected that he might have the heart to play you some such prank as you have related to us. Depend upon it, Master Manente, princes are always princes; and woe be to him who thinks he may presume upon their familiarity to take liberties with them."

Manente, in his turn, now made his friends relate to him the history of the pretended plague, and of the man who was buried in his place with the tumour in his throat—all which things sorely perlexed him; nor was Burchiello himself able to find the clue to this part of the contrivance. At length, however, they all came to one conclusion, which was, that Master Manente had nothing for it but to commence proceedings in the Bishop's Court for

the recovery of his rights and property. And with this resolution they separated, the Doctor going along with his friend Burchiello, the other two not being yet altogether satisfied as to the reality of what they had witnessed.

In the meantime, Michel Angelo the goldsmith, on his return home, had been informed by Monna Brigida of all that had happened, which was confirmed by her sanctified neighbour, who added, moreover, that she was certain it was Master Manente's spirit, which wanted to be redeemed out of purgatory. "What spirit, what purgatory, you foolish woman!" exclaimed the angry goldsmith. "Can't you perceive that it was that same impostor, that vagubond sailor, who sent you the letter yesterday morning?" And therewithal he grew very pensive, being ill able to account for so strange an occurrence, and yet willing to give credit to any interpretation of it rather than the true one, or than to believe that Master Manente, whom he had seen dead and buried, was returned to life again.

The next morning early, having washed and trimmed his hair and beard according to the fashion of the day, and accoutred in some clothes of his friend Burchiello's which exactly fitted him, Master Manente sallied forth again into the streets of Florence; and in these, which resembled his own ordinary habits, he was seen and recognized by many; Biondo and Amadore having in the meantime circulated the report of his being alive, and returned to Florence in quest of his wife and his chattels. Among the rest, he was seen both by Niccolajo and Michel Angelo, who, notwithstanding the evidence of their senses, still continued to intrench themselves in the persuasion, that Master Manente being dead and buried, this man could not possibly be he, however strongly resembling him. So, having heard that he intended to make his claim in the Bishop's Court, they, on their part, prepared for their defence against it, to which end they furnished themselves with credentials from the officers of the board of health, and with the proper certificate of burial.

To lose no time, that same afternoon Master Manente lodged his complaint, and took out a summons, which his brother-in-law and Michel Angelo forthwith attended; and the Vicar, (who presided as judge,) having considered on one side the proof of identity, and on the other, the produced certificates, became utterly perplexed and confounded. However, as there was clearly a dead man in the case, and it was equally clear that the person who stood before him as Master Manente, was not that dead man, he concluded that there must have been some foul play (perhaps murder) in the business, which rendered it fit for the cognizance of a criminal tribunal. For which reason, having secretly informed the Council of Eight concerning his cause of suspicion, the officers of justice were forthwith dispatched to the Court, where the parties were still pleading, and where they were all arrested and put in prison.

The next day, as soon as the Council was sitting, Master Manente was had before them and interrogated as to all that had happened, which he recounted in so minute, and at the same time artless a manner, that several of the counsellors, notwithstanding the gravity of the proceeding, and the unaccountable nature of the circumstances, could not refrain from laughing at many passages. Having finished his narrative, he was remanded to prison, and Niccolajo and Michel Angelo were, one after another, next had up and examined, who not only exactly agreed in all the circumstances of their story, but confirmed it by the production of the certificates already mentioned. They were also remanded, and the Council proceeded next to send for the hospital servant who had been present at the supposed death of Manente, and by whom it was wisely judged that some light might be cast on the mystery. But it so fell out, for the sake of the jest, that this same fellow, whose examination must have led to the detection of the whole plot had sometime before wounded a man in a fray, in consequence of which he absconded, and had never since been heard of. Thus, all things combined to further this most admirable of hoaxes. The Council then instructed their officers to make every inquiry that was possible, in order to ascertain the degree of credit due to each story; and the result of their investigation was to confirm (so far as it was possible to arrive at any conclusion) the veracity of all the witnesses.

In the meantime, Burchiello, who

was most zealous in serving the cause of his friend Manente, called upon one of the members of the Council, with whom he was familiarly acquainted, and apprized him of his suspicions that the Magnifico was at the bottom of all that had happened, adding, that it was quite impossible such events could have taken place in the midst of Florence without his connivance. The magistrate in question fully adopted this view of the matter, and having communicated it the following morning to the assembled Council, it was determined to send a letter on the subject to Lorenzo himself, (who was then at the baths of Poggio,) requesting his advice and assistance at their deliberations. The letter was sent accordingly; and the parties (against none of whom any specific charge was exhibited,) dismissed for the present, with a strict prohibition to all of them from approaching within a hundred yards of the street de' Fossi, and from holding any communication with Monna Brigida, under pain of the gallows, until the question should be determined.

The Magnifico, on receipt of the letter addressed to him by the Council of Eight, was thrown into fits of laughter, and swore that so exquisite a jest, so well contrived, and so successful in all its parts, had never been known since the foundations of the world were laid. In short, he was absolutely in ecstacies of delight and self-approbation. About a week afterwards he returned to Florence, and was waited upon the same day both by Master Manente and by his adversaries, but who neither of them obtained audience. The next day Manente renewed his visit, and found the Magnifico just sitting down to dinner, who, on seeing him, assumed an appearance of the utmost astonishment, saying, "In good sooth, Master Doctor, I did not expect that I should ever behold your face again, having been informed, as of a certainty, that you were dead and buried. And even now, I am not well satisfied whether you are indeed what you appear to be, or somebody else resembling him—or, in fine, some supernatural illusion." The doctor, after again and again repeating that he was not dead, but in sober reality the true living Manente, and none but himself, would have knelt and kissed the hand of the Magnifico; but he motioned him off, saying,—"Keep your distance—All I shall say at present is, that if you are the true and living Manente, as you give yourself out to be, you are very welcome; but if not, the contrary." The doctor would then have begun to tell his whole story; but the Magnifico cut him short, saying that the present was not the proper time for it, adding, however, that, at a certain hour of the evening he should return, and he would then give him audience in his private apartment, at which time he had summoned the opposite party to attend him also.

Master Manente having thanked him, returned to his friend Burchiello, who laughed in his sleeve at what he related to him. All the parties, that evening, were punctual in their attendance according to Lorenzo's appointment, and were forthwith summoned to appear in his private chamber, where they found him surrounded by some of the chief citizens of Florence, by all of whom the physician Manente was well known, and very much regarded. Before these, both parties were now again heard, and the proofs produced on the part of the goldsmiths examined, all which excited the greatest possible astonishment and perplexity; but the narrative of Master Manente, in particular, could not be heard without its causing incredible diversion and laughter; insomuch that Lorenzo was not satisfied till he had made the physician repeat it three times successively, every repetition only serving to increase their delight and merriment, which was not at all diminished by the indignation which he displayed at the story told by the two goldsmiths, whom he made no scruple of lauding with every term of reproach and obloquy.

By this time the Vicar made his appearance upon Lorenzo's summons, and, being received with all due reverence, took his seat by the invitation of the Magnifico, upon the bench beside him; to whom, when seated, the Magnifico thus addressed himself,—"May it please your reverence, since I know that you are already well acquainted with the difference which has arisen between these worthy persons, I need say no more on the subject, except that, having been appointed by the choice of the most honourable Council of Eight, to be arbiter of that difference, nothing more is wanting to

enable me to pronounce judgment but to ascertain that Master Manente never died, and that this party whom we now have before us, is not a mere fantastic illusion, or walking dæmon; the which it is your part to make clear and manifest."—"How, and in what manner is this to be accomplished?" cried the astonished ecclesiastic.—"That is what I will immediately make known to your reverence," answered Lorenzo, and therewith told him that he must have the assistance of some exorcising friars, and the use of certain relics, famous for their virtue in dispelling the works of enchantment.—"You have said well," answered the Vicar. "Give me only six or eight days to prepare, and if he then stands the test, you may securely set him down for a living man, and Master Manente *in propriâ personâ*."—Manente would upon this have made some observations; but the Magnifico, rising from his tribunal, prevented him, and without further remark, led the way out of the apartment, followed by the gentlemen who were present with him, and who all joined with him in heartily laughing at the strange scene they had witnessed.

The next day, the Vicar, who was a good and decent Christian, and in the odour of sanctity, (*dolcissimo religioso*,) caused it to be proclaimed through the whole bishopric, that all priests and friars who possessed relics of virtue for casting out devils, should bring them to Florence within six days, to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, upon pain of his high displeasure. All the country round, nothing was now talked of besides this strange occurrence, and it seemed to the two goldsmiths, no less than to Master Manente, an age while these matters were in preparation. Lorenzo, in the meanwhile, had summoned to Florence old Nepo da Galatrona, a reputed wizard of the highest celebrity; and having made him understand for what purpose he wanted him, kept him in his palace to be ready at the appointed hour. The number of relics already collected, from all the country round, at Santa Maria Maggiore, was quite surprising; and the day of trial being at length arrived, and Manente's appearance recorded, they waited only the coming of the Vicar, who, accompanied by thirty of the principal ecclesiastics, with many of the first nobility of Florence, took his seat on a kind of throne, prepared for the occasion, before which Master Manente knelt with all due reverence. While in this position, all the forms of exorcism were gone through, and all prayers and canticles proper for casting out devils, read over and chanted to him, and also plenty of holy water sprinkled, and incense burned around him; and finally, every holy relic in succession passed through his hand by the attendant servitors, without producing the slightest change of countenance or other effect perceptible; after which, making again a low reverence to the Vicar, he demanded his discharge, together with a solemn act of recognition of his identity.

Just at this point of time, however, our old friend Monaco, who, by command of Lorenzo, had been to fetch Nepo the sorcerer, and was present in the church with him, observed that it was now time to commence his operations. Whereupon Nepo, rushing forward into the midst of the assembly, exclaimed in a harsh and discordant voice, "Draw back, draw back, worthy gentlefolks, and make way for me, that I may present myself before his reverence the Vicar, and discover the truth of this mystery." Upon hearing which exclamation, and beholding the strange appearance of him who uttered it—(who was a man large of stature and strong-built, of complexion olive-brown, with a bald head, a lean and meagre countenance, a black beard reaching to his girdle, and habited in rude and fantastic clothing)—all present were filled with amazement and terror, and made way for him without hesitation; who straightway advanced to the Vicar, and proclaimed aloud in the words following: "To the end that the truth may be made manifest, know ye that Master Manente, who is here present, never departed hence; and that all which has happened to him has fallen out by force of magical art, by virtue of demoniacal agency, and by the immediate contrivance of me, Nepo of Galatrona, who am able to command the devils that they do what and when it pleases me. It was I, therefore, who caused him, while lying asleep in the place of San Martino, to be transported by demons into an enchanted palace, where, in the manner that he has already explained to you, I held him

in close confinement, until, one morning at day-break, I ordered him to be thence again conveyed to the forest of La Vernia, and there left him. It was I, who caused one of my familiar spirits to assume his corporeal likeness, and make it appear that he had died of the plague; and who finally suffered himself to be buried instead of him; from whence all these extraordinary events have since proceeded. All these things have I done in scorn of Master Manente, and in revenge for an injury once inflicted on me by his father, in the Pieve San Stefano, which he inhabited; which injury I was never able to return upon him who had committed it, by reason of a breviary which he always carried about him next his heart, in which breviary was inscribed the prayer of Saint Cyprian. And now that ye may all know the truth of these words I speak to you, go ye, and open the vault where the pretended physician was buried; and if ye do not there behold the most undoubted tokens of that which I have now delivered to you, hold me for a liar and a juggler, and sever my head from my body."

The Vicar, and all present, had listened to this discourse very attentively, while Master Manente, full of indignation and terror, looked at his supposed tormentor as if he could have torn him to pieces, and at the same time, like one in a dream, the by-standers, in like manner, not being able to take their eyes off from him. Whereupon the Vicar, desirous of putting an end to this strange adventure, laid his commands upon two friars of Santa Croce, and two of Saint Mark's, that they should go forthwith and examine the vault in question; who, having accordingly set themselves in motion, were followed by many other friars and priests, regular as well as secular, in great abundance. Nepo remained during this time in the church, in company with the Vicar and with Master Manente, who, more and more alarmed the longer he staid with them, were now afraid to look him in the face, their minds misgiving them that he was either another Simon Magus, or at least a new Malagigi. In the meantime the deputed friars, with those who accompanied them, had reached the cemetery of Santa Maria Novella, where they sent for the Sacristan, and caused him to open the vault in which they were given to understand that the reputed corpse had been buried.

That same morning Monaco, by the command of the Magnifico, had brought from the tower of Careggi a cock-pigeon, of colour as black as pitch, the strongest and best flying bird ever witnessed, and which knew so well how to find its own pigeon-house, that it had more than once returned to it from Arezzo, and even from Pisa. This bird he had, unseen of anybody, concealed within the vault, which he afterwards closed up again so carefully, that it seemed as if it had never been opened for the last ten years; insomuch that the before-mentioned Sacristan found himself obliged to have recourse to his spade and mattock to enable him to remove the earth, and lift the stone from its place; which he had no sooner accomplished, than, to the astonishment and dismay of all present, this black pigeon, which had till then remained torpid, seeing the light of the flambeaux, was awakened, and flew out of the vault, taking its course through the air in the direction of Careggi, where, in less than the eight part of an hour, it recovered its home in safety.

The Sacristan, at sight of this unexpected occurrence, was so overcome by terror, that he fell backwards, pulling the stone of the sepulchre after him, so that he broke his leg in the fall, and was laid up for many days and weeks in consequence of the accident. The holy friars, and the greater part of the attendant multitude, ran back in the direction of Santa Maria Maggiore, crying out, "A miracle! a miracle!" Some declared that there had issued forth from the tomb a spirit, in likeness of a squirrel, but with wings. Others affirmed, that it was a fiery flying dragon; while others, again, would have it, that it was a devil converted into a bat. The greater part, however, agreed, that it was a little sucking dæmon; and there were not wanting those who were certain that they had seen its horns and its cloven feet. The Vicar, and those who remained with him in the church, were fully occupied with the various reports of those who came crowding back to them from without; and Nepo, availing himself of this confusion, and secretly favoured by Monaco and Lorenzo's servants, slipped away out of doors, and mounting

an excellent hack, which he had left standing for him at no great distance, came back in safety to his own house, in Galationa, almost before his absence had been discovered.

No sooner, however, had the Vicar leisure enough to look round him, and perceive the flight of the sorcerer, than he began to cry with a loud voice, "Seize him, seize him, and let him be burned for a witch and conjuror!" But when they were able nowhere to find him, they were all fully persuaded that he had disappeared by magic. The Vicar then commanded that the relics should be taken back to the places from whence they had been brought; and, having dismissed the priests and monks in attendance, returned (accompanied by Master Manente) to the palace of the Medici.

Meanwhile, the Magnifico, who had been duly apprized of all that passed, and made capital sport of it with a few of his familiar acquaintance, when the Vicar came up to him, calling aloud for the officers of justice to he sent after Nepo de Galationa, to have him apprehended and burned for sorcery, said to him only, "Most Reverend Vicar, let us, in God's name, proceed coolly in this business of Nepo; but what say you as to Master Manente?"—"I say, verily," answered the Vicar, "that there is no longer any manner of doubt but that this is the very same, and that he never changed this life for another."—"That being the case," rejoined the Magnifico, "I am now prepared to pass sentence, to the end that these unfortunate litigants may at length be extricated from this web of entanglements." So saying, he sent for the brother goldsmiths, (who came, although very reluctantly, seeing how matters were likely to go against them,) and insisted on their forthwith embracing the long-lost Manente; after which he gave judgment to the effect following, (viz.) That for the remainder of that day Michel Angelo should remain in possession, for the purpose of packing up all the goods and chattels which he had brought with him into the house of the physician: that Monna Brigida, with only four shifts, besides her gown and petticoat, should withdraw to the house of her brother Niccolajo, and there remain till she was brought to bed: that after that event had taken place, it should be in the option of Michel Angelo to take charge of the infant, and, in case of his refusal, the physician might adopt him; or, if neither, then that it should be sent to the Innocents: that the expenses of her confinement should be entirely defrayed by Michel Angelo: that Master Manente should, in the meanwhile, re-enter into possession of his own house, and have his son restored to him; and that, at the end of the term of her confinement, Monna Brigida should return to live with him, and he be compelled to receive her back again, for better or worse, as if nothing had happened to disturb their conjugal felicity.

This was applauded by all present as a most righteous judgment; whereupon the two goldsmiths and the physician returned their thanks with all due humility, and forthwith departed, in order to give effect to its provisions. And so complete was the reconciliation, when all parties perceived that it was in vain to think of placing matters on a different footing, that they all supped together with Monna Brigida that same evening, in the house of Master Manente, Burchiello bearing them company. His reverence the Vicar was the only person among them who did not appear to be satisfied, as he had set his heart on making a bonfire of the conjuror; but Lorenzo would not listen to him, and answered to all his solicitations, that it was much better to pursue the affair no farther, and that, as for Nepo, it was quite in vain to think of taking him, since he could, at any time he pleased, render himself invisible, or change his figure into that of a serpent, or any other animal, to the certain discomfiture of those who attempted it—a power which was permitted him (doubtless) for some wise purposes, although such as human reason was unable to fathom; added to which, the danger of provoking so great an adversary was by no means to be overlooked or despised; all which having duly considered, his reverence, (who was in the main a good-natured, easy man, by no means difficult to be persuaded), entered at last into all his views, and declared himself fully convinced that it was the best and safest course to think no more about it. Indeed, the last of the reasons assigned by Lorenzo more powerfully affected the good Vicar than any of the preceding; nor could he help being apprehensive that he had already incurred

the chastisement of some grievous malady by his mere proposal for the arrest of the sorcerer; insomuch that, until his dying day, nobody ever heard him, from that time forward, so much as pronounce the name of Nepo, or give the least hint of such a person's existence.

It is unnecessary to say more with regard to the remaining actors of this eventful drama, than that Lorenzo's judgment was punctually carried into execution, and that, Monna Brigida having, in due time, given birth to a male offspring, the worthy goldsmith acknowledged it, and brought it up as his own until his death, which happening about ten years after, the boy was then placed in the monastery of Santa Maria Novella, and in process of time was admitted into that holy brotherhood, where he became distinguished for learning, and a celebrated preacher, for his acute reasoning and sugared eloquence known among the people by the appellation of Fra Succhiello. As for Master Manente, he never believed otherwise than in the whole truth of the story fabricated by Nepo for the occasion; and very frequently observed, in allusion to it, that *the pear which the father eats is apt to set on edge the teeth of the son*—a saying which passed into a proverb, and has remained amongst us to the present day. Nor was he at any time, so long as he lived, undeceived on this subject, although not only Burchiello, but Lorenzo himself, as well as Monaco, and the grooms, very often delighted themselves and their friends, by recounting the whole history of this most admirable of hoaxes. He was, moreover, so thoroughly persuaded of the efficacy of the prayer of Saint Cyprian, in counteracting the effects of witchcraft, that he not only always carried it about his own person, as a preservative, but made his Brigida wear it also. And (to conclude) the worthy doctor lived many years afterwards with his loving mate, in all joy and contentedness, increasing in wealth and in children, and, every year, so long as his life lasted, celebrated the festival of Saint Cyprian, whom he adopted for his own tutelary saint, and ever held him in the highest veneration.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

Man comes into the world like morning mushrooms, soon thrusting up their heads into the air, and conversing with their kindred of the same production, and as soon they turn into dust and forgetfulness.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

WHO sleeps below? who sleeps below?—
It is a question idle all!—
Ask of the breezes as they blow,
Say, do they heed, or hear thy call?
They murmur in the trees around,
And mock thy voice, an empty sound!

A hundred summer suns have shower'd
Their fostering warmth, and radiance bright;
A hundred winter storms have lower'd
With piercing floods, and hues of night,
Since first this remnant of his race
Did tenant his lone dwelling-place.

Say, did he come from East,—from West?
From Southern climes, or where the Pole,
With frosty sceptre, doth arrest
The howling billows as they roll?
Within what realm of peace or strife,
Did he first draw the breath of life?

Was he of high or low degree?
  Did grandeur smile upon his lot?
Or, born to dark obscurity,
  Dwelt he within some lowly cot,
And, from his youth to labour wed,
From toil-strung limbs wrung daily bread?

Say, died he ripe, and full of years,
  Bowed down, and bent by hoary eld,
When sound was silence to his ears,
  And the dim eye-ball sight with-held;
Like a ripe apple falling down,
Unshaken, 'mid the orchard brown;

When all the friends that bless'd his prime,
  Were vanish'd like a morning dream;
Pluck'd one by one by spareless Time,
  And scatter'd in oblivion's stream;
Passing away all silently,
Like snow-flakes melting in the sea:

Or, 'mid the summer of his years,
  When round him throng'd his children young,
When bright eyes gush'd with burning tears,
  And anguish dwelt on every tongue,
Was he cut off, and left behind
A widow'd wife, scarce half-resign'd?

Or, 'mid the sunshine of his spring,
  Came the swift bolt that dash'd him down;
When she, his chosen, blossoming
  In beauty, deem'd him all her own,
And forward look'd to happier years
Than ever bless'd their vale of tears?

Perhaps he perish'd for the faith,—
  One of that persecuted band,
Who suffer'd tortures, bonds, and death,
  To free from mental thrall the land,
And, toiling for the Martyr's fame,
Espoused his fate, nor found a name!

Say, was he one to science blind,
  A groper in Earth's dungeon dark?—
Or one, whose bold aspiring mind
  Did, in the fair creation, mark
The Maker's hand, and kept his soul
Free from this grovelling world's control?

Hush, wild surmise!—'tis vain—'tis vain—
  The Summer flowers in beauty blow,
And sighs the wind, and floods the rain,
  O'er some old bones that rot below;
No other record can we trace,
Of fame or fortune, rank or race!

Then, what is life, when thus we see
  No trace remains of life's career—
Mortal! whoe'er thou art, for thee
  A moral lesson gloweth here;
Put'st thou in aught of earth thy trust?
'Tis doom'd that dust shall mix with dust.

What doth it matter then, if thus,
  Without a stone, without a name,
To impotently herald us,
  We float not on the breath of fame;
But, like the dew-drop from the flower,
Pass, after glittering for an hour.

Since soul decays not; freed from earth,
  And earthly coils, it bursts away;—
Receiving a celestial birth,
  And spurning off its bonds of clay,
It soars, and seeks another sphere,
And blooms through Heaven's eternal year!

Do good; shun evil; live not thou,
  As if at death thy being died;
Nor Error's syren voice allow
  To draw thy steps from truth aside;
Look to thy journey's end—the grave!
And trust in him whose arm can save.

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SKETCH OF THE REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

Sir,—I beg leave to offer you a sketch of one of the numerous American Revolutions, drawn up from authentic sources in the country itself. I am well aware of the indifference, I might almost say disgust, with which South American or Mexican politics used to be received by the public; and I by no means wish you to give this sketch a place, if such be still the general feeling. Nevertheless, there are one or two features in the Mexican Revolution which distinguish it from all those of Chili, Peru, &c. First, the circumstance of the change having been brought about principally by Spanish officers, and eventually receiving its confirmation at the hands of a Spanish Viceroy of high character, and who either acted from the most culpable weakness, the most unnational liberality of political spirit, or the deepest treachery. Secondly, there having been little or no bloodshed, nor any confiscations of property, nor any arrests, nor any extensive enthusiasm on either side—and, finally, the singular mixture of moderation and ambition in the Chief, who certainly wished to possess kingly authority; but who, throughout, conducted himself with so much temper and forbearance, and shewed so much real goodness and kindness, and was always so much more ready to forgive his political enemies than to crush them, that it is difficult to view him as a common usurper.

I have many thanks to return you for the gratification your Magazine afforded me in those distant regions, for I was sure to find it in all those places where the dawning light of knowledge was beginning to appear.

Your most obedient Servant,

Viator.

About the middle of 1820, accounts were received in Mexico of the revolution in Spain, and it was soon made known that orders had been sent to Apodacca, the Viceroy, to proclaim the Constitution to which Ferdinand the Seventh had sworn. But it appears that Apodacca, as well as some of the principal generals, either acting under secret orders from Spain, or prompted by their own feelings on the subject, resolved to resist, if possible, this change, by force of the army under their orders. The popular sentiment, as may be supposed, was against such a project; and the seeds of an extensive revolt were in this way unconsciously sown by the very persons who, of all others, it may be supposed, had the interests of the mother country most

at heart. New levies of troops were made in consequence of these determinations on the part of the royalists; and the whole country was gradually and almost insensibly roused into military action.

The chief obstacle, as it was thought by these leaders, to the success of their plan, was the presence of Don N. Armigo, whose attachment to the cause of the Constitution was too well known to admit a doubt of his supporting it. He was therefore dismissed from the command of the military division stationed between Mexico and Acapulco; and in his place was appointed Don Augustin Iturbidé, an officer who, on the occasion of an insurrection some years ago, had shown himself a steady adherent to the interests of the King, although a native of the country. There is also reason to suspect that he was a party to the secret projects alluded to above; and that, when he left Mexico in February 1821, he was implicitly confided in by the Viceroy and his associates. It is difficult otherwise to conceive, how he should have been intrusted at that time with the escort of more than half a million of dollars, destined for embarkation at Acapulco. And it is not improbable, that, even after he had seized this money, the Viceroy and the Generals were under a belief that he had taken this step in furtherance of their views, since he was allowed to enter the town of Leon with his prize, where it is notorious he might have been taken, had not the commander of another division of troops, who was called upon to assist in the recapture, declared that he had orders from General Cruz not to act hostilely against Iturbidé. Be these surmises true, or otherwise, it is certain that Iturbidé, on seizing the money at a place called Iguala, about 120 miles from Mexico, commenced the revolution by publishing a paper, wherein he proposed to the Viceroy that a new form of government should be established, independent of the mother country.

As this document, which bears the title of the "Plan of Iguala," has been made the foundation of all the subsequent proceedings of the revolutionists, and is still the text, the spirit and principles of which direct, or are said to direct, the councils of the government, it may perhaps prove not uninteresting to give a sketch of its leading features.

It bears date the 24th February, 1821, the day after Iturbidé had possessed himself of the treasure under his escort.

Article 1st Secures to the country the Roman Catholic religion, to the entire intolerance of any other.

2d, Declares New Spain independent of Old Spain, or any other country.

3d, Defines the government to be a limited monarchy, "regulated according to the spirit of the peculiar constitution adapted to the country."

4th, Proposes that the Imperial Crown of Mexico be offered first to Ferdinand VII.; and, in the event of his declining it, to several of the princes of that family, but specifying that the representative government of New Spain shall have the power eventually to name the Emperor, if these Princes shall also refuse. Article 8th points this out more explicitly.

5th, 6th, and 7th Articles relate to the details of duties belonging to the Provisional Government, which is to consist of a Junto and a Regency, till the Cortes or Congress be assembled at Mexico.

9th, The government is to be supported by an army which shall bear the name of "The Army of the Three Guarantees."—These guarantees, it appears by the 16th article, are, 1st, The Religion in its present pure state. 2dly, The Independence; and, 3dly, The intimate Union of Americans and Spaniards in the country.

10th and 11th, Relate to the duties of Congress with respect to the formation of a constitution on the principles of this "Plan."

12th, Declares every inhabitant of New Spain a citizen thereof—of whatever country he be; and renders every man eligible to every office, without exception even of Africans. (Subsequently, a modification of this article excluded slaves.)

13th, Secures persons and property.

14th, Strong assurances of maintaining, untouched, the privileges and immunities of the church.

15th, Promises not to remove individuals from their present offices.

16th, (See 9th.)

17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th, About the formation of the army, and other military details.

21st, Until new laws be framed, those of the present Spanish constitution to be in force.

22d, Declares treason against the independence, to be second only to sacrilege.

23d, To the same effect.

24th, Points out that the Cortes, or Sovereign Congress, is to be a constituent assembly; to hold its sessions in *Mexico, and not in Madrid.*

It may be remarked, by the way, that this plan dexterously weaves into its essence the direct and obvious interests of all classes in the community, especially of those who have most to lose—the clergy and the old Spaniards, and who, besides, have by far the most extensive moral influence over society; the one by being in possession of nearly all the capital in the country, and the other by having gained, in times past, an influence over men's minds, to which, perhaps, there does not now exist a parallel in the Christian world. But, although this be unquestionably the case, yet both these parties, especially of late, have been made to feel, that their influence, and even existence, turn upon opinion alone, and they are sufficiently aware that they may lose both in a moment. To them, therefore, the countenance of power was of great consequence, and their most immediate interest became that of supporting the views of a party, which, instead of oppressing them, as had been the case elsewhere, condescended to borrow their support.

Again, by not holding out a vague prospect of a representative government, but beginning at once by calling the deputies together, and meanwhile naming a junto and a regency, —doubts and jealousies were dissipated, or put to sleep. And yet, if examined closely, there is, with a show of much disinterestedness, a cautious looseness of expression in all parts of this "Plan," which may, and probably will, be taken abundant advantage of by and by. This remark applies more particularly to article 3d.

In the interim, this "Plan" answered Iturbidé's purposes fully, as the flame which it had kindled soon spread over the whole country. He was also soon joined by several of the most distinguished of the King's officers; amongst others, by Don Pedro Celestino Negreti, (a Spaniard, but married in the country,) and by Colonel Bustamante, who brought with him 1000 cavalry. On every side the great cities yielded at once to his forces, or to his persuasions. Such also was Iturbidé's address, that, in every case of conquest, he converted into active friends all those who had been indifferent before; and he seldom failed to gain over to his cause the most powerful of his enemies, and at the same time he won the confidence and esteem of every one, by his invariable moderation.

While the independent cause was thus rapidly advancing, that of the Spanish Government was falling fast to pieces. The Viceroy, who found it impossible to stem the torrent, was glad to abdicate his authority at the suggestion of the officers, who appear to have adopted a similar course to that of their countrymen in Peru in the case of Pezuela. But his successor, Field-Marshal Novella, could do nothing to restore the cause of the King, and Iturbidé drew his armies closer and closer round the capital, with a steady progress, and subduing everything before him. At this critical moment Gen. O'-Donaju arrived from Spain, vested with powers to supersede the Viceroy Apódacca. To his astonishment he found the country he came to govern no longer under the orders of his master, but raised into an independent state. He had come alone, without troops, and, seeing at a glance that the country was irrecoverably lost, on the terms at least on which it had been held heretofore, he endeavoured to make the best conditions he could for the mother country; and, in order to pave the way, issued a proclamation to the inhabitants, which breathed nothing but liberality and hearty congratulations upon their prospect of happiness—a singular document to come from such a quarter!

Iturbidé, seeing this disposition on the part of O'Donaju to take all that had passed in good part, invited him to a conference. They accordingly met at Cordova, where a treaty, which bears the name of that city, was signed on the 24th of August, 1821. By this treaty, O'Donaju recognized the "Plan of Iguala;" and not only engaged to use his influence in conformity therewith, but, in order to manifest his sincerity still further, he actually agreed to become a member of the Provisional Government: to dispatch commissioners to Spain to offer the crown to Ferdinand; and, in short, in the name of Spain, to make common cause with Iturbidé.

The accession of such a man to his

party, circumstanced too as O'Donaju was, became of incalculable importance to Iturbidé. It broke down the hopes of those, who, up to this moment, had looked for the re-establishment of the ancient order of things;—it justified completely the conduct of the Spanish residents who had in a similar manner yielded to the popular tide;—and it was very naturally hailed, from the one end of the country to the other, as a confirmation of the justness and solidity of the independent cause.

The capital was soon persuaded to yield, in consequence of O'Donaju's representations, and Iturbidé entered it on the 27th of September.

At this important moment O'Donaju died, to the great sorrow of the Spaniards in the country, who had calculated much upon his countenance. But it is difficult to say, whether or not his death was detrimental to Iturbidé's views. O'Donaju had already done all that was possible to establish Iturbidé's immediate objects, particularly in preventing disunion; and it may be questioned, whether he would have co-operated so heartily when these objects came to take a more personal and ambitious direction, and when the interests of the Spanish crown were less and less considered.

From that period, up to the end of March, 1822, Iturbidé's plans were steadily carried forward; the deputies to Congress were gradually drawing together from the different provinces, and he had time to collect in his favour the suffrages of the remotest towns. The "trigaranti" colours were worn by all classes; and by a thousand other ingenious manœuvres the people were gradually taught to associate their present freedom with Iturbidé's celebrated "Plan of Iguala," and, thence, by an easy transition, to look to him, individually, for their future prosperity.

The Cortes finally met on the 24th February, and one of their first, if not their very first act, was, an edict, permitting all who chose it, to leave the country, and allowing the export of specie at a duty of only three and a half per cent. This good faith, (for it had been long before promised by Iturbidé,) gave great confidence to the mercantile capitalists, and probably decided many of them to remain in the country, who, had they been less at liberty to go, would have felt less desirous of remaining.

A rumour, too, was put about at this time, that the Inquisition might probably be re-established—a prospect which was no less grateful to the hopes of the clergy, than a free export of specie was to the merchants; and, as Iturbidé himself, at this juncture, condescended to advocate the cause of the army, by writing appeals, with his name at full length, in the public prints, in favour of the merits and claims of his fellow-soldiers, he dexterously contrived to bring all parties into the best possible humour with him individually.

On the 18th of May, 1822, he presented to the Congress two Madrid gazettes of the 13th and 14th of February, by which it appeared that the Cortes of Spain had declared the treaty of Cordova entered into by O'Donaju to be null and void, totally disavowing all his acts.

This was, undoubtedly, what Iturbidé had expected; and the "Sovereign Constituent Congress" immediately decided, "that, by the foregoing declaration of Spain, the Mexican nation were freed from the obligations of that treaty, as far as Spain was concerned; and that, as, by the third article of the treaty, the Constituent Congress were left at liberty, in such event, to name an Emperor, they thought fit, in consequence not only of their own opinion, but in concordance with the voice of the people, to elect Don Augustin de Iturbidé the First Constitutional Emperor of the Empire of Mexico, on the basis proclaimed in the 'Plan of Iguala,' which had already been received throughout the Empire."

What has since been the fate of Iturbidé, I have not had any good means of knowing. The public prints say that he has been deposed and ill-treated. This is very likely. He undertook too much for the force he had under his command—and, even if he had had one a hundred times greater, he was not of a temper to have wielded it in the despotic manner indispensable to the maintenance of quiet in so vast a country.

Recent accounts, which have arrived since the above went to press, state, that Iturbidé and his family have been banished to Italy, and that his property has been confiscated.

AN IDYL ON THE BATTLE.*

FISTS AND THE MAN I sing, who, in the valleys of Hampshire,
Close to the borough of Andover, one fine day of the spring-time,
Being the twentieth of May, (the day, moreover, was Tuesday,)
Eighteen hundred and twenty-three, in a fistical combat,
Beat, in a handful of rounds, Bill Neat, the butcher of Bristol.
What is the hero's name? Indeed, 'tis bootless to mention.
Every one knows 'tis Spring—Tom Spring, now Champion of England.
Full of honours and gout, Tom Cribb surrendered his kingdom,
And in the Champion's cup no more he quaffs as the Champion.
Who is to fill his place? the anxious nation, inquiring,
Looks round the ring with a glance of hope and eagerness blended.
Everywhere would you see deep-drawn and puckered-up faces,
Worn by the people in thought on this high and ponderous matter.
Spain and Greece are forgot—they may box it about at their pleasure;
Newport may brandish his brogue unheard at the Sheriff of Dublin;
Canning may give the lie to Brougham, and Brougham be a Christian;
Hume may be puffing Carlisle, or waging a war upon Cocker;
Byron may write a poem, and Hazlitt a Liber Amoris;
Nobody cares a fig for the Balaam of Baron or Cockney.
All were absorbed at once in the one profound speculation,
Who was the man to be the new pugilistical Dymoke.
Neat and the Gasman put up, and the light of Gas was extinguished.
Woe is my heart for Gas! accursed be the wheel of the waggon
Which made a †pancake of blood of the head of that elegant fellow.
He had no chance with Neat; the fist of that brawny Bristolian
Laid him in full defeat on the downs of Hungerford prostrate.
Great was the fame of Bill; the ancient city of Bristol
[Bristol, the birth-place dear of the Laureate LL.D. Southey—
Bristol, the birth-place too of Thomas Cribb the ex-Champion]
Hailed him with greetings loud; and, boldly declaring him matchless,
Challenged the boxing world to try his valour in contest.

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* I acknowledge my obligations to the learned and elegant reporter of this battle for the Fancy Gazette. (See No. XVIII. p. 406—411.) He has been to me what Miss Lee's Kruitzner was to Lord Byron's Werner; and the careful and judicious critic will find, that I have, like his lordship, a man for whom I have a particular esteem, copied the very words of my original. I give free leave to any critic to contrast the Gazette with this Idyllium of mine, printing them, if they choose, in parallel columns, and cutting me up as a plagiary. If North will give me the room and pay me for it, I shall do it myself most unmercifully. It is a long time since I have been sufficiently hacked to pieces.—M. OD.

[Send your Balaam to Sir Richard, if you please.—C. N.]

† "My troth, gin yon chield had shaved twa inches nearer you, your head, my man, would have lookit very like a bluidy pancake."—*Reginald Dalton.*

You see I agree with Southey, a man for whom I have a particular esteem, that people ought to indicate the most minute sources of information. Yet the Doctor is not always so fair—the most splendid passage in his Roderick is merely a transcript of a conversation I had with him on the top of one of the Bristol coaches in the year 1814; and yet I do not recollect that he anywhere alludes to the circumstance. Indeed, he seldom mentions my name in any of his writings. Yet I respect him highly, and frequently mention him in *my* works. —M. OD.

London replied to the call—the land of the Cockneys, indignant
At this *yokel attempt to set up a Champion provincial,
Looked with its great big eyes at Spring, and Spring understood it.
Everything soon was arranged; the time was fixed for the battle;
Cash on each side was posted, a cool two hundred of sovereigns;
And the affair was put beneath the guidance of Jackson.
I sha'n't delay my song to say, how some Justices tasteless
Twice by the felon hand of power prevented the combat.
Vain the attempt as base—as well the clashing of comets
Would be prevented by them, as the onslaught of pugilist rivals.

When the great day arrived, big with the glory of Britain,
Bustle be sure there was, and riding, and running, and racing;
Nay, for three days before, the roads were wofully crowded;
All the inns were beset, each bed had a previous engagement;
So, if you came in late, you were left in a bit of a hobble—
Either to camp in the street, or sleep on three chairs in the bar-room.
Chaises, coaches, barouches, taxed carts, tilburies, whiskeys,
Curricles, shandry-dans, gigs, tall phaetons, jaunting cars, waggons,
Cabriolets, landaus, all sorts of vehicles rolling,
Four-wheeled, or two-wheeled, drawn by one, two, three, or four horses;
Steeds of various degrees, high-mettled racer, or hunter,
Bit of blood, skin-and-boner, pad, hack, mule, jackass, or donkey; †
Sniffers on foot in droves, by choice or economy prompted;
Grumbling Radical, pickpocket Whig, and gentleman Tory,
Down from ducal rank to the rascally fisher of fogles,‡
Poured from London town to see the wonderful action.
Thirty thousand at least were there; and ladies in numbers
Rained from their beautiful eyes sweet influence over the buffers.

Well the ground was chosen, and quite with the eye of a poet;
Close to the field of fight, the land all rises around it,
Amphitheatrical wise, in a most judgmatical fashion.
There had the Johnny-raws of Hants ta'en places at leisure,
Many an hour before the combatants came to the turn-up.

We were not idle, be sure, although we waited in patience;
Drink of all sorts and shapes was kindly provided to cheer us;
Ales from the famous towns of Burton, Marlboro', Taunton;
Porter from lordly Thames, and beer of various descriptions;
Brandy of Gallic growth, and rum from the isle of Jamaica;
Deady, and heavy wet, blue ruin, max, and Geneva;
Hollands that ne'er saw Holland, mum, brown stout, perry, and cyder;
Spirits in all ways prepared, stark-naked, hot or cold watered;
Negus, or godlike grog, flip, lambswool, syllabub, rumbo;
Toddy, or punch, or shrub, or the much sung stingo of gin-twist;
Wines, in proportions less, their radiance intermingling,§

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* *Yokel.*]—Provincial, I opine; but am not sure. If wrong, shall correct in second edition; or, at all events, in time for the third.—M. OD.

† *Jackass, or donkey.*]—I mean the four-footed animals. No allusion whatever to any he or she Whig—they being biped.—M. OD.

‡ *Fisher of fogles*] i. e. pickpocket. A fogle is a handkerchief.—M. OD.

§ *Their ra-di-ance inter-mingling.*]—There is a fine spondaic fall. What do you think of that, Doctor Carey? Read the line over three times before you answer. It must put you in mind of

——"Ag-mi-na circum-spexit."—*Virg.*
M. OD.

Flowed like a stream round the ring, refreshing the dry population.
Glad was I in my soul, though I missed my national liquor,
And with a tear in my eye my heart fled back into Ireland.
*Whisky, my jewel dear, what though I have chosen a dwelling
Far away, and my throat is now-a-days moistened by Hodges,—
Drink of my early days, I swear I shall never forget thee!
Round the ring we sat, the stiff stuff tipsily quaffing.†
[Thanks be to thee, Jack Keats; our thanks for the dactyl and spondee;
Pestleman Jack, whom, according to Shelley, the Quarterly murdered
With a critique as fell as one of his own patent medicines.]

Gibbons appeared at last; and, with adjutants versed in the business,
Drove in the stakes and roped them. The hawbuck‡ Hottentot Hantsmen
Felt an objection to be whipped out of the ring by the Gibbons.
Fight was accordingly shewn, and Bill, afraid of the numbers,
Kept his whip in peace, awaiting the coming of Jackson.
Soon did his eloquent tongue tip off the blarney among them;
And what force could not do, soft talk performed in a jiffy.

Arm-in-arm with his backer and Belcher, followed by Harmer,
Neat in a moment appeared, and instantly flung down his castor.
In about ten minutes more, came Spring, attended by Painter;
Cribb, the illustrious Cribb, however, acted as second.
Compliments, then, were exchanged, hands shaken, after the fashion
Of merry England for ever, the beef-eating land of the John Bulls.
Blue as the arch of Heaven, or the much-loved eyes of my darling,
Was the colour of Spring—to the stakes Cribb tied it in person.
Yellow, like Severn stream, when the might of rain has descended,
Shone forth the kerchief of Neat. Tom Belcher tied it above Spring's—
But with a delicate twist, Tom Cribb reversed the arrangement,
Putting the blue above. The men then peeled for the onset.
Twenty minutes past One P.M.—So far for a preface.

Round the First.

Spring was a model of manhood. Chantrey, Canova, or Scoular, ||
Graved not a finer form; his muscles firmly were filled up,
And with elastic vigour played all over his corpus;
Fine did his deltoid show; his neck rose towering gently
Curved from the shoulder broad; his back was lightsomely dropt in.
Over his cuticle spread a slightly ruddy suffusion,
Shewing his excellent state, and the famous care of his trainers;
Confidence beamed from his face; his eye shone steady in valour.
Valiantly, too, looked Neat, a truly respectable butcher,
But o'er his skin the flush was but in irregular patches:

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* *Whisky, my jewel dear, &c.*]—These fine lines are imitated from the Vision of Judgment. See the passage beginning, "Bristol, my birth-place dear, what though I have chosen a dwelling," &c. &c.—M. OD.

† *Tipsily quaffing.*] — From a poem about Bacchus, written by poor Jack Keats, a man for whom I had a particular esteem. I never can read the Quarterly of late, on account of the barbarous murder it committed on that promising young man. Murray can never come to luck. Indeed, since Keats' death, he has been publishing Sardanapalus, and Cain, and Fleury's Memoirs, &c. &c. which must give some satisfaction to the injured shade of the deceased.—M. OD.

‡ *Hawbuck.*]—Johnny Raw to the last degree.—M. OD.

|| *Scoular.*] His head of D. Bridges ranks with Chantrey's of Sir W. Scott.

Even on his cheeks, the bloom was scarce the breadth of a dollar.
Gin, thou wert plainly there! I would he had left thee to Hazlitt,
Ay, or to any one else, all during the process of training!
Bootless 'tis now to complain—Bill Neat, you were bothered by Daffy!
Long did they pause ere they hit—much cautious dodging and guarding
Shewed their respect for each other; four tedious minutes, ere either
Struck, had elapsed; at last Tom Spring hit out with the left hand,
So did Bill Neat with the right, but neither blow did the business.
Neat then made up for offence, and flung out a jolly right-hander,
Full for the stomach of Spring; but Spring judiciously stopped it,
Else it had flattened the lad as flat as the flattest of flounders:
Even as it was, it contused the fleshy part of his fore-arm.
Neat tried the business again—'twas now more happily parried.
Spring, with a smile at the thought of the smash he had given to Bill's fist,
Put down his hands for a while, but soon gathered up to the onset:
Hit and re-hit now passed, but Neat threw off a right-hander
Meant for certain effect. The true scientifical manner
Shewn by William in this was loftily cheered by the audience,
Thunders of clapping ensued, and the whole ring roared like a bullock.
Neat grew offensive now, but the stop and parry of Winter
[Winter is Spring's real name, though they call him, for brevity, Tom Spring]
Punished him step by step, as Bill drove him into the corner.
"Now is the time," cried Belcher, and Bristol waited the triumph.
But the position of Spring prevented all awkward invasion.
In-fighting then was tried, that came to a close and a struggle:
Under came Billy Neat, as Ajax under Ulysses.
Spring came over him hard—and 3 to 2 was the betting.

Round the Second.

Spring shewed the same strong guard, but ever ready for action.
Neat began to breathe short, when, WAP! came a flushy right-hander,
Plump on his fore-head, and, lo! the stream of the claret was flowing,
*Sanguine as butchers will bleed, not at all like the ichor of angels.
Out did he hit to the right—Spring sprung back—Neat again tried it,
But, on the side of the head, he got such a lump of a twister,
That he was turned quite round, and nearly saluted his mother.†
Stupid and senseless he looked like a young whig lawyer of Embro'—
(Some little mealy-faced pup, amazed with a recent suffusion
From the uplifted leg of some big boardly bull-dog of Blackwood)—
Then did the hooting arise, from various people indignant;
And, in the hubbub loud, "Cross, Cross!" was frequently mentioned.
This brought Neat to his senses, and straight he took to in-fighting.
Bloody hard hits came from both—'twas head-work chiefly between them:
Down in the end went Neat, and blue looked the betters of Bristol!

Round the Third.

Neat tried his hand at hard hitting—and then were the heavy exchanges.
But in one counter-hit, his blow was heavier than Tommy's,

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* *Sanguine as butchers will bleed, not at all like the ichor of angels.*]—
——"From the gash
A stream of nectareous humour issuing, flowed
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed."—MILTON. M. OD.

† *His mother*] i. e. the Earth. This I explain for the groundlings.—M. OD.

For it sent him away. Bill Neat then burst out a-laughing,
Like the Olympian Gods at Vulcan handing the stingo.
He followed up his success; and after ringing the changes,
Planted a terrible lunge on the short-rib department of Thomas.
Then he gave all his weight to a blow, and floored his opponent,
Coming down with him himself. On this, a terrible uproar
Rose from the Men of the West—a shout of jubilant cheering.
Short is the vision of man! that very round had undone him,
For, in the counter-hit, he broke a bone in his fore-arm.
What is the name of the bone?—Well, since you ask me the question,
Radius, 'tis called by Cline, a most anatomical surgeon.

Round the Fourth.

Firm was the guard of Spring; Neat worked most anxious to get in—
Vainly—for Spring baffled all his attempts, just as if he was sparring.
Soon he took the offensive, and the woful yokels of Avon
Heard his fists, right and left, rap! rap! on the body of Billy.*
One—two nobbers, besides, did he administer freely;
All the while poor Bill felt out for the ribs with the left hand;
Every hit being short, and the right hand quite ineffective:
Backward and forward jumped Spring, and grasping his burly opponent,
Caught him up from the ground, and fell down fairly upon him.
Glorious! sublime was the feat, and there was no saying against it.
Bristol looked very blank, as blank as the Island of Byron.
Loud did the Westerns cry, "Bill, what has become of your right hand?
Gemini, man! My eyes! Hey! Go it! What are you *arter?*"†
Betting was 5 to 1.—In fact, Bill Neat was defeated.

Rounds Fifth and Sixth.

Lump we a couple of rounds, for I'm in a devilish hurry,
Being invited to dine at the Dog and Duck with Pearce Egan.
Neat was quite stupified now,‡ a mere Phrenological fellow,
Who, as we happen to know, cannot tell a man's head from a turnip.
All his hits were at random; on getting a bodier slanting,
Down he'd have gone for time, but Spring, with the kindest intentions,
Lent him a merry-go-down, to freshen his way in the tumble.
Murmurs then were of foul play, as if he had fallen out of fancy
Without the aid of a hit; but Jackson, unerring as Delphi,
Stated the fact as it was, and decision dwelt on his dictate.
As for round the sixth, 'tis hardly worth the relating.
Neat was pelted about, and knocked down like a cow in the shambles.

Round the Seventh.

Still there was pluck in Bill; Spring feared a customer rummish.
Cautiously, therefore, he fought and parried the sinister lunges.

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* *Heard his fists, right and left, rap! rap! on the body of Billy.*]—Imitated from
"Heard the bell from the tower toll! toll! in the silence of evening."
SOUTHEY.—M. OD.

† *Arter.*]—Bristolian for *after*.—M. OD.

‡ *A mere Phrenological fellow, who, as we happen to know, cannot tell a man's head from a turnip.*]—See the organization of that celebrated Swede, Professor Tornhippson, as developed in those two scientific works, the Transactions of the Phrenological Society, and the Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. VIII.—M. OD.

One, however, took place on the right lower ribs of the hero,
Whereon he sparred for a hit, which he planted with ease and affection,
Right on the brain-box of Neat, who, though not given to praying,
Sunk on his marrow-bones straight, in a fashion godly and pious.
Instantly rose a shout, a riff-raff-ruffianly roaring,
Hallabulloo immense, a most voluminous volley;
Cockneyland crowed like a cock, and the hills gave an echo politely.

Round Eighth and Last.

Neat came up once more, but the fight was over; again he
Hit with the dexter arm, and *felt* that he now was defeated.
Spring in a moment put in a ramstam belly-go fister—
Down to the ground went Neat, and with him down went the battle.
"It is no use," said Bill; "my arm, do you see me, is injured—
Therefore I must give in." He spoke—and, mournfully placing
On the sore part his hand, he shewed the fracture to Tom Spring.
Seven-and-thirty minutes it lasted—ten of them wasted
In the first round alone. The glorious news came to London
Somewhere about eight o'clock; but still incredulous people
Held the report as false; and, even approaching to midnight,
Bets were laid on Neat—so much was Spring undervalued.
Woe was in Bristol town—woe, woe on the Severn and Avon;
Clifton, the seat of the gay, looked dull and awfully gloomy;
Grief was in Bath the polite; a mournful air of dejection
Reigned o'er the tables of whist; and mugs, as fair as the morning,
Looked like the ten of spades, or the face of my Lord Grim-Grizzle.*
Round the old Redcliff church was held an aggregate meeting,
†Stormy and sad by fits—where some, with sceptical speeches,
Doubted the fact of the case—or, cunningly crooking the fingers,
Made a ✕ in the open air, affronting the moon-beams;
Others but shook the head, and jingled the coin in their pockets,
Cheering themselves with the much-loved sound of the gold for the last time.
But in the shambles of Bristol, among the butcherly people,
There was the blackness of sorrow; loud oaths, or sorrowful moaning,
Rung in the seat of slaughter—but slaughter now was suspended;
Mute was the marrow-bone now, the ancient music of Britain;
Cleaver, and bloody axe, steel, hand-saw, chopping-block, hatchet,
Lay in a grim repose; and the hungry people of Bristol
Could not the following day get a single joint for their dinner.
But when the cross was suggested,‡ the whole black body of butchers
Raged, like a troubled sea, with a wild and mutinous uproar.
Such was the state of the West. Meanwhile Spring travelled to London,
There to be hailed as the Champion bold of merry Old England.
Neat he saw in bed—his arm was fastened with splinters—

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* *Face of my Lord Grim-Grizzle.*]—An acquaintance of Mr Lambton's, who calls him the Erl-King. Mark the spondaic again, Dr Carey.—M. OD.

† *Stormy and sad by fits.*]—See Homer, Il. 7. "A meeting of Trojans was held," says the old fellow,

Δεινη και τετραχυια. κ. τ. λ.

Is not mine something like?—M. OD.—[Of course.—C. N.]

‡ *The whole black body of butchers raged, like a troubled sea, with a wild and mutinous uproar.*]—Imitated from

——"The whole dense body of darkness
Raged like a troubled sea, with a wild and mutinous uproar.—SOUTHEY."

I quote from memory.—M. OD.

And in the heel of his fist Tom nobly inserted some shiners.
Bill was sulky, however; and still he lustily vaunted,
That, if his arm had not broke, he must have been hailed as the Champion—
That can be known, however, to the Fates and Jupiter only.

Where are the chaffers now, who swore that Spring was no hitter?
That he could scarce make a dint in a pound or a half-pound of butter?—
Melted all fast away, like the butter of which they were speaking.
Long live the Champion Spring! and may his glorious annals
Shine in the pages of Egan as bright as the record of Tom Cribb!
One man more must be fought, however;—Arise to the combat,
Rise for the Champion's crown, arise, I say, Joshua Hudson!
That will be the fight—meanwhile Spring lords the ascendant;
Therefore huzza for Spring—and I make my bow to the public.

["To-morrow for fresh fights and postures new."]—MILTON.

M. OD.

*** It is an undoubted historical fact, that Neat's brotherhood, the butchers of Bristol, betted particularly thick upon him. He must be a rigid moralist, indeed, who would condemn this. "*Butcherus* sum, *butcheriani* nihil a me alienum puto," will hold as truly, ay, and more truly, than the original passage of the dramatist, which asserted, that all human cares were participated in by all human beings. The butchers, consequently, were severe sufferers; one poor flesher bled to the tune of six hundred pounds—an amiable man, with an interesting wife and six small children. The green visage of the Sheriff was seen in the market; and a vast quantity of the implements by which the most powerful of cattle fell, fell themselves in turn under the fatal hammer of the auctioneer. It is not wonderful, under such circumstances, that the butchers should shew much sore flesh. Among them it is a general belief that Neat did cross it; and accordingly he is not so popular a preacher as the Reverend Neddy Irving, by several degrees. Besides, national pride is against the belief, that a Herefordshire man, bred in London, should subdue the flower of Bristol, the wonder of the western land. Neat, however, is indignant at the idea, and lays the whole circumference of the blame upon his broken radius. We happened to be bye in Bristol, when a young gentleman, six feet two high, of a mild countenance, slightly pitted with the small-pox, and considerably blown up with brandy, was coming off a Southampton coach, in company with his father, a very decent-looking seventeen-stone old body. The father and son were conversing affably about the late event, which has brought more ruin on the western empire than any disaster since the days of Honorius; and the son, just as he stepped down, remarked gently, "By ——, Neat sold the fight." A man of a certain appearance, with his right arm in a sling, was standing by, and asked, with more energy than politesse, "Who the blazes dost thee speak of?"—"Why," said the youth, "Neat, who sold the fight." On which the man of the arm, putting forth his sinister bunch of fives, saluted the youngster under the ear with a blow that projected him about seven feet six inches across the street, deposited him in a place of safety in the sink, and sent the blood gushing forth, with the most fluent liberality, from mouth, nose, and ears. "Now," said the striker, "I'm Neat; what dost thee say to that?"—"Nothing at all," replied the strikee, "only that I am satisfied."

But forty thousand knock-down blows would not satisfy the body-politic of the butchers. We were ourself in company with a very interesting and ingenious person of that tribe, with whom we had much conversation. He is a truly fine and amiable butcher, who had lost a quantity of cash on the fight. He vented his indignation sadly against Bill Neat, and his wrath would not be appeased. He ventured to suggest, that Bill's arm being broken, quite did up all his chance; and hinted, that, in fact, he had no chance even without the smash of his bone. In truth, we may as well at once tell the reader, that we look upon Spring as the better man—tardy to be sure, something like a

British reviewer, but still of guard impenetrable, great coolness, great courage, and great science. Neat is a man more of genius than cultivation—in ruffianing superb, in skill defective. Now, as we know that they are men of equal weight, or that the difference, if any, is for Spring, he being 3 pounds heavier, and that he has the advantage of being a nicer height, viz. 5 feet 11¼ inches, while Neat is 6 feet ¼ inch, we say that no ruffianosity can ever beat sciences under such circumstances. This we stated with our utmost eloquence to our friend the butcher, but in vain. He had a preconceived theory that Neat *could* beat, and *would* not, which no facts could conquer. Undoubtedly, however, our friend, the feller of oxen, is a man of genius; for he wrote a song in the height of his indignation, of which he kindly gave us a copy, on condition that we should keep it a secret. We therefore commit it in confidence to our readers:—

Lament of a big Bristol Butcher.

1.
I was as raw as butcher's meat,
  I was as green as cabbage,
When I sported blunt on Billy Neat,
  The ugly-looking savage.

2.
I was as dull as Bristol stone,
  And as the Severn muddy,
Or I should have had the humbug known,
  Of that big bruiser bloody.

3.
I was as dull as a chopping-block,
  As stupid as a jack-ass,
Or I'd not have laid on such a cock
  One whiff of my tobaccoes.

4.
For budding flower, or leafing tree,
  I now don't care a splinter;
For Spring is a colder thought to me
  Than the bitterest day of Winter.

5.
Woe, woe unto the market-place!
  Woe, woe among the cleavers!
For sad is every greasy face
  Among Bill Neat's believers.

6.
I'm rooked of notes both small and great,
  I'm rooked of every sovereign;
So bloody curses on Bill Neat,
  Whatever king may govern!

We do not hesitate to say, that the author of these verses is a poet, and are not without a hope, that the same age, which saw raised from humble degree to the heights, or at least declivities, of Parnassus, such souls as those of our own, our dear friend Hogg the Shepherd of Ettrick, or, to leave him out of the question, of Clare the hedger, Cunningham the mason, Blomfield the herd, Keates the apothecary, and Mrs Yearsley the milkwoman, will also have the happiness of witnessing the rise and progress of the author of this Lament, Humphry Huggins, the butcher.

Quod Testor,

M. OD.

ON THE GORMANDIZING SCHOOL OF ELOQUENCE.

No. I.

MR D. ABERCROMBY.

An empty head and an empty stomach, when found united, as they often are, in one and the same individual, incapacitate their owner for any great mental or corporeal exertion. But take your man, and cram him with turtle soup, roast-beef, and cranberry-tarts, and however Nature may abhor the vacuum in his unfurnished upper story, she is so pleased with the repletion of his victualling-office, that she makes the belly perform the work of the brain, and shews what is in a man after three finished and regular courses of education. Look along a large public dinner, eaten either in the cause of Freedom or the Fine Arts, and you will observe how ideas seem to be rising up from the very pits of their stomachs, into the countenances of the friends of the human race. In all probability, every gentleman present has a ninny at either elbow; but that is of no earthly consequence; the dinner does its duty; the cook makes every cub a Canning; and the speaker on spare diet, what is he when brought into rivalry with some glutton of the Gormandizing School, inspired by a peck of green peas, and ballasted with beef 8s. per stone, sinking offals?

We intend giving a monthly report of such dinners; and without farther preamble, begin with that of the Scottish Club, Liverpool, devoured upon the 18th of June, A. D. 1828. The Members of the Club, (so we are informed by our friend Mr Merrit's excellent paper, the Advertiser,) met in the Castle Inn, Lord-Street, many of them in "splendid Highland dresses." "The sonsy face of Scotland's favourite dish, the *haggis*, graced the festive board," &c. Of this most hideous and indecent dish, Burns, who did not stick at trifles, said, "Thy hurdies like twa distant hills;" and when people sit down to dine with their own hurdies bare, nothing better can be expected from them, than to place a pair upon the table, and to aver that they "grace the festive board." But we solemnly protest against the doctrine that holds haggis to be the national and characteristic diet of Scotland. What may have been the case long ago, that is to say, mid-way between the Flood and the Union of the two kingdoms, we cannot tell, never having been addicted to archaiological researches. But this we will say, that no Highlander ever ate a haggis in a kilt upon a hill of heather, and that if such a thing were to be found lying in a glen, no untravelled Highlander would be able to swear conscientiously upon the Bible, whether it belonged to the vegetable kingdom, was a pair of bellows, or a newly-imported bag-pipe. In all likelihood he would, with that curiosity natural to all savages, stick his dirk into its hurdies; and being generally in a state of hunger, he would begin with tasting, and finish with devouring the contents thereof. But still he would not believe it to be indigenous; nor, in after life, during his sojourn in Liverpool, or any other remote town, would he devoutly bow down to it, and worship it as the idol of one of his country's gods. Into the history of the haggis, we have not time this month to inquire, nor do we know at present whether it originally was the dish of a free people or a nation of slaves. But, however like its "hurdies" may be to "distant hills," the Highlanders have had no opportunity in their own country of making the comparison; and once more we enter our protest against this attempt to attribute a Celtic origin to the "great chieftain of the pudding race," whose name and lineage, smell and sound, are exceedingly Gothic.

However, be the history of the haggis what it may, there can be no doubt that Mr D. Abercromby must have lubricated the coats of his stomach with it most assiduously, before he could discharge the following oration. "The Bulwark of Liberty, and the Foe of Despotism, a Free Press," having been drunk, the Gormandizer, No. I., arose, and thus vivavoced the Chair:—

"Mr Chairman,

"Having been connected with the press from my earliest years, and emboldened by the toast which you have just now drunk, I am induced to obtrude myself upon your

attention for a few moments; not, indeed, for the purpose of shewing the astonishing effects which have been produced upon the moral, the religious, and the political world, by that most powerful engine, the press; nor to point out the benefits which mankind have derived from the use of it, or the evils of which it has been productive, (all of which would be quite foreign to the occasion of our present meeting) but to advert very briefly to the objects which the members of the Scottish Club had in view at its establishment.—Before doing so, however, permit me to mention, *en passant*, that this day, on which we celebrate, for the first time, the establishment of the Scottish Club in this town, is the anniversary of an event which will ever be memorable in the annals of this country, a period on which history will long dwell with delight, and the anniversary of which will furnish to ages yet unborn the theme of many a noble story. Need I state, that I allude to the glorious battle of Waterloo? That event is of so very recent date, and the particulars are so very familiar to all of you, that I should unnecessarily occupy your time by entering into any detail of the gallant feats performed by the heroes of Britain on that glorious day. Suffice it to say, that never on any former field of glory, distinguished as they have been for deeds of arms, did the bravery of the sons of St George shine forth with greater lustre; never did the lads of Erin display more of their native heroism, than they that day shewed in supporting the reputation of their General, himself the child of their own dear 'isle of the ocean;' and never were more noble deeds of daring performed by any than were that day displayed by our gallant countrymen, the bold and hardy sons of the North—

* Lads who cry onward, but never cry parley,—
Bold Scottish lads, with their bannocks of barley."

What a glorious exordium!—and how redolent of haggis and heather, duckling and sage stuffing. Why did the godlike man decline shewing the astonishing effects which have been produced upon the moral, political, and religious world, by that most powerful engine, the Press? Why should he have thought it foreign to the purpose of the meeting, not a whit more surely than the battle of Waterloo? Not a soul ate haggis that day, who had anything to do with the great battle, and they might just as appropriately have swallowed haggis and strutted in kilts upon the 1st of April, as on the 18th of June. But we observe, that no sooner does a Highlander put on a kilt, than he begins with scratching himself into a belief that he dethroned Napoleon. Nothing will satisfy him but to celebrate the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, where, however great the itch of fighting, there was less butter than brimstone, and where the few hundred Highlanders that were not killed at Quatre Bras, were despatched like so many haggises, and left with their hurdies to fatten the soil of the ungrateful Netherlands. What better is all this vapouring about a day of blood, than the imitative cock-a-doodle-dooing of schoolboys, who have chanced to see two game-cocks slaying each other, and who keep flapping their arms as if they were themselves the combatants, and all so many bloody-heeled Ginger-Piles?

But Mr D. Abercromby now leaves the ensanguined field of Waterloo, and tells the Scottish Club why they are all met together, which, we presume, but for his well-timed information, would have remained a secret even from themselves.

"The objects for which the Scottish Club was instituted, are such as to commend themselves to the judgment of every man acquainted with them, and to do equal credit to the head and the heart of him who proposed its establishment, and to you who have matured and brought it to its present high state of respectability and usefulness. These objects, I believe, I will be correct in saying, are three in number, viz.—First, and chiefly, the support of the infirm, the sick, and the aged amongst you. Secondly, The promotion of that *amor patriæ* which is inherent in every man, but which is peculiarly characteristic of Scotchmen. And, lastly, To preserve from extinction, amidst the ever-varying and fantastical fashions of every-day invention, the peculiar and national dress of Scotland. Let me trespass upon your patience for a few moments, whilst I briefly make a few hastily-concocted observations on each of these in their order."

Here the excellence of his remarks proves the fulness of his stomach. Having, in his skilful exordium, declined any historical exposition of the power of the Press over the destinies of man, which he felt inwardly would have been a needless condiment to that highly-savoured dish, a haggis—with similar judgment, he remarks, "It would be a waste of time, an insult to your good sense, to shew, by any lengthened remarks, the necessity of making provision for infirmity, sickness, and old age." He then slides on, with an alacrity only possible in a

well-dined orator, into the proof of this very difficult proposition, and shews, as we think, to the satisfaction of fat and lean, the man of strong digestion, and the martyr to constipated bowels, "that it is the incumbent duty of every man, while in the possession of health and strength, to provide, as far as human capacity enables him, against the ills of life." Having gained vantage-ground, he then launches forth into one of the noblest strains to be found in the whole range of our gormandizing eloquence.

"Highly conducive to the attainment of these heart-delighted purposes, are annual dinners similar to the present. Their effects are to enliven and invigorate the generous and patriotic sentiments with which we are animated. Engaged in the righteous cause of benevolence, in fulfilling the new commandment given by the Divine Author of Christianity, 'That you love one another,' the pleasures of the festive-board are refined and consecrated; it sheds an almost sanctifying influence over the joy-inspiring bowl, and imparts to our convivial intercourse a charm more than human."

This is the *ne plus ultra*—the Land's-end—the John-o'-Groat's House—the Ultima Thule—the Back-o'-Beyond—of the oratory of the Haggis-Bag. To Mr D. Abercromby, indeed, belongs the "Os magna sonaturum." If he eats as he spouts, (and it should be so,) his jawbones must be more destructive than any recorded in history, sacred or profane; and, to use his own words, with a slight and pardonable alteration, he must "exhibit in convivial intercourse a power more than human."

Mr D. Abercromby proceeds to the second head of his address, and holds forth on the *amor patriæ* of Scotchmen. The promotion of this principle is the second great object of the Liverpool Scottish Club, although it seems to us that is somewhat like carrying coals to Newcastle. "It is," says our Gormandizer, "inherent in every man, but peculiarly characteristic of Scotchmen." If so, why club to promote it? Hear the Haggis!

"Never can a Scotchman cease to love the land of his fathers. Wandering on the desert sands of Africa, immersed in the wilds of Canada, or trudging beneath the burning sun of India, his imagination lingers on the hills of his native land, 'where blooms the red heather and thistle sae green;' and, musing on the scenery and friendships of youth, he thinks of the time when, weary with the toils and the journey of life, he shall yet return, and lay his bones with those of his kindred. But we love, and are proud of our country, because it is the land of patriotism, learning, and piety. Can a Caledonian hear the names of Wallace and Bruce, and his breast not glow with the love of liberty, or thrill with hatred of tyranny? Can he cease to be proud that he is a descendant of those brave Caledonians who for ages hurled defiance from their hills upon the legions of Rome, and the armies of mighty monarchs, and preserved their liberty and independence in the midst of an enslaved world? The learned men which our country has produced, is also another source of the love which we bear to the land of our nativity. A host of historians, poets, philosophers, legislators, &c., might here be mentioned, but with the names of these, every gentleman present is familiar. Above all, the piety and good conduct of our countrymen is calculated, in an eminent degree, to render us proud of the land of our birth, and to make us in love with the place where the establishment of parochial teachers, and the zealous and faithful labours of our ministers, have, under God, produced such happy and pleasant effects."

Mr D. Abercromby has now been hard at it, tooth and nail, snuff and snifter, bubble and squeak, for about a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes, and yet he is fresh as a two-year-old, and without a symptom of closing his potato-trap. It is now, we shall suppose, about ten o'clock in the evening, and each member has finished his mutchkin of barley-broo. Symptoms of yawning are exhibited, and an occasional snore calls from the chairman the mandate of "Silence! Silence!" when our Gormandizer exclaims—

"Pardon me, gentlemen, for occupying so much of your time, and allow me for a moment to glance at the third object which the Scottish Club may be said to have had in view at its establishment, namely, To preserve from extinction, amidst the ever-varying and fantastical fashions of every-day invention, the peculiar and national dress of Scotland,—the bonnet blue, the belted plaid, and kilt and trews o' tartan bonnie. A considerable period has elapsed since the government of the time thought it necessary to treat the Highland character with peculiar harshness. A law was passed, and rigidly enforced, to deprive the Highlanders of their arms; and not content with extracting the lion's fangs, they must also take his skin. It was declared penal for the Highlander to appear in his native dress. Gentlemen, what would an Englishman think if a law were promulga-

ted, and put in force at the point of the bayonet, that he should not presume to appear, except in the stays and petticoats of a woman? Would he not feel degraded and insulted? And so did our fathers. Is it not then astonishing, that, thus debased and despised, their fine spirit should flag? It was reserved for the illustrious Chatham to convert, as it were by magic, these very men, who scarce dared to own themselves the subjects of their sovereign, into the loyal and intrepid defenders of their king and country. And how did he accomplish this? How did he rouse the slumbering spirit of the Gael? By associating them in kindred bands; by arming them with their national weapons; by clothing them in their native garb, and by giving them a name to be proud of and to fight for. And well was he rewarded for this liberality in the loyalty and patriotism of a body of men who valued life only as conducive to their country's fame. Cold is the heart that does not warm at the sight of the Highland tartan. It is your desire to preserve this dress indeed; but it is to preserve also along with it the sentiments and recollections of a generous patriotism—to cherish the love of country, and to perpetuate to future ages a remembrance of the glories of the Scottish name."

Never was the case of Kilt *versus* Breeches so powerfully pleaded before. But, pray, sir, do you call breeches the dress of a woman, as well as stays and petticoats? The Highlanders were forbid wearing kilts, and forced to put on breeches. Why the devil should that be likened to forcing Englishmen, at the point of the bayonet, to wear stays and petticoats? Mr Abercromby must have been getting into a state of civilation. But hear the finale.

"If it had not been for the distinction of the Highland dress, the name of Scotland would not have been heard of as the nurse of warriors who fought and triumphed at Maida, and Egypt, and Waterloo; and it is the wish of the Scottish Club to fan those sacred fires which shall hereafter glow in the hearts of the brave, and the free, and the loyal sons of the North, at the recollection of Scotland's heroic deeds, and Scotland's domestic virtues. Such, gentlemen, is an imperfect sketch of the objects which the Scottish Club have in view."

If it had not been for the distinction of the Highland dress!—O Paddy from Cork, with your coat buttoned behind, what do you think of that?

When Mr D. Abercromby comes to Edinburgh, he must favour us with his company at Ambrose's. We, too, belong to the Gormandizing School of Eloquence, and will speak or eat him for a trifle, giving him five minutes start, and seven to four.

THE TORY.

LETTER I.

THE name of Tory was once obnoxious, from its connexion with the dangerous and exploded doctrines of the Stuarts. But time changes the spirit of titles as well as of men. Toryism, in 1823, is the representative of Whiggism in 1688. The tremendous lesson of the French Revolution, has perhaps impressed it with a deeper fear of popular licentiousness, and a more solemn deference for the wisdom of our ancient institutions; it may feel an inferior jealousy of the throne, from a fuller experience of the checks on its power; and a keener alarm at innovation in politics and religion, from the knowledge that it is only preparative to the betrayal of both. But in all that made the great national service of Whiggism in 1688, its manly adherence to the national privileges, its honest love of liberty, its homage to the supremacy of the laws, its vigilance over the conduct of ministers, its sincere reverence for the Constitution in Church and State, Toryism now stands on the same lofty ground with the spirit of our glorious Revolution.

It will be the purpose of this, and succeeding letters, to place those truths in a clear point of view. The evidence shall be taken, not from surmises, nor from the suspicious statements of party, but from the lips of the individuals themselves, on those most important questions which compel a declaration of opinion. The Peninsular war of 1808 has been the principal test of our day.

In some previous observations under another head, I have detailed the language of the Leader of Opposition, Lord Grey, and proved him, out of his own mouth, to have been altogether incompetent to guide the public mind on that momentous question. I have shewn this chief of Whiggism to

have adopted views, not merely tinged with the ordinary weakness of human judgment, but degraded by utter ignorance of the subject, by a weak prejudice against all that belonged to a manly policy, by an absurd homage for the enemy, and by a miserable powerlessness of feeling with the feelings of England. With Whiggism at the head of affairs, the great Spanish Insurrection would have been extinguished in its own blood, the Continent in chains to this hour, and France, under the Napoleon dynasty, the terror and the tyrant of Europe. If we had peace, it would have been purchased by some wretched humiliation, and it would have been only a hollow truce preparatory to a war of extermination. If we had war, it would have been a lingering and hopeless struggle against power accumulating day by day; war without energy and without end; reluctant, fearful, successless, and desperate. Or, if we are to believe that no man born on the soil of England could thus abuse her cause, what is the alternative? We must decide that the Whigs, in their bitter reprobation of our Peninsular policy, were totally insincere; that they inwardly honoured what they publicly abjured; and that their language was only one of the miserable artifices of party, eager to attract partizans, and, for the sake of a few contemptible votes, to vilify the name, and hazard the fates of their country.

In memorable contrast to those disastrous expositions, I shall give some extracts from the sentiments of the present head of the administration; a man whose integrity, public spirit, and knowledge of government, are honoured beyond panegyric, in the respect and confidence of the nation. In the year 1808, on the first breaking out of the Spanish Insurrection, when the prospects and power of Spain were yet all uncertainty, and France was sitting on the height of a dominion which seemed to defy all resistance and all casualty, Lord Liverpool thus threw down the pledge which he and his fellow-ministers have since so splendidly redeemed.

"With respect to Spain, the people of that country had manifested a spirit and determination to resist the attempts of their invaders, which would have done honour to the most glorious period of their history, and which, perhaps, were not to be expected under the pressure of such formidable difficulties. Such a scene every man in the House, every man in the country, must hail with the liveliest satisfaction; and what every generous heart must wish should be done in support of so glorious a cause, *his Majesty's Ministers would feel it their duty to do.* With regard to what information they had received of the designs or the hopes of those brave and resolute men, who, in defence of their country's independence, were exposing themselves to everything which a powerful and sanguinary tyrant could devise or inflict, it could *not* be expected that he should now unfold it. His Majesty's Ministers were fully sensible of the extreme importance of this event, and he trusted they would be found to act accordingly."—*Debate of January* 30, 1808.

I give this fragment as an evidence of the early decisiveness of Administration. While those who had insolently and exclusively assumed the name of friends of freedom, were feebly retracting, or culpably resisting, the English Cabinet, with a boldness and sagacity that do them matchless honour, took up the cause of liberty, bound themselves at once to the Spanish cause, and, on the strength of their fidelity to that cause, demanded to be tried before the nation. The trials of this fidelity must not be forgotten. The Spanish cause was, after the first burst of triumph, uniformly disastrous. In two years from the French Invasion, the whole military force of Spain was annihilated; her armies and generals had been trampled like dust under the heels of France, her civil government was in the hands of Napoleon, her revenue was gone, her colonies were in revolt; a French army, greater than the greatest that had broken down martial Germany, had flooded indolent, unwarlike Spain. The roots of regular resistance had been burnt up. The powers of popular resistance were unknown. But the honourable decision of England had been taken; and while Opposition hung their ominous heads over the ruin, and almost triumphed in it as a proof of their prophecy, Ministers renewed their pledge to Spain, and manfully foresaw her victory.

In Lord Liverpool's speech, in the commencement of 1809, this senti-

ment is expressed with the feeling and dignity of a leader of national council.

"All that they were now called upon to do, was to record a public avowal of their determination not to desert that cause, which the government and the country had espoused, and that they would not be so far dismayed by those reverses which had been experienced, and which were from the beginning to be expected, as to renounce that system of support to which both his Majesty and the nation were most solemnly pledged, and in which it was, *in consequence of these reverses*, even become a *more sacred duty* to persevere."

His Lordship's reasoning upon those disheartening results of the first Spanish campaigns, is eminently *British*. Where Opposition found the ruin of the Peninsular cause, he finds its strength, and invigorates his principle by an appeal to the recollections of all those glorious struggles, in which the spirit of nations persevered and triumphed against oppression.

"Those who inferred that the cause was desperate, from those disasters which had already happened, reasoned upon a most contracted and imperfect view of the relative situation of the parties engaged in the contest. He entreated those who were inclined to despond, to consult the records of history, and to review those instances of nations, who had been compelled to struggle for their independence in circumstances similar to those in which the Spaniards were now placed. There it would be found, that nations, often maintaining the struggle for ten or twenty years, in the course of which they had been almost uniformly worsted in battle, had eventually succeeded, in spite of the triumphs of their adversaries, in securing the object for which they contended. It was difficult to conceive any situation which would warrant better hopes of ultimate success than that of Spain at this day. The people were unanimous in their resistance to the invader; and it was the only instance since the French revolution, in which a whole people had taken up arms in their own defence. The territory of Spain was as large as that of France within its ancient limits, and the country possessed many local advantages which were extremely favourable to its defence—advantages, the value of which the Spanish history ought to teach us duly to appreciate.

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"The cause, in itself, was most interesting to the best feelings of the human mind; it offered the last chance of salvation to the continent of Europe; and, taken in a more contracted point of view, our own immediate security was in some measure involved in its fate. He asked, then, if nothing was to be risked in support of a generous ally? if nothing was to be risked for the re-establishment of the general tranquillity? In fine, if nothing was to be risked for our own safety and independence?"—*Debate of June* 19, 1809.

On the moving of the address in the chief debate that took place in 1809, Lord Grey had inveighed against administration, on the ground that they had not sufficient reason, in the spirit of Spain, for involving England in its alliance. His Lordship went over the beaten track of "husbanding and preserving our resources," till some great unexpected success should excite our liberality. It was "no *sudden ebullition*," (such was this statesman's conception of the rising of Spain,) "that should have led us to depart from our *economy*." His Majesty's Ministers should have waited to see a regular and vigorous administration established in Spain, as well as a spirit of proper resistance in the people, before they assisted the nation. Or, to give the simple interpretation of opposition wisdom, Ministers should have seen the Spaniards triumphant before they rendered them assistance; France ought to have been repelled before a British trigger was pulled; and the famous proclamation of the 16th of December, 1807, by which the nations made common cause, should have been postponed till it could have been published upon the Pyrenees. Yet, to do justice to Opposition, it should be remembered, that they allowed, "*if* there was a proper spirit in the people, assistance should not be *wholly* withheld." I acknowledge the generosity of this allowance; but when I come to ascertain its extent, and find Lord Grey protesting against "lavishing the national resources," or "sending an army," as the very "*acmé* of madness," I delight myself in imagining the mighty co-operation which withholds both men and money, and

do homage to the liberality of Whiggism. This speech worthily closed with a due bending of the knee before Buonaparte. Commencing with contempt of our ally, it suitably closed with panegyric of Napoleon. "He had all the opposite qualities of Fabius and Marcellus;" he rivalled "Hannibal in the application of his means, and was exempt from his only fault, that of not improving by his past experience." To this fervour of praise what could lend an additional glow? Lord Grey finds it in the contrasted rashness, levity, and hazard, of Ministers. Napoleon "*never* enters into an enterprize without a calculation of consequences; he *never exposes his fortune to risk*, on the desperate *chance of a distant possibility of success*." Such is Lord Grey's penetration into character; so shallow, prejudiced, and feeble, was his estimate of that great military gambler; so little capable was this Whig of seeing human fallibility in the bloodiest enemy of human freedom. The Marquis Wellesley at once pronounced Napoleon to be "a man prone to great hazards, and sure to be ruined by his rashness in the end."

Lord Liverpool's answer to Lord Grey's singular speech was worthy of the man and of the cause.

"The noble Earl (Grey) had censured his Majesty's government for precipitation. He had declared it his opinion, that they ought to have waited to ascertain the probability of the success of patriotism in Spain, before they offered the Spaniards assistance. This was a most extraordinary opinion. What! when the feeling of resistance and oppression was so strong and so general in Spain, would it have been honourable to the British character, had his Majesty's ministers told the gallant Spaniards, 'We will not give you aid, while you are most in want of it, while your efforts at emancipation are in their infancy; but we will defer our assistance till you are in full strength, and need it not.' Had such been the language of his Majesty's ministers, they would have indeed deserved the reprobation of every man in the country."

Having thus cleared up the principle of the co-operation, he rapidly refutes the charge of rash expectation.

"His Majesty's ministers, in embarking in that cause, were not so weak, so improvident, so foolish, as to expect that the first efforts of the Spanish people, contending with such an enemy, would be crowned with unqualified success; that no discomfitures, no disasters, no reverses, would retard and embarrass the early and crude operations of undisciplined bravery, when brought down into the open plain to contend with the superior discipline, the superior strength, and the superior generalship, of such a power as France. No! Weak as the noble Earl might suppose ministers, they were not yet guilty of calculating with certainty upon impossibilities. They did not expect that such a cause as the cause of Spain, to be fought for with such an enemy as the Ruler of France, could be determined in one campaign."

He then turns to the proof from history, that national resistance contains the sure seeds of triumph.

"I cannot feel lukewarm in my hope, that the efforts of Spain will be crowned with ultimate success. When your lordships consider the great popular revolutions that have occurred, have they ultimately succeeded without great vicissitudes? Switzerland and Holland are instances of this; but, above all, America. In that fatal contest with America, we had gained every battle, we had taken every town which we had besieged, until the capture of General Burgoyne, and yet the Americans ultimately succeeded in the arduous contest. In the present important struggle, do not the extent and nature of the country afford a hope of success? Does not its population forbid despair?"

He then turns, with brief but vigorous sarcasm, to the pluckless policy of the Whig year.

"The noble Earl (Grey) concluded his speech with a censure on the conduct of his Majesty's ministers. The noble Earl may not approve of our measures; so neither do I approve of his counsels. I do not approve of those *sublime* operations in Egypt, at Buenos-Ayres, at Constantinople, and other places, that emanated from the wisdom of those with whom the noble Earl had been used to act."

He then closes with a lofty and feeling peroration on the motives of British sympathy and Spanish resistance.

"Upon the whole, I have the satisfaction, in common with the rest of

his Majesty's government, to reflect, that, whatever may be the consequences of the struggle in which we are embarked, we have not lost the confidence of the Spanish people; we know that every true Spanish heart beats high for this country; we know that, whatever may happen, they will not accuse us. Submission may be the lot which they are fated to endure in the end; but they do not impute to us the cause of their misfortunes. They are sensible, that neither the thirst after commerce, nor territory, nor security, is to be imputed to us in the assistance we have afforded to them on this most important occasion. Whatever may be the result, we have done our duty; we have not despaired; we have persevered, and we will do so to the last, while there is anything left to contend for with a prospect of success."—*Debate of April* 21, 1809.

To this powerful and luminous speech—of which I have given but a fragment, but of which the whole deserves to be studied, and is not less an honour to its speaker, than an exposition of the policy of the war—no reply could be made; and Opposition, broken down at once by defeats in the legislature, and unpopularity with the nation, abandoned its resistance for a time. New casualties at length arrived to its succour, and it rose again, to impede the interests, and degrade the honour, of the empire.

Why do I insist upon the conduct of the Whigs in the peninsular war? Because it was the very crisis of Europe; because it was more than a war—it was a conflict of the principles of freedom with tyranny—a great trial of the question of national independence against universal domination; because such was the palpable and intrinsic interest of the contest to Europe, to England, and to freedom, that those who could not honour the resistance of Spain, or see its vital connexion with the hope of nations, must be either fools or knaves.

But if our contempt for Whiggism could be deepened, what could throw it into more careless ridicule than its present clamour for Spanish insurrection; a miserable, half-cast descendant of French Jacobinism—repelled by the people, revolting to national manners, uncalled-for by the necessities of the country, and, at the sight of punishment, flying in despair to the remotest corner of Spain? What can be more ridiculous than that charlatan Wilson, deported from village to village of Portugal, in the midst of popular disgust, and, like a beggar, lashed back to his parish? What more silly, than the attempt to bolster up the emaciated fraud of Whig boasting at home, by fetes and fooleries in taverns and theatres? The failure of the Spanish ball was ludicrously complete—the influence of quadrilles and syllabubs, in sustaining a national war, has been found impotent—and the Whigs are without resource for revolutions to come.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. VII.

To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

Dear North,

Thank you for the Quarterly. I have just glanced through it with rather a hasty eye, and send you, as you wish, my opinions concerning it. You rather astonish me when you tell me that people are amazed at some of my former remarks. You are asked, you say, what you mean by abusing the Quarterly every now and then, and every now and then puffing the Edinburgh. As to the latter, that is mere matter of taste. The Edinburgh is decidedly going down; it is hardly seen in decent company now-a-days, and I imagine it owes whatever circulation it retains, to the desire which all buyers of periodicals feel of continuing their sets. Therefore, if a good article, a *rara avis*, nay, a *rarissima*, appears in the Edinburgh, it is open to you to praise it, without any fear of hurting your own side of the question. You may say that Jeffrey's review of Simond, for example, was light, sketchy, and pleasant, trifling agreeably, and just fit for the calibre of the reviewer. You may allow that Sydney Smith can still trim off an article, which, if you be in a great hurry, you might admit into your Magazine. You may confess that Brougham is a good sort of scold, whose intemperance to his literary superiors amuses you, on the same principle that you are amu-

sed by the slang of a blackguard *going it* against a gentleman. This, I repeat, does no harm. The qualities of these gentlemen are admitted by all parties; and the smartness of Jeffrey, the buffoonery of the parson, the Billingsgate of Brougham, serve to float the lumber of the stottery of Macculloch, and filth of Hazlitt. We now look on it as a sort of fangless viper, which we allow to crawl about, permitting ourselves to smile now and then, if any of its slimy contortions please the fancy of the moment, knowing that it can do no hurt. It is indeed quite helpless at present. Look at the articles in the last on Slates and Virginius, and other crockery-ware. Why, sir, the work which talks of such trash, except, by a sentence or so, to dispose of them for ever, is destroyed.

Therefore it is that you may praise a good article of the Edinburgh, as I said before. When it went forth triumphing and to triumph; when its slander and scurrility dealt death about it, it would have been treason to have pointed out anything good which it contained; it would have been a dereliction of duty not to have taken the monster by the horns, and shewn him forth in full brutality, proving that, strong as he was in vice, there were still giants in the land who could overmaster his evil power. But now, when he has neither hoof nor horn, but only a pair of great long ears to prick up in defiance, it is surely an act of Christian charity, which does not at all interfere with our allegiance to Toryism, to hold forth to admiration the good points of the creature. Puff accordingly, if it so pleases you, any good article which you may see immersed in the Serbonian bog of Constable's Review, without fear. The concern is about as low as their old ally Dicky Phillips's affair, which I am told is still published somewhere about *Fleet-ditch*.

Then, as to finding fault with the Quarterly, it strikes me to be pure impertinence in any of the Quarterly people to endeavour to bind you up. The principles of that journal I admire, I love—I mean its political principles. But am I bound to acknowledge it paramount in literature?—Not I! Have not I as good a right to give an opinion on a book, as such people as Millman or Whittaker? In truth I have, and shall as liberally exercise my privilege of finding fault with them, as they do with other writers, if I think them wrong. The great ability of many, of most of its articles, I not only admit, but am proud of. I think it does honour to our party to have such powerful writing engaged in its cause; but, at the same time, I cannot shut my eyes to its occasional puffery and humbug, by which it sometimes betrays that cause. I cannot see why the mere circumstance of its being printed by Mr Murray, should render it necessary that every one of Mr Murray's books, no matter how infamous or indecent, should be puffed off, directly or indirectly; and, above all, I cannot see why we are to hold our tongues, or wink at such conduct. Still farther, when I see a Review, professing to be the organ of Toryism, turning round on the Lord Chancellor—who, if we view him in all his bearings, honour, integrity, knowledge of law, impartiality, and talent, must be considered to be the greatest man who ever sat in Chancery, the very nucleus of our principles—abusing him and reviling the law of the land, because the judge and the law will not allow Mr Murray to make money by the sale of foul works—works altogether opposed to the political and religious views which the Review supports, I must speak out, if nobody else will, and protest that the Quarterly does not utter *my* sentiments, in this instance at least. To Murray's using the engine in his hands for puffing off the fair books which he publishes, I do not object. I think, indeed, that it is bad taste to do it so much as he does; but I *do* most strenuously object to the Quarterly's giving up, in any case, its party for the sake of its publisher.

Without further preface, then, I beg leave to remark, that there is too much France in this number. Of thirteen articles, six are on French works, which is more than needful in an English review, particularly as there have been so many books worth reviewing, published since the last appearance of the Quarterly. It strikes me that both Edinburgh and Quarterly pay too limited attention to our own literature; that they are anything but a fair picture of the actual state of the writing world among us. They are just a bundle of Essays on books apparently selected at random, or, at most, with a view to serve their booksellers. The old Monthly Review is a much fairer record of our current literature in this

respect; I read its critiques, stupid and prosing as they generally are, with an interest not at all derived from themselves; but from my certainty that they tell me how the intellect of England is at the present moment employed.*

But as my business in writing to you is not to discuss the *beau ideal* of a review, but to consider an individual Number of one actually existing, I shall begin with the beginning. The first article is Lacretelle's History of the Constitutional Assembly; a clever paper, in a proper spirit, by Mr Croker, I opine. It is, indeed, excellent throughout, and I quarrel only with its concluding paragraph. After pronouncing a just eulogium on Burke, he quotes a character of that great man from an old Number of the Edinburgh Review that long since had been consigned to the pastry-cook. Burke, *teste* Jeffrey, was a man of no judgment, no principles, no firmness, no honesty—he was no philosopher, no man of business, no orator! There is a critic six feet and a half high, for you! In the opinion of the great Jeffrey—the gentleman who actually can speak to their lordships in court, until he comes to a pain in his leg from standing, the only period of Jeffrey's harangues—Burke was no speaker. We have here nicely balanced orator Jeffrey *versus* no-orator Burke, and the Irishman is found wanting. So saith the Prince of Critics and the King of Men, as Hazlitt, the gallant of Southampton-street, Holborn, styles his friend.—Burke's shade may, however, derive some consolation from the fact, that the same great and ingenious person discovered also that Swift was no wit, Wordsworth no poet, Pindar unable to write Greek, Addison not worth reading, Socrates a scoundrel, Burns nothing but a blackguard. In a word, that they were not to be named in a day with Jeffrey the great, the advocate who domineers in the Jury Court, and actually writes thirty pages full of words at a time for the Edinburgh Review. But, to be serious, why did C. quote such trash? Would he turn up the pages of the heroes of the Dunciad for a character of Pope? or if he did casually come in contact with any such trumpery, would he have given himself the trouble of even expressing disgust? Of course, he would not—he would merely laugh at the poor creature; and yet there never was such a fathomless distance between Dennis and Pope, as between Jeffrey and Burke.

The ninth and tenth articles, on Madam Campan's Marie Antoinette,—the Dutchess of Angouleme's Narrative of the Journey to Varennes,—her Private Memoirs of what passed in the Temple,—and Louis XVIII.'s Narrative of his Journey, are by the same accomplished hand, and in the same spirit, as the first article. I think C., however, rather hard on poor Louis, and that your own review was much fairer; but he does ample justice to the sublime, simple, and touching Memoirs of the Daughter of France. I defy any man of human feelings to read the 473d page of the Quarterly, the heart-rending page which gives an account of the sufferings of the poor child who had the misfortune to be Louis XVII.—the poor, dear, innocent, unhappy, little creature, in his privations, his terrors, his neglect, his loneliness, and his almost sublime silence—without emotion. It proves how fact surpasses fiction. No writer would have dared to imagine such a character as the docile, courteous, obedient child, *who never spoke again*, after having been forced by monsters in human shape to sign a deposition against his mother. Well does the Quarterly remark, that even the Queen's own appeal to the maternal hearts of her hearers, was not so pathetic, so irresistible a touch as this.

The Reviewer remarks on these things, like a man whose heart is worthy of his genius. Why does Croker do nothing of his own? Surely, surely he might be the Swift of our time if he pleased.

The second article is on Burton's Rome, with sufficient learning and pleasantry to reward its perusal. The reviewer talks a little twaddle about church ceremonies, fretted vaults, stately columns, &c. which so good a Presbyterian as I am cannot swallow, but certainly shall not fight about.

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* Good Timothy, abuse whom you please, but the Monthly is a very good book—for, 1stly, it contains first-rate articles every now and then; and, 2dly, it is less than any periodical, except mine, under base Bibliopolic influence.—C. N.

Article third is on Arago's Voyage Round the World, and a capital cutting up of an empty French coxcomb it is. We may expect, I suppose, a *reclamation* from Arago—at least I hope so. He is a most superlative jackass.

The fourth article, on the Poor Laws, is a very superficial and moderate affair; but is perhaps quite as well on that account; for there is not a human being who will now read a grave treatise on so unpromising a subject. The evil, as it prevails in England, is confessedly enormous; but the privilege of murmuring now alone remains, all classes appearing to abandon exertion as hopeless, under the weight of this irremediable calamity. The fundamental principle of the English Poor Laws, viz. that the Legislature can by its fiat create unlimited means of subsistence, and an unlimited demand for labour, is now universally disowned; but it is easier to disavow the principle, than to recal its practical effects; and the whole subsequent legislation of the sister kingdom, has been a wretched struggle in detail, to counteract the master-principle of misgovernment, which, in the first instance, struck down the moral feeling of independence. Some of the wisest and ablest of Englishmen have retired from this intractable subject in despair; but the Reviewer, who is neither very wise nor very able, manages it with a freedom and facility which are quite decisive of his incapacity. The drift of his argument—although there is much discreet reserve in the expression—is the absolute defence of the existing Poor Laws of England as to their *principle*, coupled with some hints neither very new nor important as to improvements in the mode of their execution. In a strain of reasoning at once original and profound, we are taught, that to assist the poor, "is not only a precept of the Christian religion, a maxim of moral virtue, but an instinctive feeling of human nature;" and this being the main argument for compulsory, instead of voluntary aid, we are led to infer, that, in the opinion of this judicious writer, the due enforcement of Christian and moral maxims, is just the proper subject for acts of Parliament. When we add the precious discovery, that compulsory assessments will be rather more equal in their operation than voluntary contributions, the sum of this conclusive argument in behalf of the English Poor Laws is exhausted; and it is upon a foundation thus deep and solid, that this wiseacre of the Quarterly Review has placed the defence of a system, which the wisest men of England have long pronounced indefensible, and the nation at large has felt to be all but intolerable.—This weightier controversy is preceded by a brief skirmish with our countryman Dr Chalmers, who some years ago took up this business of the poor with characteristic enthusiasm—which, it is a pity to observe, however, so prematurely evaporated—and although the Doctor's singular hurry and heedlessness appear to have given the Reviewer some petty advantages in the detail of the question, it is by no means so clear as he supposes, that the "answers to these (the Reviewer's) questions must overthrow Dr Chalmers's system." Mark the fairness of the weapons employed for this imaginary overthrow. Dr Chalmers alleges, as a proof of the defects of the existing system for relief of the poor in Glasgow, that, under it, the assessment was quadrupled from 1803 to 1818; and the Reviewer rebuts this objection of an assessment *quadrupled* during *one* period, by appealing to an increase of less than a *third* of the population during a *different* period. Again, the Doctor refers to the fact, that the voluntary contributions of his parishioners were found for three years *more* than adequate to the relief of all the new cases of pauperism that occurred, leaving, in fact, after such relief, *a considerable surplus;* and the Reviewer disputes the inference deducible from this fact, by stating, that during the same period the poor-rates were reduced even in England, and by hazarding the ridiculously ignorant assumption, that the parish of St John's, Glasgow, is, compared with other parishes of the city, remarkably free of pauperism.*

* St John's parish being in fact inhabited, with few exceptions, by people of the very lowest rank, and the natural proportion of paupers there about 5 to 1 to the most of the other parishes of that town.

And it is thus that this heavy champion of English pauperism demolishes the hardy presbyterian declaimer.—The Doctor is perhaps not just the man whom, except for practical purposes—for fervid zeal and assiduous ministration in the hovels of poverty and vice—we should select as the champion of a great reform in the management of the poor; and the more is the pity that his singular retreat from the world should limit for the future his contributions to this good cause to the periodical accumulation of lumbering pamphlets, of which we have already had more than enough; but he is not just a person, after all, to be "overthrown" by any ordinary contributor to the Quarterly Review, nor can what he *has* done be so easily obliterated as seems to be imagined by an obsolete apologist of the English poor-laws.

Article fifth. Theodore Ducas—a common-place review of a common-place book.

The sixth article is such as the Quarterly only can furnish. It is a review of Captain Franklin's stupendous journey. Mr Barrow brings every qualification desirable for the consideration of such a work: profound geographical knowledge, clear and accurate views of all the subjects connected with voyages of discovery, and a lucid style and arrangement. Compare his articles with the drossy, mock-scientific, dogmatic, and impertinent mumpings of the Blue and Yellow on the same subject, full of ignorance, self-conceit, self-puffery, and insolent abuse of other people. Compare, in particular, their article on the North-West Passage with this masterly one.

Had I not the fear of the criticism of the Jury-Court before my eyes—that awful band of reviewers, whose fiat decides all literary questions, Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee and Masoretic, Thermometrical and Frigorific, I should say, that a more stupid and presumptuous collection of *betises* was never thrown together by the merest smatterer in literature. Read, for instance, Barrow's and Parry's Remarks (p. 406-408) on the Navigation of the Arctic Seas, and then turn to read, if you can, the Blue and Yellow's pyet—(mind I do not say *parrot*, but) pyet attempt at waggery, their nauseating stuff about the Polar basin, Don Quixote and Mambrino's helmet. In nothing, indeed, as in such articles, is the vast superiority of the Quarterly over the Edinburgh so clearly discernible.

As many idle conjectures concerning the fate of Captain Parry are afloat, and many tormenting speculations vented on the tardiness of his return, too much publicity cannot be given to the fact, that Parry himself "calculated upon three summers, and only wished, that, if not heard of in the beginning of 1824, a vessel with provisions might be sent into Behring's Straits in the autumn of that year."—P. 409. Mr Barrow concludes by remarking—

"With regard to risk, we apprehend none beyond that to which all navigation in the icy seas is liable, and which the long-frequented whale-fishery, conducted in vessels not half so strong, nor half so well manned, has proved to be little more than common sea risk. Indeed, with ships as strong as wood and iron can make them; stored with provisions and fuel for nearly four years; with a commander excelled by none in the various duties of his profession; endued with intellectual faculties of the highest order, and full of zeal and energy tempered with due prudence and discretion; with experienced officers, and crews of picked seamen;—we cannot persuade ourselves that any reasonable ground of alarm for their safety need be entertained."

I hope, and trust not.

In Mr B.'s remarks on the ornaments of this book of travels, he pays them a well-deserved compliment, but goes sadly out of his way to abuse what he calls "the greasy daubs of lithography." Now, this is unjust to a most useful art, which they are daily bringing to more and more perfection. If Mr Barrow would just cast his eyes over Francis Nicholson's plates, he would, I think, be inclined to retract his censure. Be the defects of lithography what they may, it at all events gives you the picture from the very hand of the painter; and I trust the unworthy jealousy among line engravers, which has already turned it three times out of the country, will not again prevail to banish it from us a fourth time. To Mr Finden's merits I readily subscribe; indeed, I should be blind if I did not; but a more complete *apropos des bottes* never occurred than in the way Barrow here brings him forward. He mentions that the etchings are finished in line-engraving

by Mr Finden, a young and promising artist; and then, *apropos* of Mr Finden, an asterisk directs to a note, in which we are informed, that "his engravings of Captain Batty's Welch scenery are beautiful specimens of this branch of the art." How naturally a puff on Welch scenery comes in, in a disquisition on a journey to the Polar Sea! But the whole is explained when we learn that Batty, a very worthy fellow, is the reviewer's son-in-law, and that his book does not sell so well as it ought! There are tricks in a' trades, Mr North. To crown the whole, Murray is about bringing out another edition of Franklin, to be ornamented not by etchings—not by line-engravings—not by Mr Finden—but by those very "greasy daubs of lithography" which are scorned by his reviewer, and used as a peg to hang a note-puffatory upon.

Moore's (not Tom, but Abraham) Moore's Pindar is the subject of the next paper. As I have neither original nor translation by me here in this rustic sojourn, I cannot give an opinion on the merits of the critique. It appears too verbal, too fond of cavilling at words, and carping at trifles; but it is a most readable article. Moore had certainly (I judge by the specimens here given) a fine ear for versification, and I have no doubt but that the book is an accession to our literature. What could have possessed the reviewer to conclude his review of the work of such a man by such a piece of classical cant as he does. There is no man more truly devoted to classical literature than I am—nobody more willing to pay knee tribute to the glorious old writers of Greece—nobody more ready to defend against the mean and grovelling shopkeeping spirit of innovation the grand institutions for the education of the flower of England's youth—but as I hate cant in religion—cant in politics—cant in criticism—cant in taste—so do I detest cant in these subjects too. Homer and Pindar, great and sublime as they are, do not *of themselves* "sooth, purify, or exalt" the human heart. The mightiest scholars—alas! for the obliquities of our nature—have been stained and sullied by crimes the most atrocious, by sensualities the most grovelling. Why did the reviewer choose such a time for such an observation? Moore, whose book he was reviewing, was an accomplished scholar, a man "initiated early, and imbued deeply, in the manliness and taste of Grecian literature." Yet he was a whig, and an outcast; a man obliged to fly for having robbed his patron Earl Grosvenor to an immense amount—a mere model of peculation and ingratitude. No, sir, there is another book, which alone truly sooths, purifies, and exalts—a book that bids us "Fear God, and honour the King," but that, to Mr Moore's party, is a sealed volume. Without a knowledge of *its* contents, the most intimate acquaintance with the glory and grandeur of the all but divine poets of Greece, will avail nothing to the purification of soul.

The eighth article, on the Navigation Laws—I feel I am not equal to the subject. It will require a separate and well-thought-on paper, not such light sketches as I am here throwing off. I participate in the fears of the reviewer, that we are letting theory go too far. I tremble at meddling with the institutions of our ancestors, even though I have Mr Ricardo's assertion that he is a wiser man than any of them. Above all, I dread tampering with our right arm of strength, the navy. Woe to us when we lose the watery wall! Under the old Navigation Laws were fostered Russels, and Boscawens, and Rodneys, and St Vincents, and Duncans, and the mighty glories of Nelson—I will not say that it was altogether in consequence of these laws—but if it were, then those who have altered them have undertaken a fearful responsibility. But I own I am not competent to the consideration. I leave it to abler hands, contenting myself with expressing my humble, but earnest hopes, that the fine-drawn speculations of theorists, will not be allowed to trifle with what Sir Walter Scott emphatically and most truly calls, "the sheet anchor of the empire, the British Navy."*

* Persons who are taken to see the very ingenious lithographic department of the Admiralty, are generally required to write a few words to be thrown off, in order to exhibit the process. When Sir Walter visited it, he wrote the above. The stone is still carefully preserved.

The ninth and tenth articles I have already noticed, and, for the present, I pass the eleventh, in order to consider it in connexion with the last. The twelfth is by Southey, an amusing and instructive account of the Theophilanthropists of France—indeed all the Doctor's histories of sects are amusing and instructive—which at last diverges easily enough into an ardent picture of the progress of infidelity among ourselves—and concludes with an admirable precis of the proofs of the Christian religion. This is in truth an excellent paper, but I do not participate altogether in the views taken by Southey of the dangers to which religion is exposed. I never fear the contest of the good and the evil principle. Give us a fair stage, and no favour, and we shall still hold the mastery. Southey says, that more than eleven millions of newspapers are annually circulated among us, and at least two-thirds of the number aim at the destruction of sound principles. I doubt that it is fact. But, even admitting it, the glorious army of the gentlemen of the press does not strike me as a vastly formidable body by any means. All the educated classes of society merely despise them—they know that with few, very, very few exceptions, they are a mean, illiterate, stupid gang of blockheads, who can just turn off articles, false in fact, lumpish in argument, vulgar in manner, and ungrammatical in style. Take them as a body, I assert that it would be impossible, on any principle of selection, to bring together so utterly contemptible a pack of hounds as the London "gentlemen of the press," from the editors who jabber broken English for their political readers, down to the footman who writes fashionable intelligence for the beau monde. The dissection, the utter dissection of a newspaper, would afford you a capital article, but it should be done by some one residing in London. Believe me, and Dr Southey, too, may believe me, that even the pot-house vulgarian is not much gulled by them. If infidelity prevails, and it does prevail nowhere but in London, we must seek other causes than the agency of the "gentlemen of the press." The hounds may yelp in to join the cry, to be sure, but their melody is of no great avail. We—I mean the men who wield the pen at the opposite of the question—can put them down. I speak it without fear of contradiction. Do not we all remember the time when the Whigs had everything their own way; when a man hardly dared avow himself a Tory, for fear of being pronounced an illiberal blockhead; when the Edinburgh Review was the acknowledged lord of literature and politics; when Tom Moore was the wit in verse, and Sydney Smith the wit in prose; when, in a word, all was their own? And how is it now? Why, Whig and jack-ass are convertible terms; it is a byword of reproach; they are *our* butts, our common-places of fun, our Listons, our Grimaldés. Blue and Yellow is waste paper—Tom Moore is obliged to submit his poetry to the care of a lawyer, before he dares print it—Sydney Smith is compelled to transport himself to Botany Bay, in quest of bad jokes—and, in short, they are laughed at by us, blackguarded by Cobbett and his crew, and pelted by the mob. They are now a nerveless, knotless, pluckless, powerless, as well as a Godless faction. We, North, we of this Magazine, began the good work; we seized their cannon, and turned it on themselves; our example was followed by others, and now they find they can only defend themselves from the whizzing shafts of our ridicule, by skulking under the protection of laws, which they had, during their own triumphant career, denounced as absurd and tyrannical.

So will it be with the anti-religionists. Southey attaches too much importance to their writings, being himself a litterateur. They, too, could be written down; and the heart of England, sound at the core, is against them. I have often been tempted to wish that the system of prosecution was dropped. I am aware that it is a very ticklish question; but, feeling confident as I do, that God will never give us up to be conquered by the devil, if we stand firm to one another, knowing the vast superiority of intellect on our side, remembering the triumphs of Christianity in every age, I should not fear the diffusion of thousands of copies of the works of Tom Paine and villains of his stamp, while we have hearts and heads to oppose them. I expect much from the system of education pursued towards the rising generation. I expect much from the increased energy and zeal of the clergy of the Church of England,

without which all prosecutions are unavailing. In Southey's own words, (I quote from memory;)

"But if within *her* walls, indifference dwell,
Woe to her then! She needs no outer wound."

If, however, in place of indifference, zeal should abound, I care not a farthing for the efforts of infidelity, and would willingly vote that libel prosecutions be left to such friends of freedom, as Henry Grey Bennet, Denman, Brougham, the late Queen, Daniel O'Connell of Ireland, Lord Archy Shilling, Peter Finnerty, late of the pillory, and John Leslie. The worthy Laureate, by the way, falls into the old Lake trick twice in the course of this concern. He quotes his own Joan of Arc, (O ye Gods!) and he puffs Elia!—Eheu! Eheu!

I consider the eleventh and thirteenth articles together, as being on something similar subjects, the former on Greece, the latter on Spain; but how dissimilar in style, argument, and common sense! The paper on Spanish affairs is by a sensible, well-informed, clear-headed, statesmanlike writer, who knows the interests of his country, and is not led away by the nonsensical claptraps that amuse fools. The other is a mere piece of schoolboy frothy declamation, such a thing as would be counted very clever in a boy at Westminster; and had I heard it from such a youth, I should have been tempted to say, "That is really a fine promising lad—has read his authors with some taste—How old may he be? Seventeen?—Ay, a fine lad indeed, fine honourable boyish notions, and no doubt, when he gets a few years over his head, and can see things, not through mere bookish media, he will be able to produce something worth reading, if he can acquire a less ambitious style, and lose the habit of quoting Greek—and that, of course, he *will* do." But I have far different feelings for the composition of a full-grown man, who has felt the razor over his throat. The quarrel between the Turks and the Greeks is a quarrel between two hostile factions of people of the same country.

[We must beg Tickler's pardon for diminishing his excellent article, by omitting his strictures on the Greek affairs—because we have not room. They shall appear in our next. If Tim wishes, he may alter, or add, or omit, *ad libitum*, in the meantime.]

The other affair of which you spoke shall be attended to. Mrs T. presents her compliments—the youngster, I am sorry to say, still continues weakly. I am, dear sir, yours ever,

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

Southside, Saturday.

P.S.—Southey is still vivid in wrath against his Lordship of Byron, *ex. gr.* "Contagion was extended beyond the sphere of the court, by a race of poets—

"Whose loose lascivious lays perpetuated
Their own corruption. Soul-polluted slaves,
Who sate them down deliberately lewd
So to awake, and pamper lust in minds
Unborn."

Which sweet strain, we learn by a note, is in "Joan of Arc." As also that "These lines sufficiently shew, that their author held the same moral opinions at the age of nineteen, as when he branded the author of Don Juan"—a most important and highly-interesting fact. But I am no pretender to great powers of divination, when I say, that that note never would have appeared in the Quarterly, had not his Lordship quarrelled with Murray.

Again, "One *Liberal*, (we are thankful for the word—it is well that we should have one which will at once express whatever is detestable in principle, and flagitious in conduct.)" Prosecute Southey, John Hunt, prosecute him, man, without a moment's delay. Leigh the first, also, had better take advice on the following passage: "Some of the most depraved minds in the present generation, have manifested this tendency, proclaiming, at the same time, their hatred for Christianity, and their predilection for what they are pleased to call the religion of the loves and luxuries—that is, the religion of Jupiter, Mars, Bacchus, Venus, the Garden God," &c. &c. Apollo and Mercurius, and the rest, as Bryan O'Proctor has it. "Some of the most DEPRAVED minds!" Fie! Fie!

"Oh, Bryan William Proctor Cornwall Barry,
Open your sketchico-dramatic mouth,"

and fight in defence of the sky-gods. Again, "others of a higher class mingle, like Voltaire, filth with blasphemy, impiety with lewdness, and pursue their object with such devoted perseverance, as if the devil had chosen them for his apostles." A hit palpable against the Satanic school, a nickname which, however, will hardly last as long as our own Cockney or Leg-of-Mutton Schools of Poetry.

T. T.

P.S.—I have a corner still left of this voluminous epistle—and I shall use it to enter an appeal in behalf of Jerry Bentham. Hang it, he is *our* preserve. He is lugged in in p. 502, text and note—in p. 551—and other places. This is poaching on you. Warn Murray's scribes off, and vindicate your right in cutting up that first-rate piece of game, him whom a friend of ours calls, in that droll song which he sung a fortnight ago for us, (and which you should print,)

"Sage Jeremy the bencher
Of Lincoln's Inn—of Lincoln's Inn."

Good night—it is almost two o'clock.

T. T.

[I write to-morrow.]

I was just going to seal up, when your new packet came to hand.—Well, I have read the three new Cantos.

ALAS! POOR BYRON!

Not ten times a-day, dear Christopher, but ten times a-page, as I wandered over the intense and incredible stupidities of this duodecimo, was the departed spirit of the genius of Childe Harold saluted with this exclamation. Alas! that one so gifted—one whose soul gave such appearance of being deeply imbued with the genuine spirit of poetry—one, to whom we all looked as an ornament of our literature, and who indeed has contributed in no small degree towards spreading a strain of higher mood over our poetry—should descend to the composition of heartless, heavy, dull, anti-British garbage, to be printed by the Cockneys, and puffed in the Examiner.—Alas! alas! that he should stoop to the miserable degradation of being extolled by Hunt!—that he, who we hoped would be the Samson of our poetical day, should suffer himself to be so enervated by the unworthy Delilahs which have enslaved his imagination, as to be reduced to the foul office of displaying blind buffooneries before the Philistines of Cockaigne.

But so it is. Here we have three cantos of some hundred verses, from which it would be impossible to extract twenty, distinguished by any readable quality. Cant I never speak, and, with the blessing of God, never will speak—especially to *you*; and accordingly, though I was thoroughly disgusted with the scope and tendency of the former cantos of the Don—though there were passages in them which, in common with all other men of upright minds and true feelings, I looked on with indignation—yet I, for one, never permitted my moral or political antipathies so to master my critical judgment, as to make me whiningly decry the talent which they often wickedly, sometimes properly, exhibited. But here we are in a lower deep—we are wallowing in a sty of mere filth. Page after page presents us with a monotonous unmusical drawl, decrying chastity, sneering at matrimony, cursing wives, abusing monarchy, deprecating lawful government, lisping dull double-entendres, hymning Jacobinism, in a style and manner so little unrelieved by any indication of poetic power, that I feel a moral conviction that his lordship must have taken the Examiner, the Liberal, the Rimini, the Round Table, as his model, and endeavoured to write himself down to the level of the capacities and the swinish tastes of those with whom he has the misfortune, originally, I believe, from charitable motives, to associate. This is the most charitable hypothesis which I can frame. Indeed

there are some verses which have all the appearance of having been interpolated by the King of the Cockneys. At least I hope so—I hope that there is but one set capable of writing anything so leering and impotent, as the loinless drivelling (if I may venture a translation of the strong expression of the Stoic satirist) which floats on the slaver of too many of these pages. I allude, for instance, to the attempt at wit, where the poet (the *poet!*) is facetious at the state of females during the sack of a town;* the greatest part

* It is a pity to reprint such things, but a single specimen here may do good, by the disgust for the whole which it must create.

"In one thing ne'ertheless 'tis fit to praise
  The Russian army upon this occasion,
A virtue much in fashion now-a-days,
  And therefore worthy of commemoration:
The topic's tender, so shall be my phrase—
  Perhaps the season's chill, and their lone station
In winter's depth, or want of rest and victual,
Had made them chaste;—they ravish'd very little.

"Much did they slay, more plunder, and no less
  Might here and there occur some violation
In the other line;—but not to such excess
  As when the French, that dissipated nation,
Take towns by storm; no causes can I guess,
  Except cold weather and commiseration;
But all the ladies, save some twenty score,
Were almost as much virgins as before.

"Some odd mistakes, too, happen'd in the dark,
  Which showed a want of lanterns, or of taste—
Indeed the smoke was such they scarce could mark
  Their friends from foes,—besides such things from haste
Occur, though rarely, when there is a spark
  Of light to save the venerably chaste;—
But six old damsels, each of seventy years,
Were all deflower'd by different grenadiers.

"But on the whole their continence was great;
  So that some disappointment there ensued
To those who had felt the inconvenient state
  Of 'single blessedness,' and thought it good
(Since it was not their fault, but only fate,
  To bear these crosses) for each waning prude
To make a Roman sort of Sabine wedding,
Without the expense and the suspense of bedding.

"Some voices of the buxom middle-aged
  Were also heard to wonder in the din
(Widows of forty were these birds long caged)
  'Wherefore the ravishing did not begin?'
But, while the thirst for gore and plunder raged,
  There was small leisure for superfluous sin;
But whether they escaped or no, lies hid
  In darkness—I can only hope they did.

"Suwarrow now was conqueror—a match
  For Timour or for Zinghis in his trade.
While mosques and streets, beneath his eyes, like thatch
  Blazed, and the cannon's roar was scarce allay'd,
With bloody hands he wrote his first dispatch;
  And here exactly follows what he said—
'Glory to *God* and to the Empress!' (*Powers Eternal!! such names mingled!*) 'Ismail's ours.'

of the seraglio scene; and other places to which I must decline making any farther reference.

Alas! poor Lord Byron! His originality has been often questioned, and he has of late been compelled to admit, that the scissors, or a mental operation almost as mechanical as scissors-work, have stood him in good stead. In this new book of his, he honestly confesses his obligation to a French description of the siege of Ismail. So far so good. But he has not the courage, or, if you will, the impudence, to avow his obligation to another French work, which has supplied his warm colouring. I may as well name the book at once—the Chevalier de Faublas. To such of your readers as know the book, there is no need of making any observation whatever on its contents—to those who do not, I may just mention that the meritorious Mr Benbow has suffered an accident before the courts of Westminster for being so *liberal* as to republish it. Now, from this filthy work, which I am really almost ashamed for having mentioned, are *all* the striking situations of Don Juan taken—for instance, the very incident in the seraglio, &c. &c. &c. It is, however, fair to say, that Byron adopts here and there the filthy incidents, and, almost throughout, the filthy tone, of Faublas, without, in any one passage, (I mean of these three new cantos,) rivalling the sparkle of Louvet's wit—far less the elegance of Louvet's language.

Talking of language, it is indeed *luce clarius* that Lord B.'s residence in Italy has been much too long protracted. He has positively lost his ear, not only for the harmony of English verse, but for the very jingle of English rhymes. He makes *will* rhyme to *will* in stanza 33 of Canto VI. "Patience" is the rhyme to "fresh ones" in another place. "*John Murray*" rhymes to "*necessary*" in a third; and "*had in her*" to "*Wladimir*" in a fourth. As for the flow of his verse, read the following patches of dull prose:

"He died at fifty for a queen of forty; I wish their years had been fifteen and twenty, for then wealth, kingdoms, worlds, are but a sport; I remember when, though I had no great plenty of worlds to lose, yet still, to pay my court, I gave what I had —a heart;—as the world went I gave what was worth a world; for worlds could never restore me those pure feelings, gone for ever."

"I wonder (although Mars no doubt's a god I praise) if a man's name in a *bulletin* may make up for a *bullet in* his body? I hope this little question is no sin, because, though I am but a simple noddy, I think one Shakespeare puts the same thought in the mouth of some one in his plays so doating, which many people pass for wits by quoting."

Stop here for a moment, Christopher, just to admire the style in which "one Shakespeare," and his "doating plays," are mentioned by this worshipper of Pope; and then go on to the following:

"Perceiving then no more the commandant of his own corps, nor even the corps, which had quite disappeared—the Gods know how! (I can't account for everything which may look bad in history; but we at least may grant it was not marvellous that a mere lad, in search of glory, should look on before, nor care a pinch of snuff about his corps.")

Read these *morceaus*, (they are three *veritable* stanzas of Don Juan,) and doubt, if you can, that Byron has staid away rather too long, and that, if he means to write more English, it is high time he were back in England, *to hear the language spoken*.—It is very good of him to give alms to any poor Cockney he finds at sea *abroad*, without a tester in his fob—but hence-

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"Methinks these are the most tremendous words,
Since 'Menè, Menè, Tekel,' and 'Upharsin,'
Which hands or pens have ever traced of swords.
Heaven help me! *I'm but little of a parson:*
What Daniel read was short-hand of the Lord's,
Severe, sublime; the Prophet wrote no farce on
The fate of Nations;—but this Russ so witty
Could rhyme, like Nero, o'er a burning city."

forth he must actually guard against allowing them to utter any of their gibberish in his hearing. If he goes on in such culpable, however amiable, weaknesses, why, who shall swear that he won't come in time to rhyming "*Morn*," and "*Fawn*," like Barry Cornwall—"*Dear*" and "*Cytherea*," like John Keats—or "FOR" and "STRAW," like the immortal LEIGH REX himself? Just imagine him already sunk to beginning a stanza, with such a line as "*But Juan was quite* 'A BROTH OF A BOY!!!'"

Of the wit of these Cantos, deign to accept this one sample. The passage occurs in the description of Suwarrow's host.

"Then there were foreigners of much renown,
Of various nations, and all volunteers;
Not fighting for their country or its crown,
But wishing to be one day brigadiers;
Also to have the sacking of a town;
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.
'Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,
Sixteen called Thomson, and nineteen named Smith.

Jack Thomson and Bill Thomson;—all the rest
Had been called '*Jemmy*,' after the great bard;
I don't know whether they had arms or crest,
But such a godfather's as good a card.
Three of the Smiths were Peters; but the best
Amongst them all, hard blows to inflict or ward,
Was *he*, since so renowned 'in country quarters
At Halifax;' but now he served the Tartars.

The rest were Jacks and Gills, and Wills and Bills;
But when I've added that the elder Jack Smith
Was born in Cumberland among the hills,
And that his father was an honest blacksmith,
I've said all *I* know of a name that fills
Three lines of the despatch in taking 'Schmacksmith,'
A village of Moldavia's waste, wherein
He fell, immortal in a bulletin."

* * * * *

"A habit rather blameable, which is
That of despising those we combat with,
Common in many cases, was in this
The cause of killing Tchitchitzkoff and Smith;
One of the valorous 'Smiths' whom we shall miss
Out of those nineteen who late rhymed to 'pith;'
But 'tis a name so spread o'er 'Sir' and 'Madam,'
That one would think the FIRST who bore it 'ADAM.'"

And then to crown the whole, take the stanza that immediately follows this about "Tchitchitzkoff and Smith."

"The Russian batteries were incomplete,
Because they were constructed in a hurry;
Thus the same cause which makes a verse want feet,
And throws a cloud o'er Longman and John Murray,
When the sale of new books is not so fleet
As they who print them think is necessary,
May likewise put off for a time what story
Sometimes calls 'murder,' and at others 'glory.'"

These are the mumblings of a man, whose impressions of Joseph Miller have been weakened by long absence! Never was such poor, poor stuff—and I am almost ashamed to think of myself tacking the mention of such contemptible trash to a notice, however hasty and imperfect, of such a work

as the Quarterly Review. Southey, Gifford, &c. have their faults—above all, they have their affectations—but, Heaven preserve us! what a plunge it is from their *worst* to the *best* that even Lord Byron seems capable of giving us since his conjunction with these deluded drivellers of Cockaigne! *There* we have at least strong English prejudices delivered in the strong clear language of England! *Here*, what *have* we got? Stupid French books translated, not into stupid English, but into stupid Cockneyeze—wit, that won't make the Duke of Sussex himself chuckle—verse, that Charles Young himself could not read, so as to produce anything like the effect of musical cadence—jests, that even the Laureate will not feel—in short, to say all that can be said—a book which, though written by Lord Byron, is published by, without elevating the brotherhood of, the Hunts!

I do not mean to say that there are not some half-dozen or two of stanzas not quite unworthy of the better days of Lord Byron. There are. But I have already occupied far too many of your columns with a production which, with fewer exceptions than anything that has been published this year, (save only perhaps the *Liber Amoris*,) by any man of the least pretension and talent of any kind, appears deserving of sovereign and universal neglect—"CHRISTIAN, OR THE ISLAND," contained two pages, and just two of Byronian Poetry—all the rest was mere translation, and generally feeble translation. This contains no passage equal to the two I allude to in Christian—none whatever. It contains nothing that the moment it is read makes everybody exclaim, "Well, say what you please of the book—but here is a stanza which no living man but Lord Byron could have written." There is nothing of this *class* here—there *was* in the worst of the preceding cantos; and, in one word, Don Juan appears, like Lord Byron himself, to be getting into his dotage before his time.

I don't remember anything so complete as the recent fall of Lord Byron's literary name. I don't mean to insinuate that people of taste think less highly now, than they did five, six, seven, or eight years ago, of the genius of Byron, in his true works of genius. But what I mean to say is this, that his name can no more sell a book now, than Jeremy Bentham's. Christian, for instance, did not sell a bit better than any new poem of Mr Milman's, or Mrs Hemans's, would do—and this continuation of Don Juan is obliged to be sold for a shilling, and is very moderately taken off even at that rate, although, of course, it has all the advantage of being believed to be a licentious thing. Never, to be sure, was a more egregious tumble. If it were only to check the joy which must prevail in a certain quarter, (which I need not name,) if this goes on—Lord Byron ought really to pull up, and make at least one more exertion worthy of himself, and of the original expectations of a reading public, that has unwillingly deserted, and that would most gladly return to him, even after all that has happened.

I do *not* believe Lord Byron to be a bad man—I mean a deliberately, resolvedly wicked man. I know him to be a man of great original power and genius, and, from report, I know him to be a kind friend where his friendship is wanted. I cannot consent to despair of Lord Byron—but as to his late publications, he may depend upon it, they are received by the people of Britain "with as much coldness and indifference," (to use an expression in one of Cobbett's late Registers,) "as if they were as many ballads from Grub Street, or plays from Lord John Russel."—He must adopt an entire change of system, or give the thing up altogether. So thinks sincerely, and in the spirit of kindness and of regret, much more than in any other spirit,

Yours ever,
Dear Christopher,
T. T.

THE INHABITED WELL.

From the Hindoostanee.

The name of Mahummud, as the founder of a false religion, is familiar to every one; and, in this view, his history has been studied, and his impostures exposed by philosophers and divines. But it has been, perhaps, less remarked, that, among the vulgar of those nations where his religion is professed, he is better known as the hero of a series of romantic tales, as the King Arthur, in short, of eastern chivalry, than as the saint or lawgiver. His friends and companions (*ushab*) are exactly the knights of his round-table; and their common exploits have been the subject of as much rugged rhyme as those of the champions of Christendom. The Koran, which contains what is really known concerning Mahummud, never having been profaned by translation, has left room, among his ignorant followers, for a plentiful crop of romance; and of this circumstance the ballad-chroniclers of the East have not omitted to take due advantage. Every exploit of which the actor was a name, either obsolete or unknown, has found a ready hero in this favourite of their devotion; and many a pearl which glittered of old in the romantic diadems of Rustam, Secunder, or the forgotten heroes of Ind, has been translated to a situation where it may shine to more advantage in the tiara of Mahummud. Some of these gems, it must be confessed, are but "barbaric pearl;" but many appear to be really interesting, and will bear a comparison with anything of the same kind in European literature. The following is one which has frequently amused me, and which I translated from a manuscript given me by an old Moollah from Surat; the story is familiar to the Indian Mussulmans, and perhaps also to those of other countries.

There are many passages in this, as in other specimens of Oriental narrative, whose extravagance at once startles a European imagination out of the dream of reality which more gentle management might have prolonged to the end of the fiction. Most of these, as they are not necessary to the general outline of the story, I have retrenched or changed; the rest, without much violating the better regulations of European literature, will still give a sufficient specimen of what is required from the poets of Hindoostan* to gratify the wild taste of their countrymen.

Shagird.

THE INHABITED WELL.

PART I.

When mid-day's fierce and cloudless sun
  Illumed the desert's sand,
Mahummud pitch'd his spreading tents,
  To rest his wearied band.

From dawn till noon their march had sped,
  Beneath the scorching sun;
For April's fresh'ning spring was pass'd,
  The summer's drought begun.

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* It may amuse some readers to trace similarities between languages so remote as the Hindoostanee and vulgar Scots. The following are a few of the more striking coincidences:—

Scots.	*Hindoostanee.*
Gird, a hoop.	*Gird*, round, circle.
Sing, to singe.	*Sengna*, to toast (bread.)
Peery, a boy's top.	*Phira*, anything whirled round.
Bannock, a toasted cake.	*Bhonna*, to toast.
Huff, pet, anger.	*Khuffa*, angry, vexed.
Hallukit, frolicsome, light-witted.	*Huluka*, light; *wed*, wit.
To Job, to pierce, to prick.	*Chobna*, to prick.
Swatch, a specimen.	*Suwatchna*, to try, to prove.
Ne funk, (a term used by children at marbles) no flinging.	*Ne phenko*, don't fling.
Goose, a tailor's smoothing iron.	*Ghusna*, to rub, to smooth.
Poh, get out.	*Po*, imperative of *Pona*, to go.
Gleur, mud.	*Gilawu*, mud.
Flobby, portly, fat.	*Firbih*, fat.

And faint with thirst, the straggling bands
For water sought the wild;
Where round them far the parching sands,
Each hopeless search beguiled.

Each gasping wanderer faint return'd,
His comrades' hopes to damp;
And raging thirst despairing burn'd
Through all the restless camp.

Mahummud heard the wailing voice
That mid his followers grew:
"Go, Ali, friend beloved," he cried,
"Go thou, the search renew.

"Thy fleet Duldul will bear thee swift,
The region far to spy;
Some fountain hid, some cavern moist,
May meet thy faithful eye."

The generous Ali heard the call,
He seized his fiery steed,
Athwart the desert's arid breadth
He urged impatient speed.

From side to side he search'd the wild,
Each corner vainly tried;
Till mid the desert's far recess
A woodland dark was spied.

Amid that forest's wildest depth
A silent tent was seen;
And still and lone beneath its roof,
A man of ancient mien.

Amid his brow the Brahman's seal
Was press'd with ashes gray,
Before an idol's hideous shape
Absorb'd he stood to pray.

With deep obeisance oft he bent
Before the image grim,
And lowly sung with earnest voice,
His idol's dæmon hymn.

Awhile amazed the hero stood,
Then sternly rushed within:
"Thou hoar idolator," he cried,
"Give o'er thy work of sin.

"Alone to Allah, sovereign God,
Is praise and worship due:
Shalt thou defraud his sacred shrine
To deck an idol crew?

"Away! those fiendish rites forsake,
Attend where I proceed;
The great Mahummud, prophet high,
Shall teach a truer creed."

He seized the Brahman's wither'd hand;
Again they pierced the wood,
Across the burning wild they pass'd,
Amid the camp they stood.

Mahummud saw: with sovereign voice
He called the Brahman near.
"Lo!" cried the Prince, "thine idols leave,
My better counsels hear;

"And go, thy lurking friends recal,
Where'er they flee to hide;
From all their haunts, the scattered crowd,
Before my presence guide."

"My people's haunts," the man replied,
"May scarce be quickly found;
They fled distress'd, when far they heard
Thine host's approaching sound.

"An hundred years my days have pass'd
Amid this lonely wild,
And these the gods, and this the faith,
My fathers taught their child.

"More aged still, my hoary wife
Twice sixty years has seen;
Her wisdom o'er the wilds of life,
My guidance still has been.

"Bid her be brought; if she shall yield
Our father's faith to leave,
I, too, with all our friends, will here
Thy newer faith receive."

Mahummud heard; a troop was sent,
That Brahman old their guide;
That ancient crone was quickly brought
Her husband gray beside.

With stooping years her back was bent,
Like any archer's bow;
Her wily eye was sparkling seen,
Beneath her wrinkled brow.

"How! ancient one," Mahummud cried,
"Canst thou to idols kneel?
Go! leave their den; that faith receive
Whose lessons I reveal."—

The beldam listening, thus replied:
"Our idols we will leave;
Yet one petition thou shalt grant,
Ere we thy faith receive.

"Amidst this desert's burning breadth,
Where we unaided dwell,
To quench in drought our wretched thirst,
Is known one only well.

"A shining lake was there of old,
Where pilgrims loved to drink;
But powers unknown the desert shook,
The waves were seen to sink.

"Now hid within a darksome cave
The scanty waters sleep,
O'ershadow'd cool from wasting suns,
By many a rocky steep.

"But he whose steps have ventured there,
While thirst impatient burn'd,
Cut off by some unearthly hand,
Has never thence return'd.

"The boldest dares not seek the brink,
Though parch'd with sorest drought;
The fainting traveller turns his head,
And shuns the haunted spot.

"And now, do thou, (if such thy power,)
Dissolve this deadly spell;
Send one adventurous warrior forth
The evil power to quell.

"One pitcher there, if thou canst fill,
Nor meet the wonted harm,
Such deed, (our fathers thus revealed,)
Will break the fatal charm.

"And we, the desert's helpless folk,
Shall owe our lives to thee;
Thy God shall then to us be God,
Our Prophet thou shalt be."—

Mahummud, wondering, heard the tale,
He called his heroes nigh:
"And who, my followers, now shall go,
This beldam's feat to try?"

Brave Malik heard his prince's word,
That challenge heard he strange;
He call'd his sturdy followers round
The dreaded wood to range.

Swift o'er the wild the horseman pass'd,
The well at last was seen.
The desert round was brownly parch'd,
The fountain's brink was green.

On hillock near the troop remain'd,
Alone went Malik nigh;
Above the tottering edge he bent,
And downward cast his eye.

A rugged, deep, and yawning pit
Was darkly seen below;
One glimmering sparkle, far beneath,
Seem'd upward gaze to throw.

A while he stood; a shatter'd rock
Within his reach he drew,
And down the dark and empty gulf
The sinking fragment threw.

And, lo! a wild returning roar
Of many sounds was heard,
And fluttering dim across the gulf,
Strange shadowy things appear'd.

Amid the tumult drear of sounds,
Came warning voices high,—
"Depart from hence, thou foot profane,
For he who comes shall die."—

But, all unshaken, Malik heard
Those voices rising drear;
Above the hanging verge he stood,
He call'd his followers near.

"Who first (for all may not approach
This vaunted feat to try)
Who first will down the cave descend,
Its secrets strange to spy?"

Stepp'd instant forth the youthful Saud,
By warrior comrades loved;
"By me," he said, "that depth be sought,
Those airy threat'nings proved."—

From every sword, a belt was ta'en,
A length of cord to tie,—
Around his waist they bound it close,
They held it firm on high.

He traced the far projecting verge,
His downward course to mark,
And soon was fearless hid from view,
Amid the cavern dark.

With gaze intent, with earnest ear,
His comrades there remain'd;
Above, beneath, a silence deep
A while unbroken reign'd.

Yet soon a voice was heard below,
And soon a struggling groan;
Soon up the dark and fearful gulf,
The head of Saud was thrown.

Swift up the pit they saw it rise,
Beside their feet it fell,
It stain'd with blood the grassy turf,
Around the fearful well.

Aghast they stood; the stoutest heart
At that appearance quail'd;
Their bursting tears, their deep lament,
Their comrade's fate bewail'd.

Brave Malik saw the dire event
Of that unhappy hour.
"Such deed," he cried, "declares the might
Of some unearthly power.

"But be the power whate'er it may,
That wrought such deed of ill;
Mahummud's word can well command
Revenge more mighty still."

PART II.

BRAVE Malik wheel'd his followers round,
Again they sought the camp;
The list'ning soldiers heard afar
Their horses' hast'ning tramp.

With instant speed his sov'reign's tent
The noble Malik sought;
He told the strange event, the deed
By demon vengeance wrought.

The sorrowing Prophet heard the tale—
He wept the warrior's fate—
Enwrapt a while in silent prayer,
Amid his chiefs he sate.

Unheard by all, an answering voice
Seem'd he at length to hear;
Attention deep a while was seen
To hold his listening ear.

Obeisance, grateful, then he paid;
The voice that spoke was gone;
Around the Prophet's gladden'd look
Triumphant smile was thrown.

He spoke—and first on Malik sad
He bent approving eye—
"The power that lurks in yonder cave
Might well thy strength defy.

"A messenger, unseen by men,
To me a word has brought:
Alone by Ali, lion-hand,
May this emprize be wrought.

"A Rebel Peri holds the den,
With all his roaming band;
His demon sway is widely spread
O'er many a subject land.

"Go, Ali, seize thy sword of proof;
Go seize thy matchless steed;
By thee must this emprize be wrought,
If mortal hand may speed.

"If earthlike foes shall meet thee there,
Of human force like thine;
Thine own good hand must work its way;
Expect not aid of mine.

"But if their demon arts are tried,
Unearthly force to bring,
Thy sword from me shall power receive,
To wield a living sting.

"Go seek their den: thy sword of might
May fear no fiendish spell.
Go bid them own our higher power,—
Or bind in dungeon fell."

The fearless Ali seized his steed—
He seized his sword of might;
The soldiers gazed; the fleet Duldul
Was soon beyond their sight.

The faithful bands more near approach'd,
The dread event to wait;
Amid their ranks the Prophet stood
Intent on Ali's fate.

But Ali now has reach'd the brink;
Duldul behind him stays;
Above the rock the hero stands
Amid its gulf to gaze.

Within the pit that yawn'd obscure,
His fearless footstep sprung;
From stone to stone his groping hand
In sightless guidance clung.

But narrower soon the deepening gulf
To wildest darkness grew;
And far on high the closing light
Seem'd but a star to view.

The crumbling stones, unfaithful grown,
Refused his foot to stay;
The crags his eager grasp had seiz'd,
Seem'd each to rend away.

He raised his eyes aloft to gaze;
The light was dimm'd on high:
He turn'd beneath—a watery gulf
Was stagnant seen to lie.

Amid the dangers thickening round,
Seem'd hostile beings near;
For threatening voices loud were heard,
Through all the cavern drear.

"Now, God me speed!" the hero cried,
"This den is guarded well:
I would its sprites might stand to view
Nor thus in darkness yell.

"But yet their waters I shall taste,
Did Death sit grimly there:
The sculking fiends, within their haunt,
My trusty sword shall dare."

He said—and down the fearful deep,
(For yet aloft he hung)
Amid the plashing waves beneath,
The fearless hero sprung.

And lo! a thousand gathering tongues
Arose in wild alarm.
They cried, "Our fated foe is come:—
Arm, mighty Genii, arm!"

The wondering Ali gazed around;
No narrow pit was here:
A dismal lake afar was arch'd;
Its waves were cold and drear.

And widely round a darksome shore
By jagged rocks was barr'd;
And glimmering sprites were there beheld,
That shore's terrific guard.

But creatures strange amid the deep,
Approaching fierce were seen;
In caverns deep their gloomy haunts
From countless days had been.

As through the wave the hero dash'd,
Their horrid heads were raised;
And glaring eyes, aghast with fear,
Athwart the darkness gazed.

The sword of Ali, brandish'd high,
Like fiery gleam was seen:
They saw—they sunk—and stillness reign'd
Through all the dreary scene.

A far and darksome bay to reach,
The lonely champion strove;
Where round the shore no voice was heard,
No watcher seen to rove.

But ere his foot had touch'd the land,
Loud rose a wild alarm;
A thousand tongues encircling cried—
"Arm! mighty Genii, arm!"

And one dread voice was louder heard,
Like thunder o'er the storm—
"Arm, Genii, guard your Peri King;
Rise, crush the earthly worm.

"He comes with fierce Mahummud's power,
Our high and haughty foe;
The Prophet's hand has bless'd his sword,
To work you endless woe.

"Guard, Genii, guard your Peri King—
Surround his sceptre high:
With him your reign of power shall live—
With him your power must die!"

In echoes long that fearful voice
Amid the darkness rang;
And sounds unknown in wild reply
In many peals were flung.

Amid the dim and ghastly shore
Stood Ali gazing lone—
Bewildering threats around were heard,
And living thing was none.

Amid the cavern's wilds remote,
Was seen a flitting beam;
And flashing light was seen to rise,
And sink with dismal gleam.

And seen at times by wandering fires,
A cloud of darkness rose;
Like clouds that up the darken'd sky
The burning mountain throws.

The whirling smoke and mingled flame
To Ali nearer drew;
The glimmering cave and boundless lake
Were dim exposed to view.

And loud and drear a voice was heard,
"Arm, mighty Genii, arm!
Surround your Monarch's trembling throne;
Wake every powerful charm."

PART III.

The while Mahummud tranquil stood
On rocky fragment high;
In silence deep their ranks dissolved,
His followers cluster'd nigh.

They look'd, and, lo! from yonder pit,
The smoke arising came;
Its swelling clouds were redly tinged
With streaks of darting flame.

Continual up the cavern's throat
The gloomy masses flew;
And o'er the desert's sunny air
Their darksome shadows threw.

The faithful soldiers wildly gazed,
Loud rose their hollow moan:
"Mahummud's bravest friend is lost,
Our Lion Chief is gone!"

But high Mahummud's tranquil look
Unchanging still remain'd;
He bade their shuddering moanings cease,
Their tears be all restrain'd.

"Where Ali wields his sword of might,
Where Genii wield their spell,
That fight no mortal eye may see,
No mortal tongue may tell.

"But power beyond the power of men,
To me the combat shews;
By me is Ali's valour seen,
By me his demon foes.

"Let no impatience vex your thoughts,
No murmurs stain your tongue;
Let prayers to aid your hero's sword
To Allah's throne be flung."

He said, and bent his earnest look,
That pierced through earth and stone—
To him the demon cave was seen,
Its darkest deeds were known.

And o'er the desert's silent depth
Arose his followers' prayer;
The startled wilds return'd their voice
On all the lonely air.

Amid a rock that wily crone
(Whom first I mentioned) stood;
Her muttering lips were seen to move,
Her prayer was not of good.

Yet none could know the words she spoke,
Some language strange were they—
Now low within her lip she lisp'd,
Now sung a mutter'd lay.

And still as louder rose her prayer,
A darker smoke was roll'd,
And redder flames were seen to rise
Above the cavern old.

Mahummud saw her moving lips;
He saw the rushing fire;
He turned him swift with wrathful glance,
He raised his sword in ire.

The crone beheld; her sparkling eye
Was quench'd in guilty shame;
Whene'er his piercing glance she met
Cold trembling seized her frame;

And lo! when thus her prayer was broke,
The lightnings fainter shone;
The darkening smoke that rush'd on high,
In slower clouds was thrown.

And far beneath the soldiers deem'd,
A voice beloved they knew,
"Ulhumdolillah!* Victory!"
The words distincter grew.

Their champion's sword had surely broke
The Genii's boasted spell;
The quivering earth was felt to shake
Around the haunted well.

And, loosed from prisoning caves beneath,
Were waters heard to rush,
Like floods that burst the rocky den
Where Ganges sources gush.

But smoke was still arising dark,
To hide the earth and sky;
And voices wild were dismal heard
Amid the gloom to cry.

That haggard crone their signal knew—
"I come," she cried, "I come;
Thy boasted spell hath now been broke,
And I must share thy doom!"

She said, and swift by whirlwind force,
Amid the gloom was borne:
Mahummud's gaze pursued her there—
He laugh'd in haughty scorn.

The Prophet waved his gleaming sword,
He called on Allah's name;
And, lo! from forth the desert far
A breeze arising came.

The darksome folds of gather'd smoke
That o'er the cavern hung,
That gentle breeze invading pierced,
And far dispersing flung.

The gloomy mass was slow dissolved,
Slow clear'd the darken'd scene;
And, lo! beneath its melting smoke
A glimmering lake was seen.

With tranquil breast the shining wave
Reflects the brightening sky;
Athwart its far-expanded breadth
A ship is seen to hie.

With arrowy speed the shallop came,
Her swiftness seemed to fly;
And Ali's crescent flag was seen
In triumph waving high.

The soldiers' gaze intently strain'd,
Their champion soon could know;
His stately form triumphant rose,
Above the galley's prow.

And other shapes, obscurely seen,
A gloomy gesture bore;
For, bound beneath in servile chains,
His captives plied the oar.

And fetter'd dark beneath the mast,
Their rebel king appears;
And yonder hag at Ali's feet
Is pouring abject tears.

"Go, Malik," thus the Prophet cried,
"The victor chieftain meet:
Thus bid him seal the rebels' fate,
That crouch beneath his feet.

"Amid the lake, yon islet parch'd
Their place of chains shall be;
As gladden'd pilgrims stoop to drink,
The envious band shall see.

"Let those who mock'd at others' woe,
Themselves in fetters pray;
Let those who gave the rebels aid,
An equal ransom pay.

"If passing years shall quench their hate;
If proofs of faith be shown;
My word, their pardon then may seek
At Allah's mighty throne."

SHAGIRD.

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* Praise be to God.

LORD BYRON AND MR LANDOR.

To the Editor of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine:

SIR,—In a poem, lately published by Lord Byron, named Christian, or the Island, occurs a note severely reflecting on Mr Landor.

"If the reader will apply to his ear the sea-shell on his chimney-piece, he will be aware of what is alluded to. If the text should appear obscure, he will find in "Geber" the same idea better expressed in two lines. The poem I never read, but have heard the lines quoted by a more recondite reader—who seems to be of a different opinion from the Editor of the Quarterly Review, who qualified it, in his answer to the Critical Reviewer of his Juvenal, as trash of the worst and most insane description. It is to Mr Landor, the author of Geber, so qualified, and of some Latin poems, which vie with Martial or Catullus in obscenity, that the immaculate Mr Southey addresses his declamation against impurity."

To defend Mr Landor from the charge of indecency, brought by such a person as the author of Don Juan, and other works which dare not see the light, being more obscene than Don Juan, would be mere waste of words. I shall therefore only indicate the reason why Lord B. has attacked Mr Landor. It was not his verse, but his prose, which excited the hostility of the peer—though his lordship slurs that circumstance altogether. In Mr Landor's elegant Quæstiuncula, the following passage occurs:

"Summi poetæ in omni poetarum sæculo viri fuerunt probi: in nostris id vidimus et videmus; neque alius est error a veritate longius quam magna ingenia magnis necessario corrumpi vitiis. Secundo plerique posthabent primum, hi malignitate, illi ignorantia, et quum aliquem inveniunt styli morumque vitiis notatum, nec infectum tamen nec in libris edendis parcum, eum stipant, prædicant, occupant, amplectuntur. Si mores aliquantulum vellet corrigere, si stylum curare paululum, si fervido ingenio temperare, si moræ tantillum interponere, tum ingens nescio quid et vere epicum, quadraginta annos natus, procuderet. Ignorant vero febriculis non indicari vires, impatientiam ab imbecillitate non differre; ignorant a levi homine et inconstante multa fortasse scribi posse plusquam mediocria, nihil compositum, arduum, æternum."

The application is plain, and hence the anger of Lord B. Mr L. might have written worse than Petronius, without stirring the indignation of the great moralist of Don Juan; but the "*aliquis styli morumque vitiis notatus,*" the "*levis homo et inconstans,*" and the low appreciation of Lord Byron's admirers, were not to be forgiven. Libelled, of course, Mr Landor must be, and, of course, the first opportunity was taken for the purpose. The lines about the shell in Christian were obviously written to bring him in by the head and shoulders.

Will you permit me to quote the following passage, as a specimen of sound Latinity, and as a just castigation of the Reviewers of Mr Wordsworth—his Lordship's quondam butts, though now his most honourable friends and allies?

"Habebant antiqui Ruvidos, Cassios, Aquinos, Suffenos, ut habemus in Britannia nostra Brogamos, Jefrisios, et centum alios librariorum vernas, cum venenis et fuligine prostantes, bonis omnibus et scriptoribus et viris ipsa rerum natura infensos. At quibus ego te vocibus compellem, vir, civis, philosophe, poeta, præstantissime, qui sæculum nostrum ut nullo priore minus gloriosum sit effeceris; quem nec domicilium longinquum, nec vita sanctissima, neque optimorum voluntas, charitas, propensio, neque hominum fere universorum reverentia, inviolatum conservavit; cujus sepulchrum, si mortuus esses antequam nasceretur, ut voti rei invisserent, et laudi sibi magnæ ducerent vel aspici vel credi ibidem ingemiscere. In eorum ingeniis observandum est quod Narniensi agro evenisse meminit Cicero, siccitate lutum fieri. Floces et fraces, ut veterea dicerent, literarum, discant illud utinam quod exemplo docent, nihil afferre opis vesaniente animum ingenii malacia. Commode se haberent res mortalium si unum quisque corrigeret: de facto universi consentiunt, de homine plerique dissident."

Leaving this to the consideration of the Brogami, Jefrisii, and the other "librariorum vernæ," I have the honour to be,

Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
IDOLOCLASTES.

London, July 4, 1823.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. X.

A Fragment.

* * * * * * * *

ODOHERTY.

Chorus then.—Buller, awake, man.—Chorus, all of you, I say.

Chorus of Contributors.

So triumph to the Tories, and woe to the Whigs,
And to all other foes of the nation;
Let us be through thick and thin caring nothing for the prigs
Who prate about conciliation.

DR MULLION.

Bravo, Odoherty, Bravissimo!—that is decidedly one of your very best effusions.

ODOHERTY.

No blarney to me, *mon ami*. I have taken my degrees in that celebrated university. In candour, however, and equity, I am bound to say, that I do think it a pretty fairish song, as songs go now-a-days.

NORTH.

Why, it must be admitted, that there is an awful quantity of bad songs vented just now.

TICKLER.

It must be the case as long as they issue in such shoals; the bad must bear a huge proportion to the good at all times; for they are just the off-throwings of the ephemeral buoyancy of spirit of the day; and as actual buoyancy of spirit generally breeds nonsense, and affectation of it is always stupidity, you must e'en be content with your three grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff.

NORTH.

Yes, yes—they must be from their very nature ephemeral. Which of all our songs—I don't mean particularly those of the present company—but of all the songs now written and composed by all the song-writers now extant—will be alive a hundred years hence?

ODOHERTY.

Just as many as are now alive of those written and composed, as you most technically phrase it, a hundred years since.

TICKLER.

And that is but poor harvest indeed. Look over any of the song-books that contain the ditties of our grandmothers or great-grandmothers, and you will scarcely ever turn up a song familiar to anybody but professed readers.

ODOHERTY.

More's the pity. By all that's laughable, the reflection saddens me. "Pills to purge Melancholy," has become a melancholious book in itself. You read page after page, puzzling yourself to make out the possibility—how any human mouth could by any device have got through the melodies—the uncouth melodies——

BULLER.

You know Tom D'Urfèy's plan? He used to take a country dance, the more intricate the better; for, as you see by his dedication, he prided himself on that kind of legerdemain, and then put words to it as well as he could.

ODOHERTY.

I know—I know—but I was saying that it is an unpleasant sort of feeling you have about you, when you peruse, like a groping student, songs that you are sure made palace and pot-house ring with jollity and fun in the days of

merry King Charles, and warmed the gallantry of the grenadiers of Britain at the siege of Namur, under hooked-nose Oldglorious, or of

Our countrymen in Flanders
A hundred years ago,
When they fought like Alexanders
Beneath the great Marlboro'.

NORTH.

Ay, "the odour's fled." They are like uncorked soda-water. Honest Tom D'Urfèy, I think I see him now in my mind's eye, Horatio, holding his song-book with a tipsy gravity, and trolling forth—

Joy to great Cæsar,
Long life and pleasure,

with old Rowley leaning on his shoulder, partly out of that jocular familiarity, which endeared him to the people in spite of all his rascalities, and partly to keep himself steady, humming the bass.

BULLER.

Have you seen Dr Kitchener's book?

NORTH.

I have, and a good, jovial, loyal book it is. The Doctor is, by all accounts, a famous fellow—great in cookery, medicine, music, poetry, and optics, on which he has published a treatise.

ODOHERTY.

I esteem the Doctor.

NORTH.

The devil you do!—after cutting him up so abominably in my Magazine, in an article, you know, inserted while I was in Glasgow, without my knowledge.

ODOHERTY.

Why are you always reminding a man of his evil-doings? Consider that I have been white-washed by the Insolvent Court since, and let all my sins go with that white-washing. To cut the matter short, I had a most excellent Cookery-book written, founded on the principles practised in the 99th mess, and was going to treat with Longman's folks about it, when Kitchener came out, and pre-occupied the market. You need not wonder, therefore, at my tickling up the worthy Doctor, who himself enjoyed the fun, being a loyal fellow to the back-bone; a Tory tough and true. We are now the best friends in the world.

MULLION.

Well, let that pass—What song-writer of our days, think you, will live? Moore?

NORTH.

Moore! No, he has not the stamina in him at all. His verses are elegant, pretty, glittering, anything you please in that line; but they have defects which will not allow them to get down to posterity. For instance, the querulous politics, on your local affairs, Odoherty, which make them now so popular with a very large class of your countrymen, are mere matters of the day, which will die with the day; for I hope you do not intend to be always fighting in Ireland?

ODOHERTY.

I do not know how that will be—better fighting than stagnating; but, at all events, I hope we will change the grounds somewhat—I hate monotony; I trust that my worthy countrymen will get some new matter of tumult for the next generation.

NORTH.

It is probable that they will—and then, you know, Moore's—"Oh! breathe not his name," "Erin, the tear," &c. &c. will be just as forgotten as any of the things in Hogg's Jacobite relics.

TICKLER.

Which will ever stand, or rather fall, as a memento of the utter perishableness of all party song-writing.

NORTH.

And then there's Moore's accursed fancy for showing off learning, and his botany, and zoology, and meteorology, and mythology.

ODOHERTY.

O ay, and the mixed metaphor, and the downright nonsense—the song you quoted just now could be finely amended.

NORTH.

What song?

ODOHERTY.

"Erin, the smile, and the tear in thine eyes, blend like the rainbow," &c. Now, that is a washy, watery comparison for my hard-drinking country—I lay £5 that a jug of punch would be a more accurate and truly philosophical emblem; as thus. There's the Protestant part of the population inferior in quantity, superior in strength, apt to get at the head, evidently the whisky of the compound. The Roman Catholics, greater in physical proportions, but infinitely weaker, and usually very hot, are shadowed forth by the water. The Orangemen, as their name implies, are the fruit, which some palates think too sour, and therefore reject, while others think that it alone gives grateful flavour to the whole.

MULLION.

And what's the sugar?

ODOHERTY.

Why, the conciliators dropped in among us to sweeten our acidity—and you know some think that they have supplied with too liberal a hand,—very much at the risk of turning the stomachs of the company.

NORTH.

A hopeful illustration—but in truth, Odoherty, your whole conversation is redolent of nothing but drink.

ODOHERTY.

I am like Tom Moore's First Angel—the gentleman without a name, and admire compotation, not exactly "the juice of Earth," however, as Tom calls it, that being, I take it, ditch-water.

MULLION.

You never saw the song Tom intended for this drunken angel of his after his fall?

ODOHERTY.

Not I—parade it—Is it not in the poem?

MULLION.

No, Denman, who is Moore's doer of late, cut it out, just as he cut up the Fables. I have a copy, however, which I shall sing.

Song of a Fallen Angel over a Bowl of Rum-punch. By T. M. Esq.

Heap on more coal there,
And keep the glass moving,
The frost nips my nose,
Though my heart glows with loving.
Here's the dear creature,
No skylights—a bumper;
He who leaves heeltaps
I vote him a mumper.
With hey cow rumble O,
Whack! populorum,
Merrily, merry men,
Push round the jorum.

What are Heaven's pleasures
That so very sweet are?
Singing from psalters,
In long or short metre.

Planked on a wet cloud
  Without any breeches,
Just like the Celtic,
  Met to make speeches.
    With hey cow rumble, &c.

Wide is the difference,
  My own boozing bullies,
Here the round punch-bowl,
  Heap'd to the full is.
Then if some wise one
  Thinks that up "yonder"
Is pleasant as we are,
  Why—he's in a blunder.
    With hey cow rumble, &c.

NORTH.

A very hopeful and well-behaved angel, by my word.

MULLION.

Enough of Moore. Campbell——

NORTH.

Has written one song, which I hope will live as long as "the flag of Old England waves lordly in pride,"—that is, I hope, for ever. I mean the Mariners of England.

TICKLER.

A glorious song indeed! But Campbell has disgraced himself by a shabby song, in the New Monthly, about the Spaniards. It is not fit for a gentleman like Campbell to fall into the filthy slang of the blackguards of the press, and write low stuff about Prince Hilt, or to call the grand old stainless flag of France, (which *he* knows—the blackguards do not—is linked with so many splendid recollections) the "White emblem of white liver.'

DR MULLION.

Some of Sir Walter's songs will certainly live.

NORTH.

Perhaps—those in his Poems and his Novels, if they are his; but I do not recollect anything particular of any other; and, in point of fact, you never do hear them sung by anybody. Bishop, by the way, has very poorly set County Guy, very poorly indeed.

ODOHERTY.

I like Bishop, a worthy pleasant fellow; but, somehow or other, I think his music generally but compilation,—a bar from this body and a bar from that body—curiously indented and dovetailed, I admit, but still only joinery and cabinet-making.

NORTH.

Nobody has said a word about Byron.

TICKLER.

Dead as Harry the Eighth, and it is a pity. Heavens! who can think that the author of Childe Harold, and Manfred, and Don Juan, should have sunk to what he is now, a scribbler in a dirty magazine, and a patron of the Hunts! It, however, speaks volumes in favour of the morality of the country, after all, when we find, that even genius, such as his, must sink, if it dares oppose what we are still determined to call religion and loyalty.

ODOHERTY, (*handing the Island to North.*)

I have brought down Christian. Would you wish to look at it?

BULLER.

Does it sell?

ODOHERTY.

Not at all, though the third edition is advertised. I was told at Longman's, that they had not disposed of a hundred. It would have had a better chance with Murray; but he and his lordship have broken, after a furious quarrel. The correspondence between them is said to be curious.

BULLER.

Of course we shall have an awful libel on Joannes de Moravia in due time.

ODOHERTY.

I hope so, from the bottom of my soul; for then Murray will take vengeance in turn. I had rather than a tenpenny, and that cash, that we *could* print Byron's Critique on the Pot of Basil.

TICKLER.

Faugh, don't mention it.

NORTH.

Christian, I see, is a poor thing, with a good bit here and there in it, but not the least originality. He is the old hero—the Lara, the Conrad, the fellow of whom his lordship found the germ in Miss Lee's Kruitzner, transported to Botany Bay, or thereabouts, where, instead of mosques, and kiosks, and tambourgis, and phingaris, we are entertained with Toobonai, and Boolootoo, Mooa, Figi, Hooni, Licoo, Guatoo, Goostrumfoo, *et omne quod* endeth in oo. And the womankind are the old womankind, not a bit the worse for the wear.

TICKLER.

Yes, and you have the same amazing industry in transferring Bligh's Narrative, that he has shewn so often before. But the introduction—and indeed some other passages, remind us of the better days of Byron.—Listen,

" The morning watch was come; the vessel lay
Her course, and gently made her liquid way;
The cloven billow flash'd from off her prow,
In furrows form'd by that majestic plough;
The waters with their worlds were all before;
Behind, the South Sea's many an islet shore.
The quiet night, now dappling, 'gan to wane,
Dividing darkness from the dawning main;
The dolphins, not unconscious of the day,
Swam high, as eager of the coming ray;
The stars from broader beams began to creep,
And lift their shining eye-lids from the deep;
The sail resumed its lately shadow'd white,
And the wind flutter'd with a fresh'ning flight;
The purple ocean owns the coming sun,
But ere he break—a deed is to be done."

ODOHERTY.

Very toploftical, to be sure. Commend me to the panegyric on what our friend Fogarty (from whom his lordship appears to have taken the idea) calls " Tobacco, lord of plants."

But here the herald of the self-same mouth
Came breathing o'er the aromatic south,
Not like a " bed of violets" on the gale,
But such as wafts its cloud o'er grog or ale,
Borne from a short frail pipe, which yet had blown
Its gentle odours over either zone,
And puff'd where'er winds rise or waters roll,
Had wafted smoke from Portsmouth to the Pole,
Opposed its vapour as the lightning flashed,
And reeked, 'midst mountain-billows unabash'd,
To Æolus a constant sacrifice,
Through every change of all the varying skies.
And what was he who bore it? I may err,
But deem him sailor or philosopher.
Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;

Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe,
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

And as we are talking of it, do hand us over that paper of Cotton's best, until I blow a cloud.

NORTH.

Why, Odoherty, you have scarcely brought us any news from London.

ODOHERTY.

How could you expect blood from a turnip? There's no news there. Parliament was just spinning down, when I quitted the city, as drowsily as a tetotum—nothing doing in the *monde literaire*—the Haymarket gay, to be sure, and our friend Terry, drollest of actors, as he is among the worthiest of men, making the populace laugh—but I brought you down a special article on London, from a friend of mine, which will tell you everything tellable, so you need not pump me.

DR MULLION.

Did you see any of the gentlemen of the press?

ODOHERTY.

Saw the whole goodly army of martyrs in full array; just as stupendously dull as ever, and, unless I mistake, more *vicious*, to speak as a jockey among the lower orders, than varmint. When I knew the body first, they were a fine hard-drinking pudding-headed race, who just got through their balaam as fast as their fingers would let them—spouted at the Eccentrics—regaled themselves with cheese and porter, and occasionally, when the funds were good, with Hollands and water, not caring a single sixpence for politics, or thinking themselves at all primed up with the opinions they were advocating—and there are still some of that good old school surviving, with two or three of whom I got misty one night at Offley's—but, sir, the Cockney portion of them have been horribly altered for the worse.

NORTH.

How?

ODOHERTY.

The poor creatures actually have set up to have opinions of their own—the idiots—and to have personal quarrels, and animosities, and principles, and fiddle-de-dee.

TICKLER.

Mighty audacious. Can't they eat their victuals when they get them in peace.

NORTH.

The newspaper press is unquestionably becoming very base. What a hideous, a detestable attack, some of the Whig and Radical papers made on John Bull!

ODOHERTY.

Well, do the press-gang itself justice! There was almost a universal outcry at that brutal business even among themselves. It was abominable. John, however, put it down like a man.

NORTH.

Well now, had the unfortunate Beaconites, which we still have thrown in our faces, though heaven knows their worst crime was stupidity—done anything approaching that in atrocity, what an uproar would have been raised by the whole Whig party!

TICKLER.

And deservedly, for they would have been base assassins; but the Whigs may do anything—the basest as well as the most malignant of people.

ODOHERTY, (*sings.*)

Rail no more, Tories, rail no more;
Whigs are but asses ever,
On land, on wave, on sea, on shore,
All rascals of white liver.
Then rail not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting sounds of wrath and woe
Into hey Ninny! nonny.

2.

Sing merry ditties, and no mo
Of lumps so dull and heavy;
The heads of Whigs were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then rail not so, &c.

There's a touch Shakesperian for you, in the twinkling of a bed-post.

NORTH.

You are not drinking anything, Tickler.

TICKLER.

I cannot say I like your wine. It is souring on my stomach.

NORTH.

Cannot you get spirits then. I'll concoct a jug.

TICKLER, (*sings.*)

So be it.

Drink to me only from a jug,
And I will pledge in mine;
So fill my glass with whisky punch,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that in my throat doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
That honour I'd resign.

The second verse is not worth parodying. Aye, this is something like. Your health, Mr Editor.

NORTH.

Mr Tickler, I have the pleasure of drinking your very good health. Apropos, has not Boone published a poem on things in general?

ODOHERTY.

I saw one in a certain place, sadly mutilated, and have read only two pages. It is a puff on Mr Canning.

TICKLER.

Very superfluous, therefore. It is, moreover, a good joke to see the great man of the Council of Ten, the essence of gravity, thinking to flatter the witty Antijacobin by his balaam.

NORTH.

Canning must have laughed at the idea, in his sleeve, I mean—for a minister can never laugh otherwise.

BULLER.

I suppose he addressed the book,

——O Boone, ne te
Frustrere.

* * * * * * * *

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Alaric A. Watts will publish in a few days, Poetical Sketches, with Stanzas for Music, and other Poems. This volume was printed for private circulation about twelve months ago, and was noticed with commendation in our Magazine of April last.

Mr Sheldrake has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, an Inquiry into the Origin and Practice of Painting in Oil, to ascertain what was the real invention of Van Eyck, and what were the materials and vehicle that were used by Giorgione, and the fine Artists of the Venetian School. To which will be added some information on the old Painted and Stained Glass; a Recipe for Preparing and Drying Oil of superior quality, which is only known to the Author; and an Attempt to ascertain some Colours which were used by the old Painters, but which are unknown to the Artists of the present time. The Work to be dedicated (by permission) to Sir Thomas Lawrence, R. A.

A series of Lectures on the Elements of Chemical Science, lately delivered at the Surrey Institution by Mr Gurney, will soon be published.

Part I. of the Museum Worsleyanum, being a Collection made by the late Sir Richard Worsley, Bart., of Antique Bass Relievos, Bustos, Statues, and Gems, with Views of places in the Levant.

A Dictionary of all Religions and Religious Sects, ancient and modern; also of Ecclesiastical History, and Theological Controversy, by Mrs Hannah Adams, will soon appear.

Mr Mereweather has in the press a Treatise on the Law of Boroughs and Corporations, deduced from the earliest to the present times, and including their General History; the History, Origin, and Law, of the Right of Election, and of the King's Prerogative in granting Charters; as well as the binding effect of Charters and Bye-laws, and the power of Corporations to admit Freemen; with an Appendix of Records, and illustrative of these points.

Mr J. D. Worgan is preparing for publication, a Treatise on a Molet, in 45 Parts, 10 Vocal and 35 Instrumental; composed for every class of Voice and every sort of Instrument generally used in Concert; and Illustrated by two Lectures, of which a Prospectus has been published.

A new edition of the Decameron of Boccaccio, from the original Text from the MS. of Manelli, by Mr Biageoli.

A Classical Assistant to the Study of Homer, Virgil, and in the Translations of Pope and Dryden, will soon appear from the pen of Mrs Oom.

A New Map of the Country Twelve Miles round London, on a scale of one inch and a quarter to a mile, containing the whole of the Roads, (which are from actual survey,) the exact situation of the Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Seats, with the Names of the Occupiers, and every other object worthy of notice, will appear in a few days.

The Wilderness, or the Youthful Days of Washington, a Tale of the West, by Solomon Secondsight, will soon appear.

Madame Adele du Thon is about to publish an Account of the Public and Private Charitable Institutions of the Parish of St Marylebonne.

Italian Stories; selected and translated by Miss Holford, Author of Wallace, Warbeck of Wolfstein, &c., are announced for publication.

A Memoir of Central India, (including Malwa and adjoining Provinces,) with the History and copious Illustrations of the past and present condition of that Country, with an original Map, Tables of the Revenue and Population; a Geological Report and comprehensive Index; by Sir John Malcolm, G. C. B., &c. will appear in the course of the present month.

The Case of the High Sheriff of Dublin. This volume will comprise a sketch of the transactions in Ireland which have led to this important Inquiry; all the Speeches in Parliament connected with it, from Mr Brownlow's Motion downward and inclusive; the Minutes of Evidence, as printed by order of the House of Commons, with Notes and References; the Papers presented to Parliament, and several unpublished Documents. The whole prepared for the Press by a Barrister of the Middle Temple.

Shortly will be published, Mammon in London, or the Spy of the Day; a characteristic and satirical Romance, on the model of Le Diable Boiteux. In 3 vols.

Facetiæ Cantabrigienses; Anecdotes, Smart Sayings, &c. by, or relating to, celebrated Cantabs; being a Companion to the Cambridge Tart.

A Bengalee Version of Todd's enlarged edition of Johnson's Dictionary is in a course of publication in India. The public will be indebted for this work to the labours of Baboo Ram Comul, senior, and Mr Felix Carey.

A History and Description of Westminster Hall, with a Plan of the Hall, and an Elevation of the Northern Portal, is now in the press.

No. I. of Roman Antiquities; or, the Durobrisse of Antoninus Identified; in a series of Plates, illustrative of the Excava-

ted Remains of the Roman Station at Castor; with Plates of the Mosaic Pavements, &c. By E. T. Artis.

In the press, Letters on the Highlands of Scotland, containing Descriptions of the Scenery, and an Account of the Manners, Usages, Antiquities, History, &c., of the Highlanders. Written and addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

Truth; or, an Appeal to the People of England, in behalf of the Oppressed Poor in the South of Ireland; laying open the great first cause of their Poverty, Disease, and Crime; pointing out the inefficacy of those Means which are now suggested for Relief; and urging the Adoption of a just and natural Measure, by which alone they can be effectually rescued from present, and preserved from future Misery.

In a few days will be published, a Grammar of the Latin Language, by C. G. Zumpt, Professor in the Frederic's Gymnasium, Berlin. Translated from the German, with additions, by the Rev. John Kenrick, A. M.

A new edition is preparing of the Diversions of Purley, by John Horne Tooke.

The Aristocracy of Wealth and Fashion; being a concise Account of the Scotch and Irish Baronets; and of the Knights and most considerable or distinguished Commoners of Great Britain and Ireland, after the manner of the Peerage and English Baronetage, &c., &c.

A Description of an Electrical Telegraph, and of some other Electrical Apparatus, with eight Plates, by Francis Ronalds, will soon appear.

The Rev. R. Adams has in the press, the Religious World Displayed; or, a View of the Four Grand Systems of Religion, namely, Christianity, Judaism, Paganism, and Mahommedism, and of the various existing Denominations, Sects, and Parties, in the Christian world.

A Gentleman, well known in the Literary World, is at present occupied in preparing a History of Modern Italy. This Work, offering a compressed Version of M. De Sismondi's invaluable Histoire des Republiques Italiennes, and completed from Muratori and other original authorities, is nearly ready for publication in 8vo.

Miscellaneous Collections, forming a Fourth Volume to the Lounger's Common-Place Book.

A New beautifully printed and popular royal 12mo volume for the use of Commercial Gentlemen, will appear in a few days, by Mr Wright, Accountant, Fenchurch Street, entitled, "The New Mercantile Assistant, and General Cheque Book," containing Nine copious and distinct Sets of Tables.—The first Series, (which contain more than One Hundred Tables) are Calculations by Reduction, on a Novel and Simple principle; exhibiting, at one view, what any Commodity, purchased in the aggregate, *i. e.* by the Ton or Cwt., costs per single lb., stone, or qr., any Number of lbs. or stones, or qrs.; or *vice versa*.—The Eight other Tables relate to the Public Funds, Life Annuities, Wine and Spirits, Hay and Corn, &c. &c. all peculiarly simple, and adapted to the purposes of Commerce, and as a cheque in the Counting-House.

Nearly ready—a new Edition of "The Young Countess," a Tale for Youth, much improved and embellished by two fine Engravings by Rhodes, from Drawings by Craig.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ARCHITECTURE.

Architectural Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London; accompanied by Historical, Descriptive, and Critical Accounts. By J. Britton, F. S. A., &c., and Augustus Pugin. No. II. price 5s. medium 8vo.; 8s. imperial 8vo.; and 14s. medium 4to., with proofs.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

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	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
June 1	M.41	29.939	M.64	W.	Foren. suns. aftern. dull.	June 16	M.58	29.998	M.61	Cble.	Frost morn., sunsh. day.
	A.55	.570	A.58				A.54	.999	A.61		
2	M.41	.201	M.58	W.	Foren. sh. aftern. fair.	17	M.37½	.999	M.63	Cble.	Cold morn. day warm.
	A.51	.204	A.56				A.54	30.102	A.60		
3	M.38	.138	M.58	W.	Heavy shrs. rain.	18	M.42	.152	M.60	E.	Dull foren. aft. warm.
	A.50	28.999	A.58				A.51	.136	A.58		
4	M.37	.938	M.58	W.	Dull, with shrs. rain.	19	M.38	.101	M.59	E.	Dull and cold.
	A.51	.938	A.59				A.50	29.999	A.57		
5	M.39	.937	M.57	W.	Dull, with heavy sh.	20	M.40½	.980	M.55	E.	Dull foren. sunsh. aft.
	A.52	29.202	A.55				A.50	.940	A.55		
6	M.40	.464	M.58	W.	Changeable, with rain.	21	M.41	.938	M.55	E.	Dull and cold.
	A.53	.307	A.59				A.49	.962	A.55		
7	M.40½	.399	M.59	SW.	Cold, and shrs. rain.	22	M.39½	.996	M.57	NE.	Foren. cold, aftern. mild.
	A.53	.582	A.59				A.49	.985	A.55		
8	M.44	.312	M.60	Cble.	Changeable, with h. shrs.	23	M.39	.901	M.59	Cble.	Foren. sun. dull aftern.
	A.55	.416	A.56				A.50	.732	A.59		
9	M.42	.552	M.60	NW.	Dull foren. warm aftern.	24	M.41	.588	M 58	Cble.	Rain morn. dull day.
	A.53	.624	A.58				A.53	.376	A.56		
10	M.39	.769	M.55	Cble.	Rain foren. warm aftern.	25	M.40½	.270	M.58	W.	Dull, heavy sh. hail.
	A.49	.851	A.58				A.51	.253	A.57		
11	M.42	.753	M.61	Cble.	Dull, but fair.	26	M.35	.247	M.57	W.	Sunsh. and fair.
	A.57	.750	A.60				A.49	.247	A.60		
12	M.46	.705	M.61	W.	Dull, rain morning.	27	M.38½	.250	M.59	E.	Th. & light, foren. rain.
	A.57	.722	A.62				A.51	.154	A.58		
13	M.50	.602	M.65	Cble.	Dull, but fair.	28	M.39	28.999	M.58	E.	Dull, fair, with thund.
	A.61	.578	A.60				A.55	29.205	A.62		
14	M.42	.650	M.60	NW.	Dull morn. sunsh. aft.	29	M.45	.390	M.65	E.	Warm and dull, with sh.
	A.52	.605	A.59				A.57	.568	A.62		
15	M.58	.750	M.59	Cble.	Morn. cold, day sunsh.	30	M.45	.728	M.62	E.	Changeable, warm.
	A.50	.950	A.56				A.58	.695	A.58		

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HADDINGTON.—*July 11.*

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...31s. 0d.	1st, ...28s. 6d.	1st; ...22s. 6d.	1st, ... 19s. 6d.	1st, ... 19s. 6d.
2d, ...30s. 6d.	2d, ...26s. 6d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d, ... 17s. 6d.	2d, ... 17s. 6d.
3d, ...28s. 0d.	3d, ...25s. 0d.	3d, ...18s. 0d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 8s. 10d. 6-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended July 5.

Wheat, 60s. 1d.—Barley, 31s. 6d.—Oats, 25s. 1d.—Rye, 36s. 7d.—Beans, 36s. 7d.—Pease, 36s. 5d.

London, Corn Exchange, July 7.

	s.		s.		s.		s.
Wheat, red, old	—	to	—	Maple, new	—	to	—
Fine ditto . .	50	to	54	White pease .	34	to	38
Superfine ditto	56	to	60	Ditto, boilers .	40	to	45
Ditto, new . .	44	to	48	Small Beans, new	32	to	36
White, old .	—	to	—	Ditto, old . .	34	to	36
Fine ditto . .	54	to	60	Tick ditto, new	28	to	32
Superfine ditto	64	to	66	Ditto, old . .	30	to	33
Ditto, new . .	45	to	52	Feed oats . .	20	to	23
Rye	33	to	36	Fine ditto . .	22	to	25
Barley, new .	27	to	30	Poland ditto .	22	to	26
Fine ditto . .	31	to	33	Fine ditto . .	27	to	28
Superfine ditto	34	to	35	Potato ditto .	23	to	26
Malt	50	to	54	Fine ditto . .	27	to	28
Fine	55	to	58	Scotch . . .	28	to	29
Hog Pease .	34	to	36	Flour, per sack	50	to	60
Maple . . .	37	to	40	Ditto, seconds	46	to	54

Seeds, &c.

	s.		s.	d.		s.		s.	d.
Must. White, .	11	to	12	0	Hempseed .	32	to	36	0
— Brown, new	9	to	15	0	Linseed, crush.	38	to	54	0
Tares, per qr.	28	to	36	0	— Fine . .	46	to	54	0
Sanfoin,	30	to	34	0	Rye Grass, .	16	to	32	0
Turnips, bsh.	9	to	12	0	Ribgrass, . .	28	to	44	0
— Red & green	—	to	0	0	Clover, red cwt.	18	to	54	0
— Yellow,	—	to	0	0	— White . . .	30	to	62	0
Caraway, cwt.	54	to	60	0	Coriander . .	10	to	14	0
Canary, per qr.	43	to	48	0	Trefoil	6	to	14	0

Rape Seed, per last, £26 to £32.

Liverpool, July 15.

	s.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.				
Eng. Old	8	6 to	9	3
New .	—	0 to	—	0
Foreign . .	4	6 to	5	0
Waterford	6	0 to	6	10
Limerick	—	0 to	—	0
Drogheda	7	0 to	7	4
Dublin	6	0 to	7	0
Scotch .	8	0 to	8	9
Irish Old .	6	3 to	7	0
Barley, per 60 lbs.				
Eng. . . .	4	3 to	4	8
Scotch . .	4	0 to	4	6
Irish . .	4	0 to	4	4
Oats, per 45 lb.				
Eng. new	3	0 to	3	3
Irish do. .	2	10 to	3	0
Scotch do.	3	1 to	3	3
Rye, per qr.	—	0 to	—	0
Malt per b.	8	0 to	8	10
—Middling	7	6 to	8	0
Beans, per q.				
English .	34	0 to	36	0
Irish . .	32	0 to	34	0
Rapeseed, p.l.	—	to	—	0
Pease, grey	27	0 to	36	0
—White .	40	0 to	48	0
Flour, English, p.240lb. fine	40	0 to	45	0
Irish, 2ds	38	0 to	44	0

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Amer. p. 196 lb.				
Sweet, U.S.	—	0 to	—	0
Do. in bond	—	0 to	—	0
Sour do. .	30	0 to	32	0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.				
English	27	0 to	30	0
Scotch . .	22	0 to	26	0
Irish . . .	22	0 to	26	0
Bran, p. 24lb.	1	0 to	1	0

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Butter, p.cwt.				
Belfast, new	82	0 to	83	0
Newry .	80	0 to	81	0
Waterford .	76	0 to	77	0
Cork, pic. 2d,	74	0 to	75	0
3d dry	66	0 to	68	0
Beef, p. tierce.				
— Mess	82	0 to	88	0
—p. barrel	58	0 to	60	0
Pork, p. bl.	—	0 to	—	0
— Mess .	50	0 to	54	0
— Middl. .	47	0 to	49	0
Bacon, p. cwt.				
Short mids.	42	0 to	44	0
Sides . .	40	0 to	—	0
Hams, dry,	38	0 to	56	0
Green . .	28	0 to	30	0
Lard, rd. p.c.	40	0 to	44	0
Tongue, p.fir.	—	0 to	—	0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 23d June 1823.

	2d.	9th.	16th.	23d.
Bank stock,	—	—	220½	—
3 per cent. reduced,	80⅛ 79⅞	79¾ 80	80¼ ¼ ¼	80⅛ ⅜
3 per cent. consols,	80⅞ ⅛ ¾	—	—	—
3½ per cent. consols,	—	92⅛	—	—
4 per cent. consols,	97⅛ ⅜ ⅛	97⅛ ¾	98 7¾ ⅞	97⅞ 98
New 4 per cent. consols,	100¼ ⅜ ⅛	—	—	—
Imper. 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—
India stock,	—	—	—	—
—— bonds,	35 34	—	40 41	40 39
Long Annuities,	20¼	20 ⅜	20 7-16	—
Exchequer bills,	16 17	—	20 22	17 19
Exchequer bills, sm.	—	—	—	—
Consols for acc.	81¼ ⅜ ⅛	80⅞ 81	81⅜ ¼ ¼	81¼ ⅜
French 5 per cents.	85f. 86c.	—	—	88 70

Course of Exchange, July 8.—Amsterdam, 12 : 10. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 8. Rotterdam, 12 : 11. Antwerp, 12 : 10. Hamburgh, 38 : 3. Altona, 38 : 4. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 90. Ditto 26 : 10. Bourdeaux, 26 : 10. Frankfort on the Maine, 159½. Petersburgh, per rble. 8¾ : 3. *Us.* Berlin, 7 : 11. Vienna, 10 : 30 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 30 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Bilboa, 36½. Barcelona, 35½. Seville, 35¾. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 28 : 10. Malta, 45. Naples, 39. Palermo, 117. Lisbon, 51½. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 47. Bahia, 46. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. New Doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11d.

PRICES CURRENT, *July* 12.—London, 8.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Muscovado.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57	59	54	57	55	59	55	58
Mid. good, and fine mid.	62	64	58	68	60	70	60	70
Fine and very fine, . .	74	80	—	—	71	78	—	—
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	112	125	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto, . .	100	110	—	—	—	—	104	115
Single ditto, . .	92	104	91	100	—	—	84	90
Small Lumps, . . .	90	98	86	90	—	—	86	98
Large ditto, ...	88	90	78	84	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . .	35	52	80	86	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	30	31	28	29	—	—	28	30
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	90	110	—	—	80	106	84	105
Mid. good, and fine mid.	120	130	—	—	107	120	108	128
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	50	82	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	104	110	86	104	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	110	120	105	119	—	—
St Domingo, ...	122	126	—	—	90	92	—	—
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	9	10	8	8½	8	8½	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 3d	2s 4d	2s 0d	2s 2d	1s 11d	2s 3d	1s 8d	1s 10d
Brandy, ...	3 4	3 6	—	—	—	—	2 9	3 6
Geneva, ...	2 3	2 5	—	—	—	—	1 6	2 0
Grain Whisky, . .	6 7	6 10	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£25	£50
Portugal Red, pipe.	32	44	—	—	—	—	29	34
Spanish White, butt.	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	27	29	—	—	—	—	26	30
Madeira, ...	40	0	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£10	11 0	8 10	—	£7 15	8 0	£8 10	9 0
Honduras, ...	—	—	—	—	8 0	8 10	9 0	9 15
Campeachy, . . .	8	—	—	—	9 0	9 10	11 0	0 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7	8	—	—	9 0	9 10	10 0	11 0
Cuba, ...	9	11	—	—	10 15	11 0	11 0	12 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	0s	11s 6	—	—	9 0	10 6	10 0	11 3
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 3	2 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0	1 6	1 3	1 4	0 11	1 0	0 9	1 1
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6	2 8	1 6	3 0	1 7	1 11	1 6	1 10
TAR, American, brl.	19	20	—	—	14 6	16 0	15 0	18 6
Archangel, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	20 0	0 0
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	—	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	36	37	36	38	36	37	37 0	—
Home melted, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	30 0	0 0
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	44 10	45	—	—	—	—	£41	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	38	39	—	—	40	44	—	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	63	—	—	—	—	—	£70	—
Dutch, ...	60	90	—	—	—	—	50	65
Irish, ...	48	57	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	95	100	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	17	—	—	—	—	17 0	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	48	50	—	—	—	—	58	—
Montreal, ditto, . .	—	—	47	48	40	42	45	—
Pot, . . .	—	—	46	47	41	—	—	—
OIL, Whale, . tun.	23	24	21	27	—	—	22	—
Cod, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	22	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7	7½	7¾	7½	0 6	0 7½	0 5½	6½
Middling, ...	5½	6½	5¾	6¾	0 4½	0 5½	0 4½	5½
Inferior, ...	4	5	4½	4	0 2½	0 2½	0 2½	3
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	9 8½	0 11	0 8½	0 10¾	7½	9½
Sea Island, fine, .	—	—	1 5½	1 7	1 5	1 7	1 1	1 8
Good, . .	—	—	1 3	1 5	1 3	1 4½	—	—
Middling, . .	—	—	1 1	1 2	1 3	1 4½	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	0 11½	1 0	0 11½	1 1½	0 10½	1 0½
West India, . . .	—	—	0 9	0 10	0 9	0 10	0 9	0 11
Pernambuco, . .	—	—	1 1	1 1½	1 1½	1 2½	0 11½	1 0½
Maranham,	—	—	1 0	1 1	1 0½	1 1½	—	—

Alphabetical List of English Bankruptcies, announced between the 20th of May, and the 20th of June, 1823, extracted from the London Gazette.

Annett, T. Liverpool, stone-merchant.
Askell, J. Steeple Ashton, Oxfordshire, dealer in cattle.
Aukland, C. Beauvoir-town wharf, Kingsland road, builder.
Bell, H. M. Shakespeare's-walk, Shadwell, auctioneer.
Banks, J. Leeds, flax-spinner.
Bell, J. late of Guernsey, merchant.
Bell, W. and J. G. Harris, Bridge-street, Westminster, haberdashers.
Buck, J. Goldsmith-row, Hackney-road, carpenter.
Buckle, J. Scarah-mill, Yorkshire, miller.
Burfitt, T. North Brewham, Somersetshire, coal-merchant.
Burton, H. Thayer-street, Manchester square, auctioneer.
Cave, J. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer.
Clubbe, T. Chester, brewer.
Cole, J. Wolverhampton, currier.
Corney, J. Beauchamps, Essex, shopkeeper.
Corby, J. Kingsland-road, carpenter.
Cornwall, W. Trinity-place, Charing Cross, leather-breeches maker.
Coster, W. Mount-street, Hanover-square, bricklayer.
Cowie, J. George-street, Mansion-house, wine-merchant.
Darby, D. Halesowen, Shropshire, miller.
Davies, S. Llandovery, Carmarthenshire, grocer.
Denne, J. Lamb's Conduit-street, watchmaker.
Dieas, J. Manchester, dealer.
East, W. Newbury, coal-merchant.
Field, G. Chichester, grocer.
Field, S. Richmond, wine-merchant.
Flatman, T. Hampton-wick, soap-boiler.
Gee, S. Cambridge, tinman.
Gerhardi, H. Savage-gardens, merchant.
Gill, R. and C. Griffiths, Skinner-street, Snow-hill, mercer.
Gouban, L. J. Haymarket, hotel-keeper.
Gray, W. Birmingham, nail-factor.
Grierson, A. Dudley, Worcestershire, draper.
Hall, T. Crown-street, Soho, carpenter.
Hawkins, R. T. Three Colt-street, Limehouse, patent anchor manufacturer.
Herbert, G. Sibbertoft, Northamptonshire, salesman.
Higham, J. Freckleton, Lancashire, coal-merchant.
Hitching, J. Littleton, Sussex, farmer.
Hollander, L. A. Winchester-street, diamond-merchant.
Hurry, J. Liverpool, ship-chandler.
Hutton, J. Abchurch-lane, painter.
Inglis, J. and J. Mark-lane, merchants.
Jones, W. Handsworth, Staffordshire, farmer.
Lax, J. Liverpool, brewer.
Leigh, C. and W. Tooth, Tyldsley, Lancashire, calico-printers.
Lowe, S. Newman-street, Oxford-street.
Manser, T. Caroline-street, Commercial-road, hoop-manufacturer.
March, G. W. Hope Bowdler, Shropshire, flannel-manufacturer.
Mercer, W. Packer's-court, Coleman-street, wine-merchant.
Millart, W. Carnaby-street, victualler.
Milnes, B. Halifax, grocer.
Moses, J. Farlam, Cumberland, dealer.
Nelson, W. Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street, brewer.
New, C. Leadenhall-street, umbrella-manufacturer.
Parry, J. Everton, Lancashire, joiner.
Pearse, W. C. Braintree, grocer.
Pitcher, W. Salisbury-square, carpenter.
Prowse, A. Haselbury, Somersetshire, tinman.
Pullan, R. Leeds, merchant.
Radder, J. Bolton-le-Moors, cotton-manufacturer.
Randall, J. A. Aldermanbury, corn-dealer.
Read, J. Love-lane, Aldermanbury, cloth-worker.
Rowley, J. Stourport, timber-merchant.
Salisbury, A. Windsor, and D. Salisbury, Nottingham, drapers.
Score, G. Tokenhouse-yard, scrivener.
Scott, J. Preston, Lancashire, draper.
Sedgley, W. jun. Dudley, Worcestershire, grocer.
Simpson, J. Birmingham, plater.
Sparkes, W. and J. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, grocers.
Sutcliffe, B. Cheapside, warehouseman.
Tate, J. Adam-street, Adelphi, coal-merchant.
Taylor, H. Leominster, grocer.
Taylor, J. Lydeard St Lawrence, Somersetshire, dealer.
Thatcher, S. J. Worth, Sussex, innkeeper.
Thomas, W. L. Brighton, grocer.
Trail, A. Hanover-street, boot and shoe maker.
Turner, J. Fleet-street, silk-mercer.
West, A. Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, grocer.
White, B. Maiden Bradley, Wilts, farmer.
Whitehead, R. Norwich, bombazine-manufacturer.
Wilkie, T. Paternoster-row, bookseller.
Witcomb, L. Warminster, scrivener.

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st and 30th June, 1823, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Chalmers, William, jun. merchant in Ellon, county of Aberdeen.
Douglas, Alexander, sheep and cattle-dealer, sometime at Haugh of Tullimet, now at North Binn, parish of Foulis, Easter, county of Perth.

DIVIDENDS.

Dawson and Marshall, late tanners in Edinburgh; a first and final dividend on 14th July.
Keil, Francis, late tenant of Monorgan, in the county of Perth; a final dividend last Tuesday of August.
Lindsay, James, grain-merchant in Glasgow; a second and final dividend after 18th July.
Melville, John, merchant and grocer in Grahamston, near Falkirk; a dividend on 19th July.
Morrison, James, merchant, Grassmarket, Edinburgh; a dividend after 21st July.
Murray and Bonnard, booksellers and stationers, Glasgow; a final dividend after 16th July.
Penman, Andrew, booksellers and stationers in Glasgow; a third and final dividend after 8th July.
Potter, James, residing at Cult, near Strathblane; a final dividend after 4th July.
Sandeman, William, and Co. merchants in Edinburgh, Leith, and Perth; a dividend after 4th July.
Swayne, Walker, manufacturer in Dysart; a dividend till 25th July.
Wright, Alexander, fish-curer and dealer in herrings in Banff; a dividend after 23d July.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Major Geo. Aubray, h. p. Independents, Lt.-Col. in the Army 1 Jan. 1798
Capt. Fawcett, 1 Vet. Bn. Maj. in the Army 19 July, 1825
3 Dr Gds. Bt. Maj. Storey, Maj. by purch. vice Martin, prom. 12 June
Lt. Mercer, Capt. by purch. do.
Cor. Burnaby, Lt. by purch. do.
—— Chalmers, from h. p. 19 F. Cor. by purch. do.
Lt. Mecham, from h. p. 19 Drs. Lt. vice Willey, exch. rec. diff. 19 do.
7 Lt. Chalmer, Capt. by purch. vice E. Power, ret. 29 May
Cor. Bowen, Lt. by purch. do.
F. Dunne, Cor. by purch. do.
Ens. Lawrence, from h. p. 55 F. Paym. Perry, return to h. p. of 25 Dr. do. 19 June
3 Dr. Surg. Walker, from 39 F. Surg. vice French, 34 F. do.
6 E. J. Hickman, Cor. (Riding-Master) 22 do.
8 Cor. Robinson, Lt. by purch. vice Young, ret. 5 June
S. Pole, Cor. by purch. do.
9 Lt. Greenwood, Capt. by purch. vice *Lord* G. Lennox, prom. Cape Corps do.
Cor. Musgrave, Lt. by purch. do.
R. F. Shawe, Cor. by purch. do.
10 Cor. Wood, Lt. by purch. vice *Earl of* Wiltshire, 35 F. 12 do.
E. B. Beaumont, Cor. by purch. do.
13 A. T. Cockburn, Cor. vice Ellis, prom. 22 May
Capt. Bowers, Maj. by purch. vice Macalester, ret. 5 June
Lt. Tomlinson, Capt. by purch. do.
Cor. Nash, Lt. by purch. do.
—— Evered, from h. p. 12 Dr. Cor. by purch. vice St John, prom. Cape Corps 4 do.
J. G. Ogilvie, Cor. by purch. vice Nash 5 do.
Coldst. F. G. E. D. Wigram, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Serjeantson, prom. 29 May
3 F. G. Ens. and Lt. Montagu, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Hesketh, ret. 12 June
Ens. Clayton, late of 36 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Montagu, prom. 19 do.
12 Ft Lt. Cruise, Capt. by purch. vice Bertridge, ret. 19 do.
Ens. Borthwick, Lt. do.
Edgar Bayly, Ens. do.
18 Ens. Forbes, Lt. by purch. vice Senior, prom. 22 May
C. S. Knyvett, Ens. by purch. do.
22 A. Dunbar, Ens. by purch. vice Ogle, 4 Dr. G. 15 do.
J. F. Mills, do. by purch. vice Majendie, 89 F. 16 do.
27 Ens. Michell, from 57 F. Ens. vice Wallace, h. p. 22 Dr. 12 June
30 Lt.-Gen. Montgomerie, from 74 F. Col. vice Gen. Manners, dead 13 do.
31 Bt. Maj. Nicolls, Maj. by purch. vice Fearon, prom. 24 Apr.
Lt. Farrington, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Ward, Lt. by purch. do.
J. Foskett, Ens. by purch. do.
4 Surg. French, from 3 Dr. Surg. vice Allardyce, h. p. 5 Gar. Bn. 29 May
5 Lt. J. *Earl of* Wiltshire, from 10 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Edgeworth, ret. 12 June
39 Surg. Waring, from h. p. 5 Gar. Bn. Surg. vice Walker, 3 Dr. 29 May
42 A. L. M'Leod, Ens. vice N. L. M'Leod, canc. 12 Dec. 1822
49 Ens. Hill, from 52 F. Lt. by purch. vice Maxwell, prom. 12 June
Lt.-Col. Daniell, Insp. F. O. of Rec. Dist. vice Lt.-Col. Brereton, exc. 19 do.
51 Lt. St Maur, Capt. by purch. vice Storer, ret. 29 May
Ens. Timson, Lt. by purch. do.
W. Gordon, Ens. by purch. 12 June
52 Lt. Love, Adj. vice Monins, res. Adj. only 29 May
Ens. Baldwin, from h. p. 90 F. Ens. by purch. vice Hill, 49 F. 12 June
55 Lt. Goodall, Adj. vice Mackay, res. Adj. only do.
57 Cor. *Lord* A. Conyngham, from h. p. 22 Dr. Ens. vice Michell, 27 F. do.
59 Capt. Graham, Maj. vice Halford, dead 22 May
Lt. Manners, Capt. do.
Ens. Macdonald, Lt. do.
61 Bt. Maj. Annesley, Maj. by purch. vice Fane, prom. 12 June
66 Capt. Hamill, from 2 W. I. R. Capt. vice L'Estrange, exch. 19 do.
74 Lt.-Gen. *Hon. Sir* C. Colville, *G.C.B. & G.C.R.* Col. vice Lt.-Gen. Montgomerie, 30 F. 13 do.
75 Lt. Marshall, from h. p. 7 F. Lt. vice Rowe, exch. rec. diff. 19 do.
77 2d Lt. Kellett, from Rifle Br. Ens. vice Ramsden, exch. do.
89 Ens. Majendie, from 22 F. Lt. by purch. vice M'Crohan, ret. 15 May
91 Paym. Heartsnoak, from h. p. 2 Vet. Bn. Paym. vice Fairfowl, dead 12 June
Coyl. R. Bt. Lt. Col. Churchill, from 18 F. Capt. vice Bolton, cancelled 22 May
Cape Corps *Cav.* Lt. G. H. *Earl of* Belfast, from 7 Dr. Capt. by purch. 25 Mar.
Inf. Bt. Maj. Broke, from 1 W.I.R. Maj. by purch. vice *Lord* G. Lennox, prom. 12 June
R. Af. Col. C. Lt. Jobling, from h. p. 104 F. Lt. and Adj. vice Binns, dead 5 do.
Lieut. Swanny
—— Jackson
—— Mollan
—— Mends
} to have *permanent* Rank of *Ensign* from 1 Apr. 1822
1 Vet. Bn. Lt. Mayes, from h. p. 10 F. Lt. vice Fothergill, ret. list 29 May 1823
2 Ens. Mair, Qua. Mast. vice Crombie, Ens. 13 Feb.
3 Lt. Pilkington, from h. p. 3 W. I. R. Lt. vice Collins, ret. list. 29 May
Rifle Brig. Ens. Ramsden, from 77 F. 2d Lt. vice Kellett, exch. 19 June
1 W. I. R. Lt. Robison, from 8 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Brooke, prom. in Cape Corps do.
2d Capt. L'Estrange, from 66 F. Capt. vice Hamilton, exch. do.

Unattached.

Maj. *Lord* G. Lennox, from Cape Corps, Lt.-Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Col. Franklin of R. Art. ret. 12 June
Maj. Fane, from 61 F. Lt.-Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Col. Griffiths of R. Art. ret. do.
Maj. Oakes, from 1 Life Gds. Lt.-Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lt.-Col. Buckner, of R. Art. ret. do.
Maj. Martin, from 3 Dr. Gds. Lt.-Col. of Inf. by purch. vice M.-Gen. *Lord* Musketry, of 58 F. ret. do.
Lt. *Lord* Fra. Conyngham, from 17 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Maj. *Hon.* Robert Gardner, R. Art. do.

Ordnance Department.

Royal Art. 2d Capt. and Bt. Maj. Brereton, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Josiah Grant, h. p. 4 June
Maj. & Bt. Lt.-Col. Fraser, Lt.-Col. vice Col. Franklin, ret. 12 do.
—— Vivion, Lt.-Col. vice Col. Griffiths, ret. do.
—— Fym, Lt.-Col. vice Lt.-Col. Buckner, ret. do.

Capt. & Bt. Lt.-Col. Breden, Major vice Fraser 12 June
——— J. Power, Major vice Vivion do.
——— F. Power, Major vice Pym do.
——— W. Power, from h. p. Capt. vice F. Power do
Capt. Jas. Grant, from h. p. Capt. vice Power do.
1st Lieut. Cubitt, 2d Capt. do.
——— Rawnsley, 2d Capt. do.

Hospital Staff.

Staff Ass. Surg. Twining, Super Ass. Surg. in India, vice Mount, 13 F. 12 June
Hosp. Ass. Walsh, from h. p. Hosp. Ass. vice Simoens, cane. 23 do.
——— Brown, from h. p. Hosp. Ass.

Medical Department.

Ass. Surg. Finlayson, from 8 Dr. Supern. Ass. Surg. in East Indies, vice Campbell, 30 F. 19 June
James Young, Hospital Assist. to the Forces, vice Donaldson, dead do.

Exchanges.

Bt. Lt.-Col. Allan, from 1 W. I. R. with Maj. Capadose, h. p. 56 F.
Maj. Norcliffe, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. between Inf. and Cav. with Maj. Luard, h. p. 18 Dr.
Capt. Macnamara, from 1 W. I. R. with Bt. Maj. Broke, h. p. 58 F.
——— Ferguson, from 9 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. *Lord* Loughborough, h. p. 20 F.
——— Jones, from 52 F. with Capt. Douglas, h. p.
——— Place, from 55 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Cane, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn.
——— Cradock, from 81 F. with Capt. Montagu, h. p. 64 F.
——— *Earl of* Belfast, from Cape Corps (Cav.) with Capt. Cox, h. p. 1 Dr.
——— *Earl of* Yarmouth, from Cape Corps, with Capt. Taylor, h. p. 22 Dr.
Lieut. Clarke, from 1 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Lt. *Hon.* C. Westenra, h. p. 8 Dr.
——— Smith, from 4 Dr. with Lieut. *Sir* K. A. Jackson, *Bt.* 14 Dr.
——— Callaghan, from 15 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Scott, h. p.
——— Carnie, from 6 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Macbean, h. p. 95 F.
——— Fraser, from 7 F. with Lieut. Stuart, 46 F.
——— Marshall, from 10 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Majendie, h. p. 89 F.
——— Kent, from 14 F. with Lieut. Crawford, h. p. 60 F.
——— Everett, from 27 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Vandeleur, h. p. 85 F.
——— Monro, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Harrison, h. p. 65 F.
——— French, from 63 F. with Lieut. Conroy, h. p. 38 F.
——— Macdonald, from 89 F. with Lieut Macleod, h. p. 4 W. I. R.
Ens. Black, from 68 F. rec. diff. with Ens. Cogan, h. p. 19 F.
——— Warden, from 62 F. with Ens. Caldecott, h.p.
Ass. Surg. Hickman, from R. Horse Gds. with Ass. Surg. Bett, h. p. 96 F.
——— Thompson, from 86 F. with Ass. Surg. Hendrick, h. p. 12 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Maj.-Gen. *Lord* Muskerry, 38 F.
Col. Francklin, R. Art.
——— Griffiths, do.
Lieut.-Col Buckner, R. Art.
Major E. Power, 7 Dr. G.
——— Macalester, 15 Dr.
——— Hesketh, 3 F. G.
——— Edgeworth, 35 F.
Capt. Storer, 51 F.
——— Rycroft, W. Kent Militia.
Lieut. Young, 8 Dr.
Adj. Clerke, W. Middlesex Mil.

Appointments Cancelled.

Capt. Bolton, from h. p. 14 F. to Ceylon Corps.
Hosp. Assist. Simoens, from half to full pay.

Dismissed.

Dep. Ass. Com. Gen. Blackader
——— Fanquier.

Removed,

(*But allowed to receive the regulated Value of his Commission,*)
Brevet Major Edgeworth, 35 F.

Discharged,

(*But allowed to receive the regulated Value of his Commission,*)
Brevet Major Wilder, 35 F.

Deaths.

General Manners, Col. 30 F. 9 June, 1823
Major-General Latham, late of 7 Dr. Gds. Dublin, 9 Apr.
Colonel *Sir* W. Smith, *Bt.* W. Essex Mil.
Lieut.-Colonel Stopford, h. p. 60 F. Pisa, 13 May
Captain Adamson, ret. list, 1 Vet. Bn. Vauxhall Road, 15 May
——— Raleigh, h. p. 20 F. 9 Feb.
——— Chapman, W. Kent Militia
Lieut. Gilbert, 20 F.
——— Colabah, Bomay F. 17 Jan.
——— Vickers, h. p. 3 F. 9 May
——— Millar, h. p. 5 F. near Thurso, 27 do.
——— Harding, h. p. 24 F. 30 Oct. 1822
——— Brierley, h. p. 57 F. Oldham, 28 Apr. 1823
——— M'Adam, h. p. 58 F. Maybole, 26 Feb.
——— Colin Campbell, h. p. 74 F. Halifax, N. S. 19 Apr.
——— Wirth, h. p. Brunswick Inf. Brunswick, 15 do.
——— Agostini, h. p. Corsican, Ran. Corsica, do.
Cornet Clarke, h. p. 23 Dr. 17 Aug. 1822
Ensign Vanderzee, 30 F. Secunderabad, Madras, 18 Dec. 1822
——— Watt, Cape Corps, Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, 18 Mar. 1823
——— M'Phail, ret. list, 10 Vet. Bn. London, 19 June
——— O'Hara, h. p. 55 F. O'Harabrook, County Antrim, 23 Jan.
Paymaster Capt. Biddulph, 25 F. Southampton, 26 Apr.
——— Heacock, 77 F. Edinburgh, 30 May
Quarter-Master Scott, h. p. 21 Dr. 9 Apr.
——— Wingate, h. p. Lothian Fenc. Cav. do.
——— Browne, h. p. Fraser'. Fenc. Inf. 4 June
Chaplain Nixon, h. p. 103 F. Dublin, 22 Mar.
Surgeon Little, h. p. 36 F.
Assistant Surgeon *Dr* Burke, h. p. 37 F. Ireland, Mar. 2
Hospital Assistant Sutherland, Fort George, N.B. 1 June

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

May 8. At Gibraltar, the Lady of William Filder, Esq. Deputy-Commissary General there, of a son.

31. At the Parsonage Feston, the Lady of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Noel, of a daughter.

June 2. At Edinburgh, the Lady of William L. White, Esq. advocate, of a son.

— At Lorn Manse, Mrs Balfour, of a son.

— The Lady of Dr Maclean, Esq. of Brunswick Square, London, of a daughter.

3. At Woolwich Common, the Lady of Capt. H. W. Gordon, Royal Artillery, of a daughter.

— At Broughton Park House, Mrs Yule, of a son.

4. At Newington, Mrs M'Candlish, of a daughter.

— At 57, Albany Street, Mrs Scott, of a son.

6. In Charlotte Street, Mrs William J. Dalzel, of a son.

10. At 46, India Street, Mrs Dunlop, of a daughter.

— The Hon. Lady Fergusson, of a daughter.

11. At Melrose, Mrs Captain Stedman, of a daughter.

12. At Dunchattan, Mrs Horrocks, of a daughter.

— At Warriston Crescent, Mrs A. Plimer, of a daughter.

14. At 25, Gayfield Square, Mrs James Irvine, of a son.

15. At Farnham, Dorset, the Lady of Sir S. Stuart, Bart. of a son and heir.

— At his Lordship's house, in Albemarle Street, London, Lady F. Leveson Gower, of twin sons.

— Mrs John Brougham, of a daughter.

At No. 1, Hill Street, Mrs Ramsay, of a daughter.

16. At No. 41, Northumberland Street, Mrs Bridges, of a daughter.

18. At No. 134, George Street, Mrs Robert Cadell, of a daughter.

— In Drummond Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of A. Scott Broomfield, Esq. of a daughter.

19. At Munster House, Ireland, Lady Jane Lawrence Peel, of a son and heir.

— At Teviot Bank, the Lady of the Hon. George Elliott, of a daughter.

21. At Polkemmet, the Lady of William Baillie of Polkemmet, Esq. of a son.

— At 7, Royal Circus, Mrs Carlyle Bell, of a son.

— At Gilston House, Fifeshire, the Lady of Captain Parsons, of a daughter.

23. Mrs Milner of Nunmonkton, near York, of a daughter.

24. At 3, Hill Square, Mrs A. Gifford, of a son.

25. At the Manse of Ashkirk, Mrs Hamilton, of a son.

27. At Lauriston Place, Mrs Alex. Wood, of a son.

28. At Camsell Park, the Lady of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart. of a daughter.

29. In Fort Street, North Leith, the wife of Lieut. Charles Smith, Royal Navy, of a son.

30 At Poyntzfield House, the Lady of Major George Gun Munro, of a daughter.

— At Merchiston House, Mrs Hepburne, of Clarkington, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 20, 1822. At Calcutta, Captain William Kennedy, Assistant Military Auditor-General, to Charlotte, second daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Robert Blair, K.C.B.

Jan. 15. At Quilon, in the East Indies, Captain Charles F. Grice, of the Hon. Company's marines, and master attendant at Quilon, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late James Arnot, Esq. Arbikie, Forfarshire.

May 14. At New York, Mr M. Drury, of Philadelphia, to Miss S. Steel, of Edinburgh.

June 2. At Liverpool, the Rev. Dr Barr, of Port-Glasgow, to Sarah Jane, daughter of Mr Matthew Steele, of the former place.

— At Weedingshall, Duncan Stewart, Esq. surgeon, Borrowstounness, to Miss Margaret Smith.

5. At London, Alex. Howden, Esq. of Torrington Square, to Christian, daughter of Richard Gairdner, Esq. of Stoke Hall, Essex.

— At Gilmour Place, Mr John Donald, merchant, Glasgow, to Jessie, eldest daughter of Mr Robert Kerr, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At the Manse of Corington, Walter Somerville, Esq. surgeon in Carnwath, to Janet, only daughter of the Rev. William Watson, minister of Biggar.

5. At Parson's Green, John Gardiner Kinnear, Esq. banker, to Mary, eldest daughter of Alex. Smith, Esq. banker.

— At Halleaths, Robert Maclauchlan, Esq. of Maclauchlan, to Helen Catherine, daughter of the late W. A. Carruthers, Esq. of Dormont.

6. At Edinburgh, Mr George Rule, Commercial Bank, to Miss Sawers, daughter of Mr William Sawers, merchant, Edinburgh.

7. At Forglen House, Joseph Murray, Esq. younger of Ayton, to Grace, youngest daughter of Sir George Abercromby of Birkenbog, Bart.

9. At Edinburgh, Robert Brunton, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Jane, daughter of the late Mr William Jack, merchant, Edinburgh.

11. At Kelso, George Pott, Esq. Penchrist, to Jane, daughter of Mr William Elliot, architect.

12. At Gayfield Square, Mr James Peter Mitchell, brewer, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Kincaid Mackenzie, Esq.

13. At Granshaws, Joseph Stephenson, Esq. surgeon, Dunse, to Isabella, second daughter of Mr Bertram, Cranshaws.

— At Berwick, George A. Gray, Esq. of Middle-Ord, to Isabella, daughter of John Morrison, Esq. banker, Berwick-upon-Tweed.

14. At London, John M'Neile, Esq. of Ballycastle, Ireland, to Charlotte Lavinia, youngest daughter of Major-General Sir Thomas Dallas, K.C.B.

17. At Edinburgh, Josiah Nisbet, Esq. of the Madras civil service, to Rachel, second daughter of Sir John Marjoribanks of Lees, Bart. M.P.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Maurice Lothian, solicitor-at-law, to Margaret, youngest daughter of Charles Black, Esq. London Street.

18. At Leith, Mr James Luke, Muircambus, to Janet, daughter of Mr Robert Simson, King's Kettle, Fifeshire.

23. At Gorgie Mains, Capt. Robert Thomson, to Marshall, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Milne, Founder, Edinburgh.

24. At Clayton, Major John Falconer Briggs, younger of Strathairly, to Miss Walker, only daughter of the late Col. P. Walker of Clayton, in the service of the Hon. East India Company.

— At Liverpool, Mr James Glover, writing-master, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Alex. Macgowan, minister of Dalry, Kirkcudbrightshire.

26. At Boggs, East Lothian, William Somner, Esq. of Skedsbush, to Margaret Harriet, eldest daughter of Mr Charles Howden.

— At Cheltenham, the Rev. John Netherton Harward, eldest son of the Rev. J. Harward, of Hartlebury, Worcestershire, to Harriet, daughter of Richard Butler, Esq. of West Hall near Cheltenham.

27. At Lochmill, Linlithgow, Mr Alex. Henderson, Linlithgow, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas Kilgour, paper-manufacturer there.

30. At Gladswood, near Melrose, George G. Hill, Esq. Gower Street, Bedford Square, London, to Isabella, eldest daughter of John Anderson, Esq. of Gladswood.

DEATHS.

Dec. 31. 1822. At Bombay, the Rev. Geo. Martin, M. A. one of the Chaplains to the Hon. East India Company, at that station, and brother-in-law to the Duke of Atholl.

Jan. 20. 1823. At Trichinopoly, of the cholera morbus, which attacked him while under medical treatment for acute rheumatism, Mungo Park, M.D. eldest son of the celebrated African traveller.

Mar. 30. At Castries, St Lucia, Mr James Fleming Loudon, son of Morehead Loudoun, Esq. Glasgow.

April 30. At St John's, Newfoundland, Mr Donald H. M'Caman, formerly of the Island of Islay.

May 19. At Halifax, Nova Scotia, Lieut.-Colonel P. Waterhouse, Major of the 81st regiment.

June 1. At Culross, the Rev. Walter Macalpine, first minister of that parish, in the 82d year of his age, and 54th year of his ministry.

— At Arniston Place, Henrietta Chisholme, youngest daughter of Geo. Lang, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs MacAllan, spouse of Mr James MacAllan, writer to the signet, and daughter of Mr Robert Ainslie, writer to the signet.

2. At Ettrick Bank, Matilda, only daughter of William Ogilvie, Esq. younger of Chesters.

— At Paris, Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, after a long and painful pulmonary consumption.

— At Peterhead, James Trail, Esq. surgeon.

3. At Edinburgh, Mrs Faulkner, late of the Theatre-Royal.

— At Musselburgh, Louisa, wife of J. H. Home, Esq. of Longformacus, and fourth daughter of the late Captain David Ramsay, Royal Navy.

— At Northam, Suffolk, Miss Mary Foulis, youngest daughter of the late Sir James Foulis of Colington, Bart.

4. At Edinburgh, Robert Hill, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Hill, of the East India Company's Service.

— At Kinghorn, Mrs Helen Wallace, wife of Lieut. Evan Macpherson, Aberdeenshire Militia.

— At Perth, John Hay, eldest son of James Paterson, Esq. of Carpow.

5. At Abington Hall, Staffordshire, Janet, the infant daughter of William Hay, Esq. of Drummelzier.

— At Aberdeen, Mr Robert Troup, merchant.

6. In Merrion Square, Dublin, the venerable Judge Fletcher.

— At Farme, Miss Margaret Farie, sister of James Farie, Esq. of Farme, and on the 8th inst. his daughter, Miss Farie.

7. In Dublin Street, Mrs James Hunter.

8. At Fort William, Mr John Wallace, rector of the Academy there.

— At Aberdeen, Mr James Mowat, merchant and manufacturer.

— At Ayr, David Scott, Esq. banker.

— At Gibraltar, John Macdonald Buchanan, Esq. of Drummakill.

— At Aberdeen, Captain Robert Christie, late of the 88th regiment.

9. In Curzon Street, Mayfair, General Robert Manners, Colonel of the 30th regiment.

— At Dryden, the seat of Sir Charles Macdonald Lockhart, Bart, Mr James Borthwick, aged 81, whose ancestors had been for upwards of 300 years upon the estate.

— At Dalserf House, Thomas Paterson, Esq. late Paymaster of the 22d regiment of foot.

10. At Ayr, Captain Bedford Stewart, late of the Irish revenue service.

— At Leith, Mr Cundell, late cashier of the Leith Banking Company.

— At Stirling, Colin Dawson, Esq. writer.

— In York Place, Thomas, eldest son of Dr Gillespie.

— At Leith, Mrs Anne Clark, relict of Mr John Rogers, soap-manufacturer, Fisherrow.

— At the Manse of Dumbarney, Mr Alex. Anderson, son of Mr John Anderson, Newburgh, Fife.

12. At Waterford, Lieut.-General William Doyle.

13. At Theobalds, Hatfield, Herts, the Marquis of Salisbury.

14. At Edinburgh, Mary Ross, third daughter of Mr George Stedman, Solicitor Supreme Courts.

14. At Lopness, in Orkney, Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr William Strang.

— At Dunbar, Lieut.-Colonel John Clark, Royal Marines.

— At her house, in Upper Grosvenor Street, London, the Countess de Dunstanville.

— At her house, in Nicolson Square, Mrs Julia Hope, wife of Mr Thomas Manners, writer to the signet, and depute-clerk of session.

15. At Edinburgh, Dr John Thomson, R. N.

— At Manse of Durris, the Rev. William Strachan, minister of that parish, in the 79th year of his age, and 52d of his ministry.

— At Warriston Crescent, Agnes, wife of Mr A. Plimer, of the Stamp-office.

16. At his house, Caltonhill, Archibald Elliott, Esq. architect.

— At 101, Prince's Street, Isabella, daughter of the Rev. James Grant, minister of Laggan.

— At Old Hall, near Warre, Thomas Cleghorn, Esq.

— Mr Robert Ogle, of the firm of Ogle, Duncan, & Co. booksellers, London.

— At Ballancrieff House, the Hon. Clara Mary Murray, second daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Elibank.

— At his house, Royal Exchange, Mr James Kirkwood, junior.

18. At Sorrento, in the Bay of Naples, Ronald, second son of John Crauford, Esq. of Auchenames.

— Mr Thomas Sheriff, late ship-master, Dunbar.

— At Wimbledon, near London, Samuel Charters Somerville, Esq. W. S. Edinburgh, second son of the Rev. Dr Somerville, Jedburgh.

— At Colzium, James Davidson, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At St Andrews, Mrs Isabella Stormonth, relict of Mr James Mowat, late Rector of the Grammar School there.

— At London, William Gordon, Esq. of Campbelton, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

19. At London, at the advanced age of 81, Mr William Coombe, the author of "The Diabolad," "the Tour of Dr Syntax," and many other works.

— At his house, Leith Walk, Charles Fraser, of Williamston, Esq.

— At Versailles, in France, Isabella, wife of Major-General John Murray.

20. At his house, Canongate, Mr William Burton, merchant.

— At Rothie House, James Leslie, Esq. of Rothie.

21. At New York, William Blackie, Esq. late merchant in Glasgow.

23. At Edinburgh, Elizabeth, wife of Mr James M'Innes, S.S.C. Prince's Street.

— At Catherine Bank, Mrs Margaret Spalding, wife of the Rev. Dr Ireland, North Leith.

— At her house, in Seymour Place, London, the Dutchess Dowager of Cardigan.

25. At Louth Hall, in the county of Louth, after a short indisposition, occasioned by the bursting of a blood-vessel, Thomas Lord Baron Louth, in the 60th year of his age.

28. At Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Craigie, youngest daughter of the late John Craigie, Esq. of Quebec.

29. At Porterfield Cottage, near Edinburgh, in the 72d year of his age, Dr William Farquharson, physician in Edinburgh, a man eminent in his profession, warm and steady in his friendships, and of much urbanity of manners.

30. At Stamford, Lincolnshire, Octavius Graham Gilchrist, Esq. a distinguished literary character, at the early age of 43 years.

— Mr Alexander Leslie, of Conduit Street, London.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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HISTORY OF THE GARDEN OF PLANTS.*

We have lately received a very delightful book, from a very delightful friend, and, being anxious that the world should become as happy, and as well informed, as ourselves, we lose no time in requesting the numerous individuals of which it is composed, men, women, and dandies, the "intermediate link," to order each and all of them, his, her, and its copy. Everybody knows something now-a-days of the Garden of Plants, or at least ought so, to do; for it has been ascertained, that even "Tims" has bearded the Douglas in his den; that is, has stood within a few paces of the Menagerie without any fear of being driven to atoms by the tuft of the lion's tail. But in an establishment of such great extent, and unrivalled excellence, it may well be imagined, that many things worthy of notice escape the observation, and many more the comprehension, of travellers; and hence the value of a clear and satisfactory history of the rise, progress, and completion of the King's Garden, and of the splendid collections in every branch of natural history which it now contains. Such a work is, in fact, from the nature of things, an exposition of the state of the most important physical sciences during the successive and connected periods of which it treats, and thus, at the same time that it enlightens us regarding the practical management and present state of a most regal institution, it explains and illustrates the progress of human intellect in many of the most delightful branches of knowledge.

The person who writes this work *in English* is M. Royer, a French gentleman, who holds a situation in the office of administration of the Museum. He is well known for the wonderful skill which he has attained in speaking and writing our language, without having resided in Britain, and for his great civility and kindness to those foreigners who visit the Museum and its environs, for the purposes of amusement or information; and he is universally esteemed for the intelligence and integrity of his character. He has resided constantly in

* History and Description of the Museum of Natural History and Royal Botanic Garden of Paris. Translated from the French of M. Deleuze, assistant Botanist. By A. A. Royer. 2 vols. 8vo. with 17 plates. Price 21s. Sold by G. B. Sowerby, 33, King Street, Covent Garden, London.

This work has been composed, by authority of the French government, from materials furnished by the Professors and Administrators of the Museum.

the Garden for these last twenty years, for the most part with M. Dufresne, the King's naturalist, chief director of the zoological department, and is consequently well acquainted with the management, both in its general spirit and most minute details.

The Garden of Plants is certainly a most interesting spot. What can be more delightful than to wander about in the twilight of a fine autumnal evening, beneath those magnificent rows of ancient lime-trees, when the air is perfumed by the balmy breath of many thousand flowers—to listen, amid such a scene of stillness and repose, to the multitudinous voice of a mighty city—or to contrast a sound composed of such discordant and tumultuous elements with the wild and plaintive cries of some solitary water-fowl, which inhabit the banks of a little lake, in the centre of this Garden of Paradise! On the other hand, during the day-time, if less interesting to your sentimentalist, it is certainly fully more amusing to the ordinary class of visitors. Great part of one side of the Garden is laid out as a Menagerie, in which all sorts of wild animals are confined, or, more properly speaking, detained—the extreme comfort and extent of the dwellings, with their beautiful conformability to the pursuits and manners of their inhabitants, almost entirely precluding the idea of anything so harsh and rigorous as confinement. There the elephant, "wisest of brutes," occupies, as he ought to do, a central and conspicuous situation. He is not lodged, as he is with us, in a gloomy crib, in which he can scarcely turn himself round with sufficient freedom to perform the little devices taught him by his keeper, and which one sees how much he despises by the calm melancholy expression of his eyes. He dwells in a large and lofty apartment, opening by means of broad folding-doors into a capacious area, which is all his own. In this he has dry smooth banks to repose upon, and a deep pond of water, into which, once a day, he sinks his enormous body, causing the waters to flow over every part, except his mouth and proboscis. Nothing can be more refreshing than to see him, after basking for some hours in the morning sun, till his skin becomes as parched and dry as the desert dust of Africa—to see him calmly sinking down amidst the clear, cool waters of his little lake, and reappearing again, all moist and black, protruding his huge round back, more like a floating island, or a Leviathan of the ocean, than an inhabitant of terra-firma.

In this neighbourhood, too, there are camels and dromedaries, the "ships of the desert," as they are so beautifully called in the figurative languages of the east, either standing upright, with their long, ghost-like necks, and amiable, though imbecile countenances, or couched on the grass, "and bedward ruminating," apparently well pleased to have exchanged the burning plains of Arabia for the refreshing shades of the Jardin des Plantes. No fear now of the blasting breath of the desert, or of those gigantic columns of moving sand which had so often threatened to overwhelm them, and the leaders of their tribe—no delusive mirage, tempting them still onwards, amongst those glaring, glittering wildernesses, "with show of waters mocking their distress." Even the wilder and more romantic animals seem here to have found a happy haven and a fit abode. The milk-white goat of Cachmire, with its long silky clothing, is seen reposing tranquilly, with half-closed eyes, upon some artificial ledge of rock, forming a beautiful and lively contrast to the dark green moss with which it is surrounded. Deers and antelopes repose upon the dappled ground, or are seen tripping about under the shade of the neighbouring lime-trees, while the enclosures, with their surrounding shrubbery, are so skilfully arranged, and so intermingled with each other, that every animal appears as if it enjoyed the free range of the whole encampment, instead of being confined to the vicinity of its own little hut. The walks are laid out somewhat in a labyrinthic form, so that every step a person takes he is delighted by the view of some fair or magnificent creature from "a far countrie." Birds of the most gorgeous and graceful plumage, peacocks, golden pheasants, and cranes from the Balearic Isles, solicit attention in every quarter, and are seen crossing your path in all the stateliness of conscious beauty, or gliding like sun-beams through groves of evergreen, "star bright, or brighter." In whatever direction you turn, you find the features of the scenery impressed with characters very different from

those which are usually met with in European countries. At the head of the Garden, beyond the house which was once the dwelling of the illustrious Buffon, there grows a magnificent cedar, its head rendered more picturesque by a cannon-ball, which struck it during the Revolution;* and from a little hill in the neighbourhood, there is an extensive and beautiful view, not only of the Garden of Plants, with its fine groves and shady terraces, but also of the city itself, with Mont Martre rising like an acropolis in the distance, the old square tower of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the golden dome of the Hospital of Invalids.

Between the Garden of Plants properly so called, and that part of it which is devoted to the uses of the Menagerie, there is a broad and deep sunk fence divided by stone walls into several compartments. These are the dwelling-houses of the bears, the awkward motions and singular attitudes of which seem to afford a constant source of amusement to the visitors. Bare leafless trees have been planted in the centre of some of these inclosures, to the top of which Bruin is frequently seen to climb, as if to enjoy the more extended view of the garden, and of the groups of people who crowd its walks. Some of these animals, when they perceive any one looking over their parapet, erect themselves on their hind legs, and, stretching forth their great paws, seem to ask for charity with all the importunity of a moaning beggar. Indeed, they are so much accustomed to have bread and fruit thrown to them by strangers, that the slightest motion of the hand is generally sufficient to make them assume an erect position, which they will maintain for some time, till their strength fail them, and they drop to the ground, testifying by a short and sullen growl their displeasure at having been obliged to play such fantastic tricks to so little purpose. An unfortunate accident befel one of the largest of these creatures some years ago. He was sitting perched near the top of his tree, when his footing gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground. A broken limb was the only disagreeable result of this misfortune. His temper of mind does not, however, appear to have been much mollified by his decreased strength of body, for it was this same animal which caused the death of the unfortunate sentinel who had descended into his area, misled, as it was supposed, by an old button or bit of me-

* "The largest of the pine tribe on the hillocks, is a cedar of Lebanon, P. Cedrus, the trunk of which measures twelve feet in circumference. The history of this tree, as recited to us by Professor Thouin, is remarkable. In 1736, Bernard de Jussieu, when leaving London, received from Peter Collinson a young plant of Pinus Cedrus, which he placed in a flower-pot, and conveyed in safety to the Paris Gardens. Common report has magnified the exploit by declaring, that Jussieu carried it all the way in the crown of his hat. It is now the identical tree admired for its great size."—Neill's *Journal of a Horticultural Tour through Flanders, Holland, and the North of France.* This work is no doubt in the hands of every horticulturist, whether professional or amateur. Mr Neill's name is a sufficient pledge for the extent and accuracy of the information which it contains. But the interest of the work is by no means confined to horticultural details. Although these form, as they ought to do, the leading topics of investigation and description, yet the author's eye has been by no means inobservant of other things. His narrative is continually relieved by sensible and ingenious observations on the characteristic manners and aspect of the people, and on the general features of the scenery of the various districts through which his tour extends. The whole book, indeed, is written in a very clear, intelligent style; and, the author's mind being naturally active, and, during this period especially, occupied by subjects of the greatest interest and the highest utility, there is no unsuccessful searching after subjects for the memorandum-book, no necessity for attempting to cover and conceal that vacancy of mind, which is the companion of most modern tourists. "Senza istruzione," says an Italian writer, "non puo aversi utilitá, ne diletto viaggiando; ed è miglior cosa che il rioco incolto nasconde fra le domestiche mura la sua nullitá, e la vergogna della sua ignoranza." With Mr Neill, on the contrary, there was always a delighful subject at hand to occupy the attention, and a constant exercise of intelligence required in comparing what he then witnessed for the first time in foreign countries, with the result of his own past experience at home; and the "Horticultural Tour," recently published, exhibits what, indeed, might have been anticipated from the author's character, although it is rarely met with now-a-days,—great knowledge without the slightest pretension.

tal, which he mistook for a piece of money. The cries of this poor being were heard distinctly during the stillness of the night by those who dwelt within the garden; but, as there was no reason to dread the possibility of such an accident occurring, no assistance was offered. He was found by the guard who came to relieve him in the morning, lying dead beneath the paws of the bear, exhibiting, comparatively speaking, few marks of external violence, but almost all his bones broken to pieces. The bear retired at the voice of his keeper, and did not, in fact, seem to have been induced by any carnivorous propensity to attack the person whose death it had thus so miserably occasioned. It was rather what an old man in the garden characterized as a piece of *mauvaise plaisanterie*, for it appeared to derive amusement from lifting the body in its paws and rolling it along the ground, and shewed no symptom of fierceness or anger when driven into its interior cell.*

Turning to the right as you enter the lower gate of the Garden, opposite the Bridge of Austerlitz, now called the Pons du Jardin du Roi, you approach the dwellings of the more carnivorous animals, which are confined in cages with iron gratings, very similar to our travelling caravans. Here the lion is truly the king of beasts, being the oldest, the largest, and in all respects the most magnificent, I have ever seen. There is a melancholy grandeur about this creature in a state of captivity, which I can never witness without the truest commiseration.—The elegant and playful attitudes of the smaller animals of the feline tribe being so expressive of happiness and contentment, prevent one from compassionating their misfortunes in a similar manner; while the fierce and cruel eye of the tiger, with his restless and impatient demeanour, produces rather the contrary feeling of satisfaction, that so savage an animal should be kept for ever in confinement. He appears to lament his loss of liberty, chiefly because he cannot satiate his thirst for blood by the sacrifice of those before him; his countenance glares as fiercely, and his breath comes as hot, as if he still couched among the burned-up grass of an Indian jungle. But his companion in adversity appears to suffer from a more kingly sorrow—the remembrance of his ancient woods and rivers, with all their wild magnificence, "dingle and bushy dell," is visibly implanted in his recollection. Like the dying gladiator, he thinks only of "his young barbarians," and, when he paces around his cell, he does so with the same air of forlorn dignity as Regulus might have assumed in the prison of the Carthaginians.

But, while we are indulging ourselves in "a world of fond remembrances," we are forgetting Mr Royer's book, to which we had sat down with the intention of extracting an article. We shall therefore proceed in the first place to form a compendious sketch of the Garden and Cabinet, from the period of their origin to the close of last century, which we deem it the more necessary to do, as the subject has not yet found a place in English literature. We must, however, premise, that the nature and confined limits of our abstract will necessarily exclude a thousand interesting particulars regarding the history of individual plants and animals, for the elucidation of which we therefore refer our readers to the work itself, which is just about this time ready for delivery to the public.

The King's Garden in Paris, commonly called the Garden of Plants, was founded by Louis XIII., by an edict given and registered by the Parliament, in the month of May, 1635. Its direction was assigned to the first Physician Herouard, who chose as Intendant Guy de la Brosse. At first it consisted only of a single house, and twenty-four acres of land. Guy de la Brosse, during the first year of his management, formed a parterre 292 feet long, and 227 broad, composed of such plants as he could procure, the greater number of which were given him by John Robin, the father of Vespasian, the King's botanist. These amounted, including varieties, to 1800. He then prepared the ground, procured new plants by correspondence, tra-

* We understand that the bears are now removed to the new Menagerie of wild beasts, and their places in the *Fossés* occupied by a breed of boars. Our old friend Marguerite, the great elephant, alluded to in a preceding paragraph, has been dead for some years.

ced the plan of the garden to the extent of ten acres, and opened it in 1640. It appears by the printed catalogue of the ensuing year, that the number of species and varieties had increased to 2360. De la Brosse died in 1643.

Such was the origin of an establishment which has since attained so high a degree of prosperity, and has become the first school of Natural History in the world. We shall not consider it necessary to mention each subsequent change in the management and superintendence, but shall rest satisfied with alluding only to the labours of those whose appointment may be regarded as a prosperous era in the history of the garden. About the year 1652, Fagon, grand-nephew of De la Brosse, obtained a situation in the establishment, and travelled at his own expense through several provinces of France, and among the Alps and Pyrenees, and sent the fruit of his researches to the Garden. In 1665, the number of species and varieties amounted to 4000.

In the meantime, *Gaston D'Orleans*, brother of Louis XIII., had established a botanical garden at his palace of Blois, which had acquired celebrity through the works of Morison, and by a collection of drawings of the most remarkable plants. These drawings were chiefly executed on vellum, by Robert, eminent for his great skill as a botanical painter. After the death of Gaston, in 1660, Colbert persuaded the King to purchase the whole collection; and Robert was appointed painter to the Museum, where he continued his labours till his death in 1684. Other eminent painters have continually succeeded to the situation, and it is thus that the magnificent collection of drawings of plants and animals has been formed, which was at first deposited in the King's library, and now forms the most valuable part of that of the Museum.

Vallot, the chief director, dying in 1671, Colbert united the superintendence of the Garden to that of the King's buildings, already held by himself, leaving to the first physician the title of Intendant only, with the direction of the cultivation. In the month of December he obtained a declaration from the King, regulating the administration of the Garden, and gave commissions to the Professors defining their duties. From this moment the establishment assumed increasing importance, and it would have advanced still more rapidly, had the principal administration not been united with other offices. Fagon, who had for several years filled the botanical and chemical chairs with applause, being encumbered with other duties, meditated the resignation of his place, and, wishing to appoint a successor worthy of himself, he called, from a remote part of France, the afterwards so highly celebrated Joseph Pitton de Tournefort, then only twenty-six years of age, but who had already given promise of what he was one day to become. He was appointed to the chair of botany in 1683. Ten years after, Fagon became first physician. This appointment gave him the intendance of the Garden; and, from the singular respect in which he was held, the title of Superintendent was re-established in his favour.

The signal success of Tournefort in the cultivation of botanical science, is universally known. He was the first successfully to define the genera of plants, and the excellence of his groups exhibits the clearness of his conceptions, and ranks him as the father of that branch of the science. He died in 1708, in consequence of an injury received from a waggon in a narrow street of Paris, and left his collection of natural history, and herbarium, to the Garden. This herbarium is not extensive, but it is rendered valuable by the plants gathered in the Levant, and indicated in the *Corollarium* of the *Institutiones Rei Herbariûm*. He was succeeded in the botanical chair by Danty D'Isnard.

D'Isnard retired after delivering a single course of lectures, and was succeeded by Antony de Jussieu, a name so justly celebrated in botany, in consequence of the impulse which his own labours, and those of his two brothers and nephew, have given to the science. In 1716, he visited Spain and Portugal, and brought back an immense accession to the Garden. It was this same Antony de Jussieu, who, in 1720, intrusted Declieux, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, with a young coffee tree, which, transported to Martinique, became the parent of the immense culture of the West Indies. Meanwhile, the cultivation of the Garden was confided to Sebastian Vaillant, who formed a very consider-

able herbarium, the genera of which were methodically arranged, and the species accompanied by tickets, indicating all the synonyms then known. This herbarium, which, at his death in 1722, was purchased by order of the King, forms the basis of that of the Museum. What chiefly signalizes the name of Vaillant, is his first public discourse on assuming the functions of Assistant Professor, (in the absence of the Principal,) in which he demonstrates the existence of two sexes, and the phenomena of fecundation in vegetables. Thus it was in the King's Garden that this great discovery, which had been only hinted at before, and was not generally admitted, was first announced, and supported by irrefragable proofs.

We shall pass in silence the unprofitable period of Chirac's administration of the affairs of the Garden, and proceed to the appointment of Buffon in 1739, who was preferred to the situation in consequence of the dying request of Du Fay, his immediate predecessor. This illustrious writer was already distinguished by several memoirs on mathematics, natural philosophy, and rural economy, which had gained him admittance to the Academy of Sciences; but he was as yet unknown as a naturalist. Endowed with that power of attention which discovers the most distant relations of thought, and that brilliancy of imagination which commands the attention of others to the result of laborious investigations, he was equally fitted to succeed in different walks of genius. He had not yet decided to what objects he should devote his talents and acquirements, when his nomination to the place of Intendant of the King's Garden determined him to attach himself to natural history. As his reputation increased, he employed the advantages afforded by his credit and celebrity, to enrich the establishment to which he had allied himself; and to him are owing its growth and improvement till the period of its reorganization, and that extension and variety which rendered a reorganization necessary. If the Museum owes its splendour to Buffon,—to that magnificent establishment he, on the other hand, owes his fame. If he had not been placed in the midst of collections, furnished by Government with the means of augmenting them, and thus enabled by extensive correspondence to elicit information from all the naturalists of his day, he would never have conceived the plan of his natural history, or been able to carry it into execution; for that genius which embraces a great variety of facts, in order to deduce from them general conclusions, is continually exposed to err, if it has not at hand all the elements of its speculations.

We may now be said to commence the second period of the history of the Royal Garden. When Buffon entered upon his office, the Cabinet consisted of two small rooms, and a third, containing the preparations of anatomy, which were not exposed to public view; the herbarium was in the apartment of the demonstrator of botany: the Garden, which was limited to the present nursery on the eastern side, to the green house on the north, and the galleries of natural history on the west, still presented empty spaces, and contained neither avenues nor regular plantations.*

Buffon first directed his attention to the increasing of the collections, and to the providing of more commodious places for their reception. They were arranged in two large rooms of the building which contains the present galleries, and which was formerly the dwelling-house of the Intendant; and, soon after, were opened to the public on appointed days. He next occupied himself in the embellishment of the Garden. Having cut down an old avenue which did not correspond with the principal gate, he replaced it in 1740, by one of lime trees in the proper direction, and planted another parallel on the other side of the parterre. These avenues, which are now more than eighty years old, terminate towards the extremity of the nursery, and mark the limits of the Garden at that period.

The care of the Cabinet was at this

* The name of *Museum of Natural History* is of recent date; it was given at the period when the Garden assumed its present form, and was employed to designate the union of three former establishments, the King's Garden, the Cabinet, and the Menagerie.

time intrusted to Bernard de Jussieu, who had bestowed unceasing pains upon its arrangement and preservation. The extent of his knowledge, and the facility with which he seized the affinities of bodies, and classed them in their natural order, qualified him particularly for this task, rendered more difficult by the increase of the collections; but, being diverted by other occupations, and residing at some distance from the Garden, he expressed a desire to be relieved from an office which required unwearied activity and ceaseless assiduity. Buffon also felt that his researches in natural history needed the assistance of a man who had still all the ardour of youth, and who possessed, in a high degree, both the spirit of method, and a talent for observation. Gifted with that genius which seizes the principal characters of objects, and unites them in splendid combinations, he had neither time nor patience for the examination of details, to which the weakness of his sight was also an obstacle. He made choice of his countryman Daubenton, who was then twenty-nine years of age; and who, after studying botany under De Jussieu, and anatomy under Winslow and Duverney, had retired to Montbard, the place of his birth, to practise medicine. Buffon invited him to Paris, and, in 1745, procured him the place of keeper of the Cabinet, with a lodging in the Garden, and appointments which soon rose from 500 to 4000 francs per annum. He charged him with the arrangement of the Cabinet, and associated him to his own studies, in the descriptive part of his natural history, especially in the anatomy.

The first volumes of his great work on Natural History were published in 1749, and attracted the attention of all Europe. The subsequent labours of Linnæus, and the light which his classification threw upon the intricate and almost endless variety of subjects, no doubt contributed greatly to augment the number of zealous students, and to increase their confidence in the result of their labours; but the splendid writings of Buffon may be said to have been the first which excited a general interest in this delightful study. These two men may be looked upon as the great lights of the science of nature.

But to return to the history of the Museum. In 1766, the collection had so greatly increased, that Buffon, who had previously given up a part of his dwelling house, which he occupied as Superintendent of the Garden, now resigned it entirely, and removed to No. 13, *Rue des Fossés Saint-Victor*. The Cabinet was then disposed in four large saloons, which contained the whole collection till the reorganization. These saloons were open to the public two days in each week, and the pupils had hours set apart for study. Daubenton was always present to give the necessary explanations; and foreign naturalists often resorted to him for instruction. His patience was inexhaustible, but the duties of his situation became too laborious for the exertions of a single individual, and his cousin, the younger Daubenton, was created assistant, with a salary of 2400 francs.

Antony de Jussieu, who still filled the chair of Botany, was no less assiduous in promoting the advancement of his peculiar department, not merely by delivering lectures, but by sending young men, at his own expense, to travel through the provinces, to collect seeds and plants. He formed a library of natural history and a considerable herbarium, which were of eminent service to his illustrious brother and nephew, and which have been always as much at the disposal of those who cultivate the sciences, as if they belonged to the establishment, with this advantage, that desired explanations are never withheld by the courtesy of the possessors. Antony de Jussieu died in 1758, and was succeeded by Lemonier, who being appointed first physician to the king in 1770, Antony Laurence de Jussieu, the present venerable Professor of Botany, succeeded to the chair. Sometime prior to this, J. A. Thouin, the head of a family since become distinguished by its services to the Garden, had obtained a situation as assistant cultivator in the establishment.

Buffon had now attained the meridian of his glory; his works, which assigned him the first rank amongst the authors of his time, had diffused a universal taste for the study of Natural History, while the collections he had formed facilitated the study of this science. In foreign countries, also, he enjoyed the highest reputation; and the authors of new observations,

or discoveries, eagerly communicated them to a man of genius, by whom to be mentioned was a sort of passport to immortality. M. D'Angiviller, whose place as director of the King's buildings, and chief of the Academies of Painting and Sculpture, required him to point out the great men whose statues were to be executed in marble at the public expense, asked permission of the King to erect one to Buffon. This was, perhaps, the most flattering distinction which could be conferred on a living man, as it had till then been reserved for the memory of those who had rendered the most eminent services to their country. But the King, reading the judgment of posterity regarding the merits of Buffon in that of his cotemporaries, assented to the proposal, and the celebrated Pajou was charged with the execution. This statue is now in the library of the Museum. We may easily conceive how gratifying the circumstance must have proved to one so sensible of the love of fame, and withal sufficiently impressed with a knowledge of his own high attainments. "The works of eminent geniuses," he used to say, "are few; they are those of Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and *my own*."

The health of Buffon, which had suffered severely during the preceding year, being perfectly re-established in the beginning of 1772, he resolved to fix his residence once more in the Garden, and to employ his whole influence for the benefit of the establishment. With the aid of government, he purchased two houses adjoining the museum, one of which he destined for the dwelling of the Intendant, and removed into it accordingly; the first floor was appropriated to his household, and the others to such objects as had not yet found their place in the Museum. The return of Buffon forms an epoch in the history of the Garden; from that moment, every branch of the establishment rapidly increased, and the way was prepared for the improvements which have taken place since the new organization. It would far exceed our utmost limits if we were to give a detail of all the improvements introduced by Buffon during the sixteen years of his administration. Suffice it to say, that the Garden was more than doubled in extent, its plan and distribution became regular and beautiful, and every possible advantage was offered for the culture and study of vegetables; but the perfection of one part of the establishment only rendered the deficiencies of the rest more apparent. The Cabinet was not spacious enough to contain the vast accession of objects, and the Amphitheatre was both too small, and in other respects inconvenient.

In 1787, Buffon procured the purchase of the Hotel de Magny, with its courts and gardens, situated between the Hill of Evergreens, and the Rue de Seine; he there constructed the Amphitheatre, which now serves for the lectures of botany and chemistry, and removed the lodging of MM. Daubenton and Lacépède to the Hotel de Magny. The second floor of the Cabinet which was thus left vacant, was fitted up for the reception of the collections, and permission obtained from government to erect an addition to the former galleries; the work was immediately begun, and continued without intermission, but it was not completed till after the death of Buffon.

As the buildings became more extensive, and the objects were disposed in a more striking manner, more value was attached to the collections, and the celebrity of the establishment increased. Individuals offered specimens to the Cabinet, where they were seen inscribed with the name of the donor, in preference to retaining them at home; learned societies eagerly contributed to the progress of knowledge, by enriching a public deposit; and sovereigns, as an agreeable present to the King, sent to his Museum duplicates of the curiosities in their own. The Academy of Sciences, for instance, having acquired Hunaud's anatomical collection, added it to that of Duverney in the Garden; the Count D'Angiviller gave Buffon his private cabinet; the Missionaries in China sent him whatever interesting objects they could procure in a country where they alone could penetrate; the King of Poland presented a very considerable collection of minerals; and the Empress of Russia, not being able to induce Buffon to visit St Petersburgh, invited his son, and on his return presented him with several animals from the North, which were wanting to the Cabinet, and with various objects of natural history collected in her dominions.

Meanwhile the government neglected nothing for the perfecting of an establishment which did honour to the nation as a repository of light, and a centre of communication. More considerable funds than had before been granted, were placed at the disposal of M. Daubenton, for the purchase of objects interesting from their rarity or their utility to science; foreign trees were transplanted; the Cabinet of Zoology was enriched by the collection of Sonnerat in India, by that of Commerson, made in Bougainville's voyage round the world, and by a part of that brought by Dombey from Peru and Chili, of which half the objects were detained by the Spanish government, who even prevented the publication of his narrative; commissions of correspondence, accompanied by a salary, were also given to learned travellers, who engaged to collect objects for the Botanical Garden and the Cabinet. Nevertheless, it must be owned, that all these collections were not at that moment of much utility, and it is only at a later period, and since the new organisation of the establishment, that their importance has been felt, and their end attained. Buffon was not a friend to method; he described the exterior form, the habits and economy of animals, and ascended to the most elevated general views; but he disliked the labour of distinguishing characters, and settling principles of classification. In the arrangement of the Cabinet, he wished to excite curiosity by striking contrasts, so that, like his own writings, it should present a picture of the most remarkable things in nature, independent of system, which he regarded as the artifice of man. This manner of considering natural history, was particularly pleasing to a mind that delighted in contemplating the universe of things as a whole; and, indeed, in nature, where all is harmony, the most different beings are placed side by side, and the imagination seizes at once the links which unite, and the characters which separate them. According to Buffon, the end of a general collection was attained, when it captivated the attention, and led the beholder to seek in living nature what was thus imperfectly represented; it was even deemed a useful exercise to separate what related to a peculiar study, from the crowd of objects that surrounded it.

One of the worst consequences of this system was the neglect of whatever was not calculated to interest the public. When a collection arrived, the most remarkable objects were selected to fill the empty spaces, and the rest were preserved in boxes, or allowed to remain in the obscurity of their packing cases. As there was, at this period, no professor of zoology, or of mineralogy, the botanical garden was the only part of the establishment methodically distributed throughout. Yet, far from reproaching Buffon with not having effected what it was perhaps impossible at that time to perform, we should rather acknowledge our obligations to him for having assembled, not only the numerous collection of birds contained in his work, and that of fishes described by M. de Lacépède, but also a multitude of objects of all kinds, which have since been properly arranged, and have eminently contributed to the progress of natural history.

In 1784, Daubenton the younger being obliged by bad health to resign his place of keeper and demonstrator of the Cabinet, Buffon appointed, as his successor, M. de Lacépède, who was thus fixed in the pursuit of natural history, in which he has since made so eminent a figure, both as a professor and an author.

We have said that there were at this period chairs for botany, anatomy, and chemistry only; but as Daubenton and his assistant repaired daily to the Cabinet, naturalists were enabled to obtain explanations of the objects before them, and these private lessons were the more useful, as they were adapted to the capacity and knowledge of the hearers. Lemonier had been Professor of Botany since 1758, and Bernard de Jussieu demonstrator since 1722; but, the former being obliged to reside at Versailles, and the latter finding himself weakened through age, M. de Jussieu, his nephew, was chosen to supply the place of both, and was thus charged with the lectures in the garden, and the botanical excursions in the country. During the last years of his life, Bernard de Jussieu intrusted the details of cultivation wholly to M. André Thouin, and it was a signal satisfaction to him to witness the replanting of the Botanic Garden. When he walked in the establishment, his former

pupils crowded around him, listening to him with eagerness, and treasuring up with veneration his slightest words. Among his many services to the Garden must be reckoned the education of his nephew, who has made of botany a regular science, by developing and perfecting the natural method.

M. Desfontaines was appointed Professor of Botany about the year 1786, immediately after his return from Barbary with the plants of which he has since published the history. At the period of his appointment, the Botanic Garden was already very rich; and the instruction was no longer limited to the demonstration of medicinal plants; for the progress of the science since Tournefort, by the intermediate labours of Linnæus, Adanson, and de Jussieu, authorized and required a more philosophic plan. M. Desfontaines was the first to perceive the importance of a general knowledge of the nature of vegetables, the functions peculiar to each organ, and the phenomena of the different periods of their developement, in order duly to understand their generic and specific characters; he, therefore, divided his course into two parts; the first he devoted to the anatomy and physiology of vegetables; the second to the classification and description of the genera and species. From that period, botanical instruction was no longer confined to the exterior forms of plants, but comprised their affinities, uses, and modifications. To the method of teaching adopted in the King's Garden since 1788, are to be ascribed those works which have made vegetable physiology the basis of botany, and led to the applications of this science in agriculture and the arts.

Buffon died on the 16th of April, 1788, and his place of Chief Intendant of the King's Garden was given to the Marquis de la Billarderie. We come now to the third and last period of our history, that which extends from the death of Buffon down to the present time, including the epoch of the new organization, to which we have already occasionally alluded. On the 20th of August, 1790, M. Lebrun made a report, in the name of the committee of finances of the Constituent Assembly, on the state of the King's Garden, in which its expenses were estimated at 92,222 francs; 12,777 being necessary for repairs. This report, which was the signal for a new organization, was followed by the draught of a decree proposing the reduction of the Intendant's salary from 12,000 to 8000 francs; the suppression of several places, particularly that of commandant of the police of the Garden; an increased stipend to some of the professors; the creation of a chair of natural history, &c. &c.

The disorders of the revolution beginning at this period, M. de la Billarderie withdrew from France, and his place of Intendant was filled by the appointment of M. de St Pierre, in 1792. St Pierre undertook the direction of the King's Garden at a difficult conjuncture. That distinguished writer was gifted with eminent talents as a painter of nature, and a master of the milder affections; he knew at once to awaken both the heart and the imagination; but he wanted exact notions in science, and his timid and melancholy character deprived him of that knowledge of the world, and that energy of purpose, which are alike requisite for the exertion of authority. Nevertheless, he was precisely the man for the crisis. His quiet and retired life shielded him from persecution, and his prudence was a safeguard to the establishment. He presented several memoirs to the ministry, containing some very sound regulations, conceived in a spirit of economy which circumstances rendered necessary. In these memoirs may always be noticed the following words:—"After consulting the elders," by which term he designated the persons who had been long attached to the establishment, though without an official share in its administration.

At a period so pregnant with disaster to the fortunes of the King, it may well be supposed that the King's wild beasts would not meet with a kinder treatment than the rest of the family. In fact, the Menagerie at Versailles being abandoned, and the animals likely to perish of hunger, M. Couturier, intendant of the King's domains in that city, offered them, by order of the minister, to M. St Pierre; but, as he had neither convenient places for their reception, nor means of providing for their subsistence, he prevailed on M. Couturier to keep them, and immediately addressed a memoir to the government on the importance of establishing a Menagerie in the Garden.

This address had the desired effect, and proper measures were ordered to be taken for the preservation of the animals, and their removal to the Museum; which, however, was deferred till eighteen months after.

A decree of the Legislative Assembly having about this time suppressed the universities, the faculties of medicine, &c., there was reason to fear that the King's Garden would have been involved in the same prescription; but, as the people were led to believe that it was destined for the culture of medicinal plants, and that the laboratory of chemistry was a manufactory of saltpetre, the establishment escaped destruction. At last, on the 10th of June, 1793, a decree for the organization was obtained, chiefly by the exertions of M. Lakanal, President of the Committee of Public Instruction. The following are some of the most essential articles:—

"The establishment shall henceforth be called the *Museum of Natural History*.

"Its object shall be the teaching of Natural History in all its branches.

"Twelve courses of lectures shall be given in the Museum. 1. A course of Mineralogy. 2. A course of General Chemistry. 3. A course of Chemistry applied to the Arts. 4. A course of Botany. 5. A course of Rural Botany. 6. A course of Agriculture. 7 and 8. Two courses of Zoology. 9. A course of Human Anatomy. 10. A course of Comparative Anatomy. 11. A course of Geology. 12. A course of *Iconography*."

The third section provides for the formation of a library, where all the books on natural history in the public repositories, and the duplicates of those in the National Library, shall be assembled; and also the drawings of plants and animals taken from nature in the Museum.

By the above decree, twelve chairs were established, without naming the professors; the distribution of their functions being left to the officers themselves. These were MM. Daubenton, keeper of the Cabinet, and Professor of Mineralogy in the College of France; Fourcroy, Professor of Chemistry; Brogniart, Demonstrator; Desfontaines, Professor of Botany; De Jussieu, Demonstrator; Portal, Professor of Anatomy; Bertrud, Demonstrator; Lamarck, Botanist of the Cabinet, and Keeper of the Herbarium; Faujnaft Fond, Assistant Keeper of the Cabinet, and Corresponding Secretary; Geoffrey, Sub-demonstrator of the Cabinet; Vanspaendonck, Painter; Thouin, First Gardener.

The general administration of the Cabinet belonged to the Assembly, and the care of the collections to the several Professors; the places of keeper and assistant keepers of the Cabinet were therefore suppressed. But, as it was necessary to have some person charged with the key of the galleries, the preservation of the objects, and the reception of visitors, these were devolved on M. Lucas, who had passed his life in the establishment, and enjoyed the confidence of M. Buffon. M. André Thouin, being made Professor of Agriculture, M. John Thouin was appointed First Gardener. Four places of Assistant Naturalist were created, for the arrangement and preparation of objects under the direction of the Professors; and these appointments were in favour of MM. Desmoulins, Dufresne, Valenciennes, and Deleuze,—the two first for Zoology, the others for Mineralogy and Botany; and three painters were attached to the establishment—M. Marechal, and the brothers, Henry and Joseph Redouté. At the same time the Library was disposed for the reception of the books and drawings; which last already filled sixty-four port-folios.

The animals were removed from the Menagerie at Versailles in 1794. The report of the Committee of Public Instruction approved the regulations of the Professors, and fixed the organization of the Museum in its present form, with the exception of slight modifications exacted by the change of circumstances. A law in conformity, of the 11th of December, 1797, created a third chair of Zoology, to which M. de Lacépède was appointed, gave the whole administration of the establishment to the Professors, increased their salary from 2800 to 5000 francs; fixed the expenses of the following year at 194,000 francs; and ordained the purchase of certain additional lands for the Garden.

Notwithstanding this apparent progress, however, the delightful region of which we are now sketching the history, began, in common with every other institution, to experience the effects of what the ingenious Professor

Feldborg would have called, "the wretched state of the world at that juncture." The reduced state of the finances, the depreciation of the funds, the cessation of foreign commerce, and the employment of every species of revenue and industry for the prosecution of the war, "*bella horrida bella*," were serious hindrances to the project of improvement. Painful contrasts were visible in all directions. Houses and lands of great value were annexed to the Garden, and magnificent collections were acquired; yet funds were wanting to pay the workmen, and your common potato was cultivated in beds destined for the rarest and most beautiful of exotic flowers. Ere long, however, some of the official administrators of the Museum were called to situations in the government of the nation, and used their influence in favour of their favourite haunts—"loving the spot which once they gloried in."

At the end of the year 1794, the Amphitheatre of the Garden was finished in its present state, and in it was opened, on the 25th of January, 1795, the *Normal School;* an extraordinary institution, but founded on an unfeasible and visionary plan. It was fancied that men already ripe in years, by a few lectures from eminent masters, might be rendered capable of extending instruction, and diffusing through the provinces the elements of science, which very few of themselves had been prepared by previous education to understand. Every reasonable man felt the impossibility of realizing such a scheme, and the institution fell of itself soon after. It had the good effect, however, of exciting the public attention and fixing it upon an establishment, become, as it were, the type of all institutions that might be formed for the study of nature.

The most important event connected with the history of the Garden which occurred about this period, was the voyage of Captain Baudin. In 1796, this gentleman informed the officers of the Museum, that, during a long residence in Trinidad, he had formed a rich collection of natural history, which he was unable to bring away, but which he would return in quest of if they would procure him a vessel. The proposition was acceded to by the government, with the injunction that Captain Baudin should take with him four naturalists. The persons appointed to accompany him were Maugé and Levillain, for zoology; Ledru, for botany; and Reidley, gardener of the Museum, a man of active and indefatigable zeal.

Captain Baudin weighed anchor from Havre on the 30th September, 1796. He was wrecked off the Canary Isles, but was furnished with another vessel by the Spanish government, and shaped his course towards Trinidad. That island, however, had in the meantime fallen into our hands. The party, being thus unable to land, repaired first to St Thomas, and then to Porto Rico, where they remained about a year, and then returned to Europe. They entered the port of Frecamp in June, 1798. The collections, forwarded by the Seine, arrived at the Museum on the 12th of July following.

Never had so great a number of living plants, and especially of trees, from the West Indies been received at once; there were one hundred large tubs, several of which contained stocks from six to ten feet high. They had been so skilfully taken care of during the passage, that they arrived in full vegetation, and succeeded perfectly in the hot-houses. The two zoologists brought back a numerous collection of quadrupeds, birds, and insects. That of birds, made by Maugé, was particularly interesting, from their perfect preservation, and from the fact, that the greater part were new to the Museum.

In 1798, the Professors presented a Memoir to the government, exposing the wants of the Museum. The magnificent collections which had been received were still in their cases, liable to be destroyed by insects, and comparatively useless for want of room to display them. There were no means of nourishing the animals, because the contractors who were not paid refused to make further advances. The lions became sulky for lack of food; and even the tigers shewed symptoms of displeasure, and forewent their "wonted cheerfulness." The same distress existed in 1799, which was the more to be regretted from the value of the recent collections. Of these the more important were the following:—In June, 1795, arrived the cabinet of the Stadtholder, rich in every branch of natural history, and especially of zoology. In February, M. Desfontaines

gave the Museum his collection of insects from the coast of Barbary. In November of the same year, a collection was received from the Low Countries; and that of precious stones was removed from the Mint to the Museum. In February, 1797, the Minister procured the African birds, which had served for the drawings of Levaillant's celebrated work. In 1798, the collection formed by Brocheton in Guyana, and the numerous objects of animated and vegetable nature collected under the tropics by Captain Baudin and his indefatigable associates, filled the hot-houses and the galleries of the Museum.

The government manifested the most unceasing and lively concern for the establishment, and did everything in its power to promote its interests; but "penury repressed their noble rage," and rendered it impossible to furnish the necessary funds for the arrangement of the collections, the repairs of the buildings, the payment of the salaries, and the nourishment of the animals. These last-named gentry were indeed placed under very trying circumstances; and, shortly after this period, it was even deemed necessary to authorise M. Delauney, Superintendent of the Menagerie, to kill the least valuable of them, in order to provide food for the remainder. Hen Pen herself was never in a greater scrape.

The face of things, however, speedily changed. The events of November, 1799, by displacing and concentrating power, established a new order of things, whose chief by degrees rendered himself absolute, and by his astonishing achievements cast a dazzling lustre on the nation, and suddenly created great resources. The extraordinary man who was placed at the head of affairs felt that his power could not be secured by victory alone, and that, having made himself formidable abroad, it was necessary to gain admiration at home by favouring the progress of knowledge, by encouraging the arts and sciences, and by erecting monuments which should contribute to the glory and prosperity of the "great nation."

But, the proceedings of Buonaparte in the bird and beetle line being less generally known than his floating at Tilsit, or his sinking at Waterloo, their narration will afford materials for another article, which, however, must be postponed till next month. We shall then bring down the history of this magnificent establishment to the present times, and conclude by a description of its existing state.

POCOCURANTE.

I do not care a farthing about any man, woman, or child, in the world. You think that I am joking, Jemmy; but you are mistaken. What! you look at me again with those honest eyes of yours staring with wonder, and making a demi-pathetic, demi-angry appeal for an exception in your favour. Well, Jemmy, I *do* care about you, my honest fellow, so uncork the other bottle.

Did you ever see me out of humour in your life for the tenth part of a second?—Never, so help me, God!—Did you ever hear me speak ill of another? I might, perhaps, have cracked a joke—indeed, I have cracked a good many such in my time—at a man's expense behind his back; but never have I said anything which I would not say to his face, or what I would not take from him with treble hardness of recoil, if it so pleased him to return it; but real *bonâ fide* evil-speaking was never uttered by me. I never quarrelled with any one. You are going to put me in mind of my duel with Captain Maxwell. I acknowledge I fought it, and fired three shots. What then? Could I avoid it? I was no more angry with him, when I sent the message, than I was at the moment of my birth. Duelling is an absurd custom of the country, which I must comply with when occasion requires. The occasion had turned up, and I fought of course. Never was I happier than when I felt the blood trickling over my shoulders—for the wise laws of honour were satisfied, and I was rid of the cursed trouble. I was sick of the puppyism of punctilio, and the booby legislation of the seconds, and was glad to escape from it by a scratch. I made it up with Maxwell, who was an honest, though a hot-headed and obstinate man—and you know I was executor to his will. Indeed, he dined with me the very day-week after the duel. Yet, spite of this equanimity,

I repeat it, that I do not care for any human being on earth, (the present company always excepted,) more than I care for one of those filberts which you are cracking with such laudable assiduity.

Yes—it is true—I have borne myself towards my family unexceptionably, as the world has it. I married off my sisters, sent my brothers to the colleges, and did what was fair for my mother. But I shall not be hypocrite enough to pretend to high motives for so doing. My father's death left them entirely to me, and what could I do with them? Turn them out? That would be absurd, and just as absurd to retain them at home without treating them properly. They were *my* family. My own comforts would have been materially invaded by any other line of conduct. I therefore executed the filial and fraternal affections in a manner which will be a fine topic of panegyric for my obituary. God help the idiots who write such things! *They* to talk of motives, and feelings, and the impulses that sway the human heart! They, whose highest ambition it is to furnish provender, at so much a line, for magazine or newspaper. Yet from them shall I receive the tribute of a tear. The world shall be informed in due time, and I care not how soon, that "Died at his house, &c. &c. a gentleman, exemplary in every relation of life, whether we consider him as a son, a brother, a friend, or a citizen. His heart," and so on to the end of the fiddle faddle. The winding up of my family affairs, you know, is, that I have got rid of them all; that I pay the good people a visit once a-month, and ask them to a humdrum dinner on my birth-day, which you are perhaps aware occurs but once a-year. I am alone. I feel that I am alone.

My politics—what then? I am, externally at least, a Tory, *à toute outrance*, because my father and my grandfather (and I cannot trace my genealogy any higher) were so before me. Besides, I think every gentleman should be a Tory; there is an easiness, a suavity of mind, engendered by Toryism, which it is vain for you to expect from fretful Whiggery, or bawling Radicalism, and such should be a strong distinctive feature in every gentleman's character. And I admit, that, in my youth, I did many queer things, and said many violent and nonsensical matters. But that fervour is gone. I am still outside the same; but inside how different! I laugh to scorn the nonsense I hear vented about me in the clubs which I frequent. The zeal about nothings, the bustle about stuff, the fears and the precautions against fancied dangers, the indignation against writings which no decent man thinks of reading, or against speeches which are but the essence of stupidity; in short, the whole tempest in a tea-pot appears to me to be ineffably ludicrous. I join now and then, nay very often, in these discussions; why should not I? Am I not possessed of the undoubted liberties of a Briton, invested with the full privilege of talking nonsense? And, if any of my associates laugh inside at me, why, I think them quite right.

But I have dirtied my fingers with ink, you say, and daubed other people's faces with them. I admit it. My pen has been guilty of various political jeux d'esprit, but let me whisper it, Jemmy, on *both* sides. Don't start, it is not worth while. My Tory quizzes I am suspected of; *suspected* I say, for I am not such a goose as to let them be any more than mere matters of suspicion; but of quizzes against Tories I am no more thought guilty than I am of petty larceny. Yet such is the case. I write with no ill feeling; public men or people who thrust themselves before the public in any way, I just look on as phantoms of the imagination, as things to throw off common-places about. You know how I assassinated Jack ****, in the song which you transcribed for me; how it spread in thousands, to his great annoyance. Well, on Wednesday last, he and I supped tete-a-tete, and a jocular fellow he is. It was an accidental rencounter—he was sulky at first, but I laughed and sung him into good humour. When the second bottle had loosened his tongue, he looked at me most sympathetically, and said, May I ask you a question?—A thousand, I replied, provided you do not expect me to answer them.—Ah, he cried, it was a shame for you to abuse me the way you did, and all for nothing; but, hang it, let bygones be bygones—You are too pleasant a fellow to quarrel with. I told him he appeared to be under a mistake—He shook his head—emp-

tied his bottle, and we staggered home in great concord. In point of fact, men of sense think not of such things, and mingle freely in society as if they never occurred. Why then should I be supposed to have any feeling whatever, whether of anger or pleasure about them?

My friends? Where are they? Ay, Jemmy, I do understand what that pressure of my hand means. But where is the other? Nowhere! Acquaintances I have in hundreds—boon companions in dozens—fellows to whom I make myself as agreeable as I can, and whose society gives me pleasure. There's Jack Meggot—the best joker in the world—Will Thomson—an unexceptionable ten-bottle-man—John Mortimer, a singer of most renowned social qualities—there's—but what need I enlarge the catalogue? You know the men I mean. I live with them, and that right gaily, but would one of them crack a joke the less, drink a glass the less, sing a song the less, if I died before morning? Not one—nor do I blame them, for, if they were ingulfed in Tartarus, I should just go through my usual daily round—keep moving in the same monotonous tread-mill of life, with other companions to help me through, as steadily as I do now. The friends of my boyhood are gone—ay—all—all gone!—I have lost the old familiar faces, and shall not try for others to replace them. I am now happy with a mail-coach companion, whom I never saw before, and never will see again. My cronies come like shadows, so depart. Do you remember the story of Aben Hassen, in some of the Oriental tales? He was squandering a fine property on some hollow friends, when he was advised to try their friendship by pretending poverty, and asking their assistance. It was refused, and he determined never to see them more—never to make a friend—nay, not even an acquaintance; but to sit, according to the custom of the East, by the way-side, and invite to his board the three first passers-by, with whom he spent the night in festive debauchery, making it a rule never to ask the same persons a second time. My life is almost the same—true it is that I know the exterior conformation, and the peculiar habits of those with whom I associate, but our hearts are ignorant of one another. They tilbate not together; they are ready to enter into the same communication, with any passer-by. Nay, perhaps, Hassan's plan was more social. He was relieved from inquiries as to the character of his table-mates. Be they fair, be they foul, they were nothing to him. I am tormented out of my life by such punctilios as I daily must submit to. I wonder you keep company says a friend—*friend!* well, no matter—with R. He is a scoundrel—he is suspected of having cheated fifteen years ago at play, he drinks ale, he fought shy in a duel business, he is a Whig—a Radical, a Muggletonian, a jumper, a moderate man, a Jacobin; he asked twice for soup, he wrote a libel, his father was a low attorney, nobody knows him in good society, &c. &c. &c. Why, what is it to me? I care not whether he broke every commandment in the decalogue, provided he be a pleasant fellow, and that I am not mixed up with his offences. But the world will so mix me up in spite of myself. Burns used to say, the best company he was ever in was the company of professed blackguards. Perhaps he was right. I dare not try.

My early companions I *did* care for, and where are they? Poor Tom Benson, he was my class-fellow at school; we occupied the same rooms in college, we shared our studies, our amusements, our flirtations, our follies, our dissipations together. A more honourable or upright creature never existed. Well, sir, he had an uncle, lieutenant-colonel of a cavalry regiment, and at his request Tom bought a cornetcy in the corps. I remember the grand-looking fellow strutting about in the full splendour of his yet unspotted regimentals, the cynosure of the bright eyes of the country town in which he resided. He came to London, and then joined his regiment. All was well for a while; but he had always an unfortunate itch for play. In our little circle it did him no great harm; but his new companions played high, and far too skilfully for Tom—perhaps there was roguery, or perhaps there was not—I never inquired. At all events, he lost all his ready-money. He then drew liberally on his family; he lost that too; in short, poor Tom at last staked his commission, and lost it with the rest. This, of course, could

not be concealed from the uncle, who gave him a severe lecture, but procured him a commission in an infantry regiment destined for Spain. He was to join it without delay; but the infatuated fellow again risked himself, and lost the infantry commission also. He now was ashamed or afraid to face his uncle, and enlisted (for he was a splendid looking young man, who was instantly accepted,) as a private soldier in the twenty-sixth foot. I suppose that he found his habits were too refined and too firmly fixed to allow him to be satisfied with the scanty pay, and coarse food, and low company, of an infantry soldier. It is certain, that he deserted in a fortnight after enlistment. The measure of poor Tom's degradation was not yet filled up. He had not a farthing when he left the twenty-sixth. He went to his uncle's at an hour when he knew that he would not be at home, and was with difficulty admitted by the servant, who recognized him. He persuaded him at last that he meant to throw himself on the mercy of his uncle, and the man, who loved him,—everybody of all degrees who knew him loved him,—consented to his admission. I am almost ashamed to go on. He broke open his uncle's escritoire, and took from it whatever money it contained—a hundred pounds or thereabouts—and slunk out of the house. Heavens! what were my feelings when I heard this—when I saw him proclaimed in the newspapers as a deserter, and a thief! A thief! —Tom Benson a thief! I could not credit the intelligence of my eyes or my ears. He whom I knew only five months before—for so brief had his career been—would have turned with scorn and disgust from any action deviating a hair's-breadth from the highest honour. How he spent the next six months of his life, I know not; but about the end of that period a letter was left at my door by a messenger, who immediately disappeared. It was from him. It was couched in terms of the most abject self-condemnation, and the bitterest remorse. He declared he was a ruined man in character, in fortune, in happiness, in everything, and conjured me, for the sake of former friendship, to let him have five guineas, which he said would take him to a place of safety. From the description of the messenger, who, Tom told me in his note, would return in an hour, I guessed it was himself. When the time came, which he had put off to a moment of almost complete darkness. I opened the door to his fearful rap. It was he—I knew him at a glance, as the lamp flashed over his face—and, uncertain as was the light, it was bright enough to let me see that he was squalid, and in rags; that a fearful and ferocious suspicion, which spoke volumes, as to the life he had lately led, lurked in his side-looking eyes; those eyes that a year before spoke nothing but joy and courage, and that a premature grayness had covered with pie-bald patches the once glossy black locks which straggled over his unwashed face, or through his tattered hat.

I had that he asked,—perhaps more —in a paper in my hand. I put it into his. I had barely time to say "O Tom!" when he caught my hand, kissed it with burning lips, exclaimed "Don't speak to me—I am a wretch!" and, bursting from the grasp with which I wished to detain him, fled with the speed of an arrow down the street, and vanished into a lane. Pursuit was hopeless. Many years elapsed, and I heard not of him—no one heard of him. But about two years ago I was at a coffee-house in the Strand, when an officer of what they called the Patriots of South America, staggered into the room. He was very drunk. His tawdry and tarnished uniform proclaimed the service to which he belonged, and all doubt on the subject was removed by his conversation. It was nothing but a tissue of curses on Bolivar and his associates, who, he asserted, had seduced him from his country, ruined his prospects, robbed him, cheated him, and insulted him. How true these reproaches might have been I knew not, nor do I care, but a thought struck me that Tom might have been of this army, and I inquired, as, indeed, I did of everybody coming from a foreign country, if he knew anything of a man of the name of Benson. "Do you?"—stammered out the drunken patriot—"I do," was my reply.—"Do you care about him?" again asked the officer. "I did—I do," again I retorted. "Why then," said he "take a short stick in your hand, and step across to Valparaiso, there you will find him two feet under ground, snugly wrapt up in a blanket. I was his sexton myself,

and had not time to dig him a deeper grave, and no way of getting a stouter coffin. It will just do all as well. Poor fellow, it was all the clothes he had for many a day before." I was shocked at the recital, but Holmes was too much intoxicated to pursue the subject any farther. I called on him in the morning, and learned that Benson had joined as a private soldier in this desperate service, under the name of Maberly—that he speedily rose to a command—was distinguished for doing desperate actions, in which he seemed quite reckless of life—had, however, been treated with considerable ingratitude—never was paid a dollar—had lost his baggage—was compelled to part with almost all his wearing apparel for subsistence, and had just made his way to the sea-side, purposing to escape to Jamaica, when he sunk, overcome by hunger and fatigue. He kept the secret of his name till the last moment, when he confided it, and a part of his unhappy history, to Holmes. Such was the end of Benson, a man born to high expectations, of cultivated mind, considerable genius, generous heart, and honourable purposes.

Jack Dallas I became acquainted with at Brazen Nose. There was a time that I thought I would have died for him—and, I believe, that his feelings towards me were equally warm. Ten years ago we were the Damon and Pythias—the Pylades and Orestes of our day. Yet I lost him by a jest. He was wooing most desperately a very pretty girl, equal to him in rank, but rather meagre in the purse. He kept it, however, a profound secret from his friends. By accident I found it out, and when I next saw him, I began to quiz him. He was surprised at the discovery, and very sore at the quizzing. He answered so testily, that I proceeded to annoy him. He became more and more sour, I more and more vexatious in my jokes. It was quite wrong on my part; but God knows I meant nothing by it. I did not know that he had just parted with his father, who had refused all consent to the match, adding injurious insinuations about the mercenary motives of the young lady. Dallas had been defending her, but in vain; and then, while in this mood, did I choose him as the butt of my silly witticisms. At last something I said—some mere piece of nonsense—nettled him so much, that he made a blow at me. I arrested his arm, and cried, "Jack, you would have been very sorry had you put your intentions into effect." He coloured as if ashamed of his violence, but remained sullen and silent for a moment, and then left the room. We never have spoke since. He shortly after went abroad, and we were thus kept from meeting and explaining. On his return, we joined different coteries, and were of different sides in politics. In fact, I did not see him for nearly seven years until last Monday, when he passed me, with his wife—a different person from his early passion, the girl on account of whom we quarrelled—leaning on his arm. I looked at him, but he bent down his eyes, pretending to speak to Mrs Dallas. So be it.

Then there was my brother—my own poor brother, one year younger than myself. The verdict—commonly a matter of course—must have been true in his case. What an inward revolution that must have been, which could have bent that gay and free spirit, that joyous and buoyant soul, to think of self-destruction. But I cannot speak of poor Arthur. These were my chief friends, and I lost the last of them about ten years ago; and since that time I know no one, the present company excepted, for whom I care a farthing. Perhaps, if they had lived with me as long as my other companions, I would have been as careless about them, as I am about Will Thomson, Jack Megget, or my younger brothers. I am often inclined to think, that my feelings towards them are but warmed by the remembered fervour of boyhood, and made romantic by distance of time. I am pretty sure, indeed, that it is so. And, if we could call up Benson innocent from the mould of South America—Could restore poor, dear Arthur—make Dallas forget his folly—and let them live together again in my society, I should be speedily indifferent about them too. My mind is as if slumbering, quite wrapped up in itself, and never wakes but to act a part. I rise in the morning, to eat, drink, talk—to say what I do not think, to advocate questions which I care not for—to join companions whom I value not, to indulge in sensual pleasures which I despise—to waste my hours in trifling amusements, or more trifling business, and to retire to my bed perfectly indifferent as to whether I am ever again

to see the shining of the sun. Yet, is my outside gay, and my conversation sprightly. Within I generally stagnate, but sometimes there comes a twinge, short indeed, but bitter. Then it is that I am, to all appearance, most volatile, most eager in dissipation; but could you lift the covering which shrouds the secrets of my bosom, you would see that, like the inmates of the hall of Eblis, my very heart was fire.

Ha—ha—ha!—say it again, Jemmy—say it again, man—do not be afraid. Ha—ha—ha!—too good—too good, upon honour. I was crossed in love! *I* in love. You make me laugh—excuse my rudeness—ha—ha—ha! No, no, thank God, though I committed follies of various kinds, I escaped *that* foolery. I see my prosing has infected you, has made you dull. Quick, unwire the champagne—let us drive spirits into us by its generous tide. We are growing muddy over the claret. *I* in love! Banish all gloomy thoughts,

"A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes thorough the world, my brave boys."

What say you to that? We should drown all care in the bowl—fie on the plebeian word,—we should dispel it by the sparkling bubbles of wine, fit to be drank by the gods; that is your only true philosophy.

"Let us drink and be merry,
Dance, laugh, and rejoice,
With claret and sherry,
Theorbo and voice.

"This changeable world
To our joys is unjust;
All pleasure's uncertain,
So down with your dust.

"In pleasure dispose
Your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we all shall be nothing
A hundred years hence."

What, not another bottle?—Only one more!—Do not be so obstinate. Well, if you must, why, all I can say is, good night.

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He is gone. A kind animal, but a fool, exactly what is called the best creature in the world. I have that affection for him that I have for Towler, and I believe his feelings towards me are like Towler's, an animal love of one whom he looks up to. An eating, drinking, good-humoured, good-natured varlet, who laughs at my jokes, when I tell him they are to be laughed at, sees things exactly in the light that I see them in, backs me in my assertions, and bets on me at whist. I had rather than ten thousand pounds be in singleness of soul, in thoughtlessness of brain, in honesty of intention, in solid contented ignorance, such as Jemmy Musgrove. That I cannot be. *N'importe.*

Booby as he is, he did hit a string which I thought had lost its vibration—had become indurated like all my other feelings. Pish! It is well that I am alone. Surely the claret has made me maudlin, and the wine is oozing out at my eyes. Pish!—What nonsense. Ay, Margaret, it is exactly ten years ago. I was then twenty, and a fool. No, not a fool for loving you. By Heavens, I have lost my wits to talk this stuff! the wine has done its office, and I am maundering. Why did I love you? It was all my own perverse stupidity. I was, am, and ever will be, a blockhead, an idiot of the first water. And such a match for her to be driven into. She certainly should have let me know more of her intentions than she did. Indeed!—Why should she? Was she to caper after my whims, to sacrifice her happiness to my caprices, to my devotions of to-day, and my sulkinesses, or, still worse, my levities of to-morrow? No, no, Margaret: never—never—never, even in thought, let me accuse you, model of gentleness, of kindness, of goodness, as well as of beauty. I am to blame myself, and myself alone.

I can see her now, can talk to her without passion, can put up with her husband, and fondle her children. I have repressed that emotion, and, in doing so, all others. With that throb lost, went all the rest. I am now a mere card in the pack, shuffled about eternally with the set, but passive and senseless. I care no more for my neighbour, than the King of Diamonds cares for him of Clubs. Dear, dear Margaret, there is a lock of your hair enclosed unknown to you in a little case which lies over my heart. I seldom dare to look at it. Let me kiss its auburn folds once more, and remember the evening I took it. But I am growing more and more absurd. I drink your health then, and retire.

Here's a health to thee, Margaret,
Here's a health to thee;
The drinkers are gone,
And I am alone,
So here's a health to thee.

Dear, dear Margaret.

ON THE PLUCKLESS SCHOOL OF POLITICS.

No. I.

Dear Mr North,

Some late events which have demonstrated the jobbery of the Whigs, and the folly of some of the Tories, appear to me worthy of being recorded, for the edification of the present, and example of all future generations. I am, myself, sir, an élève of the Pluckless School, but my own pucklessness is not the result of the same motives which influence the rest of my brethren. In the first place, I am a young and nearly feeless advocate, and I am inclined to think, that if I ventured openly to avow the principles of real Toryism which I feel in my heart, the few semi-Tory writers who occasionally send me a sequestration fee of two guineas at the beginning of a session, for which they expect me to make all the motions in all the cases they may happen to have in Court till the end of it, would instantly desert me, and encourage some seemingly moderate and smooth-speaking Whig. But, secondly, I happen to have a small spark of modesty in my composition, and when I find my seniors at the bar, and the avowed leaders of the Tories in Scotland, succumbing to the Whig scribes, I am not bold enough to stand forward at the head of a sort of forlorn hope, who might give me the slip in the very moment of the onset.

To you, however, my dear sir, I will be candid and open; to you I will disclose those sentiments which I dare not broach at a meeting of the Faculty, or even venture to suggest over a bottle of claret, at the table of any of my employers. To you I will open up a little specimen of Whig jobbery, and will shew you how it has been incubated and fostered by some old Tories, till the egg burst, and was found to be addled. You must know, then, that Satan, the leader of the Whigs, (they cannot fix on a leader for themselves, so I take the liberty of naming the father of opposition for them,) Satan, I say, regretting the trimming that some of his party had received at your hands, my dear Christopher, determined to lend them a helping hand in the way of a job, and in order to forward the plot, he fixed on a few Tories as the instruments by which he would carry it through.

There are a dozen or two members of the chivalrous order of W.S., who hold a certain superiority over their brethren. You will find that, like the names of knights in the Red Book, these heroes are distinguished by a cross in our Edinburgh Almanack. To some of these Grand Crosses of the Quill the old gentleman addressed himself. Do not imagine that he appeared in the horrors of horns, hoof, and tail; he came in all gentle guise, and, carrying a powder puff in his hands, blew a cloud of vanity into their eyes, softly insinuating that it would be a fine thing for them to have the exclusive patronage of a chair in our University, and distantly hinting, that if they could mount one sort of chair, the time might come when some of them, the said K. G. C.'s, might aspire to another. If their body were qualified to *teach* law, who should say they were not fit to *administer* it likewise? In short, these gentlemen determined, at the instigation of the devil, in the shape of vanity, to endeavour to get a lectureship of conveyancing, which they had some years ago set agoing as a sort of pensionary situation for any member of their Society who might have parted from his practice, erected into a Professorship in the University.

The bargain was easily struck; the good old gentlemen thought they would steal a march on the Whigs by gaining their most sweet voices in favour of the measure, inasmuch as the present incumbent on the chair which they proposed to transport to the College, happened to be a member of that deluded faction; while all the time little did they suppose that in fact they were the dupes of the very party they meant to take in, and that the whole affair originated in a party manœuvre to get another Whig professor forced into the University.

This, as you know better than I do, is a part of the present grand scheme of the Whigs, to obtain the command and control of all public seminaries, and to exercise their tyranny over all private ones. They are, and have long

been, indefatigable in their exertions for this purpose. Witness the jobbery about the Lord-Rectorships at Glasgow and Aberdeen, and Jeffrey's grand humbug speech at the former University; witness the late affair of the Edinburgh Academy, which every body sees is just a plan to make the Tories do the Whigs' work. The Senatus Academicus of Edinburgh, by the constant and unremitting exertions of this indefatigable party, is now nearly equally divided, and the importance of thrusting in one oppositionist can only be thoroughly known to those who anticipate the effects of this great scheme, which, next to ministerial power, is the main object of the Whigs.

I need not tell you that, with their usual cunning, the Whigs kept this out of view, and gave the glory of the proposal entirely to their cat's paws, the Tory commissioners.

Accordingly, a proposal was drawn up, and submitted to the Court of Session and the Faculty of Advocates. It is important to observe what this proposal was. It was not a request that these bodies should give the sanction of their approbation *generally* to the utility of a course of lectures on conveyancing, or to the advantage to be gained by such course being delivered in the University. No doubt the application was so worded as to lead at first sight to a belief that this was all that was asked; and due pains were taken both in the outset, and in the after proceedings in the Faculty, to keep out of view the real nature of the demand. It peeps out, however, even in the very first application to the Court and Faculty, and it is truly this: That *their* chair of conveyancing as at present existing, together with the gentleman who at present sits in it, should forthwith be transferred to the University. Without this stipulation the Whigs would never have been satisfied, well knowing that if the proposal had been merely prospective, the object of a Whig vote in the University would have been at best but problematical. Accordingly the committee state, that they have again resolved to solicit the boon of a University chair for *their lectureship*. But it is not until the very last step of the proceeding, viz. their application in form to the Town Council, that they express themselves plainly, proposing that Mr Macvey Napier, the present lecturer, shall be the first professor.

My principal object in addressing you, is to submit the reasons which I did not dare, from the fear of starvation, to utter in the Faculty, but which induced me to vote with the majority against Mr Cranstoun's motion; and this I do, because my reasons differ essentially from those given by the persons who spoke on the question. Before proceeding, however, I think it right to mention, that the Lord President informed these ambitious gentlemen, that he did not conceive the matter was one in which the Court was called upon to give an opinion.

When the proposal was first laid before the Faculty, they were of opinion that a report of the committee appointed to consider a former proposal of the same sort, made in 1796, should be reprinted. This report contained many solid objections against the erection of such a professorship at all. It was held that there was no occasion for a division of the subjects of law and conveyancing; that the lectures on the feudal law, the most important branch of the course of municipal law already established in the University, must necessarily embrace the leading doctrines of conveyancing; while lectures on conveyancing would sink into a mere dead letter, unless a complete course of feudal law were delivered by the lecturer—so that the one chair must necessarily interfere with the other. This is a proposition which it is impossible to deny; and when it is stated, that it was maintained by Dean of Faculty Henry Erskine,* Mr Adam Rolland, Mr John Pringle, Mr A. Balfour, Mr Solicitor-General (Blair), Mr G. Fergusson (Lord Hermand,) Mr C. Boswell (Lord Balmuto,) Mr A. F. Tytler (Lord Woodhouselee,) Mr W. (now Lord) Robertson, and Mr D. (now Baron) Hume, I should humbly suppose it was entitled to some respect, especially as it was unanimously adopted by the Faculty.

At length, on a reconsideration of this report, which is a most able one, toge-

* It is curious that Mr Erskine's *name* is kept out of view, and only his title, Dean of Faculty, given in the printed papers.—While Mr Blair's *name* is given, as well as his title. There is a reason for this.

ther with an answer by the Knights Commissioners, the Faculty met to express their opinion on this matter. The real proposition before them was this, That the Society of Writers to the Signet should have the exclusive patronage of a professorship of law in the University; that the professor should be eligible only from the body of Writers to the Signet; and that the present lecturer should be the first professor. This, I say, was the real proposal. Mr Cranstoun was the person selected to support it; and surely no one could have come forward for the purpose with so good a chance of success. The high estimation in which he is so justly held by all his brethren, created a prepossession in his favour. His mild, and yet manly eloquence, had its due effect, and, I doubt not, blinded many of his hearers to the real object in view, and increased the numbers of the minority. But his motion was of a very different nature from the real proposal of the Writers. He moved, that a set of lectures on conveyancing is a very good and useful thing, and that it might be still more beneficial if a chair in the University were obtained for the lecturer. This, you see, is quite safe and general. Many a one might agree in these propositions, who would deny the propriety of giving the Writers the exclusive election and eligibility, and who might have still stronger objections to the appointment of any man already elected.

But I wish to give you an idea of some of the reasons urged by Mr Cranstoun in defence of his motion. I do not pretend to give you his words, which were certainly, to my mind, much more effective than his arguments. In the first place, he made some most unnecessary observations on the importance of conveyancing as a branch of law, and upon the advantages to be derived from methodical study of it. Nobody disputes that it is a useful branch of legal knowledge. But the question is, whether it cannot be taught by the professor of law already appointed? Mr Cranstoun went on to tell us, that no lawyer of ten years standing was fit to understand a progress of titles. That he himself, when a progress was sent to him for an opinion, used to feel a cold sweat break out upon him; but then he informed us, that the secret of unravelling such a progress is all a knack. He compared it to an algebraical formula, which, when known, enables the calculator to answer problems beyond the reach of the ordinary arithmetician; (but he did not say why this trick, which, when known, makes the matter so plain, could not be taught by the lecturer on Scots law as well as by a separate professor). Then he gave us a fine tirade upon the *baseness* and *degradation* of allowing politics to interfere with the matter, and concluded with moving the two propositions already quoted, in the following words:—

"1. That the Institution of a Course of Lectures on Conveyancing, is calculated to improve the system of Legal Education in this country, and thereby to produce results beneficial to the community.

"2. That the benefits of such a Course would be more extensive, if a Chair in the University were obtained for the Lecturer."

Then we had an assertion from the professor of Scots law, that he would not lose a shilling by the affair. Whether he meant by this, that he was not afraid of interference of the courses, or that he was undaunted by the talents of the intended lecturer, I know not. Perhaps he wishes to be relieved of the trouble of delivering the feudal lectures, or perhaps he thinks that many students, upon measuring the talents of the two professors, will not be drawn from his class by the delivery of another set of lectures on the same subject.

The Tories who spoke, stuck fast to the reasons given in the old report, with one exception. One gentleman declared, that he never would consent to yield the right of the Faculty to the patronage of all professorships of law, which were or might be established. Here I agree with him. The Faculty were the original and only authorized teachers of law. Every one acquainted with the early history of our courts, knows that these Writers to the Signet were not originally even practitioners in our courts, except in so far as their signature was required to those judicial steps which necessarily pass the King's Signet. The original agents were the servants (as they were termed) of Advocates; young men destined for the bar, whose legal education consisted in attendance in the chambers of some counsel, and who derived their right of *agenting* causes, as it is now termed, from the necessity of waiting upon their in-

structors in the courts—a privilege still retained by their representatives, the Advocates' first clerks. This admirable system of tuition, (which might, I think, be restored with great advantage in our own days) having been dropped, the Faculty, to supply its place, obtained chairs in the University, for the instruction of youth in civil and municipal law. And, as these two chairs embrace the whole law, it would manifestly be an encroachment upon the rights of the Faculty to subdivide the study, and take out of the hands of their professor any part of the subject which is entrusted to him. If such a doctrine were admitted, the existing chair might be ruined, by turning over to new professors, first one branch, and then another, until nothing of his subject might be left. Why not have a lecturer on teinds, on criminal law, on revenue law, on commercial law, on consistorial law, &c.?—Somebody urged that this would be an advantage. No doubt each branch might be more fully taught, but how much would be left to the proper professor? I care not what the present Professor of Law thinks of it; I say that such an arrangement was never heard of. The tuition of the whole law is entrusted to one person. If he cannot comprize the whole subject in one course of lectures, let him give two, three or four; and if he does not teach it sufficiently in detail, let other lecturers supply that in which he is deficient, but not as professors. There is no reason why the teacher of a branch of a science should be a professor. In the medical and philosophical sciences, there are innumerable independent and separate lecturers, who may teach the details, while the professors of those sciences give merely the grand and general outlines of the subject.—Thus you have lectures on diseases of the eye, the ear, &c.—lectures on galvanism—electricity—dynamics, &c.; but surely it would be absurd to erect new chairs in the Universities for such courses. There can then be no objection to the continuance of such a course of lectures as the present in the Signet Library. But I must see better grounds for placing it in the University; particularly, seeing (what however was studiously kept out of view by Mr Cranstoun and Mr Bell,) that throughout the whole of the Universities of EUROPE, there is, whatever else there may be, *no example* of a separate chair for that extremely subordinate branch of legal knowledge which goes by the name of Conveyancing. I say, therefore, before I agree with these people, I must see better grounds.

And truly some of the grounds stated by the commissioners are odd enough. One of the strongest depends upon the success the scheme has met with as it now exists.—"The Society have the satisfaction of stating, that, to an increasing concourse of students, of various descriptions, *that gentleman* (Mr Macvey Napier) has delivered several courses of lectures, in which he has shewn that his talents and acquirements have eminently qualified him for the situation in which they have had the good fortune to place him."—It might be a curious subject of inquiry, whether this immense concourse of students was drawn together by the talents of the lecturer, and the utility of the course, or by a certain regulation which compels each candidate for admission to the Society of Writers to the Signet, to take out one or more tickets for the course. Be this as it may; if the course is so eminently useful, and so well attended, it does not clearly occur to me where the strong necessity exists for making a professorship of it, unless it be for the aggrandizement of the Society of Writers, to the Signet, which is, in truth, the object of the Tory friends of the measure, or for that of the present incumbent, which is the aim of the Whigs.

Mr Cranstoun told us that none but an experienced Writer to the Signet could teach this abstruse science, and that no one could acquire it without such tuition, unless he should get a glimpse of the new algebraical light to which he alluded. I have conversed with many Writers to the Signet upon the subject, and am inclined to agree with Mr Cranstoun, that a Writer to the Signet *has* the best means of teaching conveyancing. But I have met with none who ever derived benefit from attendance on public lectures on the subject;—it is at the desk that it must be learned, or nowhere. But if it is to be taught by a professor, I confess I do not see any good reason for excluding an Advocate from such a chair. I shall be told that his particular branch of business is incompatible with a thorough knowledge of deeds. But if constant practice in conveyancing is essen-

tial to a thorough knowledge of the subject, I conceive a lawyer quite as adequate to teach it, as a writer not in constant practice. In fact, the last lecturer on conveyancing thought it added to his respectability to take the advocate's gown; and when he was unable to lecture, the Society of Writers to the Signet allowed another advocate to teach in his place; and it is believed better and more useful lectures never were delivered than on this occasion. But we may safely maintain, that an advocate in practice may teach conveyancing as well as a person who does not practise conveyancing at all; nay, the chief part of whose time is devoted, and usefully devoted, to the study of title pages rather than title deeds—to the distribution of books in the library of the Society of Writers to the Signet—to the collection and arrangement of materials for a supplement to a superannuated Encyclopædia—to criticism—to the discovery of new information as to the scope and tendency of Lord Bacon's Writings—a new tune on the *Novum Organum*—and other such employment.

And this leads me to my last and strongest ground of objection to this proposal, which, in spite of Mr Cranstoun, I will confess is political. I have as great a respect for Mr Cranstoun as any Whig at the bar, and a much greater respect for him than *for* any other Whig at the bar. But I was truly sorry to hear him making a harangue about the baseness of voting upon this measure from political motives. Did he not know that almost every one member of the Faculty who voted with him voted wholly and solely from political motives? Did he not know, that if a Tory gentleman had been lecturer on conveyancing, the whole measure would have been stigmatized as a dirty Tory job? Did he not know that one-half of the persons, who, along with him, appeared to be so earnest and anxious for the honour and glory of the Society of Writers to the Signet, have upon other occasions declaimed against the pushing and striding system of that body—have complained of the privilege granted to them by the Court of having seats in the Inner-House set apart for them, &c.? It is absurd to deny that this measure would have been scouted by the very men who supported it, if it had not been for the political object in view. And it was a complete piece of humbug to pretend that politics were not to interfere in the question.

Had the question been brought forward in a fair, manly, and open way, the case would have been quite different. Had the proposal been, that, after the present incumbency, the course should be transferred to the University; or suppose Mr Napier had signified his resignation, in order that the question might be discussed without bias, I verily think it would not have been fair to have allowed politics to interfere, although, in this latter case, it is evident, from the high estimation in which we are told Mr Napier stands, that he would have been re-elected. Still, this course would have been so manly and honourable, that however much I dislike Mr Napier's politics, and however aware of the danger which I foresee from the projected monopoly of education by his party, I should have been much inclined to vote for his re-election. But as the matter stood, I saw no occasion, for one, to give the sanction of my approbation to the Whig Mr Napier being made a professor under the cover of two general propositions, declaring simply that conveyancing is a useful study, and ought to be taught by a professor rather than a lecturer. I confess I was somewhat surprised that no one gave this as the best and true reason for voting against Mr Cranstoun's proposition. It is, I think, a reason of which nobody needs to be ashamed. But I suppose they were all *cowed* by the thunders of declamation against politics, which was as politic a device as can well be conceived. However, notwithstanding the absence of a great number of those who expressed themselves against the measure, and the presence of every retainer of whiggery who could be laid hold of, a majority voted against Mr Cranstoun's motion.

This was communicated to the Writers by the Dean of Faculty, and a most extraordinary application followed. The Faculty were requested by the Writers to the Signet to send them an extract of the minutes of their meeting on the subject, together with any reasons of DISSENT which might be lodged against the resolution of the Faculty. The Faculty were told it would be rude and impolite to refuse this most unheard-of request. The majority of a body

reject a proposition; a few of that body differ with them, and have the privilege of recording their reasons. The reasons of the majority are never entered upon their record. But it is modestly expected that the majority are to furnish the persons whose proposition is rejected, with the reasons *against* their own resolution, in order to be printed, published, and circulated. I need not tell you that such a proposal was rejected by a very large majority. Somebody remarked, however, that it was competent to any member of the Faculty to get a copy of these reasons of dissent; and certainly some member of the Faculty condescended to do that which was refused by the body at large; and, still more extraordinary, the Writers to the Signet did not hesitate to print and circulate that which they had thus clandestinely, and, I rather think, improperly obtained. Had they not taken this extraordinary course, I should not have troubled you on this occasion. But I think I have a right to give my reasons of adherence to the opinion of the majority, if the minority publish their reasons of dissent. This story of the refusal of the Faculty, and of the surreptitious proceeding relative to the reasons of dissent, was of course concealed in the printed statement laid before the Magistrates, and circulated among the members of the Society of Writers to the Signet, where these reasons of dissent first were published. But, notwithstanding, I am happy to say, the Town-Council were not influenced by them, but gave its due effect to the opinion of the majority of the Faculty, by *unanimously* rejecting the application altogether; and I shall not be much surprised to learn, that some of the worthy Tories, who lent the sanction of their names to the proposal, are not much distressed by the result.

There are some other subjects to which I shall from time to time draw your attention, and which may be well and usefully classified under the head which I have adopted as the title of this letter.—Believe me, ever yours,

FRANCISCULUS FUNK.*

Shakeham, July 26.

TAIL-PIECE.

[WE owe some apology to our readers for taking up so much room with a subject which many of them will, of course, regard as very local and very trivial too. But the fact is, that we were pleased with the vein of this young contributor; and it also is a fact, that this vile, pluckless system, has gone on much too long in Edinburgh. We flatter ourselves that we have done some good by our papers about the New High School; and certain fine gentlemen may depend on it, these papers are not brought to a close yet. We also flatter ourselves that we shall hear no more of making Mr Macvey Napier a Professor in the University of Edinburgh. NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM.

Conveyancing, in England, is in the hands, not of the Solicitors, but of the Bar. Yet, what would even such men as Preston say, if they heard people talking of a *Professorship* (we believe they would laugh even to hear of a *Lectureship*) of Conveyancing?—C. N.]

* I was christened after Mr Jeffrey, by my father, who was one of the Pluckless.

THE REV. MR IRVING'S ORATIONS.*

Our first information of the existence of such a person as "the Reverend Edward Irving," was derived from certain columns devoted (last summer we think) by a morning paper to the account of a dinner given in his honour in London—*himself in the chair*. One of the company, the croupier, if we recollect rightly, was reported to have commenced a speech proposing Mr Irving's health, with lauding Mr Irving as a person "equally gigantic in intellect as in corporeal frame." From this we took it for granted, that Mr Irving was a tall man—and from the speech which he made in reply, we could not avoid the conclusion, that he himself was of the croupier's opinion as to the gigantic elevation of his own intellect. In other words, we were impressed by the whole of this newspaper report (which we of course considered as an advertisement,) with the belief, that some Scotch Presbyterian congregation in the city of London had got a new, a tall, and a conceited minister—that, as usual, a good dinner had been given on his inauguration—and that, as usual, the good dinner had been followed with many speeches, which could only appear tolerable to persons influenced by those feelings which we recently had occasion to enlarge a little upon, in treating of the Origin and Progress of the Gormandizing School of Eloquence.

We had quite forgotten all this, until our memory was refreshed by some of those notices wherewith the London newspapers have recently abounded. Mr Irving, it seems, has become a highly popular preacher in London. Canning and Brougham, Sidmouth and Mackintosh, and Michael Angelo Taylor, and Mr Heber, have all been to hear him. The Old Times calls him a quack and an ass—and the New Times says the Old Times is just as absurd in this as in calling (as it lately did) Sir Walter Scott a "Mountebank Minstrel,"—"a dull romance-spinner," and we know not what besides. John Bull, however, takes for once the Old Times' side of the question, and reiterates the cry of "quackery" and "cant," adding, with much urbanity, the designation of "the new Dr Squintum," (this by the way in the very same paper where John very properly abuses Lord Byron for saying that the King weighs twenty stone,)—while, to complete the mystification, the Morning Chronicle steps forward to abuse John Bull, and to espouse the cause of Dr Stoddart, in direct opposition to that maintained in the spotless columns of "the Leading Journal of Europe."

The only *fact* we came to the knowledge of from all these conflicting statements and authorities, was, that the Reverend Edward Irving has the misfortune to have some defect in his organs of vision—which really, in spite of our respect for Mr John Bull, we cannot consider as bearing very closely upon the question of this reverend gentleman's merits as a preacher of the Gospel. Even if we knew that John Bull was as heavy as Lambert, as lame as Vulcan, and as oblique in glance as Thersites himself—all in one—we should not enjoy John Bull's wit a bit less than we have been used to do. Such satire as this does harm to nobody but the person who makes use of it. It is never even excusable, except when used in revenge of satire of the same *species*—and we certainly should be much surprised if we learned that Mr Irving, or any other preacher, had given John Bull any such provocation.

We say, that this of the *squint* was the only *fact* we had been able to gather from all this newspaper controversy. The opinions of the several controversialists we, of course, considered as tantamount to *nothing*; and we thought not much more highly of the information that such and such men of intellectual reputation had been detected amidst the crowd of Mr Irving's chapel upon such or such a Sunday. There is no kind of reputa-

* The Oracles of God, four Orations. For Judgment to come, an argument, in nine parts. By the Rev. Edward Irving, M.A. Minister of the Caledonian Church, Hatton-Garden. London. T. Hamilton, 33, Paternoster-Row. 1823.

tion which we are inclined to hold in more suspicion (not to say contempt) than that of a much-run-upon, high-flying church-orator. Be extravagant—be loud—thunder boldly, and your business is half done. If to a brave, bellowing voice, and a furious gesture, you add some strange uncouthness of look, dialect, or accent—so much the better. But if to these things you add the noble audacity of out-of-the-way and unwonted allusions, political, literary, personal and vituperative, mantling over the spite of these with the thin veil of a sanctimonious sorrowfulness, why, who can doubt the result of such a congregation of allurements?

Whitfield, in the last age, carried everything before him by the mere fearless bawling of enthusiastic mediocrity, aided by the concomitants of a remarkable exterior, and a melodious and well-managed trumpet of a voice. We are entitled to speak in this way of Whitfield, considered merely in an intellectual point of view—because his Sermons, &c. are in print, and are, without exception, the poorest stuff—the most uniform unredeemed trash, that ever disgraced the English press. As for the intentions of the man, that is quite a different matter—we have no doubt that Whitfield was a vain, frothy, loose-tongued declaimer; and that, in spite of all this, he might be a very well-meaning man; and that, in spite of all his weaknesses, his ministrations might not fail to produce a certain proportion of good.

The great preacher of the present age, again, is (or rather, perhaps, we should say, *was*) Dr Chalmers.

Nobody *now* doubts that Dr Chalmers owed nine-tenths (to say the least of it) of the great *effect* he produced, to the mere animal vehemence and exterior uncouthness of his delivery. The Doctor was for a considerable time over-rated in a most extravagant manner—and yet nobody can deny that he did deserve to be rated highly. The publication of his first Sermons reduced him at once to a comparatively moderate station—and he has ever since been declining; yet much remains. He is not—every one who has *read* his books, admits—the great master of imagination, of reason, and of language, which he at first passed for. He has not much imagination at all—witness the laborious tinkering of what are meant to be his finest descriptive essays. In reasoning, he is coarse, rather than dexterous, extremely narrow, and extremely vague at the same time. In language he is grossly inaccurate—bombastic and bald by turns, a barbarous innovator, a most vulgar artizan. Yet much remains—a certain manly vigour redeems more than half these faults—a direct, honest earnestness—a scorn of *petty* affectations—a pervading spirit of bold truth of sentiment—these are qualities which no one can deny to him. And then he made his own style—bad as it is in many respects, this style of preaching was his creation—a novelty, and his own.—He stepped into a new walk—he wielded a new weapon—his errors were the errors of a man possessed, if not of genius, (in its true sense,) certainly of very strong and remarkable talents. And therefore he must not be altogether forgotten, at least in his own time.

What attraction the delivery of Mr Irving may possess, we have no means of guessing. From the fact of his being so much followed in London, we cannot doubt that it has at least the character of extraordinary earnestness and vehemence, which of itself is enough to make any preacher, to a certain extent, and for a time, excessively popular. But one thing we are altogether unable to account for, and this is, that, although Mr Irving seems never to have been out of Scotland until last year, we should never, by any accident, have heard his name mentioned in Scotland until after he had succeeded in making a noise in London. He was, it seems, assistant to Dr Chalmers at Glasgow for a considerable time, and yet, though till lately the name of Chalmers was never out of the mouths of the Glasgow people, we certainly never heard one of them even mention the name of his associate and colleague. Perhaps he is a Glasgow man, and failed there on the old principle of the prophet's being without renown in his own land. Perhaps his accent was too close an image of their own to be agreeable. Perhaps the far-sought charm of Dr Chalmers's High Fifeish barbarity was too powerful a rival for the native horrors of the Gallowgate. Of all this we know nothing. But Mr Irving has published a volume, and so put it in the power of us, and of every

one who, like us, never had any opportunity of seeing or hearing the man himself, to form some opinion as to his merits, in so far as these do not consist in visible and audible peculiarities.

We shall confess honestly at the outset, that the opinion we have formed is by no means just what either the chairman or the croupier of the dinner devoured in honour of Mr Irving's installation in Hatton Garden Chapel would have suggested.—But we shall come to it all in due season.

In the first place, however, we think Mr Irving one of the most absurdly self-conceited persons of our time. Look, on the very threshold, at the title-page of his volume itself.

"FOR
THE ORACLES OF GOD,
FOUR ORATIONS:
FOR
JUDGEMENT TO COME,
AN ARGUMENT,
IN NINE PARTS."

In reality, the volume consists of *thirteen sermons;* but this new sort of nomenclature is adopted by way of raising curiosity. We have no wish to echo the newspapers, which, as we have seen, call Mr Irving a QUACK; but we certainly cannot help admitting, that this sort of thing looks a great deal too like that prevailing fashion, in virtue whereof the new tooth-powder is announced as *dentifrice*, the new pimple-wash as *Kalydor*, the new long coach as *dodecahedron*, and the new smutty chap-book, as *Liber Amoris*.

But Mr Irving confesses more than once in the course of his book, that he has a great horror for the word *sermon*—it has come, he tells us, to excite no ideas but those of drowsiness, insipidity, and languid verbosity. He not once nor twice in the course of his volume, but at least fifty times, proclaims, in express words, his ambition to knock up sermon-preaching and sermon-printing, and introduce the preaching and printing of *Orations* and *Arguments* in their stead. Now, we freely concede to Mr Irving that the majority of preachers in this day are dull—but it may still be very much doubted whether people will hear them with more attention because they give out that it is not the *Sermon*, but the *Oration*, or the *Apology*, or the *Argument* that is about to commence; and a more serious doubt may also be entertained, whether, upon the whole, the edification of Christian congregations is at all likely to be increased by the dropping from the pulpit addresses of their ministers, of that plain, and even formal style and announcement of arrangement, which the experience of so many ages has, all over Christian Europe, proved to be, at the least, compatible with many advantages, both to the reason and the memory of the great majority of hearers.

But Mr Irving will make little of this last doubt. He begins his book with a distinct announcement that he means it not for ordinary readers, but for the learned, imaginative, and accomplished classes of mankind. These classes, he modestly observes, are quite neglected by the preachers of the present time. Nobody, it seems, either preaches sermons, or prints books, likely to serve the cause of religion among the lovers of poetry, science, sentiment, or politics. All these classes of people have as yet been left entirely out of view—but at last there is some hope for them, since behold and listen! the Rev. Edward Irving, A. M. has girt "the loins of his mind," and has, to use his own language, "a thorough conviction"—

"That until advocates of religion do arise to make *unhallowed poets*, and *undevout dealers in science*, and *intemperate advocates of policy*, and *all other* pleaders before the public mind, give place, and know the inferiority of their various provinces to this of ours—till this most fatal error, that our subject is second-rate, be dissipated by A FIRST-RATE ADVOCATION OF IT—till we can shift these others into the background of the great theatre of thought, by *clear superiority in the treatment of* OUR *subject*, we shall never see THE MEN OF UNDERSTANDING in this nation brought back to the fountains of living water, from which their fathers drew the life of all their greatness."

There is a vast deal more of this sort of talk; and more than once, Mr Irving clearly and distinctly avows, that his desire is to see the days of predominant puritanism re-established. For example:

"But, by the spirits of our great fathers in church and state!* are we never again to

* This frigid imitation of the famous Demosthenian oath is extremely well suited to the place and the theme!

see the reunion of religious and free-born men? Is there to be no city of refuge, no home, no fellowship of kindred for one who dares to entertain within his breast these two noblest sentiments—freedom and religion? Is he aye to be thus an outcast from the pious, who neglect all political administrations, except when they touch sectarian pride, or invade churchman's prerogative? Is he aye to be an outcast from the *generous favourers of their country's weal, who have foregone,* in a great degree, *the noble virtues and christian graces of the old English patriarchs of church and state; and taken in their private character more of the manners and libertinism of Continental revolutionists, and have little left of the ancient blood of these islanders?*

"But if England would make another step in advance, she must look to the strength in which she made her former steps; and if foreign nations would possess the blessings of England, they must look to the same era of her history, when her liberty struggled into light. It will be found that religion set the work in motion, and that religious men bore the brunt of the labour. *The Puritans and the Covenanters were the fathers of liberty; the cavaliers and the politicians would have been its death.* I find it so also among the Huguenots of France, whose massacre the star of liberty set to that ill-fated land, and cannot rise again for want of such men as Condé and Coligné.* It was so also in the United Provinces of Holland, and every country in which liberty hath had any seat. Nevertheless, every religious man must wish well to the present shaking of the nations, as likely to open passages for the light of truth, which heretofore the craft of priests and the power of absolute tyrants have diligently excluded. I pray to Heaven constantly, night and morning, that he would raise up in this day men of the ancient mould, who could join in their ancient wedlock these two helps meet for each other, which are in this day divorced—religion and liberty. As it goes at present, a man who cherishes these two affections within his breast hardly knoweth whither to betake himself;—not to the pious, for they have forsworn all interest or regard in civil affairs; not to the schools of politicians, who with almost one consent have cast off the manly virtues and christian graces of the old English reformers. But, by the spirits of our fathers! I ask again, are their children never to see THE REUNION of RELIGIOUS AND FREE-BORN MEN? Have our hearts waxed narrow that they cannot contain both of these noble affections? or, hath God removed his grace from us—from those who consult for freedom, in order to punish their idolatry of liberty, and demonstrate into what degradation of party-serving and self-seeking this boasted liberty will bring men, when they loose it from the fear of God, who is the only patron of equity and good government. *But why, O Lord! dost thou remove thy light from thine own people, the pious of the land? Is it that they may know thou art the God of wisdom no less than of zeal, who requirest the worship of the mind no less than of the heart? Then do thou, after thine ancient loving-kindness, send forth amongst them a spirit of power and of a sound mind, that they may consult for the public welfare of this thine ancient realm, and infuse their pure principles into both its civil and religious concerns.*

"It seems to my mind, likewise, when I compare the writings of these patriarchs of church and state with the irreverent and fiery speculations of modern politicians, and the monotonous, unimaginative dogmatizings of modern saints, that the soul of this country hath suffered loss, and become sterile, from the disunion of these two spouses, religion and liberty; and that the vigour of political and religious thoughts hath declined away. There is no nourishment to a righteous breast in the one class, and in the other there is no nourishment to a manly breast; and until harmony between these two be joined, we never shall enjoy such an offspring of mind as formerly was produced in this land to beget its likeness in every heart. When I read the 'Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing,' the most powerful, it seems to me, of all compositions, ancient or modern, and over against it set the 'Descent of Liberty, a Mask,' and such like works of modern reformers—when I read the 'Letters for Toleration,' or the Treatises on Government of Locke and Sydney, and over against them set the Defences and Apologies of moderns persecuted for conscience' sake, (*or, as they phrase it, for blasphemy's sake,*) I seem to be conversing with creatures in a different sphere in creation. Nor do I feel the element less altered upon me when I pass from the 'Ecclesiastical Polity' to any modern treatises or eulogies upon the church, or from the 'Saint's Rest,' to any modern work of practical piety. The grandeur of religious subjects is fallen; the piety of political subjects is altogether deceased. We are mere pigmies in the moral applications of intellect. *The discrimination of the age is led astray or fallen asleep, and maketh more account of the most petty novice or student in art or science, of the interpreter of an Egyptian hieroglyphic, or the discoverer of a new Oasis in the great desert of Zaara, than it would, I verily believe, of*

* Meaning Coligni.

the GREATEST SAGE OR MORALIST, if there was ANY CHANCE of such A PHENOMENON arising, in this physical age."

And again, in the following passage, which we are not sorry, on many different accounts, to have an opportunity of quoting here.

"I would try these *flash and flashy spirits* with their own weapons, and play a little with them at their own game. They do but prate about their exploits at fighting, drinking, and death-despising. I can tell them of those who fought with savage beasts; yea of maidens, who durst enter as coolly as a modern bully into the ring, to take their chance with infuriated beasts of prey; and I can tell them of those who drank the molten lead as cheerfully as they do the juice of the grape, and handled the red fire, and played with the bickering flames, as gaily as they do with love's dimples or woman's amorous tresses. And what do they talk of war? *Have they forgot Cromwell's iron-band, who made their chivalry to skip? or the Scots Cameronians, who seven times, with their Christian chief, received the thanks of Marlborough, that first of English captains? or Gustavus of the North, whose camp sung Psalms in every tent? It is not so long, that they should forget Nelson's Methodists, who were the most trusted of that hero's crew.** Poor men, they know nothing who do not know out of their country's history, who it was that set at nought the wilfulness of Henry VIII., and the sharp rage of the virgin Queen against liberty, and bore the black cruelty of her popish sister; and presented the petition of rights, and the bill of rights, and the claim of rights. Was it *chivalry*? was it blind bravery? No; these second-rate qualities may do for a pitched field, or a fenced ring; but when it comes to death or liberty, death or virtue, death or religion, they wax dubious, generally bow their necks under hardship, or turn their backs for a bait of honour, or a mess of solid and substantial meat. This *chivalry* and brutal *bravery* can fight if you feed them well and bribe them well, or set them well on edge; but in the midst of hunger and nakedness, and want and persecution, in the day of a country's direst need, they are cowardly, treacherous, and of no avail."

We were going to stop here, but the next paragraph, consisting of an ejaculation against the *British Soldiery* of the present time, is too rich to be omitted.

"Oh these topers, these gamesters, these idle revellers, these hardened death-despisers! they are a nation's disgrace, a nation's downfall. They devour the seed of virtue in the land; *they feed on virginity!!!* and modesty, and truth. They grow great in crime, and hold a hot war with the men of peace. *They sink themselves in debt; they cover their families with disgrace; they are their country's shame.* And will they talk about being their country's crown, and her rock of defence? They have in them a courage of a kind such as Catiline and his conspirators had. They will plunge in blood for crowns and gaudy honours; or, like the bolder animals, they will set on with brutal courage, and, like all animals, they will lift up an arm of defence against those who do them harm. But their soul is consumed with wantonness, and their *steadfast* principles are dethroned by error; *their very frames, their bones and sinews, are effeminated and degraded by vice and dissolute indulgences.*"

In short, it is clear, that "whatever is, is wrong," and that England is ruined till we get back the soldiery of Cromwell, the statesmanship of the Rump, and in one word, the political as well as the spiritual predominance of such Orators and Arguers as Mr Edward Irving.—There is all the sulky, savage, sneering malice of another crop-eared Prynne, in that one phrase about Cromwell's iron band making the chivalry of England *to skip!* It well becomes such a spirit, indeed, to talk about "former times," when "CHRISTIANS were in this island the Princes of human Intellect, the Lights of the world, the Salt of the political and social state," (p. 25.) Princes! Lights! and Salt indeed! This truly is the sort of oracle who is entitled to bellow into the ears of the "accomplished," and "imaginative" classes of mankind, that "Christians never will be the MASTERS AND COMMANDING SPIRITS OF THE TIME, until they cast off the *withered* and *wrinkled skin of an obsolete age!* and clothe themselves with *Intelligence*, as with a garment, and bring forth the fruits of *power* and of *a sound mind!*"—(*ibid.*) Such assurance would have done no discredit to the most acid roundhead that grinned in front of Charles's scaffold, at Whitehall. We beg the reader to compare some of these last sentences of Mr Irving's with that passage quoted a little way back, where he laments over the impossibility of the "Christians" of this time coalescing thoroughly with those "GENEROUS FAVOURERS OF THEIR COUNTRY'S

* Was Nelson himself one of Nelson's Methodists, Mr Edward?

WEAL, who have foregone in a great degree the noble virtues and Christian graces of the old English patriarchs, and taken in *their private characters*, more of the *manners* and *Libertinism of Continental Revolutionists.*" Who, pray, are these *Generous Libertines*, from whom Mr Edward Irving is so sorry in being separated? Are these the "accomplished" and "imaginative" ones whom he would fain draw to his side?—We believe, indeed, it could be no difficult matter for a child to answer such questions. The truth of the case lies in a nut-shell. The established order of things in England, above all, in the Church, is at present, attacked by two numerous, but, thank God! by two separate bodies of enemies.—The *Generous Libertines* on the one side, and on the other side, those who have the blasphemous audacity of arrogating to themselves exclusively, the name of "Christians." No wonder that they who hanker after the memory of "Cromwell and his iron band," should hate this division. No wonder that they should thirst for a coalition that might perhaps make ones more the chivalry of England *to skip!* No wonder that these "Christians" should call the *Libertines* they want to gain by such pretty names as "Generous favourers of their country's weal,"—&c. &c. &c.

Mr Irving complains bitterly in another passage, thus: "We, we Christians, have lost the manly regard of our fathers for liberty and good government, and crouched into slavish sentiments of passive obedience." (p. 244.) Does not this furnish a sufficient clew to Mr Irving's drift?—Yes, we do not fear to say it, go who will to hear this man thunder out his *orations* and his *arguments*, that the book this man has published is embued throughout with a strain of most dangerous sentiment. He wants to make the "Generous favourers of their country's weal" *Christians*, and he wants to make the *Christians* ashamed of having "*lost* the old manly regard for liberty," and "crouched into obedience!" Lay these two strings that he has to his bow together, and let any man, whether "accomplished and imaginative," or not, doubt if he can, what is the arrow that the reverend man would fain see his bow loaded with.—Such a way of judging may appear harsh and hasty—we assure our readers it is not hasty; and if it be harsh, let Mr Irving speak English, and we shall endeavour not to misunderstand him another time.

In spite of a few pretty complimentary phrases used now and then in the course of his production, we cannot doubt that Mr Irving's main intention it to attack the Church of England. It is certainly of no great consequence what, as an individual, he does, or does not attack; but we are extremely sorry indeed to observe, that this tone is by no means an uncommon one at present among the ultras of the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland. We can easily understand that these people should prefer having a church like their own established in the sister kingdoms, if they could manage that point—but it is clear enough, that of this they can have no serious hope whatever. They well know, that if the Episcopal Church of England perish, no established Church whatever can come in its place. They well know, that the Sectaries are too much divided, and too fierce in their spleen against each other. They are willing, therefore, to lend a hand in pulling down the present Church of England, although in the knowledge that there never could be any other Church of England. They flatter themselves that although the Church of England were pulled down to-morrow, the Kirk of Scotland would stand fast and be in no sort of danger. They therefore go on continually decrying the sister church and extolling their own in the same breath, and Mr Irving, among the rest, loses no opportunity of raving about Baxter, and the old non-conformists, as if these were the only clerical names really worthy of the gratitude and veneration of the people of England—really worthy of being reverenced on a par, to say no more, with those of the Knoxes and Melvilles, &c. of the Presbyterian Establishment in Scotland.

Not the least extraordinary part of this humbug is, that these people are eternally abusing the Church of England, as a Church too closely united with the state and the affairs of state—and lauding their own Church for its freedom from all such connection—and this at the very same time that they are hankering most eagerly after the restoration of that state of matters which prevailed in the days

of the Knoxes and the Prynnes! There never were any churchmen in the world who interfered in politics more fiercely and proudly and sternly than John Knox and the men of his school, both in England and in Scotland. They were the most ambitious of priests—Bating the difference of their doctrines, they were just so many proud sulky popish monks—they had all the rancour of a *Caste*, all the thoroughgoing ambition of a plebeian faction. We do not mean to deny that, with all these faults, they had many excellencies, and that they produced much good in more ways than one to the country—quite the reverse. But we do think, and, thinking, we do not hesitate to say, that the idea of wishing for the resurrection of the political as well as ecclesiastical predominancy of men of that spirit, is absurdly at variance with the mind of the nation and of the age—and certainly most woefully at variance with the feelings of those more cultivated classes to which this Mr Irving seems so ambitious of exclusively addressing his orations.

But the truth is, nothing can be more ridiculous than the notion prevalent among a particular class of our Scottish churchmen, that their establishment would not be shaken by the downfall of the Church of England. It is very true, that their stipends are moderate, and that their establishment is, on the whole, as little burthensome as any establishment could well be. But this is not the question. There is a very great body of Dissenters in Scotland too—a great and an increasing body of Presbyterian Dissenters. The clergymen of these sects in Scotland are, it is notorious, just as well educated, as learned, as eloquent, and every way as respectable, as those of the Established Kirk. Nay, it is a singular enough fact, that in our own day, the two men who have done most for the literary reputation of the Presbyterian clerical order in Scotland, are not members of the Established Presbyterian Church at all. What has the Kirk of Scotland produced in these days that can sustain a moment's comparison with the Dictionary of Dr Jamieson, and the Historical Works of Dr M'Crie? These are books which will keep their place hundreds of years after fifty Chalmerses, (yes, even Chalmerses,) are quite forgotten. And will these people and the leaders they may so well be proud of having—will all these sit silently and submit to be held in an inferior place by the clergy of the Kirk, when they see England set free from a Church-establishment altogether? The supposition is ridiculous. The thing will not stand for four-and-twenty hours.

But the Presbyterian Dissenters are not all. There is a prodigious body of Episcopalians in Scotland. At this moment, there is scarcely a single noble family in Scotland that is not Episcopalian. Almost all the higher gentry are in the same way. Perhaps it would not be saying too much to say, that fully TWO-THIRDS of the landed property in Scotland are at this hour in the hands of Episcopalian proprietors. Now the land, and the land alone, is burthened with the maintenance of the kirk establishment. It is very true, that the burden is, comparatively speaking, light, and easy to be borne; yet, if the gentry of England were set *entirely* free of *tithes*, does any one believe that the gentry of Scotland would submit willingly to any payment, however moderate, of *tiends*? No; backed by the great Presbyterian dissenting bodies, the landed men of Scotland would certainly rise in an instant against the continuance of such a system. It is a great pity that it should be so; but, in point of fact, the nobles and the higher gentry of SCOTLAND, are, with very few exceptions, in these days, ENGLISHMEN. There is not one of the higher nobility of Scotland that spends, on an average, more than two nights in the year in the metropolis of Scotland. There is *not one* of them that has a house there; when they come thither, they are strangers, and put up at a hotel, just as they would do in Amsterdam or Paris. Every Scotch gentleman who can afford it, carries his family not to Edinburgh, but to London. With few exceptions, the young men of fashion and fortune are all chiefly educated in England. England is everything; Scotland is nothing but a place to get rents from, and to shoot grouse in for a few weeks after the rising of Parliament. These people are all English—their speech is English—their prejudices are English; more than half of their blood is in most instances English blood. These people will certainly oppose as much

as in them lies the downfall of the venerable Church of England; but, that once down, is it anything less than craziness and mere imbecility to dream that they will make a second, and a more successful battle, for the purpose of upholding the Kirk establishment of Scotland?—a Church of which they are not, and have not for a long while been, accustomed to consider themselves as, in any true sense of the word, members—an establishment with which they have long ceased to have any connexion, except that of paying for it, and of appointing the ministers, (which last benefit, by the way, cannot be supposed to be held at any very high value, seeing that the Kirks of Scotland have long ago ceased to be looked upon as convenient shelves for the younger sons even of the poorer orders of the Scottish gentry.)

When Mr Irving laments over the want of sympathy and close union between what he is pleased to call, "WE, WE CHRISTIANS," and "THE GENEROUS FAVOURERS OF THEIR COUNTRY'S WEAL, WHO HAVE IN THEIR PRIVATE MANNERS ADOPTED THE LIBERTINISM OF FRANCE," we are well aware that what he really weeps over is the Toryism, generally speaking, and certainly the steady loyalty, of that great party *within* the Church of England, which is commonly distinguished, we shall not ask how improperly, by the name of the Evangelical party. He preaches and publishes in London, therefore it cannot be doubted that this is what the orator means. It is, however, not a bit the less true, that there is a great deal too much sympathy and union just at present between certain infidel enemies of the Church of England and certain other enemies of hers. It is the great reproach of a very considerable party in the Kirk of Scotland, for example, that they have suffered themselves, on many very important occasions, to be led into a shameful copartnership and co-operation with men who abstain from attacking their church *now*, only because they see (what the others would have seen long ago, had not the bile of conceit and prejudice blinded them,) that the most effectual way of ruining that minor and poorer, but equally hated establishment, is to begin with sapping the foundations of the more extensive and imposing structure in the sister country. We need not go into close particulars. What we say will be intelligible enough to everybody that lives in Scotland, and to the great majority of those who do not live in Scotland also. We may just hint, however, in a single sentence, that the subscription for HONE, to take one example, was aided and abetted here in Scotland, not only by the Edinburgh Reviewers, but by many ruling elders, who figure among the loudest and most strenuous orators in our General Assemblies upon the ultra-Whig and ultra-Presbyterian side of the Kirk. This is true; let who will say that this is right. It is really enough to make one laugh to see how good, worthy, shortsighted men are taken in by a few flummery paragraphs about them and their immaculate Kirk, and their *liberality!* by people whose real intentions are scarcely covered by any veil at all, except when, for particular purposes, they are endeavouring to conciliate those, who, if they had as much wit as we cannot doubt they have honesty, would be the foremost and most unrelenting enemies of such a crew.

There is much that the truly respectable clergy of the Church of England might do well to notice, and to imitate in the clergy of the sister Church here in Scotland—their strict residence; their humble, zealous visitations of their people; their uniform and undivided attention to the duties of their calling and their cures. There is, on the other hand, much that the clergy of Scotland ought to imitate and rival in the character of their English brethren; above all, in that thorough scholarship, both professional and extra-professional, which, in spite of all the sneers of the Irvings *et hoc genus*, has rendered, and now keeps the attacks of infidel writers and infidel orators ineffectual in Britain. The clergy of Scotland do their duty admirably, in their parishes most admirably; and they deserve, and they possess, the warmest good wishes of every lover of the Truth within the country where there ministry is exercised. But what would have become of the cause of Christianity over all Britain, long ere now, had there been no better fighters for that cause against the great army of infidel wits, than Scotland, and the Church of Scotland, has of late years reared? Had there been no Watsons, no Horsleys, no Paleys, in the last age, what would have been the condition

of the British people, and of that faith which was then assailed by enemies indeed worthy of the name of enemies? What was Beattie to such men as these? Such a man as Beattie did very well to be paraded and puffed—he was a worthy good man, but weak as water. He had the vanity to have himself painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, sitting in an elbow-chair in the clouds, with his Essay on Truth in his hands, and Hume, and Voltaire, and Rousseau, and Gibbon, lying under his feet, writhing, in the character of devils. The print from this picture figures at the beginning of his life. Any one who just looks at it for a minute, and considers what the man, with that happy, contented, imbecile, sleepy face *did*—what he was, and what these trampled *devils* did and were, must blush, if the blood has any way to his cheeks, for the literary triumphs of the Kirk of Scotland.* The clergy of England should imitate the clergy of Scotland; the clergy of Scotland should imitate the clergy of England. But as for such people as Mr Irving, it will be much if they look round them for a little, in either church, and strive to imitate, in the first place, that Christian humility which distinguishes the brightest ornaments of both the one and the other of them.

But it is high time we should speak a few words about his book—more strictly considered as *a book*. We have already seen how openly Mr Irving avows the highly ambitious views under the influence of which he has commenced his career of authorship. We have seen that he despises the name of Sermons; that he will write nothing but Orations after the manner of Cicero and Demosthenes, and Arguments or Apologies after the manner of the Fathers. We have seen, too, that he expressly says, he means himself for the "more learned, imaginative, and accomplished classes;" in other words, that his object is to infuse the spirit of religion into the popular literature, and thence into the popular mind of the age—that he means to work a revolution in religion and in letters.

And what has been hitherto his success? We admit, at once, freely and fully, that he has shewn himself to be a man of considerable talents; if it had not been so, indeed, we should not of course have devoted so much space to him and his book. But has he shewn himself to be a great man?—a great orator?—a great reasoner?—a masterly and original mind?—a master of English eloquence?—No such things. He is neither more nor less than a clever copier of Dr Chalmers of Glasgow.

It is very true, that he has been reading Taylor, Barrow, Baxter, and Hooker, and that he has endeavoured to infuse into his language a spice of their olden rhetoric. The attempt was praiseworthy, but the result has certainly been anything but satisfactory to those who read (for we can say nothing as to those who hear,) Mr Irving. Those old writers were admirably accomplished masters of the English tongue; there is a rich mellow luxury about their periods, which, to imitate, is hopeless, unless in very superior hands indeed to the like of Mr Irving. And, besides, he could not—no man could—imitate both them and Dr Chalmers at once. Chalmers has his own merits, but they lie *toto cœlo* away from those of our old prose classics of the 17th century; and the attempt to blend the two styles has been productive of an extremely unpleasing effect. It has covered the whole strain with an insufferable appearance of affectation—double affectation too—of laboured frigidity—of ambitious feebleness—of uninspired extravagance.

The whole style of the orator's thinking, the whole conception of his strain, are servilely after Chalmers. We are pretty sure there is not one train of thought at all striking in the book, the germ of which may not be found even in Chalmers's printed works. But to us, who have very frequently heard Dr Chalmers preach, the identity of the two things is throughout quite palpable—painfully so, indeed. The imitation is as close, now, as the imitation of Jeffrey's way of reviewing by the underling imbeciles of his Journal,—as the imitation of the author of Waverley's style by the authors of *The Cavalier*, *The King of the Peak*, *Pontefract Castle*, *The Rise and Fall of Somerset*, and such books. Now, there is no doubt, that considerable talent may be shewn in the midst of even this kind of imitation; but high talent

* Our correspondent has forgotten two really respectable divines of the last age in Scotland, Campbell and Macknight; but still we do not quarrel with his general argument as to this matter.—C. N.

—anything like commanding talent—anything like the talent that is capable of working a revolution, or anything like a revolution, either in preaching, or in any other department of intellectual exertion, is quite out of the question in such a case. *Facile est inventis addere*, is an old and a true saying; and even if Mr Irving had gone considerably beyond Dr Chalmers in Dr Chalmers's walk, we should never have dreamed of putting him by the side of his master. Even if he had kept all the startling boldness of Dr Chalmers's way of preaching, and yet made his language pure and correct English, instead of the pyebald offensiveness of the Chalmerian style, we should not have said, here is a man worthy of taking his place by the side of Chalmers. But he has done nothing of this sort. He has the audacity without the vigour; the *os magna sonitu-rum* without the original verve and pith; the *πρόσωπον πλαυγὸς*, without the capacity of the temple behind. He has not equalled the excellencies—nothing like it; and he has kept, ay, and added to the defects.

All this might, no doubt, have passed off extremely well, if Mr Irving had been contented to speak his orations and arguments, and not to print them. He has probably a vigorous and impressive style of declaiming, and if he had been wise enough to avoid publication, he might, in a place where Dr Chalmers could be little known, have continued to maintain the reputation of a powerful and even of an original preacher. But this printing in a great measure undid Chalmers himself—and what wonder that it should have gone near to undo his pupil and imitator altogether? In our opinion, such must have been the effect of Mr Irving's very ambitious *debut* as an author.

We shall now proceed to justify what we have felt ourselves constrained to say, by a few extracts from the book. The following passage it may be proper to introduce with the remark, that it occurs within *three pages of the beginning* of the first Oration—that "On preparation for consulting the Oracles of God."

"Who feels the thrilling fear or trembling hope there is in words whereon the eternal destinies of himself *do hang*? Who feels the swelling tide of gratitude within his breast, for redemption and salvation coming, instead of flat despair and everlasting retribution? Finally, who, in perusing the word of God, is captivated through all his faculties, and transported through all his emotions, and through all his energies of action wound up? Why, to say the best, it is done as other duties are wont to be done; and, having reached the rank of a daily, formal duty, the perusal of the Word hath reached its noblest place. Yea, that which is the guide and spur of all duty, the necessary aliment of Christian life, the first and the last of Christian knowledge and Christian feeling, hath, to speak the best, degenerated in these days *to stand rank and file* among those duties whereof it is parent, preserver, and commander. And to speak not the best, but the fair and common truth, this book, the offspring of the divine mind, and the perfection of heavenly wisdom, is permitted to lie from day to day, perhaps from week to week, unheeded and unperused; never welcome to our happy, healthy, and energetic moods; admitted, if admitted at all, in seasons of sickness, feeble-mindedness, and disabling sorrow. Yea, that which was sent to be a spirit of ceaseless joy and hope, within the heart of man, is treated as the enemy of happiness, and the murderer of enjoyment; and eyed askance, as the remembrancer of death and the very messenger of hell!

"Oh! if books had but tongues to speak their wrongs, then might this book well exclaim—Hear, O heavens! and give ear, O earth! I came from the love and embrace of God, and mute Nature, to whom I brought no boon, did me rightful homage. To man I came, and my words were to the children of men. I disclosed to you the mysteries of hereafter, and the secrets of the throne of God. I set open to you the gates of salvation, and the way of eternal life, hitherto unknown. Nothing in heaven did I withhold from your hope and ambition; and upon your earthly lot I poured the full horn of Divine Providence and consolation. But ye requited me with no welcome, ye held no festivity on my arrival: Ye sequester me from happiness and heroism, closeting me with sickness and infirmity; ye make not of me, nor use me for your guide to wisdom and prudence, but press me into a place in your last of duties, and withdraw me to a mere corner of your time; and most of ye set me at nought and utterly disregarded me. I came, the fullness of the knowledge of God; angels delighted in my company, and desired to dive into my secrets. But ye, mortals, place masters over me, subjecting me to the discipline and dogmatism of men, and tutoring me in your schools of learning. I came, not to be silent in your dwellings, but to speak welfare to you and to your children. I came to rule, and my throne to set up in the hearts of men. Mine ancient residence was the bosom of God; no residence will I have but the soul of an immortal."

It must be quite needless for us to criticise the above. It has all the worst

qualities of the Chalmerian school—its vulgarity and its fustian. But the introduction of such a bold figure, as *the Bible speaking* from the desk with a human tongue, at the very threshold of a sermon, shews such a profound ignorance of all the principles of oratorical composition, that we may well smile to hear this sermon styled, as if *par excellence*, an *Oration*. This is an absurdity far, very far, beyond Chalmers's wildest flight. And then to complete the thing, Mr Irving enforces, a page or two after, the propriety of giving prompt and undivided attention to the calls of religious duty—by what argument, think you?—Why, by this, that, when the King asks a man to dine with him, he is "held *disengaged*, though preoccupied with a thousand appointments!" This is for the imaginative classes of the public. What was "Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar," to the like of this?

As another specimen of that extravagance, which totally destroys the best intentions in a person addressing rational men, we must give the following short paragraph from the same sermon:—

"Go, visit a desolate widow with consolation, and help, and fatherhood of her orphan children—do it again and again—and your presence, the sound of your approaching footstep, the soft utterance of your voice, the very mention of your name—shall come to dilate her heart with a fulness which defies her tongue to utter, but speaks by the tokens of a swimming eye, and clasped hands, and fervent ejaculations to Heaven upon your head! No less copious acknowledgment to God, the author of our well-being and the father of our better hopes, ought we to feel when his Word discloseth to us the excesses of his love. Though a veil be now cast over the Majesty which speaks, it is the voice of the Eternal which we hear, coming in soft cadences to win our favour, yet omnipotent as the voice of the thunder, and overpowering as the rushing of many waters. And though the veil of the future intervene between our hand and the promised goods, still are they from His lips, who speaks and it is done, who commands and all things stand fast. *With no less emotion, therefore, should this book be opened, than if, like him in the Apocalypse, you saw the voice which spake;** *or like him in the trance, you were into the third trance translated, companying* and *communing with the realities of glory*, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived.

"Far and foreign from such an opened and awakened bosom is that cold and formal hand which is generally laid upon the Sacred Volume; that unfeeling and unimpressive tone with which its accents are pronounced; and that listless and incurious ear into which its blessed sounds are received. How can you, thus unimpassioned, hold communion with themes in which everything awful, vital, and endearing, *do meet* together! Why is not curiosity, curiosity ever hungry, on edge to know the doings and intentions of Jehovah, King of Kings?"

Now what good is there in thus pushing the best ideas to the verge of absurdity? Will anybody of sound mind listen to a man who says, that every time he opens the book of Revelations, it is his duty to feel *the same degree of emotion* with which the apostle, in Patmos, saw the heavens opened, and heard the angel of God speak to him the mysteries of futurity? St John himself could not feel the same degree of emotion as this in opening the book which he himself had written even a month afterwards. As well might Mr Irving tell the Duke of Wellington, that he ought to feel the same way when he turns over the history of the battle of Waterloo, as he did when he had the first glimpse of Buonaparte's columns on that great day. As well might he say, that we ought all to feel the same way in reading of, that we should in witnessing with our own eyes, a horrible murder. Such rant as this can have no tendency but to create suspicion in those, who hear a man of "gigantic stature," and with a beard on his chin, we suppose, uttering it. Does Mr Irving mean to say, that he himself sees THE SUN and the green fields every day with the same emotion, wherewith a man, suddenly delivered from blindness, opens his eyes upon the beauty and the grandeur of nature?—These are just the sort of things that Whitfield dealt in—they are by no means adapted for being printed. But, to be sure, the book is meant for "the imaginative classes."

Nothing can be more painful than quoting, for the absurdity of language and style, passages which, of course, contain much serious matter for thought; but it must be done. We want to prove the servile Chalmerianism of Irving; and we think if we quoted no more, the following would be enough for our purpose.

* "See a voice!" We have heard of pigs seeing the wind before, but this is new.

"Methinks the affections of men are fallen into the yellow leaf. Of your poets which charm the world's ear, who is he that inditeth a song unto his God? Some will tune their harps to sensual pleasures, and by the enchantment of their genius, *well nigh commend their unholy themes to the imagination of saints.** Others, to the high and noble sentiments of the heart, will sing of domestic joys and happy unions, casting around sorrow the radiancy of virtue, and bodying forth, to undying forms, the short-lived visions of joy. Others have enrolled themselves the *high-priests of mute Nature's charms, enchanting her echoes with* their *minstrelsy*, and peopling her solitudes with the bright creatures of their fancy. But when, since the days of the blind master of English song, hath any poured forth a lay worthy of the Christian theme?† Nor in philosophy, 'the palace of the soul,' have been more mindful of their Maker. The flowers of the garden and the herbs of the field have their unwearied *devotees*, crossing the ocean, wayfaring in the desert, and making devout pilgrimages to every region of nature, for offerings to *their patron muse*. The rocks, *from their residences among the clouds to their deep rests in the dark bowels of the earth, have a most bold and venturous priesthood; who see in their rough and flinty faces* a more *delectable image to adore than in the revealed countenance of God.* And the political welfare of the world is a very Moloch, who can at any time command his hecatomb of human victims. But the revealed *sapience* of God, to which the harp of David and the prophetic lyre of Isaiah were strung, the prudence of God which the wisest of men coveted after, preferring it to every gift which Heaven could confer—and the eternal Intelligence himself in human form, and the unction of the Holy One which abideth,—these the common heart of man hath forsaken, and refused to be charmed withal.

"I testify, that there ascendeth not from earth a Hosannah of her children to bear witness in the ear of the upper regions, to the wonderful manifestations of her God! From a few scattered hamlets, in a small portion of her wide territory, a small voice ascendeth like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. But to the service of our general Preserver there is no concourse, from Dan unto Beersheba, of our people; the greater part of whom, after two thousand years of apostolic commission, know not the testimonies of our God; and the multitude of those who do, reject or despise them!

"But to return from *this lamentation*, which may God hear, who doth not disregard the cries of his afflicted people!" &c.

More consummate affectation—more babyish tinsel, were never, we venture to say, invented for the benefit of the "imaginative classes." We confess, that, regarding the last sentence as part of a printed book, and of a book written solely and expressly to be printed, there is something to us really all but blasphemous in the combination of its phrases. The sermon concludes thus:—

"Mistake us not, for we steer in a narrow, very narrow channel, with rocks of popular prejudice on every side. While we thus invocate to the reading of the Word, the highest strains of the human soul, mistake us not as derogating from the office of the Spirit of God. Far be it from any Christian, much farther from any Christian pastor, to withdraw from God the honour which is everywhere his due, but there, most of all his due, where the human mind laboured alone for thousands of years, and laboured with no success—viz. the regeneration of itself, and its restoration to the lost semblance of the Divinity.—Oh! let him be reverently inquired after, devoutly waited on, and most thankfully acknowledged in every step of progress from the soul's fresh awakening out of her dark oblivious sleep—even to her ultimate attainment upon earth, and full accomplishment for heaven. And that there may be a fuller choir of awakened men to advance his honour and glory here on earth—and hereafter in heaven above—let the saints bestir themselves like angels, and the ministers of religion like *archangels strong!*—And *now at length* let us have a demonstration made of all that is noble in thought, and generous in action, and devoted in piety, for bestirring this lethargic age, and breaking the bands of hell, and redeeming the whole world to the service of its God and King!

"As He doth know this to be the desire and aim of the preceding discourse, so may he prosper it to the salvation of many souls, that to his poor servant, covered over with iniquities, *may derive* the forgiveness and honour of those who turn many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to the service of the living God."‡

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* Does he mean Don Juan?

† Have you forgot Cowper?

‡ The verb *derive* is constantly used by Mr Irving in this totally obsolete sense—we presume it lingers as a Gallowgatism. In like taste, he *always* talks about "souls" being "wrapt," when the meaning is *rapt*. Why not *wrapture* too? And this is the man who will preach like nobody but Cicero—who will write for nobody but the "learned and imaginative."

"Now at length!" as if, forsooth, the conclusion of Mr Irving's first printed sermon were to be a new era in the history of Christian England!

The following passage is another attempt at the soaring style of Chalmers. We confess, we have heard the Doctor speak things not much less wildly worded; but most certainly he has never printed anything quite so bad in that way.

"Obey the Scriptures or you perish.—You may despise the honour done you by the Majesty above, you may spurn the sovereignty of Almighty God, you may revolt from creation's universal rule, to bow before its Creator, and stand in momentary rebellion against his ordinances; his overtures of mercy you may cast contempt on, and crucify afresh *the royal personage* who bears them; and you may riot in your licentious liberty for a while, and make game of his indulgence and long-suffering. *But come at length it will, when Revenge shall array herself to go forth, and Anguish shall attend her, and from the wheels of their chariot ruin and dismay shall shoot far and wide among the enemies of the King, whose desolation shall not tarry, and whose destruction, as the wing of the whirlwind, shall be swift—hopeless as the conclusion of eternity and the reversion of doom.* Then around the *fiery concave* of the *wasteful pit*, the *clang* of grief shall ring, and the *flinty heart* which repelled *tender mercy shall strike its fangs into* its *proper* bosom; and the *soft* and *gentle* spirit which dissolved in *voluptuous* pleasures, shall dissolve in *weeping sorrows* and *outbursting lamentations*; and the *gay glory* of time SHALL DEPART; and *sportful liberty* shall be bound for ever in the chain of *obdurate necessity*. The *green earth*, with all her *blooming beauty*, and bowers of peace, SHALL DEPART. The morning and evening salutations of kinsmen SHALL DEPART, and the *ever-welcome voice* of friendship, and the *tender whispering* of *full-hearted affection*, SHALL DEPART, for the *sad* discord of weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. And the *tender names* of children, and father and mother, and wife and husband, with the *communion* of *domestic* love, and *mutual* affection, and the *inward* touches of *natural* instinct, which *family compact*, when uninvaded by discord, WRAPS the live-long day into *one swell of tender emotion*, making earth's lowly scenes worthy of heaven itself—All, all shall pass away; and, instead, shall come the *level lake* that burneth, and the *solitary dungeon*, and the *desolate bosom*, and the throes and tossings of horror and hopelessness, and the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched.

"'Tis written, 'tis written, 'tis sealed of heaven, and a few years shall reveal it all. Be assured it is even so to happen to the despisers of holy writ."

What hammering of epithets! what conglomeration of figures!—what helpless poluphloisboioism!

The greater part of the volume is occupied with "For Judgment to come, an Argument in Nine Parts." It is plentifully garnished with *dulcia vitia* of the same kind with these—but really we can see nothing that deserves the name of novelty, either in the general strain, or in the particular illustrations of the argument; and therefore we shall not at present occupy our readers with it. We have no sort of doubt, that many of the sections might produce a very considerable effect, if powerfully delivered from the pulpit—and we have no doubt, that many of the people, who are accustomed to sermon-reading, may be pleased with them also as a variety—but as for this being the sort of thing to introduce religious reading into favour among new, and, forsooth, *higher* classes of readers—(we deny that the higher classes are less religiously disposed, or less acquainted with the literature of religion, than any others—we say this once for all)—the Rev. Edward Irving must excuse us, if we totally differ from him.

We must not, however, omit to state very seriously, that although we make no objections to the general strain of Mr Irving's theology—we think it is extravagant, but we let that pass for the present—we do think there is a tone of bold levity, perhaps not meant to be such, in very many of what he probably conceives to be among his most felicitous and original passages throughout this Argument, which we are sure can have no tendency, except to excite great and unnecessary disgust; more especially among those classes of persons, for whom his work has been, according to his own story, got up. Chalmers, his master, has been lauded till all the world is well nigh nauseated, for his courage in illustrating the mysteries of religion, by examples and allusions of a sublunar and familiar character. Be it so, that Dr Chalmers has often done something of this kind with great and praise-worthy success. But if so, the reading of Mr Irving's book has certainly impressed us very deeply with a sense of the extreme delicacy requisite in the use of this style, and

of his (Mr Irving's) profound incapacity to appreciate the essential difficulties of that which he has so rashly imitated, and so unhappily overstepped. It is in contemplating his method of handling some of those darkest and most impenetrable mysteries, from which the greatest and the wisest of men and of divines have ever turned their modest eyes, that we have been continually and painfully reminded of the truth of the saying—"That fools rush in where angels fear to tread." His speculations upon the intermediate state of the soul!—upon the *actual, visible, and tangible occurrences* of the DAY OF JUDGMENT!—and, perhaps, most of all, his minute and laboured disquisitions upon the precise *nature* of the torments of hell, have not merely disgusted us as specimens of the most outrageous bad taste, ignorance of the duties of his place and calling, and extravagant self-conceit—but they have really shocked us as so many pieces of *blasphemy*. When we think of the delicacy and modesty of the great founders of the English church, in approaching the very outskirts of these forbidden regions, and then turn to this young and very imperfectly educated man, and observe with what vulgar and rejoicing audacity he treads the ground that a Hooker, a Taylor, a Barrow would have trembled to contaminate, by the footstep of even the most enlightened genius—we do confess, that we want words to express all our feelings. The boyish greenness—the satisfied short-sightedness—the irreverent free-and-easy words, phrases, and images, which this person exhibits in many passages of the sort we have indicated, would probably do more harm to an elegant and imaginative mind, labouring under the weight of doubt, than all the open and avowed profanities of a thousand atheists. Let any man read dispassionately the following single specimen, and we shall be heartily content to stand by his judgment.

"The mercy and goodness of God need not be *lauded* here, after what hath been written in the third part of this discourse. But though exceeding great, and greatly to be adored, and sufficient for the salvation of all the earth, these attributes do consist with others of a firmer texture and a sterner mood. Here are we, the sons of men, suffering daily pain, misery, and death, although we were not instrumental to the fall. God looks upon our case, and doth not hinder it. He hath sent a remedy, but by far the greater portion of men have never heard of it. Contemplate the condition of whole continents of the earth sweltering in sultry toil, or raging in fierce contests of mutual misery and destruction, oppressed by the wilfulness of single men, at whose pleasure they are bought and sold, imprisoned, and put to death, without knowledge of better things to come, or cheerful hope of any redress of wrong. All for what? for the sin of our first great parents, over whom we had no control; let them contemplate this, and see what stern attributes dwell by the side of divine mercy and goodness. I confess, when I contemplate the administration of this woeful world since the fall, so far as it is recorded in the annals of nations, I feel a shrinking terror of the sternness of Him in whose hands the government rests. The world hath been a very furnace of hot and murderous passions, a seething vessel of blood, which hath never rested, but smoked to heaven in vain. Even still, after the great propitiation and atonement for the world's sins, it never resteth. Every day men are immolated upon a bloody altar, and their unshrived spirits pass in most desperate moods into eternity. Wickedness rageth, princes combine against the Lord and his Anointed, they filch the sacred authority of God, they plant their scornful foot upon the neck of noble nations, and they defy the tears and groans of millions to melt their stony hearts. Oh, my God! when will this have an end? when wilt thou dash them in pieces like the potsherd, and *vie them in thy hot displeasure?* This, when I look upon, and remember from what *small beginnings* it arose, *I, for one,* CANNOT DOUBT *of the Almighty's force of character to carry anything into effect!!* If God *can exist* with such a blighted region and tormented people under his government, why may he not also *exist in the knowledge and permission of hell?* Tragedies as deep as hell are consummating every day under *his tender eye*, and deeds of darkness, foul as the pit, transacted in highest places with the insignia of his holy authority. They make his name a *sounding horn* through which to blow blasphemy and cruelty over the world. They make his religion a veil of midnight, to darken the eye of reason, and deaden the free-born energies of man. Why, if his nature be so soft, doth he allow these most shocking sights for one instant? and, allowing them now, may he not allow them hereafter?

"Do these *amiable enthusiasts* now imagine that the Divine nature is grieved, and its enjoyment overshadowed, by the enormities into which this earth has broken

loose? No! *The Divine nature is a strong texture of being*, which is not troubled by any such *provocations*. It is bound in bands of eternity and unchangeableness. It giveth law, and rejoiceth in the execution of law. It giveth one law of blessedness to righteousness, another law of misery to sin; *and it is pleased and satisfied with both*. For, each is equally needful to the welfare of the universe; which standeth happy, because with obedience cometh all enjoyment and delight, with disobedience all misery and tribulation to its people. They step across the dividing line, and a thousand perplexities from within, a thousand troubles from without, invade their heretofore untroubled being. And they are *shipped off by no active infliction of God, but as it were by the necessity of their nature, to herd and congregate with spirits accursed*. This may seem, to *soft* and *tender-hefted* nature, a blemish in the character of God, and the construction of his creatures. But seem how it may to human nature, it is no less certain, and hath been evinced in *the bevy of angels* who were detruded from their seats in heaven to the bottomless pit, and too fatally evinced in all Adam's posterity denounced for one offence. I wonder that *we* should speculate, who are labouring under the fatal reality! The beings of another sphere, who retain their constancy and enjoyment, may speculate about the limitations of divine infliction, and wonder to what length God's hatred of sin may carry him against the soft intercession of his mercy and goodness, and when these two principles of his nature will come into equilibrium and find a resting place. But for us, who taste and know, who feel and suffer, it is vain to urge such speculations against assurance, and to raise up tranquillizing delusions of God's nature against positive revelations of his nature.

"Next to meet their philosophical notion, that all punishment is for the reformation of the offender; however good it may be in human jurisprudence, it certainly is not the principle of the divine procedure, as that is to be gathered from what we know; in evidence of which, I instance the condition of the apostate angels, who since their fall have not been visited by hope nor relaxation of woe, but are ever urged, and ever to be urged, if Scripture is to be believed, with excessive woe. They were as good spirits as any other, as well ingratiated in their Creator's favour and advanced in his confidence, and had as good and rightful a hold of his tender mercy. But there they lie in chains of darkness, dreeing the everlasting penance of sin, which, when once it enters, deranges the fine tissue of happy natures for ever;—even as we often see a stroke of terrible calamity derange for ever the organization of reason and intellect, which no solacements of friends or softening influence of time shall afterwards restore. Sin is rightly conceived of, not by comparison with crimes against human law, that may be wiped away by a suitable forfeit, but when it is imagined to bring along with it an irremediable fall; God's provinces would not otherwise be secure, but always under calms and storms, like our habitation. Therefore, to insure the felicity of the whole, the part is sacrificed. Where sin comes, it weeds the creature out from his place, and transplants him into sinful regions, where he can have *his humour gratified at its proper expense*.

"Man is an exception certainly to this rule of steadfast and immovable conditions proceeding from sin. But, that it is the exception which confirms the rule is most manifest, from the terrible power of an Almighty Being, which was necessary to wrench us from the grasp of our enemy back again into hope; from the steps that had to be taken in the courts above, and the exhibition that had to be made in the world beneath, before recovery was even possible. And see, with all the sacrifice and suffering, by how slow degrees recovery comes about, how few have partaken of it, and with how much chance of failure it is surrounded; what a struggle, what a trial is involved in the salvation of any single man! Which all serves to shew how hard it was to win man back from under the curse that is engraven on all creation against sin; and how, *with all the intervention of Christ Jesus, there has only, as it were, dawned on us the morning streaks of a day, which a thousand vicissitudes may overcast and utterly deface*; it is but a star of hope that hath peered through the sorrowful gloom, unto which, if we take steadfast heed, the day will dawn, and the day-star arise upon our hearts—but if not, then double darkness and tenfold dismay will cover us for evermore.

"The true character of Sin, therefore, I hold, both by the example of the reprobate angels and the history of man's redemption, is, that it brings with it irremediable conclusions. The Saviour's powerful arm hath, as it were, made a little clear space around us for holy action, and *opened a bore in the cloudy heavens* through which the light of restoration may come in upon the hopeless earth. And this illuminated spot shifts about and about upon the face of the earth, and a thousand angels of darkness are aye endeavouring to *scarf up the bright sign of mercy* in the heavens. *Oh! they grudge us so much won from their rightful dominion over a sinful place, and it is* A FEARFUL STRUGGLE *which the power of the Spirit of God hath to maintain against them.*

They come on, howling for their own, like wolves that have been scared from their prey. When the dawn visits another region, they raise commotions to shut it out. Thrones they rally under their black banners, and principalities under their ensign of darkness; false religion makes them drunk with the cup of her abominations, and they rush full upon the servants of the Lord like incarnate demons from the pit. Sin is the lord of this earth, and grudgeth hard to give up what he won in the fatal garden."

* * * * *

"What may be in the womb of eternity, I know not. Whether there may be a visit paid to hell's habitations by another 'mighty to save,' I know not. Whether there may be some other dispensations of mercy to the abject creatures when this dispensation is fulfilled, another trial of the forlorn creatures, and another levy of righteous men carried after probation and sanctification to heaven, and so, dispensation after dispensation, the numbers of the damned thinned and thinned, until at length they shall be all recovered—these things, there is not one shadow of revelation to induce the hope of, and therefore I declare it to be the most daring invasion upon the prerogative of God, the most monstrous abuse of his gracious revelation, the most dangerous unloosing of its power over men, to set forth as certain, as probable, or even as possible, such doctrines as are wont to be set forth amongst us."

Mr Irving cannot, "FOR ONE, DOUBT THE ALMIGHTY'S FORCE OF CHARACTER!!!"—but no—we leave all this entirely without comment. If other people can read such things without painful feelings, we certainly cannot. If such speculations are the proper materials for addresses to Christian congregations, assembled *chiefly* (which your thundering popular pulpit orators are so very apt to forget) for the purpose of *worshipping their Maker*, we are entirely mistaken in all our views as to these matters. We have no doubt, a parcel of servant girls and apprentices may prick up their ears when they hear such unwonted topics started, and go home with great satisfaction, after hearing a few paragraphs exploded about themes, the proper discussion of which is not much farther beyond their own understanding than that of their oracle—we willingly believe that all this may be so; but we do not believe, that such a choice of themes, far less such a method of treating them, is at all adapted for conciliating the favour of "the more learned," or even of "the more imaginative classes." Fine ladies and gentlemen will do much for the sake of a stare. They will take their stare and have done. We venture to prophesy that we shall hear very little of Hatton-Garden Chapel after the long vacation.

We have said these things in no spirit of unkindness towards Mr Irving. He is young—and he is clever—and he may change his plan, and do far better things hereafter. We sincerely hope it may be so. But we must hint in conclusion, that if, instead of giving advice as to the choice and management of subjects in the composition of sermons, to such a divine as Mr Gordon of Edinburgh, (which he so coolly does in the dedication of his argument to that clergyman,) he himself would condescend to imitate a little of that modesty for which Mr Gordon, in the midst of real learning and real eloquence, is so honourably distinguished, it might be much better for his own congregation, to say nothing of his own character. Mr Gordon is a man of profound attainments in the exact sciences—but his habits of close reasoning are not found to impair the flow of his Christian zeal. He is naturally an orator—a true orator—and yet his feeling of the vastness and mysteriousness of the arcana of Theology, makes him well content to keep his oratory for man, and the doings of man. Such an example might be held in view sometimes, with great advantage, by Dr Chalmers himself—but to see this raw and affected imitator of the Chalmerian vein, so entirely overlooking that example—nay, to see him capable of the unheard-of audacity of giving advice to the eminent person who sets it—this is really almost enough to make one shut Mr Irving's book for ever, with feelings less benign than we should wish to entertain towards any man who we are bound to believe means well, however mistaken the cast of his exertions may be.

We have a very few words to say in rather a lighter strain, ere we close this article—but we hope Mr Irving will not fall into the error of supposing that we have not been very serious, merely because he finds us dismissing him in the end not with a frown, but with a smile.

To come to the matter at once, then, the most novel thing of which this book of sermons can boast, is, after all, a thing not worthy of being

treated in a very serious tone. It is neither more nor less than the occasional admixture of remarks upon literary subjects, and particularly the literature of our own day. Our preacher, for example, several times apostrophizes Lord Byron, as "Woe-begone, fallen man," &c. &c. &c., and calls him and Moore "Priests of the Cyprian Goddess," (rather a queer sort of allusion, by the way, from a Christian preacher,)—and we doubt not all this, however trite it would have appeared in a weekly paper, or monthly magazine, might be amusing from the Hatton-Garden pulpit. We have also a formal eulogy of two pages upon Wordsworth, for which, no doubt, the author of the Excursion will be exceedingly grateful to the author of so many Orations and Arguments. But one passage there is which we cannot think of not quoting. The orator has been lamenting over the fact, that the English nation possesses no great poem upon the subject of the Day of Judgment, (a subject, by the way, which we hope no man more a poet than Mr Irving himself, will ever be so rash as to meddle with,) and then he breaks out into the following paragraph:

"Instead of which mighty fruit of genius, this age (Oh, shocking!) hath produced out of this theme *two most nauseous and unformed abortions, vile, unprincipled*, and *unmeaning*—the one *a brazen-faced piece of political cant*, the other *an abandoned parody of solemn judgment*. Of which visionaries, I know not whether the self-confident tone of the one, or the ill-placed merriment of the other, *displeaseth* ME the more. It is ignoble and impious to rob the sublimest of subjects of all its grandeur and effect, in order to serve wretched interests and vulgar passions. *I have no sympathy with such wretched stuff, and I despise the age which hath.* The men are *limited in their faculties*, for they, both of them, want the greatest of all faculties—to know the living God and stand in awe of his mighty power; with the one, *blasphemy is virtue when it makes for loyalty*; with the other, *blasphemy is the food and spice of jest-making*. BARREN SOULS!—and is the land of Shakspeare and Spenser and Milton come to this! that it can procreate nothing but such *profane spawn*, and is content to exalt such blots and blemishes of manhood into ornaments of the age? PUNY AGE! when religion and virtue and manly freedom have ceased from the character of those it accounteth noble. But I thank God, who hath given us a refuge in the great spirits of a former age, who will yet wrest the sceptre from these mongrel Englishmen; from whose impieties we can betake ourselves to the 'Advent to Judgment,' of Taylor; the 'Four Last Things,' of Bates; the 'Blessedness of the Righteous,' of Howe; and the 'Saint's Rest,' of Baxter; books which breathe of the reverend spirit of the olden time. God send to the others repentance, or *else blast the powers they have abused so terribly; for if they repent not, they shall harp another strain at that scene they have sought to vulgarize.* The men have seated themselves in his throne of judgment, to vent from thence *doggrel spleen* and *insipid flattery*; the *impious men* have no more ado with the holy seat than the *obscene owl hath, to nestle and bring forth in the Ark of the Covenant, which the wings of the cherubim of glory did overshadow.*"

Now, really the worthy Laureate meets with very scanty charity here from this great preacher to the imaginative classes. We grant that his hexameters are lame, and that the whole affair is wretched as a poem, although it certainly does contain some passages which it would be well for Mr Irving's hearers, if Mr Irving could approach within a hundred miles of, in his moments of happiest inspiration. But to call such a man and such a poet "vile," "unprincipled," "profane," "blasphemous," "mongrel," "impious," &c. and to threaten him with *harping* in hell, on account of his "Vision of Judgment"—Why, really, we cannot read this without echoing the meek-souled Mr Edward Irving's own ejaculation, "*Oh! shocking!*"

To be serious once more—and just for a moment—Mr Edward Irving, when he mentions, in or out of his pulpit, such a person as Mr Southey, might really do well to remember what Southey is, and what Irving is. What are the ideas suggested by the mere names of the two men? Grant that we may be allowed to consider The Vision of Judgment as an indifferent poem—Well—Paradise Regained is, as a whole, an indifferent poem—some of Shakespeare's plays are indifferent—many of Wordsworth's poems, many of Scott's poems, many of Byron's poems, are, compared with their best efforts, indifferent—But are these men the less Milton, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Southey, because they have written some indifferent poems? The question is not, whether such a man as Southey has written one indifferent book, but whether he has

not written many admirable books—books which belong to the classical literature of England—books which bear the impress of original and masterly genius—books which live, and which cannot die? This is the true question; and it being answered in the affirmative, as it must be by every man who knows anything whatever about our literature and our poetry—by every man who has ever had head enough and heart enough to understand a single page of such works as Thalaba, that exquisite etherial romance—or the life of Nelson, that specimen of chaste and nervous biography—that gem of English patriotism—or the sublime poem of Roderick—in a word, by every man who knows anything at all about what Mr Southey has done—This being answered in the affirmative, and it being moreover remembered, that Mr Southey is not only one of *the very first order* of living scholars and authors in England—indisputably so—but that he is also, "his enemies themselves being judges," a man who has through a life, not now a short one, discharged every social and moral duty of an English GENTLEMAN, with uniform and exemplary propriety—All this being kept in mind—and it being also kept in mind, that Mr Edward Irving is a young, raw Scotch *dominie*, who probably never sat in the same parlour for five minutes with any man worthy of tying the latchets of Mr Southey's shoes—a person who has done nothing as yet, and who very probably never will do anything, that can entitle him to any place at all in the higher ranks of intellect—a vain green youth, drunk with the joy of a novel, and, in all likelihood, a very transitory notoriety—All these things, we say, being calmly had in mind, and this precious paragraph read over again, we really do not hesitate to say, that we cannot conceive of there being more than one opinion as to who is the most dauntlessly and despicably arrogant person now living in England. We confess that such a measure of self-conceit and self-ignorance—such a total negation of diffidence and of delicacy, to say no more about the matter, inspires us with many doubts as to Mr Irving—doubts of rather a more serious nature than we are at present disposed to enlarge upon.

Such are our serious feelings in regard to this base outrage upon the decorum of the pulpit, and the rights of genius and virtue. Nevertheless, taking a lower, and perhaps a more suitable view of this Mr Irving's case, and considering him merely as a young adventurer, who wants to make a noise, we certainly do not advise him to desist from seasoning his discourses with literary allusions and personalities. He may depend upon it, that the more personal his allusions are, the more alluring and delectable will they be found by "the more learned, imaginative, and accomplished classes;" and he is probably sufficiently aware already, that there is no vehicle in which they may be more safely and conveniently conveyed to such classes, than the Sermon—we beg pardon—the Oration. Why not review Don Juan in that form? We venture to promise a crowded auditory of both Whigs and Tories, matrons and maids, the day for which that Oration is announced. Let the clerk read the extracts, if Mr Irving feels fatigued. He really has had the merit of hitting upon one good new idea; and by all means let him make the most of it. And, by the way, since he has laid aside altogether the name of sermon, why keep up the farce of sticking texts from the Bible to the beginning of his productions? It would be well, we think, to try the effect of a neat little text from some popular work of the day.—"In the Book of Blackwood, in volume the ——, page the ——, column the second, and there the first paragraph, you will find it written," &c. *This* would certainly produce a sensation among the more imaginative classes.

A VISIT TO SPAIN IN 1822 AND 1823.*

This is a manly and intelligent account of the remarkable proceedings which drew the general eye on Madrid and the South of Spain during the latter part of 1822, and the commencement of 1823. The Journal occupies only seven months, but those were seven months of revolutionary and royalist agitation—perhaps the most stirring political period that had happened to Spain since the suppression of the Cortes by Charles the Fifth. The agitation of the Peninsular war bore the character of the time; it was warlike, a great swell and heave of popular indignation against a national enemy—a noble and vindicatory revolt of human nature against a fraudulent, insulting, and homicidal tyranny. The pressure of this supreme hatred and abhorrence crushed all the little local influences for the time;—a great combat was to be fought, from whose muster nothing could be spared for petty passions and individual objects; and in the vigour of this universal feeling, as in the confidence and leading of a sign from Heaven, Spain conquered.

But the fall of Napoleon was to Spain what the ruin of Carthage was to Rome. In the loss of that salutary terror, it lost the great teacher of those virtues which are the food and spirit of national eminence, and, in their own good season, of solid, prosperous tranquillity. They thought their task was ended, when it was scarcely more than begun. The expulsion of the French should have been hailed, not as the signal of rest, but of labour unincumbered, free to choose its ground, and putting its hand to the plough with the nerve of recent success. A constitution, founded on the ancient forms of the country, with whatever of utility and civilized fitness there was to be found in the wisdom of modern times, ought to have been the first and the holiest work of the noblest minds of Spain. Whatever spoils of battle they might have borne to their temple of victory, this work of peace would have outshone them all. The most glorious record of their triumph would have been a charter, securing liberty to all ranks of the generous population of Spain.

The return of Ferdinand extinguished the Cortes—a feeble, ignorant, and corrupt cabal, who degraded the name of patriots and of statesmen. The populace, disgusted with faction, huzzaed after the King's wheels, as he drove over the mutilated body of this charlatanism. No man in Spain was found public-spirited enough to demand freedom for the nation, or wise enough to propose a rational scheme of freedom. Thus the great chance was cast away. A prejudiced King on the one side, an unadvised people on the other—the throne without a heart, and the people without a head—all the elements were prepared that wreck nations. To minds looking on those things from that distance of place and feeling, which allows of the truest political view, Spain was on the verge of convulsion.

The revolt of the troops decided the question, and those military legislators virtually made a cypher of the crown. But, once again, the apathy of the national character became the national safeguard. The army conquered the King, and then rested on its arms. A knot of city politicians, refugees, and mendicants, took up the game, when the men of the plume and the bayonet had fallen asleep beside the board. The terrors of a military struggle subsided into the squabbles of the gown; and Spain, by nature and habit the enemy of France and Republicanism, saw itself governed under the name of national freedom by the code of a Parisian Democracy.

Our first curiosity is of course excited, like that of the writer, to see the forms of this strange legislation.

"One of the first places to which I bent

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* A visit to Spain, detailing the Transactions which occurred during a Residence in that Country in the Latter Part of 1822, and the first Four Months of 1823. With an Account of the Removal of the Court from Madrid to Seville; and General Notices of the Manners, Customs, Costume, and Music of the Country. By Michael J. Quin, Barrister at Law, and Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London; and A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh. 1823.

my steps was the Hall of the Cortes. It is of an oval form, and has very much of a scenic appearance. The throne is at one extremity. It consists of a chair of state, supported by two bronze gilt lions; the back is composed of standards, made in the form of the Roman *fasces*. On the top is placed a Baronial helmet, adorned with a large ostrich feather, which droops over the seat. Above the chair is the inscription, "Fernando VII. Padre de la patria." On each side of the chair are Caryatides, the one representing South America, the other the Peninsula, which support a square canopy, &c. The throne is elevated upon a platform. One step below this there is another platform, on which stands an oblong table, for the President and six Secretaries of the Cortes. The President sits with his back to the throne, the Secretaries occupy the sides of the table. At the end opposite to the President stands a silver crucifix. A small silver bell is placed at his right hand, which he rings when he feels it necessary to call any of the members to order. Copies of the Evangelists, the Constitution, the Decrees of Cortes, and books of authority, are arranged upon the lower end of the table," &c.

"There are twenty-two benches for the deputies, arranged in equal numbers at each side of the hall, cushioned and covered with purple velvet. The floor is carpetted, and mats are placed for the feet. A considerable segment of the oval is railed off for the bar, the floor of which is covered with green baize. In the centre are two marble pedestals, which support two large and beautiful bronze lions couched. Those grasp in their fore-claw, a thick gilt rod, which is removed when the King goes to Cortes, but on no other occasion. Below the bar are a lofty pair of folding doors, through which his Majesty, the royal family, and the officers of state enter. During the sittings, those gates are guarded on the inside by two sentinels, dressed in silk and gold-lace, hats and drooping feathers, in the style of the ancient Spanish costume. They hold gilt maces in their hands, and are relieved every hour; they look more like a pair of stage mutes than the officers of a senate. The hall is hung with six large lustres, whose tin sconces mar the elegance of the glass manufacture. Immediately before the throne are four bronze figures, sustaining sockets for wax-lights. There are also several side lustres; they are seldom used, as the Cortes rarely sit at night.

"The decorations consist principally of a number of casts from statues, which are well executed. Two, representing Genius and Honour, stand at the sides of the throne, and four—the cardinal virtues—are placed, two at each side, lower down. There are affixed to the wall several marble slabs, on which are written, in letters of gold, the names of Alvarez, D. Felix Acevedo, D. Luis Daois, D. Pedro Velardo, D. Juan Diez Porlier, D. Luis Lacy, and D. Mariano Alvarez, men who have distinguished themselves by their exertions for liberty. On the front of the lower gallery the third article of the Constitution is inscribed:—

"The sovereignty resides essentially in the nation, and therefore to it belongs exclusively the right of making its fundamental laws."

Spectators are not admitted below the bar, nor into the space appropriated to the Deputies; but they are amply provided for in two large galleries, one over the other, which are at the lower extremity of the hall, opposite to the throne. On the right of the throne, half way between the floor and the ceiling, there is a tribune for the ambassadors, opposite to which is a similar recess for the use of the officers of the guard attendant on the Cortes. In the central part of the hall, nearly on a level with the floor, is a tribune for the ex-Deputies, into which the Deputies have the privilege of introducing their friends. A similar tribune, opposite to this, is occupied by the short-hand writers to the Cortes. It is the duty of those gentlemen to take down every word that is spoken, both in the public and the private meetings.

All this apparatus is now, we take it for granted, abandoned to the use of the moths, and other Spanish devastators of cloth and velvet. But as Spain will have, in some way or other, a representative body, let the war turn as it may, this description holds good for the next meeting of the King and the Cortes. Those who have heard of the perpetual sittings of the British House of Commons will be inclined to think that the Spaniards "have their mother's spirit in them still," and will be but lazy politicians to the last.

"The Cortes begin their debates usually at half-past eleven in the forenoon, and, unless some very important subject occupies them, they seldom sit beyond three o'clock. The Deputies rise and speak from their places, and generally without the aid of notes. There is a handsome rostrum on each side of the chair, but those are resort-

ed to only when a member has to submit a proposition to the Cortes, when any of the Secretaries has to make a communication, or when official documents are to be read. The Constitution provides, that ministers shall not have seats in the Cortes; but this body is authorised to demand the presence of any member of the cabinet, or of all the members, as often as they think expedient. When a question is put to the vote, those who are for the affirmative stand up in their places; those against it remain sitting. During a division, strangers are not excluded. When the question is one of great importance, the names of the members voting are taken down."

We now come to that which is less permanent than benches and curtains, and which, unlike them, will probably never share the revival of easy debates, and the presence of majesty;—the reputations and offices of the *Liberal* ministry. The writer speaks like an impartialist; and his opportunities seem to have allowed him a sufficient knowledge of the men and things that turned the helm of Spain. In the rapid alternations of democracy, the chief point of address is to "catch the *Cynthia* of the minute." The lords of the ascendant this hour are below the horizon the next—some never to rise again. We have here the portraiture of the cabinet for November.

"The ministry of Martinez de la Rosa having lost its moral influence in the country, in consequence of a general, though perhaps unjust suspicion, that they favoured the meeting of the Royal Guard on the 7th of July, 1822, a new ministry was formed, composed of men marked out for their determined zeal in support of the constitution. At the head of the new ministry is *Evaristo San Miguel.* He was chief of the staff in the army of the Isla, and performed his duties in a blameless manner. After this, he became one of the principal members of the party of freemasons, to which he owes his elevation."

This minister is described in rather unpromising colours, as irritable and impatient of censure; a proof that he would not answer for an English treasury bench; as partial in his distribution of patronage, and as unproductive of manly and original measures. One of the most curious traits of modern revolution is, its connexion with public journals. All the French demagogues were, in some mode or other, allied to the press, some of the chief were actually editors. Spain, in her remoteness, has learned this suspicious step to public honours, and a considerable number of her more active disturbers have dipped their pens in editorial ink, as a preparative for the dictatorship, and other absurdities of democracy. San Miguel, soldier as he was, found it expedient to advance to supremacy by the ordinary way of the Brissots and Marats. He was one of the editors of the journal called the *Espectador* immediately before his elevation to office; and unless the Due d'Angouleme has prohibited him the exercise of his ingenuity, he is probably, at this moment, translating Berenger or Voltaire for the future hopes of Spain and freedom.

Lopez Banos, a name unmusical to Sir Robert Wilson's ears, was the minister of war, a soldier, and rather suspected, from his tardy junction with the insurrection of the Isla.

Gasco, the Minister of the Interior, an intelligent, manly personage. He was an advocate, and obscure. Revolution is tempting to men of this class and fortune. He is a Liberal, and yet considered as not quite liberal enough. This is probably since he has felt the comforts of place. In power every man is an aristocrat. *Gasco* is looked on as not "up to the age."

Navarro, the Minister of Justice, is "the declared enemy of the usurpations" of the court of Rome. He is well versed in the canon law, and "more of a logician than a statesman;" characters so seldom joined, that we feel no great surprise at the writer's deeming them nearly incompatible.

The panegyric of the Finance Minister, Egea, is pronounced briefly, but conclusively. "He considers the modern science of political economy as a mere farce." Tell not this in the land of the Edinburgh Review. The Spaniard must be a man of sense.

The ministry of Martinez de la Rosa and his party were aristocratical. They were called the *Anilleros*, the ring-wearers, like the ancient *Equites*, and numbered many of the higher *noblesse*. Among their lazy dreams of renovation, was a Chamber of Peers. But they were, on the 7th of July, turned out by men less asleep, and on their pillows rose the *Communeros*, the friends of the sovereignty of the people; a willing, yet somnolent copy of the Parisian party of the Sections. Ballasteros, Romera Alpuente, and other nameless patriots, were its

leaders. The *Freemasons*, headed by Arguelles, Galiano, Istúriz, &c. were the original conspirators, and, by the help of the military, they were masters of the throne and the people for their day.

This is all a curious counterpart of the French Revolution. The same selfishness, the same light and ready usurpation of hollow patriotism, the same division of the spoil; the picture is still more curious, from its qualified and Spanish hue. The canvass, that in France was painted with flame and blood, is pale and watery in Spain. Revolution in France was a volcano in full eruption; in Spain the volcano is cold; the whole preparation and conformation of ruin is before the eye, but it is overlaid with ashes. There are few more convincing instances of the folly of reasoning from similar causes to similar effects in politics. The men of the Convention plunged into the temptation at once, and rebelled in the spirit and malignity of Satan. Their later followers gave way, in the rashness of the human appetite for power, but they could not altogether divest themselves of human nature. Their overthrow of the throne was the most bloodless of all rebellions. Men have been slain in battle, but the scaffold has been scarcely trodden;—in the midst of a fierce and haughty conflict of new passions, the civil sword has been but half-drawn; and the constitution, mad and fruitless as it is, has been almost without the stain of Spanish gore.

The suppression of the convents is touched on by the writer with good sense and feeling. After observing on the rashness of the measure, and its consequent unproductiveness, he alludes to one of those instances, which must not have been unfrequent in a lonely and pastoral country like Spain.

"The convent of the Battuecas was situated in a wild, mountainous country, where the population is scattered in little hamlets. The people seem, from the simplicity and innocence of their manners, to belong to the primitive ages of the world. Few of them have ever gone beyond the precincts of their peculiar territory; their days pass away in pastoral occupations, and their evenings are usually closed by works of piety, intermingled occasionally with such enjoyments as they can derive from a rude knowledge of the tambour and the guitar. The convent was their principal source of religious information, of spiritual assistance, and of medicinal relief. It was occupied by fifteen monks, who, it was asserted, and the assertion was not contradicted, spent their whole time in religious exercises and works of practical virtue, never hesitating, at any hour of the night, to traverse the coldest mountains, to administer the consolation of their sacred functions. They never evinced a disposition to mingle in the civil war which afflicted the country; the ruggedness of the territory in which the convent was placed, was a security that it could never be fixed on as an asylum for arms and provisions of the factious. The locality of the establishment, the thousand recollections by which it was endeared to the simple around it, and its acknowledged utility in such a situation, were, however, pleaded in vain for its continuance. It was subjected to the rigid law of suppression. It was the first public calamity which the people of the Battuecas experienced. It was not doubted that they would, one and all, resent it, as a wanton act of hostility on the part of the government."

In this excursive manner the writer passes through the principal points that make the charge against the democratic sovereigns of Spain. Violence against the weak, timidity and tardiness against the strong, a determination to overthrow things venerable and dear to the national feeling, a rash passion for useless novelty in legislation; their law caprice; their finance bankruptcy, and their war non-resistance, confusion, and perpetual retreat—the Spanish Jacobins shewed themselves incompetent to everything that the world had been taught to expect from the firmness and dignity of the native mind. The rebellious cup that had made France mad, had only made them drunk. Their revolt was a parody upon the French Revolution.

The public reading of the celebrated notes of the allies gives room for some striking sketches of Spanish deliberation.

"The government, having taken some days to consider the foreign dispatches, which had been communicated to it, and of the answers proper to be returned to them, resolved on laying the whole of the documents before the Cortes, in a solemn public sitting. This was not one of those points which necessarily required the cognizance of the Cortes; but the ministers believed they should be wanting to those sentiments which united them with the Congress, if they did not place the matter before them. Besides, the government of France had taken care to publish the in-

structions which it had transmitted to the Count La Garde, and the government of Spain thought they could do no less than follow its example. It was not generally known that these important documents would be read to the Cortes; and in consequence the public galleries were not crowded, though rather well attended. Sir William A'Court was in the ambassador's tribune, to which also several English gentlemen were, by his politeness, admitted. The attendance of the Deputies was full.

"The Cortes had been previously engaged upon a question relating to ecclesiastical property; but from the manner in which it was treated, it was easy to perceive that the minds of the Deputies were full of anxiety and fervour upon another subject. Now and then this sentiment broke out, and there was a partial cheer, when Senor Velasco, a clergyman, said, 'I have learned to suffer privations; but there is no sacrifice which I can deem too great for the benefit of Spain; and even though I were about to become the victim of indigence, still my last resources should be exhausted for the Constitution and the liberty of the nation.' This discussion was suspended when the Secretaries of State entered the hall of the Cortes, about two o'clock in the afternoon, and M. San Miguel appeared in the rostrum. Upon the instant every person present was breathless with attention, and the silence that pervaded the hall, the tribunes, and galleries, was as profound as if it were a desert.

"After a short preface, he proceeded to read the note transmitted by the French government to Count la Garde, which having been already familiar to the deputies and strangers, excited little attention. San Miguel's enunciation is bad. He gave no emphasis to those sentences, even in the answer to the French note, which was understood to be from his own pen. Yet no aid of elocution was necessary to render every word that fell from him impressive in the highest degree. When he came to that passage of his answer, which says that Spain was indifferent as to the results of the Congress of Verona, because 'secure of its principles, and firm in the determination of defending, at every hazard, its present political system, and national independence,' there was a general burst of enthusiasm, many of the deputies and spectators clapping their hands. These applauses were renewed at the close of almost every subsequent paragraph; and, when this paper was concluded, they were continued for several minutes.

"The Austrian note was heard in silence, until the Minister came to the words, 'and a *military rebellion* never can form the basis of an auspicious and permanent government;' but there was then a short murmur of indignation, which would have been louder, but for the intense desire to hear what followed. The assembly, taking it altogether, seemed struck with surprise at the light in which this note represented the Spanish revolution. When they heard it said that the principal instruments of the Spanish revolution had excited Naples and Piedmont to follow the example of the Peninsula, Riego, Galiano, Arguelles, and others, smiled at the assertion, wondering at the hardihood of Metternich, who could put forth such a falsehood. Yet it was soon evident, that this note was drawn up with *tact*, and knowledge of human nature, for before the general indignation was raised to its height, it was wonderfully softened by that appeal to national pride, which was so artfully wrought up in the allusion to the peculiar position of Austria. 'The House of Austria, looking to its own history, cannot but find in it the most powerful motives of friendship, solicitude, and sympathy for a nation, which is able to record, with just pride, ages of glorious recollection, during which the sun never set upon her dominions; and which, possessing respectable institutions, hereditary virtues, religious sentiments, and love for her kings, has distinguished herself in every age by a patriotism always faithful, always generous, and very frequently heroic.' This just and eloquent passage had an electric effect. You saw that the men were for a moment subdued; for flattery, so finely covered and directed, could not fail to touch every chord of national feeling. But this result was only for the moment; for although the remainder of the note was framed in language alternately soothing and severe, the terms in which the King was spoken of as a captive, and the authors of the constitution represented as acknowledging its impracticability, excited unqualified hostility. When the note was concluded, however, there was no very general expression of indignation, as its effect was in some measure qualified by the friendly and admonitory tone in which it ended.

"After pausing a few minutes, San Miguel proceeded to read the note from Prussia. Everything depends upon the manner in which it is done. There was a great deal of flattery in the commencement of the Prussian note; but it sounded hollow. The consequence was, that it was laughed at. The dignity of the assembly could scarcely be preserved when that passage was read, which stated that the Cortes 'presented nothing more than a conflict of opinions and objects, and a struggle of interests and passions, in the midst of which the most foolish resolutions and propositions have been constantly crossed, combated, and neutralized.' This picture of the Cortes, and its debates, if not false, was at least well calculated to excite laughter.

The remainder of the note, which is full of invectives against the constitution, was received with indignation, not unfrequently interrupted by strong expressions of contempt.

"But all the rage of the Cortes, or rather I might say of the general assembly, (for the spectators in the gallery seemed to form an integral part of the meeting,) all the rage of this anxious assembly appeared to be reserved for the Russian communication. The sentence commencing the second paragraph, 'When in the month of March, 1820, some perjured soldiers turned their arms against their sovereign and their country,' &c. was frequently interrupted by murmurs from the galleries and the deputies; and, amidst these, the former exclaimed more than once, '*Abaxo el Tirano!*' (Down with the Tyrant!) uttered with a fierceness of tone peculiarly Spanish.

"During the time the minister was reading this paper, the agitation among the deputies was extreme, some turning from one side to the other, as in a state of painful suffering—some raising their hands in astonishment—some looking intently on the minister, their faces fired with vengeance, &c.

"It was observable that frequently the deputies fixed their eyes attentively upon the ambassador's tribune, in which Sir William A'Court and several English gentlemen were seated. When, in the notes, a sentence of peculiar despotism was read, many an eye was raised to that box, to read the impression which it made there. Sir William A'Court's countenance gave them neither hope nor despair, but several of his countrymen took no pains to restrain the abhorrence, which these documents must ever excite in the breasts of men who know what freedom is. These expressions of sympathy were anxiously looked for by the deputies, and afforded them evidently great satisfaction. They remarked upon them, one to the other, and occasionally smiled.

"San Miguel concluded with reading the copy of a circular note, which was to be sent to the Spanish ministers at each of the three northern courts; and in which it was stated, that the dispatches transmitted by those courts were so full of distorted facts, injurious suppositions, unjust and calumnious criminations, and vague demands, that they required no formal answer; but that the government would take a more convenient opportunity for publishing to the nation its sentiments, principles, and resolutions.

"As soon as the reading of these documents was over, the President of Cortes said, 'The Cortes have heard the communication which the government of his Majesty has just made. Faithful to their oath, and worthy of the people whom they represent, they will not permit that any alterations or modifications shall be made in the constitution by which they exist, except by the will of the nation, and in the manner which the laws prescribe. The Cortes will give to the government of his Majesty every means for repelling the aggression of those powers who may dare to attack the liberty, the independence, and the glory of the heroic Spanish nation, and the dignity and splendour of the King's constitutional throne.'

"This well-timed reply was received with a peal of *vivas* that lasted for several minutes. The deputies all rose in a confused manner, and shouted '*Viva la Constitution! Viva la soberania national!*' in which they were enthusiastically joined by the people in the galleries."

The effect of these discussions upon the populace is characteristically told.

"The following day, a detailed account of the debates, and copies of the notes and answers, were published in the principal journals. From an early hour of the morning, the offices of the *Universal* and *Espectador*, and the streets leading to them, were crowded with applicants for papers. During the whole day the demand was so great, that it was impossible to satisfy it; but a plan was adopted which in some measure compensated for this defect. When a lucky patriot succeeded in getting a paper, he posted to the *Puerta del Sol*, or the arcades of the post-office, and here, as soon as he produced his prize, a crowd collected round him, and he read aloud the whole of the journal, from the beginning to the end. The remarks which the listeners occasionally made were short and pithy. 'Hear,' said one, 'hear the Prussian King, who once promised a constitution to his own subjects.'—'And who never gave it,' added another. 'Only observe how tender he is of the Catholic Church, himself a heretic.'—This caused a laugh.—'Now for the Russian bear,' remarked another.—'Down with the parricidal race! Down with the tyrant!' they said, as the reader proceeded."

The debate on the message is then detailed with passing indications of the character and manner of the chief speakers. *Saavedra*, young, poetical, fluent, and enthusiastic—*Canga*, old, eloquent, learned, and wise—*Galiano*, metaphorical, spirited, and full of picturesque gesture—*Arguelles*, par excellence the *Orator*, argumentative, vivid, bold, and rapid in his transitions from reasoning to irresistible appeals to the heart. While he spoke, every one of the deputies appeared to be entranced by his eloquence; and when

he concluded, there was a general look up to the ambassador's tribune, to see what effect it produced there. He spoke for an hour and ten minutes; and when he first rose, often during his speech, and when he sat down, he was cheered by the populace, and even by the deputies, in the most lively and affectionate manner.

After all, these men deserve a better fate than to be the slaves of the Bourbons and the Inquisition. Their first experiment has been crude, and it deserved to fail. But honest lovers of monarchy may join in the wish that the Spaniard shall "be a man yet."

The volume closes with some general views of the arts, amusements, habits, and costume of the people. These notices are drawn up with grace and intelligence. The writer followed the King to Seville, and a curious account of the royal progress and reception is given. The course of the magnificent Guadalquivir, and Cadiz, are touched upon, which, with the writer's return through the French army, then marching on Madrid, make up a narrative of peculiar interest at the present time; and for its general manliness and simplicity, its truth-telling spirit, and its clearness of political view, it is unquestionably a safer guide to the feelings of the Spanish people, as well as a more honourable testimony to individual authorship, than any work that has hitherto appeared on the Peninsular Revolution.

LAS CASES' JOURNAL.*

Las Cases is a well-meaning, easy, silly, old gentleman, whom we really like, in spite of all the lies with which his volumes are crammed. Indeed he seems himself *de bonne foi*, literally believes all the nonsense dictated to him, and has just the credulous and obsequious swallow necessary for a follower of Napoleon. There could be no work which we would have been more glad to possess, than the one which this pretends to be—a Journal of Napoleon's free and unmade-up conversations. But, first of all, when the Ex-Emperor knew that M. Las Cases was taking down every word that dropt from his mouth, that the *Docteur* O'Meara was doing the same, and every one else that came near him, we may conceive how naturally, how much without a motive he spoke, and how much the detail of these theatrical conversations unmasks him. In fact, the great man seems to have been kept at St Helena in a continual state of pleading—no matter what he was doing, what time of the day, dined or undined, in bed or in bath, there were ever his eternal companions, the *Grand Marechal*, or Count this, or Count that, with pencil and ass-skin, ready to note down his crudities. And had they kept him at it, (for at times we have whole continued pages of his pleading,) how faithfully reported by Las Cases, who never, perhaps, belonged to the "glorious company," we leave that learned body to determine. Nay, so impartial an account is this of Napoleon's private life and conversations, that it was afterwards overlooked and revised by the Emperor's self, lest anything unfavourable but true should have escaped the pen of the officious, but not over-prudent, jackall.

In the minor details, we dare say the volumes are correct. We have no doubt that the Emperor tore his stocking, put on clean ones, coughed so many times a-day, and burnt his coxendix with his bath-spout. Nay, we will go farther, and believe, with the Count de Las Cases, that he was a good-natured, amiable man in his interior, and, like Sir Anthony, "the easiest man led in the world, when he had his own way." His pulling the ears of all his household, as was his custom, we believe a joke; nay, more, or, as Las Cases calls it, a *tendresse*, though, for ourselves, we should have dispensed with it. That he pulled the Pope by his grey locks (if old Chiaramonte had a single lock about his tonsure,) around the Corridores of Fontainbleau, is another story not to be swallowed. And, by the by, it is to be remarked, that all these calumnies were not propagated by the English ministry, as Buonaparte himself always said; but, from Las Cases' own admission, they were fabricated by those around his person; so that even his counsellor of state, poor Las Cases himself, had acquired a false and horrible idea of the Emperor. Whatever Napoleon's own counsellor of state may have credited, we certainly do not

* Count Las Cases' Journal of the Private Life and Conversation of the Emperor Napoleon at Saint Helena. 4 Parts. 8vo. Colburn and Co. London. 1823.

believe that he lived in incest with his own sister:—the murder of D'Enghien, the massacre of prisoners, and poisoning of the sick at Jaffa, with respect to which he sought to brave public opinion, much more than to plead excuses before it, are sufficient, and strongly enough attested, to blast his moral character in public acts.

In private life, we think him to have been amiable. Passion of any kind he had none—all his scoldings and talking big to his Marshals and lacqueys, were, by his own confession, put on. An hundred times in Las Cases, we hear him confess that all his bursts of passion were pretended, and calculated for a purpose. No doubt those towards Sir Hudson Lowe were as real, and with as much calculation called forth. Passion, indeed!—What business had he ever to be in one?—the luckiest dog in Christendom, and out of it—that ran the most glorious career that ever modern ran, and was set down with nothing to trouble him, in good dry lodgings for the rest of his days, to write his Memoirs, and pinch the lugs of Counts and Marshals. Besides, physically, how could he be passionate—a fellow without an ounce of bile in his composition, so snugly larded upon the ribs, that he never once felt his heart beat, as he confessed to Las Cases, nor ever experienced pain either in head or stomach? No—he had not even the excuse of hasty temper for one of his crimes, to save his morality, nor yet the same excuse for one of his blunders, to save his character for talent.

The most, indeed the only interesting parts of these volumes, are those dictated by Napoleon himself, giving an account of the battles of Ariole, Rivoli, and that period of his Italian campaigns; as also the anecdotes and remarks on the leading characters of the revolution and consulate. The character of Sieyes is finely developed; and mostly all his Marshals are portrayed in lively traits; his hatred of Moreau and Bernadotte is undisguised; he cannot allow them even talent. Nothing surprises one so much in Napoleon, as the total want of liberality towards his enemies. We look for something above envy and petty passions in a being whom his own genius certainly had placed on such an unparalleled eminence. Even of his own generals, those who had acquired fame as tacticians, he never would allow their merit—Massena, his *fils cheri de la victoire*, he speaks slightingly of in these volumes—Soult, he says, would make merely a good *ordonnateur*, a proper minister at war—Moreau and Bernadotte we have already mentioned. But with respect to his enemies, to those who foiled and conquered him, nothing can equal his spite and malice. His pleading against the Duke of Wellington for winning the battle of Waterloo, is very serious, and most ridiculous; and his exposure of the faults of the English general, shews only with what odds of fortune against Wellington he yet contrived to beat the Emperor. The first *gravamen* of Napoleon is, that the Duke was surprised in his intrenchments—the more wonderful and praiseworthy, then, the talent that could change a surprise into a victory. But whose fault was it, that Wellington was surprised? Buonaparte can answer, that it was that of the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, "who, if he had sent an aid-de-camp direct to Brussels, he would have arrived there, with news of Napoleon's approach, at six in the evening, whereas it was not till eleven that his approach was known to Wellington." His next complaint against the Duke is, the arrangement of forces, and the want of artillery or cavalry among the English at Quatre Bras. To this we may oppose Napoleon's own words:—"Ney received orders on the 16th to advance with the 43,000 men which he commanded, forming the left wing of the army, before Quatre Bras, and there take up his position, &c. The Prince of Orange, with only 9000 men, preserved this important position against Ney till three in the afternoon." This, from Buonaparte's own mouth, shews that the Duke knew his men, and what they could effect; 9000 of them, headed by the young Prince of Orange, against 43,000, led by the veteran Ney. The next accusation of Napoleon against the Duke of Wellington commences thus:—"The English general gave us battle at Waterloo on the 18th. This act was contrary to the interests of his nation," &c. &c. We believe that this article of impeachment needs no very elaborate answer. But what ought the English general to have done, in the opinion of the Emperor Napoleon?—Hear it, good Momus, if thou knowest the French dialect, for we should be ashamed to put such stuff into English.

"On demandera que devait donc faire

le general Anglais après la bataille de Ligny, et le combat de Quatre Bras? La posterité n'aura pas deux opinions: il devait traverser, dans la nuit du 17 au 18, la forêt de Soignes, sur la chaussée de Charleroi; l'armée Prussienne la devait également traverser sur la chausée de Wavres; les deux armées se reunir a la pointe du jour, sur Bruxelles; laisser des arrière-gardes pour défendre la forêt; gagner quelques jours pour donner le temps aux Prussiens, dispersés par la bataille de Ligny, de rejoindre leur armée, se renforcer de quatorze régimens Anglais, qui étaient en garnison dans les places fortes de la Belgique, on venaient de debarquer á Osténde, de retour d'Amerique, et laisser manœuvrer l'Empereur des Français comme il aurait voulu."

The plain English of which is, that the Duke of Wellington was, in duty and propriety, bound to run away through Brussels on the night of the 17th, and "leave the Emperor of the French to manœuvre as he pleased." We think this is quite sample enough of his pleading and liberality.

Esteeming Napoleon, as we do, one of the first characters of modern times, one is indignant at meeting these pages of spite, ignorance, and absurdity, as coming from his pen, or even as slipping from him in intemperate moments. The only refuge for the great man's character is, in doubting the veracity of M. de Las Cases; and there are proofs scattered through the volumes to shew that that egregious blockhead has palmed no small portion of his own precious compositions on us for the genuine produce of the imperial head. One thing, at any rate, is pretty evident, that all those profound disquisitions on geography and topography, put by Las Cases into the mouth of Napoleon, came from the same source as *Mon Atlas Historique*—some Turner's Geography of an affair, by which, it seems, the noble Count de Las Cases made his fortune. How can any one for a moment suppose that Napoleon, in St Helena, would seriously sit down to dictate to any one a geographical account of such a well-known country as Italy?—what Las Cases calls "*un très-bien morceau de geographie politique:*" and that this beautiful morceau should be nothing more than what is to be found in every child's "Geography, made Easy for the use of Schools:"—*e. g.*

"Italy is one of the finest parts of the globe. It is a peninsula, surrounded on the east, south, and west, by the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. On the side of the Continent, it is bounded by the chains of the Alps," &c. &c.

Pretty information this of the Emperor Napoleon's, for us to be paying our half-guinea a volume for. But the fact is, Napoleon never wrote or dictated one line of such nonsense. And, in proof, just read the following sentence:—

"De l'autre côté, le Saint-Gothard est plus haut que le Simplon; le Simplon plus haut que le Saint Bernard; le Saint Bernard plus haut que le Mont-Cenis; le Mont Cenis que le Col de Tende."—*Las Cases. Journal*, Tom. 3. Sixieme Partie.

Why, the blockhead! we did not think there was a man in Europe, who did not know, that the St Bernard, instead of being, as here represented, lower than the Simplon, was nearly double its height. Napoleon, who had crossed both, and had run his road over the Simplon as the lowest and most feasible of the two, could never have uttered such ignorance. And the Count de Las Cases to write this!—a counsellor of state! one that went on missions to Illyria! a geographer—go to! and the immortal author of the never-to-be-enough-lauded, but never-once-heard-of *Atlas Historique!*—"If you find as much brains in his head as would clog the foot of a flea, we'll eat the rest of the anatomy."

There is another sentence of Bonaparte's pleadings, which we will quote, and leave to our readers to judge, whether it was written before or after the death of the unfortunate Lord Londonderry, and the accession to the ministry of Mr Canning, which will decide whether it be Napoleon's, as asserted, or Las Cases's.

"Le ministre Castlereagh passera, et celui qui lui succédera, heritier de tant de fautes, deviendra grand, s'il veut seulement ne pas les continuer. Tout son genie peut se borner uniquement à laisser faire, à obéir aux vents qui soufflent; au rebours de Castlereagh, il n'a qu'à se mettre à la tête des idées libérales, au lieu de se liguer avec le pouvoir absolu, et il recueillera les bénédictions universelles, et tous lest torts de l'Angleterre seront oubliés."

But the most notable humbug of all, is the pretence of the Ex-Emperor and his suite to literary taste. They talk of reading Homer to amuse themselves of evenings; to be sure, they read the "Charlemagne" of Lucien Bonaparte with it, comparing the two epic

writers—which is like them, and argues something of truth. But what Homer, we marvel much, did these gentlemen read? Not the Greek, we may be sworn; a language, of which the most learned of their nation are in general ignorant. French translation there is none at all tolerable, at least none calculated to call forth the encomiums of these gentlemen—they patronize Homer, as some one said Lord Bolingbroke patronized Providence. Perhaps they read him in the version of Cesarotti, in whose Ossian Napoleon had been once so wrapt; but Cesarotti's Homer is as bad as his Ossian is good; he translated the former to depreciate him, so that, even in this best of accessible Homers, they could have but a poor taste of the great original. Mind Las Cases, however—he never once mentions a translation—he would have us suppose that he and the Emperor amused themselves in the evenings reading Greek. What a quiz! We verily believe, even the translation, prose for verse, was brought forward but to look learned in a paragraph of Las Cases' Journal, and to astonish the old *grognards* with the deep learning they little suspected in their old general. His studies on board the frigate which conveyed him clandestinely from Egypt, were more characteristic. "He spent the greater part of the day," says Ganthaume, "shut up in his chamber, reading one time the Bible, at another the Alcoran." The Emperor's dictatorial criticisms on Corneille, Racine, and the poets of his own country, are in the true commonplace style of the French, and worthy of that most common-place of our critics, whom the French admire so much, Dr Blair. Of his general taste, too, there are samples in this work. Hear him, after declaring that his soul was oriental, that he loved the desert, and gloried that his name signified the Lion of the Desert—listen to this hero of the oriental soul describing the impression made upon him by those grandest objects in the range of antiquity and man's creation:

"At dinner, the Emperor said many curious things respecting Egypt. He found, he said, that all which he had seen in Egypt, especially those so celebrated and so vaunted ruins, could never stand in comparison with Paris and the Thuilleries, or give an idea of them." *Journal*, Tome 3. Sixieme Partie. P. 235.

So much for his taste.

A vast deal of noise has been made respecting the mal-treatment of Napoleon. The Quarterly has given its opinion on the subject; now it is ours, that a great deal of needless annoyance was heaped upon Napoleon. The order from the Home Department to take away his sword, was ungenerous; and it would, no doubt, have been put into strict execution had Sir Hudson Lowe then been in command. 'Twas doubly wrong to place the Emperor first in the hands of so amiable and deferent a gentleman as the Admiral, and then transfer him into the hands of Sir Hudson: it was the change, the continual changes and increase of petty vexations, that embittered his existence. If the utmost severity had been adopted at first, and adhered to, it would have been something. No affair could have been worse managed, with due deference to Lord Bathurst; the instructions were mean and uncertain, changing by every dispatch—all those employed were unfit, from the fine, blunt seaman, first employed, to the sensitive, nervous, irresolute, and ill-looking gentleman last in command. Every military man in the island murmured at the treatment of Napoleon; and the Quarterly Review knows well they did. As to O'Meara, the unprincipled blockhead is not worth attending to—read but his letter to Lord Keith, refusing to serve as surgeon to Napoleon, unless as a British officer, under British control, and to be considered in nowise belonging to Napoleon; and then read his answer to Napoleon, on being asked whose servant he thought himself. The man who could publish such a book must have deemed the people of England strangely inapprehensive of truth and falsehood. But put O'Meara out of the question; the undenied facts are enough—it was beneath the dignity of the British nation to tell Napoleon she limited him to a bottle of wine per day, thus denying him in exile even the solace of intoxication. His extravagant wearing of one shirt a-day was also a subject more worthy to be handled by Joseph Hume, than by a general officer of his Majesty's forces. And we must say, that Sir Hudson's late step of transmitting to Las Cases extracts from O'Meara's letters, in which he happened to speak ill of Las Cases, for the mere and mean end of creating a

quarrel between these *par nobile fratrum*, was also a revenge unlike that taken generally by British officers.

To conclude, we think the empty title of Emperor ought to have been allowed to Napoleon. The denial of it has caused one-half of the shameful turmoil of St Helena. We are certain, that had the noble and liberal-minded George the Fourth been consulted on the occasion—he, who, so much above prejudice, gave, upon a public monument, the titles of King to Henry the Ninth, and Charles the Third of England—he, thus generous to the Stuarts, the unfortunate rivals of his house, would have granted the consoling name of Emperor, if such be a consolation, to the exiled, the captive Napoleon. We are Tories, but we have feelings. The Quarterly is ever unjust when the name of Napoleon is mentioned, and sure this war of hate may cease, "when all its political ends have been accomplished."

E.

NAPOLEON.*

The French Revolution is now a dream, and its leaders are like the rambling and shadowy hopes with which dreams are filled. The true bearing of its day of blood and tumult has been discovered, and Napoleon and his instruments are now judged in the same balance that weighs the ashes of the Neros and Borgias of the world.

A new volume of Napoleon's Recollections has been lately published, and it contains some speculations sufficiently suitable to the vivid and stern sagacity of a soldier, undoubtedly entitled to rank among the most daring and brilliant military minds of history. Those fragments are valuable, as supplying the key to his policy, as the grounds on which he would probably be acting, if he were still upon the French throne; and, at all events, the thoughts of one of the most penetrating intellects, that ever looked upon the map of European power. His conceptions of the result of a Turkish and Russian war, may yet be quoted as oracles.—

"A modern Turkish army is a thing of very little importance. The Ottomans will not be able to maintain their ground, either in Asia Minor, Syria, or Egypt, when once the Russians shall, in addition to the Crimea, the Phasis, and the shores of the Caspian, become possessed of Constantinople. Neither the patriotism of the people, nor the policy of the courts of Europe, prevented the partition of Poland, or the spoliation of several nations, nor *will they* prevent the fall of the Ottoman empire. It was contrary to her inclination that Maria Theresa entered into the conspiracy against Poland, a nation placed at the entrance of Europe to defend it from the irruptions of the northern nations. The disadvantages attending the aggrandizement of Russia, were feared at Vienna, but great satisfaction was nevertheless felt at the acquisition of several millions of souls, and the influx of many millions of money into the treasury. The House of Austria would, in the same manner, feel averse, at the present day, to the partition of Turkey, but would nevertheless consent to it. Austria would be much gratified at the increase of her vast dominions, by the addition of Servia, Bornia, and the ancient Illyrian provinces, of which Vienna was formerly the capital. What will England and France do? One of them will take Egypt—a poor compensation. A statesman of the first order used to say—'Whenever I hear of fleets sailing under the Greek cross, casting anchor under the walls of the Seraglio, I seem to hear a cry prophetic of the fall of the empire of the Crescent.'"

His remarks on Massena's Portuguese campaign, are probably tinged by its ill success, but they form the reluctant panegyric of the British General.—

"Another offensive campaign, which was equally contrary to the most important rules of the art of war, was that of Portugal. The Anglo-Portuguese army consisted of 80,000 men, of which number 15,000 were militia, who were in observation at Coimbra, and supported upon Oporto. The French army, after taking Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, enter-

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* Napoleon's Memoirs of the History of France during his Reign. 8vo. Colburn. 1823.

ed Portugal 72,000 strong. It attacked the enemy in position on the heights of Busaco. The two armies were of equal force, but the position of Busaco was very strong. The attack failed, and the next morning the army turned those lines by proceeding on Coimbra. The enemy then effected his retreat on Lisbon, burning and laying waste the country. The French general pursued him closely, left no corps of observation to restrain the division of 15,000 militia at Oporto, abandoned his rear, and Coimbra, his place of depot, where he left 5000 sick and wounded. Before he had arrived at Lisbon, the Portuguese division had already occupied Coimbra, and cut him off from all means of retreat. He ought to have left a corps of 6000 men to occupy Coimbra, and keep the Portuguese division in awe.

"It is true, that he would in that case have arrived at Lisbon with only 60,000 men, but that number was sufficient, if it was the English General's intention to embark; if, on the contrary, he intended to maintain himself in Portugal, as there was every reason to believe, the French ought not to have passed Coimbra, but to have taken up a good position before that city, even at several marches distance, fortified themselves there, subjected Oporto by means of a detachment, organized their rear and their communications with Almeida, and waited till Badajoz was taken, and the army of Andalusia arrived on the Tagus. When arrived at the foot of the intrenchments of Lisbon, the French general failed in resolution; yet he was aware of the existence of those lines, since the enemy had been labouring on them for three months. The prevalent opinion is, that if he had attacked them on the day of his arrival, he would have carried them, but two days after it was *no longer possible*. The Anglo-Portuguese army was there reinforced by a great number of battalions of militia; so that, without gaining any advantage, the French general lost 5000 sick and wounded, and his communications with his rear. When before Lisbon, he discovered that he had not sufficient ammunition, he had made no calculation previously to his operation."

Napoleon here labours to shift the defeat on the shoulders of his old rival, the *Enfant gaté de la Victoire*. That an old soldier like Massena should have forgotten to calculate his cartridges, is absurd; the true miscalculation was on the bravery of the British, and the ability of their general. Some of his desultory and scattered thoughts are highly characteristic of the man.

"After the re-embarkation of the English army (at Corunna), the King of Spain (Joseph) remained inactive. He ought to have marched on Cadiz, Valencia, and Lisbon. Political means would then have done the rest. No one can deny, that if the court of Austria, instead of declaring war, had allowed Napoleon to remain four months longer in Spain, all would have been over. The presence of a general is indispensable. He is the head, the *whole* of an army. It was not the Roman army that subdued Gaul—it was Cæsar himself; nor was it the Carthaginian army that made the Republic tremble, but Hannibal himself; nor was it the Macedonian army which reached the Indus, but Alexander. It was not the French army which carried the war to the Weser and the Inn, but Turenne; nor was it the Prussian army which, for seven years, defended Prussia against the three greatest powers of Europe—it was Frederick the Great."

The motive of the Russian war was undoubtedly Napoleon's ambition of being a universal conqueror, urged on by his personal hatred of England. The conquest of Russia was contemplated as completing the European barrier against English commerce and continental alliance. The alleged motives, however, are curious, and not inconsistent with the true.

"It was considered that the French empire, which Napoleon had created by so many victories, would infallibly be dismembered at his death; and the sceptre of Europe would pass into the hands of a Czar, unless Napoleon drove back the Russians beyond the Borysthenes, and raised up the throne of Poland, the natural barrier of the empire. In 1812, Austria, Prussia, Germany, Swisserland, and Italy, marched under the French eagles—was it not natural that Napoleon should think the moment was arrived for consolidating the immense edifice which he had raised; but on the summit of which Russia would lean with the whole weight of her power, as long as she should be able to send her armies at pleasure on the Oder? Alexander was young and vigorous, like his empire. It was to be presumed that he would survive Napoleon. Such was the whole secret of the war."

The invasion of Russia, as it was the last, was the mightiest effort of the

French imperial power. It gives the strongest illustration of the colossal means of France and Napoleon. It was made with 400,000 men.

"The space of four hundred leagues between the Rhine and the Borysthenes was occupied by friends and allies. From the Rhine to the Elbe by the Saxons; thence to the Niemen by the Poles; thence to the Borysthenes by the Lithuanians. The army had four lines of fortresses; those of the Rhine, the Elbe, the Vistula, and the Niemen. From Smolensko to Moscow, there were a hundred leagues of hostile country, Muscovy. Between the Vistula and the Borysthenes, 240,000 men were left; 160,000 only passed the bridge of Smolensko. Of those, 40,000 remained to guard depots on the way; 100,000 entered Moscow, 20,000 had been killed in the march and the battle of Borodino. The march from Smolensko to Moscow was founded on the idea, that, in order to save that capital, the enemy would fight a battle; that he would be defeated; that Moscow would be taken; that Alexander, to preserve or deliver his capital, would make peace; or that, if he should refuse it, the immense stores of that great city, and the 40,000 free and wealthy burghers who inhabited it, would furnish the means of forming a national Noyau, for raising an insurrection of all the slaves in Russia, and striking a fatal blow to the empire. The idea of burning a city almost as extensive as Paris, containing 300,000 souls, was not regarded as a possibility."

Treaties.

"Austria was to have declared herself against France in May 1813. The victories of Lutzen and Wurtzen on the 2d and 21st of May made her proceed more circumspectly. Metternich demanded the Illyrian provinces, and a frontier on the kingdom of Italy, the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and Napoleon's renunciation of the Protectorate of the Confederation of the Rhine, of the Mediatorship of the Swiss Confederacy, of the Thirty-second Military Division, (Hamburgh, &c.) and Holland. An armistice had been agreed on. The Duke of Vicenza was sent to Prague. Napoleon then sent Count Bubna to the Emperor of Austria at Dresden, to offer the Illyrian provinces, divided from Italy by the Isonzo, the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, the Protectorate of the Confederation of the Rhine, and the Mediatorship of the Swiss Confederacy. Holland and the Hanse Towns were to be retained till peace; and as a means of compensation, to obtain from England the restoration of the French colonies. When Count Bubna arrived at Prague, the term limited for the armistice had expired several hours before. On this ground Austria declared her adhesion to to the coalition, and the war recommenced."

The military maxims of this preeminent master of his art are worth remarking.

"The front of a battalion in line should be sixty toises, which requires 800 men under arms; 160 more are to be allowed for drivers—fourth rank," &c.

"There never can be more than one kind of infantry, because the *firelock is the best weapon for war*, that ever was invented by man."

"In an army in Flanders or Germany, the cavalry ought to be equal to a fourth of the infantry; on the Pyrenees or the Alps, to a twentieth; in Italy or Spain, to a sixth."

"Four pieces of artillery to every thousand of infantry and cavalry. The better the infantry, the more care ought to be taken of it by supporting it with good batteries."

"Armies of 120,000 men have sometimes marched in a single column, and been drawn up in line in the course of six hours."

"The *only* fire practicable before the enemy, is that at discretion, commencing by the right and left of each company."

"The art of fixing a camp in a position, is merely the art of taking up a line of battle on that position."

"Field fortifications are *never* injurious, but always useful, when skilfully planned. This part of the art of war is susceptible of great improvement."

"Discipline fixes the troops to their colours. They are not to be rendered brave by harangues, when the firing begins. The old soldiers scarcely listen to them; the young forget them on the first discharge of cannon. A *gesture* by a beloved general is as good as the finest harangue in the world."

"When the Emperor Napeleon used to say, as he rode through the ranks amidst the fire, '*Unfurl those colours, the moment is at length arrived*,' his gesture and manner filled the French soldiers with ardour and impatience."

"There should be only *one* army, for unity of command is of the first necessity in war. The army must be kept in junction. The greatest possible number of

forces must be concentrated on the field of battle."

"Make offensive war like Alexander, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Prince Eugene, and Frederic. Read again and again the history of their 88 campaigns; model yourself upon them. That is the *only way to become a great commander*, and to obtain the secrets of the art."

"The garrisons of fortified places ought to be drawn from the population, and not from the active army. Provincial regiments of militia were intended for this service."

The Great Captains.

"Alexander conducted eight campaigns—in Asia and India; Hannibal, seventeen—one in Spain, fifteen in Italy, and one in Africa; Cæsar, thirteen—eight against the Gauls, and five against Pompey's legions; Gustavus Adolphus, three—one in Livonia against the Russians, and two in Germany against the House of Austria; Turenne, eighteen—nine in France, and nine in Germany; Prince Eugene, thirteen—two against the Turks, five in Italy against France, and six on the Rhine, or in Flanders; Frederic, eleven—in Silesia, Bohemia, and on the Elbe.—The history of these 88 campaigns would be a complete treatise on the art of war."

In this enumeration of the "thunderbolts of the field," he omits Mithridates, Pompey, and Sylla, among the Ancients. Among the great names of later times, Marlborough is omitted, probably from pique, though his campaigns were made a *text-book* in the *Ecole Militaire*. Wellington it would of course be vain to look for in Napoleon's enumeration. Napoleon himself made fourteen campaigns—two in Italy, five in Germany, two in Africa and Asia, two in Poland and Russia, one in Spain, and two in France. His first was in 1796, when he crossed the Alps from Savona.

The study of the "88 campaigns" was not gratuitously advised by Napoleon. French education is not deeply classic, and Turenne, and the war minister of the day, occupy a larger space in the French military mind than the whole stately genius of antiquity. But Napoleon's soul was war, and all the traces that survive of his thoughts and studies, give the impression of a vivid and absorbing passion for all that made the art of supreme soldiership. Arrian, Cæsar, and Polybius, were among his perpetual investigations; and he distinctly gives us to understand, that, upon the system of the great captains of antiquity, he formed that new and brilliant *tactique* which overwhelmed Europe. His *coup-d'-œil* of the campaigns of Alexander, Cæsar, &c. is rapid, but striking, and might form, in the hands of some of our military scholars, the *nucleus* of a work of remarkable interest and instruction.

"Alexander crossed the Dardanelles in the year 334 before the Christian era, with an army of 40,000 men, of which an eighth part was cavalry. He forced the passage of the Granicus, which was defended by an army under Memnon, a Greek, who commanded on the coast of Asia for Darius; after which he employed the whole of the year 333 in establishing his power in Asia Minor. He was supported by the Greek colonies on the shores of the Black Sea and Mediterranean—Sardis, Ephesus, Tarsus, Miletus, &c. The Kings of Persia allowed the provinces and cities to govern themselves by their peculiar laws. Their empire was an union of confederate states; it did not form a single nation; and this circumstance facilitated its conquest. As Alexander aimed only at the throne of the Persian monarch, he easily appropriated the rights of sovereignty to himself, because he respected the usages, manners, and laws of the people, who suffered no change of condition.

"In the year 332 he encountered Darius, who, at the head of 600,000 men, occupied a position near Tarsus, on the banks of the Issus, in the straits of Cilicia; defeated him, entered Syria, took Damascus, where the great King's treasures were deposited, and laid siege to Tyre. That proud metropolis of the commerce of the world stopped him for nine months. He took Gaza, after a two months' siege, crossed the desert in seven days, entered Pelusium and Memphis, and founded Alexandria. He met with no obstacle, because Syria and Egypt were always connected by interest with the Greeks; because the Arabian nations detested the Persians, and their hatred was founded on religion; and, finally, because the Grecian troops of the Satraps joined the Macedonians. In less than two years, after two battles, and four or five sieges, the coasts of the Black Sea, from the Phasis to Byzantium, and those of the Mediterranean as far as Alexandria, all Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, were subdued by his arms.

"In 331 he repassed the desert, encamped at Tyre, crossed Cœlesyria, en-

tered Damascus, passed the Euphrates and Tigris, and defeated Darius in the plains of Arbella, as that prince was advancing against him at the head of a still more numerous army than that of the Issus. Babylon opened its gates to him. In 330, he forced the pass of Suza, took that town, Persepolis, and Pasagarda, where was the tomb of Cyrus. In 329 he turned towards the North, and entered Ecbatana, extended his conquests to the Caspian Sea, punished Bessus, the vile assassin of Darius, penetrated into Scythia, and defeated the Scythians. It was in this campaign that he disgraced so many trophies by the murder of Parmenio. In 328 he forced the passage of the Oxus, received 16,000 recruits from Macedon, and subjected the neighbouring nations. It was in this year that he killed Clitus with his own hand, and required the Macedonians to worship him, which they refused to do. In 327 he passed the Indus, defeated Porus in a pitched battle, took him prisoner, and treated him as a king. He intended to pass the Ganges, but his army refused. He sailed on the Indus in 326, with 800 ships. On reaching the ocean, he sent Nearchus, with a fleet, to coast the Indian Sea as far as the Euphrates. In 325 he spent sixty days in crossing the Desert of Gedrosia, entered Kermann, returned to Pasagarda, Persepolis, and Suza, and married Statira, the daughter of Darius. In 324 he again marched towards the north, passed to Ecbatana, and ended his career at Babylon, where he was poisoned.

"His mode of warfare was methodical; it merits the highest praise; none of his convoys were intercepted; his armies constantly kept increasing; the moment when they were weakest, was when he commenced operations at the Granicus. By the time he arrived at the Indus, his numbers were tripled, without reckoning the corps commanded by the governors of the conquered provinces, which were composed of invalided or wearied Macedonians, recruits sent from Greece, or drawn from the Greek troops in the service of the Satraps, or, finally, of foreigners raised among the natives in the country. Alexander merits the glory he has enjoyed for so many ages among all nations. But suppose he had been defeated on the Issus, where the army of Darius was drawn up in order of battle on his line of retreat, with its left to the mountains, and its right to the sea; whilst the Macedonians had their right towards the mountains, their left towards the sea, and the pass of Cilicia behind them. Or suppose he had been beaten at Arbella, with the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the deserts in his rear, without fortresses, and at a distance of nine hundred leagues from Macedon! Or suppose he had been vanquished by Porus when driven from the Indus!"

It will be observed, that, mingled with the general lesson of those dazzling and romantic triumphs, there is the particular defence of the commentator. Napoleon had been charged with rashness as a principle. He here labours to prove that this rashness is but another name for rapidity, for the command of circumstances, for the sure seizure of that success which always escapes the tardy, the timid, and the cold.—His review of Hannibal's career is urged by the same intention.

"In the year 218, before the Christian era, Hannibal left Carthage, passed the Ebro and the Pyrenees, which mountains were previously unknown to the Carthaginian arms; crossed the Rhone and the farther Alps, and, in his first campaign, established himself in the midst of the Cisalpine Gauls, who, constantly hostile to the Roman people, sometimes victors over them, but more frequently vanquished, had never been subjected to their sway. In this march of four hundred leagues he spent five months; he left no garrison nor depots in his rear; kept up no communication with Spain or Carthage, with which latter place he had no intercourse until after the battle of Thrasymene, when he communicated by the Adriatic. A more vast, comprehensive scheme, was never executed by man. Alexander's expedition was much less daring and difficult, and had a much greater chance of success. This offensive war was nevertheless methodical—the Cisalpine people of Milan and Boulogne became Carthaginians to Hannibal. Had he left fortresses or depôts in his rear, he must have weakened his army, and hazarded the success of his operations; he would have been vulnerable at all points. In 217 he passed the Appenines, beat the Roman army in the plains of Thrasymene, converged about Rome, and occupied the lower coasts of the Adriatic, whence he communicated with Carthage. In the year 216, eighty thousand Romans attacked him, and he defeated them at the field of Cannæ. Had he marched six days afterwards, he would have entered Rome, and Carthage would have been the mistress of the world! The effect of this great victory was, however, immense. Capua opened its gates; all the Greek colonies, and a great number of towns of Lower Italy, espoused the victorious side,

and abandoned the cause of Rome. Hannibal's principle was to keep all his troops in junction; to have no garrison but in a single place, which he reserved to himself; to hold his hostages, his great machines, his prisoners of distinction, and his sick, depending on the fidelity of his allies for his communications. He maintained himself sixteen years in Italy, without receiving any succours from Carthage; and he only evacuated Italy by order of his government, to fly to the defence of his country. Fortune betrayed him at Zama, and Carthage ceased to exist. But had he been vanquished at Trebbia, Thrasymene, or Cannæ, what greater disasters could have happened than those which followed the battle of Zama? Although defeated at the gates of his capital, he could not save his army from utter destruction."

Napoleon's avowed tactique was to rush forwards; to take the enemy in the moment of hesitation; to overawe the heavy armies chained to their lines and fortresses, by the impetuous presence of a force that fell upon them like the whirlwind or the thunder, unexpected and irresistible. The *Toujours en avant* was his motto; and he shews that it was the motto of all the masters of war. He defends himself and them from the charge of fool-hardiness; he proves that they risked much, but it was to gain *all*.

"Cæsar was forty-one years of age when he commanded in his first campaign, in the year 58, before the Christian era, 140 years after Hannibal. The people of Helvetia had left their country to settle on the shores of the ocean, to the number of 300,000; they had ninety thousand men in arms, and were crossing Burgundy. The people of Autun called Cæsar to their assistance. He left Vienne, a fortress of the Roman province, marched up the Rhone, passed the Saone at Chalons, came up with the army of the Helvetians a day's march from Autun, and defeated them in a long disputed battle. After forcing them to return to their mountains, he repassed the Saone, took possession of Besancon, and crossed the Jura to fight the army of Ariovistus, which he met a few marches from the Rhine, defeated it, and forced it to re-enter Germany. At this battle he was ninety leagues from Vienne; at the battle with the Helvetians, seventy leagues. In this campaign he constantly kept the six legions which composed his army joined in a single corps. He left the care of his communications to his allies, having always a month's provisions in a fortress, where, like Hannibal, he kept his hostages, magazines, and hospitals. On the same principles, he conducted his seven other campaigns in Gaul.

"During the winter of 57, the Belgians raised an army of 300,000 men, which they placed under the command of Galba, King of Soissons. Cæsar, having received intelligence of this event from the Rhemi, his allies, hastened to encamp on the Aisné. Galba, having no hopes of forcing his camp, passed the Aisné to advance on Rheims; but Cæsar frustrated this manœuvre, and the Belgians disbanded; all the towns of this line submitted in succession. The people of Hainault surprised him on the Sombre, in the vicinity of Mauberge, before he had time to draw up in line; out of eight legions which he then had, six were engaged in raising the intrenchments of the camp, and two were still in the rear with the baggage. Fortune was so adverse to him on this day, that a body of cavalry from Treves deserted him, and spread a report of the destruction of the Roman army wherever they went; he was, however, victorious.

"In the year 56, he advanced, at one push, on Nantes and Vannes, detaching corps of considerable strength into Normandy and Acquitain. The nearest point of his depots at that time was Toulouse, from which place he was distant 130 leagues, and separated by mountains, great rivers, and forests.

"In the year 55, he carried the war to Zutphen, in the interior of Holland, where 400,000 barbarians were passing the Rhine to take possession of the lands of the Gauls; he defeated them, killing the greater part, and driving the others to a considerable distance. He then repassed the Rhine at Cologne, crossed Gaul, embarked at Boulogne, and made a descent in England.

"In the year 54, he once more crossed the Channel, with five legions, conquered the banks of the Thames, took hostages, and returned into Gaul before the equinox. In autumn, having received intelligence that his lieutenant Sabinus had been slaughtered near Treves, with fifteen cohorts, and that Quintus Cicero was besieged in his camp at Tongres, he assembled 8000 or 9000 men, commenced his march, defeated Ambiorix, who advanced to meet him, and relieved Cicero.

"In the year 53, he suppressed the revolt of the people of Sens, Chartres, Treves, and Liege, and passed the Rhine a second time.

"The Gauls were already in agitation; the insurrection burst forth on every side.

During the winter of 52, the whole population rose; even the faithful people of Autun took part in the wars. The Roman yoke was odious to the people of Gaul. Cæsar was advised to return into the Roman province, or to repass the Alps; he adopted neither of these plans. He then had ten legions; he passed the Loire and besieged Bourges, in the depth of winter, took that city, in the sight of the army of Vercingetorix, and laid siege to Clermont; he failed, lost his hostages, magazines, and horses; these were at Nevers, the place of his depot, of which the people of Autun took possession. Nothing could appear more critical than his situation. Labienus, his lieutenant, was kept in alarm by the people of Paris; Cæsar ordered him to join him, and, with his whole army in junction, laid siege to Alesia, in which town the Gallic army had enclosed itself. He occupied fifty days in fortifying his lines of countervallation and circumvallation. Gaul raised a new army, more numerous than that which she had just lost; the people of Rheims alone remained faithful to Rome. The Gauls arrived to compel him to raise the siege; the garrison united its efforts with theirs, during three days, in order to destroy the Romans in their lines. Cæsar triumphed over all obstacles; Alesia fell, and the Gauls were subdued.

"During this great contest, the whole of Cæsar's army was in his camp; he left no point vulnerable. He availed himself of his victory to regain the affections of the people of Autun, amongst whom he passed the winter, although he made successive expeditions, at a hundred leagues distant from each other, with different troops. At length, in the year 51, he laid siege to Cahors, where the last of the Gallic army perished. The Gauls became Roman provinces, the tribute from which added to the wealth of Rome eight millions of money annually.

"In Cæsar's campaigns of the civil war, he conquered, by following the same method and the same principles, but he ran much greater risks. He passed the Rubicon with a single legion; at Corfinium, he took thirty cohorts; and, in three months, drove Pompey out of Italy. What rapidity! what promptitude! what boldness! Whilst the ships necessary for passing the Adriatic, and following his rival into Greece, were preparing, he passed the Alps and Pyrenees, crossed Catalonia at the head of 900 horse—a force scarcely sufficient for his escort—arrived before Lerida, and, in forty days, subdued Pompey's legions commanded by Afranius. He then rapidly traversed the space between the Ebro and the Sierra Morena, established peace in Andalusia, and returned to make his entry into Marseilles, which city his troops had just taken; he then proceeded to Rome, exercised the dictatorship there for ten days, and departed once more to put himself at the head of twelve legions, which Antony had assembled at Brindisi.

"In the year 48, he crossed the Adriatic with 25,000 men, held all Pompey's forces in check for several months, until, being joined by Antony, who had crossed the sea in defiance of the fleets of the enemy, they marched in junction on Dyrrachium, Pompey's place of depot, which they invested. Pompey encamped a few miles from that place, near the sea. Upon this, Cæsar, not content with having invested Dyracchium, invested the enemy's camp also. He availed himself of the summits of the surrounding hills, occupied them with twenty-four forts, which he raised, and thus established a countervallation of six leagues. Pompey, hemmed in on the shore, received provisions and reinforcements by sea, by means of his fleet, which commanded the Adriatic. He took advantage of his central position, attacked and defeated Cæsar, who lost thirty standards, and thirty thousand soldiers, the best of his veteran troops. His fortunes appeared to totter; he could expect no reinforcements; the sea was closed against him; Pompey had every advantage. But Cæsar made a march of fifty leagues, carried the war into Thessaly, and defeated Pompey's army in the plains of Pharsalia. Pompey, almost alone, though master of the sea, fled, and presented himself as a suppliant on the coast of Egypt, where he fell by the hand of a base assassin.

"A few days after, Cæsar went in pursuit of him to Alexandria, where he was besieged in the palace and amphitheatre by the populace of that great city, and the army of Achillas. At length, after nine months of danger and continual battles, the loss of any one of which would have been fatal to him, he triumphed over the Egyptians.

"In the meantime, Scipio, Labienus, and King Juba, ruled in Africa, with fourteen legions, the remains of Pompey's party; they had numerous squadrons, and scoured the sea. At Utica, Cato breathed the hatred he felt into every bosom. Cæsar embarked with a few troops, reached Adrumetum, sustained reverses in several engagements, but being at length joined by his whole army, defeated Scipio, Labienus, and King Juba on the plains of Thapsus. Cato, Scipio, and Ju-

ba killed themselves. Neither fortresses, numerous squadrons, nor the oaths and duties of states, could save the vanquished from the ascendancy and activity of the victor. In the year 45, the sons of Pompey having assembled in Spain the remnants of the armies of Pharsalia and Thapsus, found themselves at the head of a more numerous force than that of their father. Cæsar set out from Rome, reached the Guadalquivir in twenty-three days, and defeated Sextus Pompey at Munda. It was there that, being on the point of losing the battle, and perceiving that his old legions seemed shaken, it is said he had thoughts of killing himself. Labienus fell in the battle. The head of Sextus Pompey was laid at the victor's feet. Six months after, in the Ides of March, Cæsar was assassinated in the midst of the Roman Senate. Had he been defeated at Pharsalia, Thapsus, or Munda, he would have suffered the fate of the great Pompey, Metellus, Scipio, and Sextus Pompey. Pompey, to whom the Romans were so much attached; whom they surnamed the Great, when he was but twenty-four years of age; who, after conquering in eighteen campaigns, triumphed over three parts of the world, and carried the Roman name to such an elevation of glory; Pompey, defeated at Pharsalia, there closed his career. Yet he was master of the sea, while his rival had no fleet.

"Cæsar's principles were the same as those of Alexander and Hannibal; to keep his forces in junction; not to be vulnerable in any direction; to advance rapidly on important points; to calculate on moral means, the reputation of his arms, and the fear he inspired; and also on political means, for the preservation of the fidelity of his allies, and the obedience of the conquered nations.

"Gustavus Adolphus crossed the Baltic, took possession of the isle of Rugen and Pomerania, and led his forces to the Vistula, the Rhine, and the Danube. He fought two battles; was victorious both at Leipzig and Lutzen, but met his death in the latter field. In this short career, however, he established a great reputation, by his boldness, the rapidity of his movements, the discipline and intrepidity of his troops. Gustavus Adolphus was actuated by the principles of Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar."

He pursues this review through the campaigns of Turenne—whom he considers as altogether superior to his rival Montecuculi—and those of Frederic and Eugene. His own campaigns, the most triumphant and celebrated of them all, are rapidly traversed, and his military similitude to the race of conquerors sustained in every shape of profound theory and fierce and resistless execution. It is here that we see Napoleon in his true point of distinction. In all other aspects he was repulsive or contemptible. As a politician, ignorant, narrow, and tyrannical; as an individual, vicious, mean, and cruel; but, as a soldier, exhibiting the first rank of genius; bold, comprehensive, indefatigable, and original. Englishmen are not likely to be the adulators of this scourge of the human race; but it is impossible to look upon his rise and his career, the sudden splendour in which he shot above the clouds of that stormy and sullen Revolution; the mighty mastery with which he wielded the national strength, broken and dismayed as it had been; the appalling rapidity with which he crushed all that Europe had been building up of sovereignty for ages, without acknowledging that Napoleon was among the most powerful and most formidable spirits that ever influenced society. Mankind may well rejoice that he is in his grave. Of what other man for these thousand years can it be said, that his life was a terror, and his death a relief to the world?

LETTER FROM A CONTRIBUTOR IN THE SULKS.

DEAR NORTH,

YOUR anger with me for not writing articles for your Magazine, is most unreasonable. You know that the moment I turn my back on Edinburgh, you and all your concerns are forgotten, or, if remembered, heartily wished at the devil. Then come your infernal letters, week after week, with that huge head on the wax, the look of which makes me break out into a cold sweat. Oh, that the Magazine had never existed! Then might I have had some comfort in this life. How the devil can I write articles, without books, pen, ink, and paper? Oh, Lord! that the Magazine would but stop for a few months now and then, like My Grandmother. With what a venerable grace does that old lady re-appear on her crutch! and how complacently does the public welcome the bed-ridden! So would it be with Maga. Let her pretend to be dead till Christmas, and all her sins will be forgotten. But, oh! my dear sir, these eternal torments are more than flesh and blood can endure; and, good episcopal as I am, you have sickened me indeed with the THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.

Well—well—what is to be done? Here is a book in three volumes. What is it? "Dramatic Miscellanies, by Thomas Davies, 1784." Perhaps he is a blockhead. But, blockhead or not, he shall be made to contribute, and be hanged to him, like his betters. Now for his Notes on Hamlet—

"*That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel.*"

"Mr Stevens, from Olaus Wormius, proves it to be a custom of the Danish kings to be buried in their armour. Seward, Earl of Northumberland, who lived in the days of Edward the Confessor, was, by his desire, buried, armed at all points. *But what is more strange*, Fuller, in his Worthies, relates, *that one of our old savage warriors would go to bed dressed in his armour to his new-married bride.*" Well done, Tom Davies! Thou art the first man that ever indulged in such a fancy on beholding the buried Majesty of Denmark. Is it the King of Portugal, or who is it, that on his marriage night, marches to bed with a cocked hat, booted and spurred, with a huge sword carried in state before him, and his bride bringing up the rear in her bed-gown?

"*Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain.*"

"Besides, the jingle of lecherous and treacherous, *the first is become almost obsolete*, and, in compliance with modern manners, should be omitted, or exchanged for a word less offensive." Well done, Tom, again. What think ye of that, Mr Bowdler of Bath?

"*The play's the thing,*
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

"That the representation of murder, before the murder, will not always produce the desired effect, (*who the devil supposes it would?*) we have a remarkable instance in the story of Derby and Fisher.

"They were two gentlemen, very intimately acquainted. The latter was a dependent on the former, who generously supplied him with the means of living as became a man of birth and education. But no benefits are sufficient to bind the base and the ungrateful. After parting one evening with Mr Derby, at his chambers in the Temple, with all the usual marks of friendship, Fisher contrived to get into his apartments, with an intent to rob and murder his friend. This he unhappily accomplished. For some time no suspicion fell on the murderer. He appeared as usual in all public places. He was in a side-box at the play of Hamlet; and when Wilkes uttered that part of the soliloquy, which spoke of a 'Guilty creature's sitting at a play,' a lady turned about, and, looking at him, said, 'I wish the villain who murdered Mr Derby were here.' The lady and Fisher were strangers to each other. It was afterwards known, that this was the man who had killed his friend. The persons present in the box declared, that neither the speech from the actor, nor the exclamation from the lady, made the least external impression on the murderer. Fisher soon escaped to Rome, where he professed himself a Roman Catholic, and

gained an asylum. About five-and-twenty years since, my friend, Mr Richard Wilson, the landscape painter, saw Fisher at Rome, and spoke to him. He was then, I think, one of the *conoscenti*, and a picture-dealer."

"*And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them.*"

"In the play of the Recruiting Officer, Wilkes was the Captain Plume, and Pinkethman one of the recruits. The Captain, when he enlisted him, asked his name. Instead of answering as he ought, Pinkey replied, 'Why don't you know my name, Bob? I thought every fool had known that!' Wilkes, in a rage, whispered to him the name of the recruit, Thomas Appeltree. The other retorted aloud, 'Thomas Appeltree! Thomas Devil! My name is Will Pinkethman;' and immediately addressing an inhabitant of the upper regions, he said, 'Harkee, friend, don't you know my name?'—'Yes, Master Pinky,' said a respondent, 'we know it very well.' The playhouse was now in an uproar; the audience at first enjoyed the petulant folly of Pinkethman, and the distress of Wilkes; but, in the progress of the joke, it grew tiresome, and Pinkey met his deserts—a very severe reprimand in a hiss; and this mark of displeasure he changed into applause, by crying out, with a countenance as melancholy as he could make it, in a loud nasal twang, '*Odso, I fear I am wrong!*'"—Let Liston and others read this, and blush for their gratuitous buffoonery. A low jester on the stage ought never to be suffered to use the slightest insolence to the audience. His drollery must be bounded by the row of lights above the heads of the fiddlers; and the moment he presumes farther, every person in the theatre has a right to pelt him with bad pence, or worse oranges. A hiss is insufficient—nothing like a lash on the brazen brow of the buffoon. Low farce is, at the best, somewhere about the meanest of all allowable human recreation; and the animal performing it does, for the time being, make himself too contemptible to retain any right to look a gentleman in the face, much less to colloquy with a lady in a side-box. There can be no illiberality in saying so—and therefore once more we repeat, "Well done, Tom Davies!"

"*Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,*
You heavenly guards."

"At the appearance of the ghost, Hamlet immediately rises from his seat affrighted; *at the same time he contrives to kick down his chair, which, by making a sudden noise*, it was imagined, would CONTRIBUTE TO THE PERTURBATION AND TERROR OF THE INCIDENT. But this, in my opinion, is a poor stage-trick, and should be avoided."

Well done, Tom Davies, again say we. Let us see what sort of notes you write on Julius Cæsar. Not so very bad, by any means, as might have been anticipated. Tom argues the celebrated question, "Was Brutus justifiable," &c., and we think he puts it in a new light. "The Romans," says he, "weighed their fishes at table, and took a pleasure in beholding them expire. The death of a mullus, with the variety and change of colours in its last moments, says Dr Arbuthnot from Pliny, was reckoned one of the most entertaining spectacles in the world. AND NOW I HOPE WE SHALL HEAR NO MORE OF THE WISEST AND BEST MEN AMONGST THE ROMANS APPROVING THE ASSASSINATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR." This settles the question for ever—so let the Speculative Society discuss it no more.—Oh! North! I can read no more of this Tom Davies. The book is said to be extremely entertaining, and no doubt your correspondent T. D. could shew it to be so. But I hate the stage, and all that belongs to it; and am of opinion that none of Shakespeare's plays were originally intended for representation. I have no heart to prove this just now; but, take my word for it, it was the case; and in this way can we at once account for our admirable friend Lamb's being affected so much more in the closet than the theatre by Willy's tragedies.

Here is "British Field Sports, by William Henry Scott. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, &c. 1818." "There must," says this humane and excellent writer, "*be no indiscriminate periodical whipping of the hounds in the lump.*" I seriously recommend this advice to the gentlemen of your Magazine. What do they mean by everlastingly laying on these poor hounds, Hazlitt, the Hunts, and all that pack? It is of no

use. Nothing will do but hanging. By the way, Scott, my good fellow, will you have the goodness, in another edition of your excellent volume, to tell me, whether a fox-hound or a race-horse is swiftest for a race of four miles? I observe that, at page 498, you inform us, that Flying Childers, perhaps the fleetest horse that ever ran, did the Beacon course of four miles, one furlong, one hundred and thirty-eight yards, in seven minutes and thirty seconds; and, at page 407, you state positively, that a fox-hound bitch of Colonel Thornton's ran four miles in seven minutes and half a second, which, good sir, is faster than Childers. Curse me if I can swallow that at my time of life. You also inform us, that Childers ran three miles, six furlongs, and ninety-three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds, adding, "nearly after the rate of one mile in the minute." Now, worthy sir, Joseph Hume himself could not have exposed himself more than you do here; for, look again, and you will at once observe, that such running is more nearly at the rate of a mile in two minutes.

"Cock-fighting," says our author, "is pronounced in a breath horrible! Weighed, however, in the balance of reason and fact, it is attended with the least cruelty of all our diversions, not even my favourite horse-racing excepted. I shall be very expeditious in my proof. The game-cock is kept in a state of happiness and comfort until the day of battle; he cannot then be forced; but, in fighting, is actuated by his natural instincts—is in fact gratified; and if he falls by his adversary's weapon, he is the sooner out of the sense of pain. Let not the reader, however, mistake me for an advocate of cock-fighting, for which, in truth, I have no kind of relish; and probably should feel almost as wearied, and out of place, at the cock-pit royal, as at sitting to hear a long-winded puritanical sermon—an entertainment to which stale bread and sour small beer are luxuries."

This is well put, North; and perfectly justifies you and me in our favourite sport. A cocker on a large scale, like my Lord Derby, for example, fights, we shall say, (trial battles and all,) five hundred birds per annum. One and all of these birds enjoys the utmost happiness that bird can enjoy, during a life of one, two, or three years, as may happen; and the death of one and all of them, time taken at an average, occupies about three minutes of cut and come again. But besides these five hundred birds which fight, several hundred more have been called into existence, which do not fight at all, but enjoy the luxury of a natural death, in their chickenhood, from the hands of Dolly the scullion. Moreover, somewhere about a thousand hen-chickens have been clacked, which, but for cock-fighting, had never chipped the shell, and which are either humanely made into pies during the tenderness of their untrodden virginity, or kept for breeding; and in neither predicament are they ever heard to utter a complaint. A prodigious sum total of feathered happiness is thus produced; and a constant cock-a-doodle-doo kept up from farm-house to farm-house all over England, than which nothing can be more agreeable to the feelings of a man and a Christian. Q. E. D.

"Patience," says Mr Scott, "is the angler's chief virtue." Here, sir, you are wrong. No doubt, if you take your station at the stern of a punt in a pond, and voluntarily stake your credit on an attempt to delude a brace of perch, out of the scanty brotherhood that are par-boiled in stagnant mud during the dog-days, patience will be found highly useful, indeed indispensable. But what has patience to do on the green or rocky banks of a beautiful stream, with all its pools and shallows, and its light and shade, and its calms and breezes, and its silence, its murmurs, its dashing, and its thunder? Why, the angler so placed, is happy as a bridegroom on his wedding-day; and you may as well tell me, that of an ardent youth of twenty, on that latter occasion, the chief virtue is patience. Stuff! The less patience the better. An angler should be impatient, eager, bold, active, vigorous, and full of fire—in every respect the reverse of Mr H. of the Liber Amoris, who, for his drivelling, was despised, even by the daughter of a tailor; knew not how to bait his hook, or fasten his rod; nor, after he had missed the mouth of a loose-fish by his awkward and impotent skillessness, had the sense, by a sudden jerk, to catch her by the tail-fin. A Cockney, sitting in the stocks, must have patience; but not so

an angler and a gentleman on Tweedside, or by the silver Dee.

What, in the name of ponderosity and Troy weight, have we got here? two volumes in 4to—each an apparent load for a miller, and too much for the back of a Sexagenarian like the present contributor, once a man not unknown in the gymnastic hemisphere—"Life of Hayley!" Here, indeed, is a triumph of temper. No tombstone can be flatter than such a monument. A patent coffin is a joke to a corp-safe like this. Open, Sisame! Now that the gates are unfolded, let some younger man turn again the weary load upon its hinges. For twelve years did our good friend Colburn support the tough annuitant, at the rate of £460 per annum; and lo! the upshot! Kind-hearted Hayley! jilted in youth, living apart from the wife of his bosom in manhood, and forsaking his third flame in his dotage, what a HERMIT wert thou! Is this one of the poets of England? The friend of Cowper? The model of a recluse? Vain, heartless, wavering, selfish, dull, doting driveller, what art thou now! What a lesson is here! Versifying on the death of his friends! Sermonizing on the funeral of the wife whom he forsook in her insanity! And, last of all, forsaking the bed of youth and beauty, in the capricious impotence of dotage, that could gloat no more! Epitaphs, epigrams, lyrics, charades, epistles, satires, tragedies, and epics, all alike feebly begotten, imperfectly conceived, and abortively delivered! Peevishness, sulkiness, the wretchedness of perpetual failure; egotism feeding on garbage, and yet doomed to insatiate craving, and sick with the flatulence of constitutional imbecility, and the thin diet of solitary and mis-directed studies, that produced only constipation, eructation, indigestion, blue devils, death, contempt, and oblivion! A man without back or loins, wrestling for immortality! The lame and the halt in soul striving to climb the hill of fame! The slave aping the free! The mean smuggling himself into the ranks of the mighty! Lips black with soot, but untouched with the coal from heaven! The slaver of fatuity for the dew of inspiration! Down and puddock-hair, instead of the strong pinion! The gabble of the goose for the song of the swan! The hobble of the Suffolk punch, bred in and in, for the gallop of the "desert-born!" The stolen lion's hide dangling over the naked neck of the cuddy, instead of the os magna sonaturum, the long leathern jaws, filled with half-chewed docks and burrs, intermingled with stingless nettles!

I observe, by the way, that there has been a serious misunderstanding between Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, and Pierce Egan. I am sorry for it. They are spirited, honest, kind-hearted publishers, as any in the kingdom, and Boxiana is the prince of good fellows. I wish they could make their quarrel up. Authors and publishers should always be good friends. Pierce seems to have been paid handsomely, and no man deserves it better. As to his fourth volume of Boxiana, we never heard of it, and request him to send us a copy forthwith! As this is a national concern, we intend to give a fair statement to the public.

My dear North, I began this letter rather queerish, and was half-inclined to pick a quarrel with you; but I begin to feel the old regard for you and Maga, and depend upon something serious and erudite by Thursday's post.

Yours respectfully, &c.

THE TORY.

No. II.

ENGLAND has at length fully reverted to her old state of peace. War is at an end, and even the spirit of war is laid; that ancient fiery blast which had scorched and heaved her for an entire generation, is blown over; the fluctuations that followed the pause of hostilities, and made it more uneasy than ever, has gone down; manufactures and agriculture have put on a face of activity, cheerfulness, and profit; the restoration of cash payments has gone through its round, and entered into the healthful and quiet system of the national prosperity, which it is to disturb no more. The reductions of the national expenditure, painful and anxious operations at the best, have now completed their course of difficulty, and they are henceforth to be felt on-

ly in lightening the public burthens. At this hour, England stands in a more vigorous and loftier position, with veins filled with a richer plenitude of health and spirits, and her eye commanding a larger horizon, than in the most prosperous days of our forefathers. The scars of the war have passed away, not a wrinkle is left to tell where his helmet galled, and she has now only to follow the career of her own generous powers of head and heart, and be mistress of all the prosperity that Providence appoints for wisdom, industry, and virtue.

To say that this elevation is the direct result of any measures of our weak human sagacity, would be idle and presumptuous. The ancients, a people wise in their generation, sacrificed to Fortune; we have a purer belief, and it leads us to a still higher source; we acknowledge the bounty of Providence, and, in the acknowledgment, feel, that far from our efforts or our cause, we are giving the noblest character and panegyric within the reach of language.

In the midst of this harmonious and universal utterance of national congratulation, I disdain to bend my ear to the petty querulousness of party. Its voice, loud and ominous during the night of the country, is less and less audible as the day ascends, and is naturally extinguished in the thousand sounds of public content and industry. Those *obscœnæ volucres* are only for darkness and the sick-chamber; but we have thrown off the sickness and the superstition together, and may now turn to the cheering and sunny contemplations, habitual to the best times, and the manliest spirit of Englishmen.

The King's speech at the opening of the Session embraced three principal objects. The question of continental policy, the public burthens, and the state of Ireland. On these three points his policy was distinctly pledged.—To preserve peace, to diminish taxation, and to propose some remedy for the disturbance of the Irish. The first step was directed to the taxation. Mr Vansittart had left the Treasury, and the new Chancellor of the Exechequer had assumed his office with a high character for intelligence and exertion. His career was begun with peculiar triumph, for he was enabled to announce the abolition of two millions and a half of English taxes, to promise the total repeal of the salt duties within a brief period, to extinguish lotteries after the present year, and to sweep away the whole of the assessed taxes of Ireland at once.

The Spanish question engrossed a large share of public interest for the time. A feeble and tampering spirit in our councils would have inevitably plunged us into a war with France, and subsequently with all Europe. Opposition, cheered by the prospect of national calamity, called furiously for war, but its clamour found no echo in the country; the minister's statement of his policy formed an intelligent view of British interests and public feelings, and was sanctioned by great majorities within the house, and by an unexampled approbation among the people. Opposition was baffled; and if the defeat of a body, so often repulsed, and sunk into such contempt, could be a matter of triumph, its defeat was ridiculous and humiliating in the most memorable degree.

A paltry attempt at popularity was subsequently made by a motion relative to the arrest of *Mr Bowring*, a person charged with being the accredited agent of disaffection in France. His notorious intercourse with the suspected in Paris, his communications with Spain, and the appearance of some incendiary French songs in an English paper, at the moment of an attempted insurrection in France, had fixed the eye of the police upon him. His arrest was natural, but his papers were apparently of no importance, and he was finally set at liberty without a charge, after a childish and harsh detention of a fortnight in a French prison. Lord Archibald Hamilton was the *Alecto* on this occasion, and put the trumpet to his luckless lips for vengeance and war. But his motion had the usual fate of his oratory,—it was thrown into easy burlesque, and Mr Bowring was left, unavenged, to his usual pursuits, and the public management of the subscription for the Spanish insurgents.

The Spanish war was the sole surviving hope of party, and the topic was cherished and amplified with a fondness worthy of the desperate state of Opposition. All had hitherto cheated them; events, rich with the promise of public misfortune, had vanished from their grasp. A malignant fortune had deprived them of the Queen at the moment when they seemed to

have secured complete and permanent possession of that fine source of tumult. The *agricultural distresses* cheered them for a time, but it was to keep the word of promise only to their ear; they no sooner swelled into the triumphant speculation of deserted provinces, barns in a general circuit of inflammation, and smock-frocked legislators re-modelling the constitution with the firebrand and the scythe, than prices rose, the sun shone, and the rustic became incapable of a general change of ministry. A fate pursued them; it was enough for them to set their feet on the most fetid ground of popular mischief, the soil became rotten at once, sank away, and left them to look out for another spot for the great radical lever, that was to shake all established things at a heave.

The sound of insurrection in Spain came over them while they were in the lowest despondency, and they snuffed the gale with the nostril so long uncheered with revolution. I have in a former letter detailed the contemptuous and total disappointment of Opposition; and the loss of character branded on the legal coxcomb who had volunteered to lead the forlorn hope; and the wretched artifice to conceal defeat by voting against their own question, and the bitter dissensions that subsequently revealed and punished the intrigue.

Minor debates filled up the period. Hume talked, of course, his usual allowance; but his topics lost their freshness, his blunders are mere repetitions fatal to laughter, and he has settled into the insignificance which is the natural place of a vulgar and unfurnished mind.

The Catholic question, brought forward in April, added to the exposure of the present weakness and habitual insincerity of Whiggism. The *debate* on the petition was left to the single prowess of Mr Plunkett. Opposition gave up the topic without the decency of an excuse, walked out of the House, and left the advocate to the consolation of having made his annual speech, and at length learning the value of his party. One of two conclusions must be drawn from this extraordinary desertion, either that the Catholic question has been from the beginning a mere pretence in the mouth of Whiggism, or that, believing it essential to the welfare of the empire, they have notwithstanding abandoned it, from finding that they could not compel it to answer the purposes of their own paltry appetite for office. Either conclusion leaves them steeped in baseness, duplicity, and folly. It must now be asked by all men who have hitherto looked on this party with a favourable eye,—on what subject are they in earnest, what great political doctrine do they sincerely hold, to what line of conduct would they feel themselves pledged, in case of their being put in possession of the government? The true answer is, their whole spirit is insincere. If there ever was a question to which men were bound, those men were bound to the Catholic question; their speeches, their reviews, their votes, were full of it for the last thirty years; it went side by side with even the panegyric of disaffection in England, and the triumphs of her enemies abroad. It was a part of the living and sentient frame, the blood and brain of opposition. At once it was perceived that nothing more was to be made of it, and from that moment it was disowned and dismembered from among the organs of faction. This consummation, while it covers the party with contempt, is fortunate for the Roman Catholics. Their claims will be a mouth-piece for paltry personal objects no more; they will be decided on by a more honourable judgment than that of faction. In the hands of administration they will have their due weight, and the Roman Catholic may rely on obtaining every privilege that is not inconsistent with the general safety of the constitution.

A direct step towards giving him political power has been made this Session in giving him the elective franchise. This measure, pregnant with weighty consequences, was resisted upon principle by some of the wisest and most liberal minds of Parliament. The Bishop of St David's, a man venerable by every title of literature, liberality, and piety, opposed it strenuously, declared it to be contrary to all sound policy, hostile to the maxims of our ancestors, and menacing to the constitution. What its result may be in England, must be discovered only by experience; but in Ireland the elective franchise was a formidable gift both to the givers and the receivers. By allowing the Catholic peasantry to become

voters, their condition was instantly lowered. The eagerness of the landlord to have numerous voters, split their farms into the smallest portions that could support life. It was enough for the landlord that he could go to the hustings with a mob of beggars at his heels. From this increase of beggary, riot followed; until Ireland is at this hour the seat of poverty, contagion, ignorance, and bloodshed.

This franchise was fatal to the Irish Parliament; for it rendered the *Union* a matter of stern necessity. Where the election was by the head, the Protestant property, intelligence, and allegiance, must have been overwhelmed by the Catholic multitude. The Parliament must have, long before this, become altogether Romanist; and the result must have been a division of the empire, or a furious and doubtful civil war. Nothing can be more fantastic than to suppose that the power of voting for members of Parliament is a natural right. It is totally conventional—a British man has as natural right to vote in a corporation or in the Cabinet, as to vote at the hustings. It is a privilege, and, like all privileges, must be obtained by some equivalent. Property, apprenticeship, public honours, &c., are its sources; and for it they must be visited. This privilege conceded to the English Romanists may be less formidable from their inferiority of number; but a new stimulant is now given to proselytism—the eyes of ambitious men will be turned on this new material of power—demands inconsistent with the Constitution will be made by regular clients of Catholic popularity; and freedom and religion may have yet to tremble at the consequence of this hazardous donative. The English Catholics, scarcely more than three thousand thirty years ago, are now upwards of forty thousand; an enormous increase, which betrays the vigour of proselytism in an unexampled degree.

The Session died away in an inquiry into the conduct of the Sheriff of Dublin, who had been charged with returning a packed jury, on the trial of the Orangemen for a riot at the theatre. A key to this singular and ineffective proceeding may be discoverable in the disapprobation fixed on the conduct of Mr Plunket. It probably occurred to this practised politician, that the prosecution of the Sheriff might serve, at least as well as his own censure by the House and the country, to attract popular attention. In the debate on Mr Brownlow's motion of censure, the Minister interfered, and recommended that the House should not come to a vote, "simply that neither party might have a triumph." The suggestion was acted upon, and Plunket's conduct was left as it was found.

Parliament grew sick of inquiries into the squabbles of aldermen and attorneys—Irish though they were;—the inquiry languished, became profitless, ridiculous, and dropped—leaving the Sheriff to return in triumph to his corporation dinners, the Dublin Alderman, King, to boast of having baffled the House, and the Irish Attorney-General to dream over the equal absurdity of Orangeman and Catholic, the harshness of *ex officio* informations, and the easy loss of a lawyer's popularity.

Some episodes and interludes lightened the heavier business of the closing Session. The King's most munificent gift of his late Majesty's library to the nation, brought up Lord Ellenborough from his retreat, since the failure of his furious measure of legislatorial foolery, the Marriage Act. His Lordship curiously maintained that the King had no right to give away his own, and that he must keep his gifts to himself, on pain of offending Lord Ellenborough's opinion of the Constitution. The House laughed at the discovery, had the courage to accept of this obnoxious and unconstitutional present of books and MSS.; and even went the daring length of transferring it to the keeping of the British Museum. To close this sketch with the most trivial and the most amusing incident of the year, Mr Canning, in one of the debates on the Catholic question, gave Brougham the *Lie!* with a directness, promptitude, and effect, unequalled among the castigations of the House. It gagged the unfortunate orator for the night, and for the season. Mr M'Kerril had before silenced him out of doors; he is now shut up from the habitual indulgence of his tongue within, and must henceforth be as miserable as insolence and impotence can make him.

A SCOTS MUMMY.

To Sir Christopher North.

DEAR SIR CHRISTY,

You will remember, that, when you and I parted last at Ambrose's, the following dialogue passed between us. Perhaps you may have forgot; but it was just at the head of the narrow entry, immediately under the door of that celebrated tavern, that it took place; and, at the time when it began, we were standing with our backs toward each other, in what I would have called, had I been writing poetry, a moveless attitude.

"Mr Hogg, what *is* the reason that you write to me so seldom?"

"Faith, man, it's because I hae naething to write about."

"Nothing to write about? For shame! how can you say so? Have you not the boundless phenomena of nature constantly before your eyes?"

"O, to be sure, I hae; but then—"

In the meantime I was thinking to myself, what the devil can this phenomena of nature be, when you interrupted me with, "None of your *but then's*, shepherd. A man who has such an eye as you have, for discerning the goings on of the mighty elements, can never want the choice of a thousand subjects whereon to exercise his pen. You have the night, with her unnumbered stars, that seem to rowl through spaces incomprehensible; the day dawn, and the sunshine; the dazzling splendours of noon, and the sombre hues that pervade the mountains, under the congregated masses of impending vapours."

"Gude sauf us, Christy's mair nor half seas ower!" thinks I; "but I maunna pretend no to understand him, for fear he get intil a rage.—Ay, ye're no far wrang, man," I says; "there are some gayen good things to be seen atween the heaven an' yirth sometimes. Weel, gude night, or rather gude morning, honest Sir Christy. I'll try to pick you up something o' yon sort."

"By all means, Hogg. I insist on it. Something of the phenomena of nature, I beseech you. You should look less at lambs and rams, and he-goats, Hogg, and more at the grand phenomena of nature. You should drink less out of the toddy-jug, shepherd, and more at the perennial spring. However, we'll say no more about that, as matters stand, to-night; only hand me something of the phenomena of nature."

I came home here, and looked about me soon and late with a watchful eye, and certainly saw many bright and beautiful appearances on the face of the sky, and in the ever-varying hues of the mountains; still I had witnessed all these before; so had every old shepherd in these glens; and I could not persuade myself that any of these was the particular thing, a description of which you wanted; because they were, in fact, no phenomenons, if I understand that French word properly, nor ever were viewed as such by any of our country people. But at length the curiosity of two young shepherds, neighbours of my own, furnished me with a subject that hit my fancy to a hair; and the moment that I first heard the relation, I said to myself, "'This is the very thing for old Christy." But thereby hangs a tale, which is simply and literally as follows:—

On the top of a wild height, called Cowanscroft, where the lands of three proprietors meet all at one point, there has been, for long and many years, the grave of a suicide, marked out by a stone standing at the head, and another at the feet. Often have I stood musing over it myself, when a shepherd on one of the farms of which it formed the extreme boundary, and thinking what could induce a young man, who had scarcely reached the prime of life, to brave his Maker, and rush into his presence by an act of his own erring hand, and one so unnatural and preposterous; but it never once occurred to me as an object of curiosity, to dig up the mouldering bones of the culprit, which I considered as the most revolting of all objects. The thing was, however, done last month, and a discovery made of one of the greatest natural phenomenons that I ever heard of in this country.

The little traditionary history that remains of this unfortunate youth, is altogether a singular one. He was not a native of the place, nor would he ever tell from what place he came, but he was remarkable for a deep, thought-

ful, and sullen disposition. There was nothing against his character that anybody knew of, and he had been a considerable time in the place. The last service he was in was with a Mr Anderson of Eltrieve, who died about 100 years ago, and who had hired him during the summer to herd a stock of young cattle in Eltrieve Hope. It happened one day in the month of September, that James Anderson, his master's son, a boy then about ten years of age, went with this young man to the Hope one day, to divert himself. The herd had his dinner along with him; and, about one o'clock, when the boy proposed going home, the former pressed him very hard to stay and take a share of his dinner; but the boy refused, for fear his parents might be alarmed about him, and said he *would* go home; on which the herd said to him, "Then if ye winna stay wi' me, James, ye may depend on't I'll cut my throat afore ye come back again."

I have heard it likewise reported, but only by one person, that there had been some things stolen out of his master's house a good while before, and that the boy had discovered a silver knife and fork, that was a part of the stolen property, in the herd's possession that day, and that it was this discovery that drove him to despair. The boy did not return to the Hope that afternoon; and, before evening, a man coming in at the pass called *the Hart Loup*, with a drove of lambs, on the way for Edinburgh, perceived something like a man standing in a strange frightful position at the side of one of Eldinhope hay-ricks. The driver's attention was riveted on this strange, uncouth figure; and as the drove-road passed at no great distance from the spot, he first called, but receiving no answer, he went up to the spot, and behold it was the above-mentioned young man, who had hung himself in the hay rope that was tying down the rick. This was accounted a great wonder, and every one said, if the devil had not assisted him, it was impossible the thing could have been done, for in general these ropes are so brittle, being made of green hay, that they will scarcely bear to be bound over the rick. And the more to horrify the good people of the neighbourhood, the driver said, that when he first came in view, he could *almost give his oath* that he saw two people engaged busily about the hay-rick, going round it and round it, and he thought they were dressing it. If this asseveration approximated at all to truth, it makes this evident at least, that the unfortunate young man had hanged himself after the man with the lambs came in view. He was, however, quite dead when he cut him down. He had fastened two of the old hay ropes at the bottom of the rick on one side, (indeed they are all fastened so when first laid on,) so that he had nothing to do but to loosen two of the ends on the other side; and these he tied in a knot round his neck, and then, slackening his knees, and letting himself lean down gradually till the hay rope bore all his weight, he contrived to put an end to his existence in that way. Now the fact is, that if you try all the ropes that are thrown over all the outfield hay ricks in Scotland, there is not one among a thousand of them will hang a colley dog—so that the manner of this wretch's death was rather a singular circumstance.

Early next morning Mr Anderson's servants went reluctantly away, and, taking an old blanket with them for a winding-sheet, they rolled up the body of the deceased, first in his own plaid, letting the hay-rope still remain about his neck, and then rolling the old blanket over all, they bore the loathed remains away the distance of three miles or so on spokes, to the top of Cowan's Croft, at the very point where the Duke of Buccleuch's land, the laird of Drumelzier's, and Lord Napier's meet; and there they buried him, with all that he had on him and about him, silver knife and fork and all together. Thus far went tradition, and no one ever disputed one jot of the disgusting oral tale.

A nephew of that Mr Anderson's, who was with the hapless youth that day he died, says, that, as far as he can gather from the relations of friends that he remembers, and of that same uncle in particular, it is *one hundred and five years* next month, (that is, September 1823,) since that event happened; and I think it likely that this gentleman's information is correct. But sundry other people, much older than he whom I have consulted, pretend that it is six or seven years more. They say they have heard that Mr James Anderson was then a boy ten years of age; that he lived to an old

age, upwards of four score, and it is two-and-forty years since he died. Whichever way it may be, it was about that period some way, of that there is no doubt. Well, you will be saying, that, excepting the small ornamental part of the devil and the hay-rope, there is nothing at all of what you wanted in this ugly traditional tale. Stop a wee bit, my dear Sir Christy. Dinna just cut afore the point. Ye ken auld fools an' young bairns shouldna see things that are half done. Stop just a wee bit, ye auld crusty, crippled, crabbit, editor body, an' I'll let ye see that the grand *phenomena of Nature's* a' to come to yet.

It so happened, sir, that two young men, William Sheil and W. Sword, were out on an adjoining height, this summer, casting peats, and it came into their heads to open that grave in the wilderness, and see if there were any of the bones of the suicide of former ages and centuries remaining. They did so, but opened only about one half of the grave, beginning at the head and about the middle at the same time. It was not long till they came upon the old blanket,—I think they said, not much more than a foot from the surface. They tore that open, and there was the hay-rope lying stretched down alongst his breast so fresh, that they saw at first sight it was made of *risp*, a sort of long sword-grass that grows about marshes and the sides of lakes. One of the young men seized the rope, and pulled by it, but the old enchantment of the devil remained. It would not break, and so he pulled and pulled at it till behold the body came up into a sitting posture, with a broad blue bonnet on its head, and its plaid around it, as fresh as that day it was laid in. I never heard of a preservation so wonderful, if it be true as was related to me, for still I have not had the curiosity to go and view the body myself. The features were all so plain, that an acquaintance might easily have known him. One of the lads gripped the face of the corpse with his finger and thumb, and the cheeks felt quite soft and fleshy, but the dimples remained, and did not spring out again. He had fine yellow hair about nine inches long, but not a hair of it could they pull out, till they cut part of it off with a knife. They also cut off some portions of his clothes, which were all quite fresh, and distributed them among their acquaintances, sending a portion to me among the rest, to keep as natural curiosities. Several gentlemen have in a manner forced me to give them fragments of these enchanted garments; I have, however, retained a small portion for you, which I send along with this, being a piece of his plaid, and another of his waistcoat breast, which you will see are still as fresh as that day they were laid in the grave. His broad blue bonnet was sent to Edinburgh several weeks ago, to the great regret of some gentlemen connected with the land, who wished to have it for a keepsake. For my part, fond as I am of blue bonnets, and broad ones in particular, I declare I durst not have worn that one. There was nothing of the silver knife and fork discovered, that I heard of, nor was it very likely it should; but it would appear he had been very near run of cash, which, I dare say, had been the cause of his utter despair, for, on searching his pockets, nothing was found but three old Scots halfpennies. These young men meeting with another shepherd afterwards, his curiosity was so much excited, that they went and digged up the curious remains a second time, which was a pity, as it is likely that by these exposures to the air, and from the impossibility of burying it up again so closely as it was before, the flesh will now fall to dust.

These are all the particulars that I remember relating to this curious discovery; and I am sure you will confess that a very valuable receipt may be drawn from it for the preservation of dead bodies. If you should think of trying the experiment on yourself, you have nothing more to do than hang yourself in a hay rope, which, by the by, is to be made of risp, and leave orders that you are to be buried in a wild height, and I will venture to predict, that though you repose there for ages an inmate of your mossy cell, of the cloud, and the storm, you shall set up your head at the last day as fresh as a moor-cock. I remain, my worthy friend, yours very truly,

JAMES HOGG.

Altrieve Lake, Aug. 1, 1823.

LONDON ODDITIES AND OUTLINES.

No. II.

The dramatic *Deliciæ* of this metropolis of the civilized world now consist in two diminutive theatres, and within their walls in two diminutive pieces. The Hay-Market Theatre is busied with a translation from the French by Kenny, under the touching appellative of "*Sweethearts and Wives*;" and the English Opera-House rests its popularity upon *Frankenstein*, a dull adaptation from a mad romance. But both have been too minutely described in the papers of the day to be worth much further dissertation. "Sweethearts and Wives" is easy foollery, chiefly laid upon *Liston*, who is fooled "to the top of his bent." An old Admiral—that favourite monster of the stage, full of good humour and gout, courtship and cudgelling, exploding perpetual professional jokes, and other "damnable iteration"—figures, in the shape of Terry, through the principal scenes. Love is the business of all, and the comedy winds up with the awful spectacle of *four Marriages!*—matter of melancholy enough to have furnished out the deepest sorrows of Melpomene. But the stage has long ceased to be the mirror of real life; and the wedded *quartette* actually go off in smiles and song. There is some lively dialogue, and some pretty music, in this piece. Miss Chester, the heroine, displays her captivations with more than the customary peril of the stage. A female of the auspicious name of *Love* bears the second honours of beauty, flirtation and matrimony. The men are all assiduous, amiable, tempting, and being tempted. The women are all resolute on settling themselves for life. The Admiral alone survives unfettered, and he scarcely consoles himself with the strange felicity of nursing all the children. But the play is, on the whole, amusing, and should be Kenny's encouragement to trust to the Hay-Market for the next season, and during all seasons to come. His MS. is said to have lain two years at Drury-Lane, and to have been finally returned, as unsuitable to the purposes of the theatre. In spite of prediction it has triumphed, and will be played till the fatal night that closes the portals of the Hay-Market. The coming season at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane approaches with haughty anticipations on both sides.—Displacements, replacements, new gilding, new salaries, new actors, new fooleries. Drury-Lane, by diminishing the area of its awkward and comfortless house, and by substituting cleanliness for squalidness, good actors for bad, and Shakspeare for exhausted comedies and ribald farces, gathered the great theatrical crop of the year. Covent-Garden is now condescending to follow, where she once led, and is said to have commenced the work of building and bronzing with a desperate courage; to be varnishing at this hour with a resolution not to be overcome, and a solemn pledge to wear out her last brush, rather than be again out-painted by mortal manager. Miss Stephens and Liston remain to Drury-Lane out of the spoils of its rival; but *Young* has been recovered—a great prize. *Reynolds* holds the truncheon to which poets and scene-shifters bow with habitual reverence at Drury-Lane. *Sinclair* comes to counterbalance this defection, and comes loaded with laurels and scudi, from potentates and plenipotentiaries innumerable. No slight expectations are formed of his success here. He has been now four years in Italy. He left England with a fine natural voice, but with little science. He has since sung upon every principal stage of the land of music, and no indolence or inaptitude could totally repel improvement under such advantages. He ought to be by this time master of his art, and if he be, he will have no rival to compete the honours of English popularity.

Frankenstein, a melo-drama adapted from a mad romance, occupies the English Opera-house. The romance bears the name of Shelly's wife, but was probably in a great degree written by Shelly's pen. A singular and unhappy turn of mind urged him to extravagance in his life, and in his authorship, and the novel of Frankenstein is no unfaithful picture of a mind which seems to have been perpetually vibrating on the edge of a melancholy insanity.

The melo-drama is a *melange* of the common miracles of the carpenter and the scene-painter; the newly-created man is a *monster*, and the heroes and heroines not unfit companions for his wildness, in probability and outrage.

Mr Irving.

THE popular show of the day is the preacher of the Caledonian Chapel, in Hatton Garden. This obscure spot is now crowded by all the sight-hunters of London, men of fashion, and blue-stockings, the peerage, and the cabinet; scholars and scribblers, all who have eyes to see, and ears to be captivated, crowd to the dingy walls of this ancient receptacle of cobwebs and crabbed Theology. The difference of opinions is of course as various as the multitude. Some have settled that he is an original luminary, others that he shines by reflection of *Chalmers*, and the popular preachers of the north; some that he is a model of persuasiveness, simplicity, and sincerity, others that he is a mere *Charlatan*, who purchases notoriety by the exhibition of matters prohibited to the regular pulpit, and furnishes gossip to the audience by rambling allusions to the poets, artists, and public men of the day; that he shuns the appropriate topics of the pulpit; that he substitutes pompous verbiage for rational discourse, and is at once extravagant and common-place, rude and affected, tame in doctrine, and theatrical in language, gesture, and delivery. On both sides there is exaggeration, and the truth will probably turn out to be, that Irving is a man of some abilities, who, in the habitual presence of that clever and singular man *Chalmers*, has acquired the exterior of energy; that imitation compensates in London the inferiority which was obvious in the immediate sight of his master, and that, encouraged by the praise of his own flock, new as they were to anything like pulpit vigour, he has been urged to try extravagance in a broader scale, and strut his hour in the parade of inflated and miscellaneous composition. His printed Sermons are certainly unfortunate testimonials to his powers. The preface, in which he declares that HIS works disown the customary title of "Sermons," because Sermons is a customary title for dulness; with which, of course, no man can presume to charge any work of Mr Irving; is only an evidence of schoolboy conceit. His further declaration that the slackness of Christian practice is to be laid to the charge of the clergy, whom he therefore thinks it proper, *on his part*, to stir up to their neglected duty; is another instance of the childish vanity that so little becomes a man, and, of all men, a teacher of humility. The composition of these "Orations," is by no means calculated to relieve the writer from the imputation excited by his preface; with some passages of considerable power, they mingle a vast quantity of heavy, tumid, and tasteless writing. With some views of general life sufficiently keen, are huddled clumsy and *unreal* sketches of fashionable manners. His rambling dissertations on the more graceful branches of taste and literature, are worthy only of the denizen of a remote manufacturing town; he talks of poets, artists, and statesmen, but he talks of them as if he had never read anything but the Edinburgh *Review*.

A more unfortunate distinction of those "Orations" is, that they are almost totally divested of DOCTRINE. *Cobbett's* Sermons are a code of Theology compared to them. A Bonze or a Mufti might preach them without offence to Foh or Mahomet. This may answer the purposes of popularity among the great, but this ought to be amended, even at the hazard of writing "Sermons." The Cardinal who would not read his Bible through fear that it might spoil his style, could scarcely have expected to find an imitator. But if Mr Irving would do his duty, he must overstep this delicacy, and talk downright Christianity at all hazards. I have no doubt of his inclination. He is a man of some ability. The winter, fertile in newer topics, will lead away his superfluous congregation; the newspapers, occupied about other things, will look upon him no longer as a kindred resource with a Paddington riot, a coroner's inquest, or a trial for arson; their columns will be filled, and he will have time to recover his composure, and descend to the level of his species. Then will be the period to open the volume, which has hitherto been so heavily eclipsed under pamphlets and magazines, and then alone he will begin to enter on the only course in which he can deserve permanent praise.

Parisian Sketches.—No. I.

Six months before and six months after October, 1814.

"On ne peut jamais contenter tout le monde, et son pere."
La Fontaine.

The year 1814 was made memorable by the battle of Leipsic, the actual deathblow of the "Napoleon dynasty." The day that saw the French army driven from that field, saw the setting of the imperial sun. Other battles followed, bloody and disastrous, but they were the blows given to a champion already on the ground. From the 19th of October, Napoleon contemplated resignation, and all France was prepared for the inroad and final victory of the enemy. I had a habit of passing, the autumn in the country. In 1814 my visit was to the Chateau de Belrive, of which the recent proprietor, although grown wealthy, has not grown into forgetfulness of an old friend. At that time he had assembled around him a number of his relatives, who were all in the greatest consternation on account of the *times.* Crossed in their interests, wounded in their feelings, all these different personages cast forth fire and flame against the Head of the Government, blaming all his operations, recalling with bitterness the various misfortunes his ambition had drawn down on France, and praying that Heaven would at last occupy itself with the affairs of this earth that it appeared so long to have abandoned.

Among the most exasperated, was a Monsieur Segri, from whom the formation of the guard of honour had carried off the last of his sons. Father of four children, he had seen them successively depart for the army, whence they never returned. The one fell a lieutenant in Egypt; the second, a captain in Spain, and the third, Chef de Bataillon, in the prisons of Kalonga.—Nothing could exceed the grief of this unfortunate father, who had now, as he said himself, bade a last farewell to his last son, and we had all the pains in the world to try and diminish his regrets a little, by endeavouring to instil into him hopes which we had not ourselves. Less afflicted than Monsieur de Segri, but loudly joining him in invective against the system of aggrandisement adopted by the Emperor, Madame de Germancy—his cousin, looked with terror to the moment of establishing her niece. None of the parties which presented themselves, might satisfy the anxious tenderness of this good aunt. She feared equally the chances of war and commerce. She could no more determine to select for her nephew—an officer who might get gloriously killed in the second month of his nuptials—than a merchant, who might become bankrupt in the first year of his marriage. "From the rapidity with which they carry off our young men, there will remain no husbands for our young women," repeated Madame de Germancy, with an air of melancholy, which frequently made her niece blush, and her auditors smile.

A fat man who amused his leisure by a little stock-jobbing—Monsieur Clement, cousin to the owner of Belrive, never ceased deploring the stagnation of trade, and complaining of the few opportunities of improving capital. The war had paralysed all his speculations; and he declaimed against the war with an indignation which announced a great love of peace.

Every evening the company assembled in the large saloon, where each threw into the common stock the slight contingent of news he had carefully collected during the day; and it may be easily supposed, that it was not generally of a nature to diminish their discontent, or ameliorate the hatred they bore in secret to the Emperor. It was with him, as with those tyrants of the drama, who frighten every one by their entrance—are abused aside, and menaced as soon as they disappear. One person alone courageously took the part of the government—it was the owner of the Chateau, whose nephew had just been made general of division.—According to Monsieur Duperre, necessity justified all the operations of the Emperor. He called the occupation of Spain a grand political measure; the campaign of Russia, a hardy conception; and the return from Moscow, a skilful retreat. Certainly his opinions appeared to me to be rather singular, but who dare tell him so? Indeed, so enthusiastic was his admiration, that it was impossible to

offer the slightest check to it — the man being, as one might say, evidently destined to die in his original sin.

Such were the various dispositions at the Chateau when I quitted it for Paris. The public events which soon afterwards succeeded each other with such extraordinary rapidity, produced, in less than a year, changes unexampled in the annals of the world. A Bourbon returned, after an interval of 20 years, to resume that crown so long worn by his ancestors. Peace, so often repulsed from the bosom of Europe, hastened to seat herself with him on the throne of France; and the sovereigns of a world united together to put a term to the differences of princes, the agitations of their people, and the mourning of nations.

It was with no slight pleasure, that I once more hailed the return of that period in which I had been accustomed to undertake my pilgrimage, and I promised myself this year to console my poor friend Duperre, even though I should rejoice with his friends.

On the first of September, then, I set off for Belrive.

As soon as Monsieur Duperre caught a glimpse of me, he hastened to me, and, with a countenance full of joy, seized me by the arm, and begged me to take a turn with him in the garden, before I made my appearance in the Chateau. Surprised to find him so gay, when I feared to see him so sad, I could but think that my friend had perhaps received some disagreeable news from the Sovereign of the Isle of Elba, *i. e.* disagreeable for France. "Well," said I, hesitatingly, "your Hero has justified your admiration. Napoleon"—"Don't mention his name," replied he, hastily; "he is a tyrant, whom I always abhorred."—"But I thought I had heard you admire"—"His audacity."—"You considered his successes"—"As so many crimes."—"His elevation"—"As a punishment from Heaven."—"Nay, but, my dear Duperre, I assure you, that in the September of last year, you painted the affair of Spain"—"As a perfidy."—"The war of the North"—"As an extravagance."—"The retreat from Moscow"—"As the first chastisement of the grand criminal. It is not that, *au fond*, I have not here and there recognized some peculiar qualities in this man; he had a certain tact in discovering and recompensing merit; he granted the cross of honour to my son, who, however, could not endure him. Natural enough, he had imbibed the sentiments of his father; and as to me, I have never had reason to thank him. He sent me the order of *Re-union*, I confess; but he was forced to that by the public voice: and, besides, it was more for his own credit than mine. He conducted himself shamefully towards my nephew—Would you believe it, that, by abdicating, he deprived him of half of all that he had bestowed on him. I never could have spoken favourably of such a man to you. I may have been careful in my expressions, because, under him, the nets of the police extended far and near, but, in reality, no one thought worse of him than I did."—"What a pity, that one cannot read *au fond des cœurs!*"—"Yes, doubtless—but enough of this at present. I am charmed to see you again—I want you to preach peace in my family—which is far from sharing my principles."—"How!"—"True, your old friends are all here; but, will you believe it, my dear friend, they actually regret his reign"—"Impossible."—"The human heart is full of such contradictions. M. de Segri has received a letter from his son, who is not put on half pay, and will be here immediately—he is quite in despair about it."—"In despair at seeing his son! he who suffered such grief at his departure?"—"My cousin, who sighed so for peace, is *au desespoir* that the war is over."—"You jest."—"Madam de Germancy regrets the days when she might have married her niece to an officer, who would probably have left her a widow before she was a mother—these people distract me." As he thus spoke, M. Duperre led me towards the Chateau. At the moment of our entrance, M. de Segri still held his son's letter in his hand—I felicitated him on his return.—"No, sir," replied he,—"on the contrary, condole with me. I no longer know what to do with this youth—there is his profession gone." "But was it not against both your and his own inclination, that he was obliged to enter it?"—"Certainly; but when the thing was done, it was done, and I hoped that through my friends and his own merits, he might have made his way as well as another: did not one of his brothers die Chef de Bataillon?"—"The very

reason to rejoice that he has escaped a similar misfortune."—"Ay, say as you will, but shew me the man who is sorry to see a general officer among his family."

"Very true," exclaimed Madame de Germancy, hastily; "and there is my niece deprived of any such happiness. Formerly we might look to marry generals, colonels, counsellors of state, and, above all, auditors. I don't say that happiness is always the wedding gift on these occasions, but the title, the rank, flatter us, and this is a gratification such as we women do not disdain.

"Besides, even though one did begin by marrying only a captain, there was no telling but that from widowhood to widowhood we might at last arrive at a general of division. These changes undoubtedly had their advantages; at present, one must pass life with the first spouse.—Ah!" said madam, with a sigh, "the career of ambition is for ever closed to women."

It was in vain that in her system of elevation, her ladies could be promoted only at the expense of their husbands. She persisted not the less in considering the thing as very natural, and deploring the *disagremens* of a century, where a wife might die without ever having been a widow. Her niece did not seem to me to be of her opinion. I thought I overheard her murmur—"At least, I may now choose, which is always a great pleasure to a female."

"Yet, what signify honours, in comparison with fortune?" said M. Clement, rising from his arm-chair. "Under the seventeen or eighteen governments we have had here, I have made and unmade mine five or six times, with a facility I shall never again experience. Great misfortunes lead to great sacrifices. The land-owners, the merchants, have recourse to us in speculations which often swallow up their property, but bring us from fifteen to twenty per cent. Alas! this is now over, the beaten path is open to all; and, turn ever so little out of it, law stares you in the face. No, commerce is no longer the road to riches—there is nothing to be gained now."

"All true, master," said M. Duperre's gardener, twisting his hat in his fingers as he entered to ask for orders—"there is nothing to be gained now in truth—and we poor folks are going to ruin as fast as we can." "To ruin!" exclaimed M. De Segri, with vivacity.—"Just so, in truth, my good master—this abolition of the conscription has knocked me up."—"What, Jacques! this that constitutes the happiness of ten millions of families"—"Makes the misfortune of mine."—"Explain yourself."—"You know, monsieur, that I had the good luck to sell my eldest boy for two thousand crowns to the son of monsieur the mayor; and I may honestly say, it was going for nothing, for he was a proud fine youth. I gave the second to monsieur your nephew, for a dozen sacs of a thousand francs—cheap enough—but then he was a neighbour. Well, just at the moment that the last sac began to grow light, and that I had still three comely lads, well fed, and well taught, that I had brought up with all the care in the world, away goes the conscription—I have my trouble for my pains—and three great boys on my hands to provide for. Boys, that, under the Emperor, would have brought me at least 15,000 francs a-piece. Now this is what I call a hard case, my good monsieur."

The observations of Jacques made on all present a more sudden and profound impression, than could all my arguments; each mentally blushed at having regretted a government, under which demoralization had reached the point of a father's rearing his sons for sale.

The young De Segri, who arrived next day, was received with open arms—and Madame de Germancy promised her niece that she should choose her own husband; which choice I could discover, from certain glances between the fair Eliza and the animated young lieutenant, was already decided.

A Ball at the Opera-House.

"Chacun le decrie—chacun y va."

I HAD passed the evening with a rich literary amateur, who had assembled round him a crowd of persons, under the pretext of a party of pleasure, and who had occupied the entire time in the reading of a five-act tragedy of his own, with which he had been threatening the managers of the *Francais* these last seven years. The reading of the work, and the pompous eulogies lavished on it, over an immense bowl of the most delicious punch, prodigally dispensed round by the young wife of our tragic author, had contributed to heighten the gaiety of my humour. Fearing to dull it, I stole off at the moment that the author's gratified vanity was attempting to waive the praises he was so sure of having merited, and modestly soliciting useless criticisms and superfluous advice. Some lamps, placed at the corner of the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs, and the long pile of carriages which embarrassed the Rue de Richelieu, informed me that there was a ball at the Opera-house. They are singular enough those Opera balls. This impost levied on slumber is but seldom worth the repose it deprives us of. Few are amused there—numbers are annoyed there; and yet everybody goes there. Like the rest, I must pay my tribute to custom; and, stimulated by the desire of observing *en philosophe* the various amusements to be enjoyed in it, I crossed the threshold of this Temple of Arts—where they dance now, as they sung formerly. On entering the vestibule, I saw a young man, whom I immediately recognized as one of the company at the reading party. Probably he had not noticed me, but I had remarked him from the circumstance of a long whispering conversation with the mistress of the mansion, in the very deepest part of the tragedy, when the husband's eyes were fixed on the book, and from his having adroitly slipped away before the wearisome conclusion.

He was now precipitately moving backwards and forwards, drawing out his watch at each instant, and at intervals slightly striking his foot against the ground, as one impatient of waiting. At the arrival of every carriage, he softly approached the door, glanced anxiously at the people who descended from it, followed with his eyes each white domino that appeared, and, after two or three useless turns, sorrowfully resumed his post. This little *manege* had continued somewhere near a quarter of an hour, when I observed two masks enter; one of which, after looking at me for an instant, took flight with the terror of one fearing to be recognized; while the other, placing a finger on her lips, and leaning towards the ear of the young man, drew him away to the opposite side, while inviting him to silence and discretion. The little mask who had so rapidly flown off, appeared to me to be charming. The figure, the gracefulness, a slight motion of the head which was familiar to her, induced me to believe that I recognized the pretty whisperer of the evening—the youthful wife of the elderly tragic poet. There was but one thing to destroy this idea—that they had spoken of these opera balls in the earlier part of the night, and that Madame de G—— had been loudest in her disapprobation of them. Indeed, to take her word for it, nothing less than an assignation could induce any woman, of a certain rank, to visit such a scene; and she had given up an acquaintance for vaunting that she never missed one of them.

After so decided a declaration, so severe an opinion, it was impossible to imagine that Madame de G—— would dare the dangers of a *Bal d'Opera*—particularly in the moment of triumph for her husband's success. Occupied with this little adventure, I slowly mounted the stairs. The ball was but commencing.

In the anti-room, several masks, tranquilly seated before the two fireplaces, whispered to each other, pointing out mysteriously some personages, who, already yawning widely, promised themselves a gay night. The *Salle* was almost a desert. The orchestra, placed at the extremity of the stage, was occupied by a band of old musicians, disguised as Spanish gallants. This masquerade struck me as the most diverting of the whole. By degrees the masks thicken—the salle begins to fill. An insupportable babble succeeds the wearying silence—men, women—masked and unmasked

—all speak at once. This general conversation naturally recals to mind the epoch of the construction of Babel.

Every mask had its occupation. This to commence an intrigue—that, to terminate one. Here, a rich banker was agreeably tormented by two opera-dancers, who astonished him by their *esprit*—there, a *musquetaire* anxiously pursued a mask; who, laughing as she flew, seemed better pleased to be captured, than earnest to escape. Farther on, a young provincial, newly arrived, stood utterly confounded by the wonderful things related by a droll domino; whom, a little later, he discovers to be an aunt who had reared him. I stopped for a moment to listen to the rather animated conversation of two spouses, who had recognized each other unwittingly enough, when a fairy figure, seizing me by the arm, as she whispered my name, gaily proposed to me to *m'ennuyer en compagnie*. The offer was at least humble, and seemed to guarantee to me the contrary. I accepted it with gratitude.

A glance at her elegant foot—the ensemble of her person—the tone of her voice—the vivacity of her eyes, which were very fine, and of which she took good care to give a full view, through the aid of an opening she had artfully enlarged in her mask—all concurred to persuade me that I should have cause to felicitate myself on this unexpected rencounter.

In a few minutes I perceived that my companion must be much in the world—for she knew, at least by name, a prodigious number of persons of distinction. She painted each in a single expression, with an originality which was amazingly piquant—scarcely a single mask escaped her recognition. The more *bizarre* the degrees, the more interesting the scrutiny; and it never was long at fault. After witnessing several instances of her skill, all truly surprising in their way, I expressed a wish to learn the names of some individuals whom I pointed out to her, and who, for the last hour, had been promenading through the rooms in all the audacity of a strict incognito.

That fat man, said she, who sports a livery, is a grand seigneur, who has *served* in his youth, and who, from the habit of changing, has at last contrived to manage without them.—He is the flower of modern gentlemen—His father was a nobody, who scarcely suspected that he should one day have chateaus and titles in his family. I must, however, do our incognito the justice to say, that he has refused to do some dirty work, which brought no profit, and has never disgraced himself *gratis*. He is considered rich, and it is astonishing what service this reputation has done him among his friends.

That automaton, who parades about so apothetically, and whose pale domino contrasts so pleasantly with the group of black ones which torment him, in the vain hope of exciting his curiosity—that domino is the worthy personage, who, after a six years' slumber in his senator's chair, awoke one fine day, to his own surprise, peer of France. He enjoyed this dignity for six months, like one who tried to render himself worthy of it; but unluckily the last three months undid all that the first six had done; and he has been obliged to cede his arm-chair to one who unfortunately does *not* slumber in it.

This man, with three faces, whom some take for a magistrate—some for a courtier—others for an old noble—others for a new, is one of those who, like the cameleon, changes his hue according to the ray he basks in. Having literally none of his own, he is no worse than thousands. That person, who is in such perpetual motion, and seems so contented with himself, is a newly-married husband, whom his wife has forced here along with her, to cure him of jealousy—Scarcely arrived—madam, who wishes to know *au fond* what a Bal Masque is—quits him to exchange dresses with one of her friends, whom the husband has at once mistaken for his spouse, and in consequence never loses sight of her one instant; this happy man will return home to-morrow, delighted with his night, more than ever in love with a wife whom he will offer as a model to those of his friends, and, on occasion, will be the first to laugh at deceived husbands.

This clumsy peasant, in close flirtation with that little blue domino, is an old notary, who loves to seek adventures; his wife, who is aware of it, instead of flying into a rage with him, disguises herself in turn, and comes here *incognita* to receive the declarations of her spouse—She has

fairly caught him, nor will she let him go till he goes home. See, he is quite delighted here with the same woman of whom at home he is wearied.—What would he not give to have power to get a divorce from one wife to put the other in her place?—What a wonder-worker is a mask? Who could persuade that man now that it is his own wife whom he finds so agreeable?

That Harlequin who flirts by is a statesman, who, from converting into pieces of oratory his official reports, has created for himself a reputation, in so much the more formidable, that it casts into astonishment those who knew him, and into admiration those who do not,—not that his style is original, for all that he says has a borrowed tone. But the art with which he debates all his opinions—the animation with which he sustains sentiments that have not the slightest resemblance to each other, and the variety successively remarked in his politics, have finished by persuading his friends even that this man had all the requisites to make a great man. Until the present, however, he has bounded himself to merely make a great noise.*

As my guide ceased speaking, a slight murmuring spread through the *salle;* we inquired its meaning, and were informed that a MYSTIFICATOR had sent off all the *polichinellos* of the ball, one after the other, by successively whispering to each that he ran the risk of being arrested by the gens d'armes, at that instant in search of a *polichinello,* who had just committed a considerable robbery. The police make the bravest tremble—justice frightens the most honest. Thus Messieurs les Polichinellos, not over anxious to have anything to do with *grave* authority, nor over anxious besides to stand revealed to public gaze, hastened altogether from the field, to the no slight amusement of the mystificator, who, by this ingenious stratagem, had got rid of a rival, who was laying close siege to *la dame de ses pensées.*

I will not weary you now, resumed my companion, by sketching the portraits of that wife, of her husband's, or this husband of two wives; nor of that original who thinks he disguises himself by turning out the *green* lining of his *blue* coat; nor of this other, who takes a new name every time he commits a new folly; nor of that republican infidel, who is become a religious royalist; nor of a thousand other evil characters, of whom, if you have curiosity to hear, look in on me, and I shall put you in possession of more than you know at present.

It is not to be expected that I should add the address which the domino gave me.

It was near five when my conductress parted from me; the greater number of the masks had disappeared; the *salle* had resumed its accustomed air of dulness and desolation. A few scattered masks, slumbering on the benches, seemed rather to have yielded to the soporific influence of the scene than of the hour; the very musicians played only half dances; the anti-room contained but about a dozen of dominos, whose faces made one regret their masks. After having contemplated all these personages, and assured myself the Bal de l'Opera contained nothing more worthy of remark, I retired, promising not to forget the rendezvous my pretty mask had given to me.

Just at the moment that I crossed the interior corridor, I saw pass by the pair I had so vainly sought. As soon as they perceived me, they separated abruptly; the young man returned into the *salle*—the domino fled, but as she could fly no farther than the door, to which her carriage had not yet driven up, I had time enough before it did to recognize the pretty Madame G. the declared enemy of masked balls, who had frightened us three or four hours earlier, by expatiating on the various dangers a pretty woman ran there—I trembled for her.

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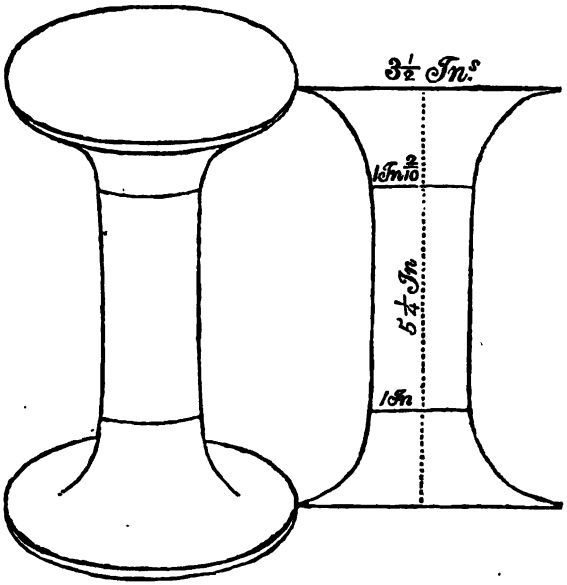
* This seems intended for Ch——d.

NEW EAR TRUMPET.



Mr Editor,

Having taken in your very superior Miscellany, from its earliest day to the present, I know you as the friend of man. Upon this ground, I am confident that you will grant the request I make, of inserting the short notice I now send in your very first Number, that those labouring under deafness may reap, from the improvement which I have made upon the *Ear Trumpet*, the advantages which I so unexpectedly enjoy.

Many years ago, in consequence of a cough of most uncommon severity, an injury was done to some part of the internal structure of my left ear, which completely robbed me of hearing through that organ. Immediately after this accident, I was seized with a *tinnitus aurium*, which held out the dismal prospect of entire deafness. For this malady, I had recourse to snuff, and its effects upon the *tinnitus* were soon perceptible. Still, however, the hearing upon the right ear remained obtuse, and extremely contracted my social enjoyments. I applied in every quarter, including his Majesty's Aurist, for the most improved ear-trumpet. From none of these instruments was the most trivial benefit derived.

My thoughts being much employed upon the subject, it occurred to me that every ear-trumpet which had been sent to me conveyed the collected sound through a very small tube, the orifice of which was inserted in the ear; and now a prospect opened which afforded hope. I immediately ordered an instrument to be constructed, of the finest block-tin, one end of which included the whole external ear, and the other, (circular also,) of larger diameter, collected the sound, which was conveyed by a straight tube, of some capacity, into the ear.

The result was most gratifying, indeed, beyond my most sanguine expectation, enabling me to carry on a conversation with a friend, with the utmost ease to myself, and without exertion to the person addressing me.

It is the establishment of the principle of this improvement upon the Ear-Trumpet to which I am solicitous to give publicity, leaving to younger men to make experiments upon the length and diameter of the tube, and of other parts of the instrument.

The only attempt towards improvement which I made, was the making a transverse section of the smaller circle, so as to approach nearly to the shape of the ear; and, by a little management, it answers my expectation.

With this I transmit a sketch of the instrument I use.

I remain, Mr Editor,
with much esteem,
your very obedient servant,
Thos. Morison, M.D.

Disblair Cottage, Aberdeeen,
16*th July*, 1823.

THE PARSON'S VISITOR,

A Lyrical Ballad.

An almost cloudless autumn sky,
Elastic freshness in the air,
And yet the breeze but lazily
Uplifts the gossamer,—

Uplifts that mazy roof, whereon
A thousand shuttles have been plied;
O'er blade and stalk, o'er clod and stone,
It spreads on every side.

Turn to the sun,—and it will shine,
A fairy-web of tapestry
Lighted in one far-stretching line,
Just like a moon-light sea.

Look back,—e'en there, their trammels slight
The spinners have as thickly spun;
Yet they elude our prying sight,
Save when they meet the sun.

Strange work, ye tiny artisans,
Is this of yours, on dale and down!
The nat'ralist scarce understands
More of it than the clown.

Pardon that we your meshes sweep,
For yon old elms our steps invite,
Round which a troop of swallows keep
A restless, graceful flight.

It is my chimney's full-fledg'd brood,
With sooty head and corslet grey,
And here they ply, for insect food,
Their skill in falconry.

Feed on, glad birds, you will not long
Scud round these meads in rapid ring;
A call is heard your sires among,
For each to imp his wing.

The summons has arrived; for flight
Our summer visitors prepare:
I saw a conclave yesternight
Assembled in the air.

Incessant twittering fill'd the sky,
Just as the first star sparkled forth;
I knew it as their gathering-cry,
Before they quit the North.

Twilight's grey vault was all astir
With the black swarm that speckled it,
Not long will they their voyage defer,
Their clarions sound retreat.

Their privilege I envy not,
Of living, wheresoe'er they roam,
In summer sunshine,—since 'tis bought
At the expense of home!

Strangers ye are—itinerants—
Pilgrims, that wend from feast to feast—
An annual caravan, that haunts
This pleasant stage for rest.

No wanderer I—me 'twould not suit
To have my sensibilities
Scatter'd, where they would bear no fruit,
'Neath ever-shifting skies;

Plant-like, once fix'd, I joy to spread
The fibres of intense affection
O'er one small circuit, where they feed
On sight and recollection.

To-morrow comes,—the swallow race
Reck not,—they leave these scenes behind,
While I hope here through life to pass,
And here a grave to find.

See, from these elms the bounds you trace
Which girdle in my parsonage;
Own, friend,—that in a pleasant place
Hath fall'n my heritage!

Unhasp'd, there swings my rustic gate;
Enter, and see what, in his wane,
The ripening sun hath done of late
Within my small domain.

My shrubs encroach upon my walks;
My flower-beds are a wilderness
Of seeded husks and rampant stalks—
A tangled, self-will'd mass.

The vine, that wraps my wall, and craves
For entrance at each casement nook,
Has lost the deep green of its leaves,
And wears a tarnish'd look;

The clusters now more obvious are,
Each venturing from its summer hold,
Mark what a sunward tinge they bear—
A flush of flamy gold.

Nor let me, thankless, fail to point
That other vine, whose lowlier stems
Are hung at every knot and joint
With amethystine gems.

Live we not in a verdant bower?
That calm delight of Paradise,
Which flow'd from tending fruit and flower,
My garden-plot supplies.

—Such were the topics which obtain'd
Place in our desultory talk,
As, followed by a college friend,
I led the homeward walk.

It was by merest accident
That I had won him for a guest,
For, when I met him, he was bent
On travel to the West.

My saunter had conducted me
Where the Mail passes every day,—
I saw him in it, and my plea
Persuaded him to stay.

He still was dwelling lingeringly
In Oxford's crowded solitude
('Tis such to yearning hearts) while I
Had left the brotherhood;

Long left the college, well content
To take this pastoral benefice,
And gain'd my Mary's frank consent
An humble board to bless.

Studies severe, since we had met,
Had wrought upon his every feature,
Furrowing a polish'd brow,—and yet
No book-worm he by nature.

Pure thoughts, quick feelings, homage high
For Nature's every oracle,
These had been his—and did not die
In his monastic cell.

Such was the friend to whom my stock
Of simple pleasures I produced,
Nor fear'd to feel the numbing shock
Of sympathy refused.

—Come, friend, examine all within,
There's comfort in my little nest,
Nor wants there proof of genuine,
Although uncostly taste.

We lack no charm which music makes,
That chest-like frame of hidden strings
Beneath my Mary's fingers wakes
Responsive as she sings.

The walls betray my pencil's work;
Yet with it Mary's needle may
Boast rivalry; no tints can lurk
Unsubject to her sway.

See, by our hearth, her flowers endure
The winter through on rug and cushion;
Yea, all the adapted furniture,
Her choice or execution.

And she,—this casket's single gem,—
Who brightens 'neath her husband's glance,
And, moon-like, radiates light on them,
Who share his countenance.

She (all unweeting,) will prevail,
In making you this truth confess,—
If woes the married state assail,
The single knows not bliss!

Hail, wedded love! thy constant flame,
Like that of lamps of yore entomb'd,
Nor age's palsying hand can tame,
Nor is it self-consumed!

Look round, I call this room my own,
For see, my books display themselves;
You'll find some old acquaintance, known
Long since on College shelves.

This open window gives to view,
The bell-tower of my village-church,
Peering above that ancient yew,
Which guards its cross-crown'd porch.

Full to the south, the hallow'd field
Opens its bosom, while behind,
A knot of elms, with leafy shield,
Repels the northern wind.

There weekly am I circled round,
By an attentive multitude,
To whom, I trust that I am found
A minister of good.

The cots pour out their various groups;
Grandsire and dame on staff's support,
And strong-limb'd youth, infants, and troops,
But half-restrain'd from sport.

The old men stand erect, and look
Intent upon the preacher's face,
Loving to hear explain'd that book,
Which speaks of faith and grace;

While the young crowd that fill the aisle,
Their prayers put up, their praises paid,
Decorous sit, but wish the while
The final blessing said.

I know their every joy and woe,
And how they're sway'd by hope and fear,
Summon'd or not, 'tis mine to go,
The death-bed's gloom to cheer.

Their children's guardian I; a train
On me await, their minds to store
With love to God, and love to man,
And other gospel lore.

Merely to fix the marriage-ties,
Is but prerogative of station;
I joy to think they highly prize,
My private approbation.

The doubtful swain oft comes to me,
With all his hopes and fears at strife,
His theme—not maiden's cruelty,
But of his means of life.

Trust me, this pastoral employ,
Though it hath toilsome, painful hours,
Oft harvests crops of richest joy,
And gathers wreaths of flowers.

——But hark! a voice that shouts amain
"Father!" with childhood's eagerness;
My boy (a three years' imp) bursts in
To claim the accustom'd kiss.

This done—his courage soon is laid—
He turns—the stranger is descried—
It drives him into ambuscade,
His father's leg beside.

"Come forth, shy child!"—He'll not forsake
My coat-flap's deep intrenching screen,
Yet peeping thence, one dimpled cheek
And one bright eye are seen.

Not far behind, the mother speeds
In quest of this her truant boy;
Her husband seen,—how quick succeeds
The blush-rose hue of joy!

"Mary, you will, I know, rejoice,
My old, my long-tried friend to see;"
She welcomes him with hand and voice,
In matron modesty.

Her native grace and wish to please,
Bid ceremony disappear;
And the shy collager 's at ease,
As she his sister were.

I saw conviction in him rise,
That 'tis not good to be alone,
Where man's most sacred sympathies
Are waste, or spent on one.

And ere he o'er my threshold cross'd,
He came my private ear to tell,
That he would be no longer lost
Within a monkish cell;

He'd rouse him from his lethargy;
That passion should not be represt,
Which indolent timidity
Was smothering in his breast.

For morbid fear had triumph'd long,
And hope had sicken'd in the strife;
The moody man had measured wrong,
The requisites of life.

Here now he saw, what bliss intense,
From pure and mutual love was reap'd;
Saw too, how small a competence
Our temperate table heap'd.

Nor luxury, nor gorgeousness,
Was known within our homestead-fence,
But we had all which suited us,—
Plenty and elegance.

Like lot was at his option, yet
He fancied it would not suffice,
(From too fastidious estimate,)
For household decencies.

Wrong had he done the maid, whom he
Loved fondly—but with silent love;
He would not, from her rank, that she
Should e'en one step remove.

Wrong had he done her,—yea, the excess
Of love his judgment had betray'd;
For him, since larger sacrifice
She would have gladly made:

Yet he the young attachment check'd,
Each smile by unresolve was blighted—
What could the maiden but suspect,
Her passion unrequited?

It was not so—his inmost soul
Denies it—yea, his heart's deep core;
The world's opinion held control
O'er him—it holds no more.

The altered notions, as I might,
I nursed, till hope rose smiling over—
He came, a lone desponding wight;
He went, a blithesome lover.

He in gay dreams the future spann'd:
The clouds were gone that gloom'd his sun;
And long ere this, hand pledged in hand,
The maid and he are one.

R.

THE LATE WHIG ATTACKS ON THE LORD CHANCELLOR.*

Mr North,

The cry which, of late years, the Whigs have found it convenient to raise concerning what their impudence styles "the abusiveness of the Tory press," is now completely and satisfactorily appreciated by the public. Of that I shall, therefore, say nothing. But look for a moment to themselves. In each of the three great departments of arms, law, and literature, it is indisputable that a Tory stands at the head. The Duke of Wellington, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Eldon, are each of them a first without a second. The whole Whig press labours, as a matter of course, to reduce these great men from this painful pre-eminence. If you believe the Edinburgh Review, the Liberal, Don Juan, and the rest of them, the Duke of Wellington is a mere sergeant—Waterloo was an accident. The abuse of Sir Walter Scott is limited to the inferior organs, for this one reason, and no other, that Mr Constable is his publisher; but the whole pack join in full chorus against the venerable Chancellor of England.

It is not my intention to occupy the time of your readers with any needless eulogy of the last named illustrious character. He is so totally above the creatures that bark at him, that their frenzy is a fit subject for laughter, and for nothing but laughter. There he sits—a man who began the world with no fortune but his education and his talents—with no connexions whatever—with no pretence to any sort of external aids—there he sits, self-raised, and self-sustained, indisputably the first man in the law of the land—full of years and of honours—a splendid example of the power of merit—a living witness that there is at least one country in the world where merit can do everything.

That such a man should receive the compliment of eternal abuse from the paltry organs of the party to which

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* Observations on the Judges of the Court of Chancery, and the Practice and Delays complained of in that Court. London. John Murray, Albemarle-Street. 1823.

his existence is an eternal eye-sore—this is nothing but what might be expected. But that such a person as Mr Henry Brougham should condescend to join in the yell of such baseness, is indeed a thing to make every one that has any respect for intellect blush. Mr Brougham is, I see, occasionally sneered at by some of those who write political articles in your Magazine, as if he did not deserve the intellectual reputation he possesses. I cannot pay these gentlemen the compliment of joining my voice to theirs, *quoad hoc*. Mr Brougham is a man of astonishing talents and acquirements; he carries on his shoulders one of the most vigorous heads now in England, or in the world; he has a massive strength of understanding; he has patience unwearied, and industry inexhaustible; he is, if not an elegant speaker, a most powerful declaimer; he is, in short, the only Whig now in Parliament to whom anything like first-rate talent and capacity can be ascribed. This is *my* opinion of Mr Brougham's intellectual station. I think proper to begin with saying so much, to prevent mistakes;—for my purpose certainly is to abuse him very heartily in the sequel.

Mr Brougham is all I have said; but he is not all that he thinks himself—far less all that his slavish and doltish admirers, within his own party, give him out to be. Among other defects, he certainly is no great lawyer. No man of real eminence at the English Bar ever dreamt of saying that he was. He *must*, however, be enough of a lawyer to understand something of the real legal merits of the first lawyer that has appeared in England for more than two centuries past. He must understand in some degree the extent, the wonderful extent, of Lord Eldon's genius as a lawyer—and he has never hesitated to avow his admiration of Lord Eldon's inflexible honesty and candour as a judge. Having, therefore, that feeling and knowledge of what the man really is, which I cannot help thinking it absolutely impossible such a person as Mr Brougham can want—I confess, it is to me a matter of very painful observation, that Mr Brougham has of late condescended to lend his great talents to the support of an attack, which even their best exertion cannot save from being every way vile and contemptible.

Is it possible that all this can have originated in a cause so basely selfish and unworthy as that, the influence of which the world must be allowed to be excusable in detecting elsewhere? Is it possible that Mr Brougham should have acted from a motive so dirty, as his friend Mr Denman certainly has done his best to insinuate. Mr Denman, the Common Sergeant of the city of London, says, that he, Mr Denman, cannot help ascribing Mr Brougham's want of a silk gown to the improper political antipathy of Lord Chancellor Eldon. Mr Denman also disapproves of the Chancellor's not having given a silk gown to his friend Mr Williams. No doubt, if the Aldermen of London town had not given Mr Denman the office of Common Sergeant, Mr Denman would also have abused the Chancellor for allowing Mr Denman to wear so paltry a stuff as bombazeen. This cry, however, is chaunted and rechaunted by every Whig and Radical paper in the country; and in the midst of the clamour uprises, first, Mr Brougham, and then that ineffably inferior person Mr Williams, to abuse the Lord Chancellor, where the Lord Chancellor could not be present to defend himself—in the House of Commons!

Few persons who have been in the habit of attending to parliamentary affairs of late years, will hesitate to admit that the licence of parliamentary abuse, in regard to absent persons, has been carried to a most alarming height. Well does the author of this pamphlet say,

"*Scarcely anything is entitled to less credit from the public, than parliamentary accusations, because the accuser is privileged, and can state with impunity whatever tale he thinks fit, without any examination into its truth, and he can* LIBEL *whom he pleases without personal responsibility. It is a lamentable fact, that these statements are often circulated through the country, to the disgrace of men of honour and integrity, who have not, at any time, any fair opportunity afforded them of repelling such attacks, however unjust or scandalous; for to publish contradictions and proof would be ruinous; and in that place where the accusations are made, the accused cannot be heard.*"

This is indeed the truth, and I have no hesitation in saying, that if things go on in the present train for a few years more, a parliamentary reform of one kind will be forced down the

throats of our legislators. The meanest and most cowardly dog in England, forsooth, may abuse you or me as heartily as he pleases, provided only, that he be a member, and we be not members of the House of Commons! What he says is printed in every paper through the island; and if I tell him that he lies, I am sent to Newgate for my pains, because —O ye Gods!—because the liar has the privilege of Parliament to wrap himself in. Depend on it, this will not do much longer. I know what I should do were the case my own. I should send to the member who had abused me a copy of a newspaper in which his abuse was printed, with a red line through the paragraph, so as to call his eye to the words. If he got up in his place that same night, and disclaimed, retracted, or apologized, all should be well. If he did not, I should write no letters, either to newspaper editors, or to him.—I should ——

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and I should be sent to Newgate. I know that very well, but I also know, that no English gentleman would ever be sent to Newgate again for any such cause. I know that one such blow-up would put an end to the thing for ever. I am heartily sorry that this course was not pursued in certain recent instances, with which your Scotch readers, in particular, must be sufficiently familiar. I have no hesitation in saying, that the first man who —— —— an A——, a B——, or a H——, for words of slander spoken in the House of Commons, and not instantly retracted there, will be a great public benefactor. He will have the merit, the proper and the immortal merit, of effecting the only radical reform that the House of Commons stands in need of. His —— —— will deserve to be wreathed with myrtle as well as the sword of Aristogeiton ever did. That one act will be remembered for ever; and the standing toast among all true lovers of liberty will be (down, at all events, to the commencement of the millenium), "The cause, for the sake of which *un tel* was —— ——d in the Lobby."

The preceding dissertation upon a subject which is really of the most alarming interest, has been attended with a momentary oblivion, not of Mr Brougham—but certainly of his late abominable proceedings in regard to the Lord Chancellor—a person, who, as Mr Brougham is perhaps sufficiently aware, cannot —— anybody, without, to a considerable extent, departing from the customary etiquette of his station. How far Mr Brougham's respect for the personal safety of Mr Brougham may have been gratified in many of Mr Brougham's late selections of subjects for Mr Brougham's abuse, I do not think myself called upon to institute any inquiry just at present. There can be no doubt that attacking judges and doctors of divinity is very pretty sport in one point of view—but let that pass. Dr Philpotts has said the thing already, in his Letter to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review; and nobody will gain much credit by trying to do better that which Dr Philpotts has done well.

Adieu, then, to all digressions, and come we at once to the pamphlet before us. I value it, sir, and I value it very highly—not certainly for its arrangement, which is confused, nor for its language, which is stiffish, but for its purpose, which is truly honourable; for its *tone*, which is at once modest and manly; and, above all, for its facts, which are triumphant, as they regard the Chancellor, and damning, as they regard that clever, that very clever man of brass and bombazeen, the honourable and learned Member for Winchelsea. It is nothing new to me to see a pert barrister jumping at the first opportunity he has of insulting a Judge out of court. One sees that every year in that venerable court, the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland. Whenever any learned Lord of Session, who happens to be a member of Assembly, delivers his opinion upon any subject, you are sure to see some raw puggish puppy get up on the other side of the house, and endeavour to pay off the score of any rebukes or neglects his professional conduct and appearance may have drawn down upon his head elsewhere, since last sitting of the Venerable. I have often witnessed this sort of thing, (especially among the Whigs,) and as often wished for a squirt. But certainly, as I have hinted already, it is something quite unexpected, to hear of such a man as Mr Brougham entertaining the House of Commons with an attack upon such a judge as Lord Eldon; and, what is best of all, attacking him in such a state of profound ignorance as to expose himself to such a thrashing as the author of this most laudable pamphlet has had the satisfaction of inflicting.

As pamphlets never circulate in these

times, the author should at once have made his paper a contribution to your Magazine, or the Quarterly Review; but since he has not done this, I mean to do the next best thing, by skimming off the cream of his pamphlet for the benefit of you and your readers. In doing so, I shall probably occupy a good many of your columns, but I am sure you will never think that they can be devoted to a more useful purpose. The general reader, however, need not be alarmed; I shall extract nothing but what is amusing, as well as instructive.

The two great topics of abuse against the Court of Chancery, were the *extravagance of the costs*, and "the law's delay." In regard to the first of these, Mr Brougham, who, by the way, is not, nor ever was, an equity lawyer, had said in the House of Commons, that no honest lawyer would ever advise the instituting of an equity suit for the sake of a sum of L.50, or L.100, or for any inconsiderable sum. Now, hear the answer; it is logical and philosophical; it is like a lawyer, and like an honest man.

"Nothing can be more silly or unfair than to cast reflections on a judge or his court, because, to gain a right of little value, greater expense must be incurred than the right is worth; such a case may occur in a mere court of conscience of the pettiest description. Let it, however, never be forgotten, that these expenses commonly fall on the party against whom a decree is pronounced, and by whom the suit is rendered necessary.

"It is impossible to frame a law to prevent costs of suit exceeding the value of the subject in litigation, where that value is inconsiderable; *because rules of evidence cannot be relaxed or abandoned to the destruction of the principles on which they are founded, so as to admit of insufficient or imperfect proof, in petty matters, lest by that means precedents might be made for deciding all claims on false, uncertain, or insufficient evidence. If this was done, we should have established one system of law for the poor, and another for the rich. If the law allowed any pooof of necessary facts to be dispensed with, that a party might at little costs acquire a petty right, who could calculate in how many instances false judgments would be given, from trusting to insufficient testimony? The rights and wrongs of the poor would be always in a state of legal uncertainty, and no professional man could advise them with confidence.*

"It is incident to all good laws that as much and as minute testimony should be required to sustain a small as a great demand, to prove a title to a cottage, as to prove a title to a nobleman's mansion and estates. Facts cannot by human ingenuity be reduced or arranged according to the importance of the things to which they relate, and suitors often cannot prove facts, which form links in the chain of evidence, without bringing together many witnesses from different places, while the most important facts are often proved by the production of a written document or by a single witness. Reforming legislators cannot reverse, or overcome this order of things, without reducing the certainty of a court of justice to the level of a gambling-house.

"*The common law courts of justice, which passed unnoticed in the late debates, are, in the trial of causes, more expensive than the Court of Chancery*, which was so unjustly and so severely attacked, because, on the trial of common law cases, at the sittings or the assizes, several hundred witnesses are kept in attendance from day to day, and for many days together: while in Chancery suits the precise period at which each witness may make his deposition, can generally be ascertained and regulated to suit the convenience of the parties, and to prevent the necessity of witnesses attending on the examiners or commissioners from day to day, and for many days, as is the case on the trial of suits at common law. The names of some suits in Chancery have been given, and their attendant costs set forth; and in the Appendix, No. I, will be found, indiscriminately selected, two or three suits which were tried at common law, for small demands, with the amount of their verdicts, and the differences between the taxed and the real costs; and these proofs will evince, that whatever can be said on the subject of costs in our courts of equity, applies with equal force to our common law courts. *But it was deemed improper, by the chief declaimers in the late debates, to contrast their own courts, with whose practice, it is to be presumed, they were best acquainted, with the practice of the Court of Chancery.*"

The reader is aware that Brougham, Denman, and Williams, are all practitioners in the Common Law Courts, not in the Courts which they were attacking as expensive. Remarking this, it is pleasant enough to cast one's eye over the article in the appendix, to which the preceding extract points. It is thus:—

APPENDIX, No. I.

I have subjoined a list of common law causes in the Court of King's Bench, taken indiscriminately, some of which were cases depending on oral testimony; and in such cases as depend on documentary evidence, the plaintiff loses but an inconsiderable sum on taxation of costs; but his loss fluctuates in all cases according to the number of witnesses required to maintain his cause. From this statement it will appear, that the total amount of the loss upon costs sustained by the plaintiffs, was £160 : 19 : 7½d., and the total amount of all the debts was £112 : 19 : 11½d., leaving the plaintiffs out of pocket £47 : 19 : 8d., over and above what they had to pay for the difference of costs as between attorney and client, the bills made out for taxation being made out as between party and party.

Venue.	Plaintiff's Name.	Defendant's Name.	Bill as made out.			Bill as allowed.			Debt recovered.			Difference between the Bill as made out and allowed.			Attorney.
			£	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
London .	Daniel Lack	Sir H. Wilson	114	14	8	74	9	2½	7	10	9½	40	5	5½	Laver
London .	Wm. Hughes	John Wilson	117	5	10	98	4	0	31	16	0	19	1	10	Cuppage
Middlesex	Thos. Wigley	Rich. Attfield	215	3	7	137	18	7	32	1	5	77	5	0	Pinnegar
Essex .	C. Thos. Tower	Arth. Clarence	130	7	0	120	9	0	4	1	0	9	18	0	Brader
Devon .	J. Kingdon	James Stone	40	16	2	37	10	0	10	10	0	3	6	2	Darke
Middlesex	Geo. Langley	Thos. Allerson	35	10	6	34	10	0	11	0	0	1	0	6	W. Copeland
Cumberland	James Bell	Elizab. Pears	58	9	7	49	15	0	5	5	0	8	14	7	Bell & Broderick
Middlesex	John Beale	John Greig	41	12	4	40	4	3	7	15	9	1	8	1	Rowlinson
			753	19	8	593	0	0½	112	19	11½	160	19	7½	

In abusing the Chancellor, these Whig Barristers were so far "left to themselves," as the Presbyterian phrase is, as to draw comparisons between him and the Vice-Chancellor. This was delicate ground for the author of our pamphlet; but he has trodden it very gracefully.

"It is my wish to prosecute this inquiry without introducing anything that can be deemed acrimonious or unkind; and notwithstanding I entertain the highest opinion of the present Vice-Chancellor as a judge, distinguished by considerable professional attainments, and great acuteness of mind, it becomes necessary, in this part of my observations, to state, that the Lord Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor appear to be sometimes actuated by different views, and a different sense of duty in the decision of causes; and those who have praised the Vice-Chancellor for his dispatch of business, are perhaps not aware of the nature of these differences.

"It seems to be the practice of the Vice-Chancellor to send to courts of law questions of importance, depending on nice distinctions of law or fact; and frequently where he finds a contradiction in the evidence, or an unsettled and difficult point of law, he sends the question to be decided by a Master, a court of law, or a jury.* He seldom bestows much time in

* "'The existence of the custom ought properly to be tried on an issue at law; but as the parties desire it, let it be referred to the Master, to ascertain whether, by the custom of this manor, a nominee in reversion takes in any, and what cases, beneficially.'

"'I do not sift the affidavits as to the deterioration of the land. It is enough to say, they are sufficiently strong to justify a reference to the Master.'—*Maddock's Reports*, pp. 239, 395.

"'If this question had originally come before me, I should have obtained the opinion of a court of law upon the question. I shall not do so now, as I entirely concur with Lord Eldon's judgment in the case cited.'

"'*The Lord Chancellor.* It has at all times been the course of proceedings for this Court to take the assistance of a jury, when there is so much of doubt that the Court feels such assistance to be necessary to the right determination of the case. But it has never been the practice to put the parties to the expense of a trial at law, without first having all the evidence read, and the case fully argued, unless the counsel on both sides agree in stating that such must necessarily be the result, if the matter were gone into.'

"'The Lord Chancellor was clearly of opinion, that the Court ought to hear the affidavits read, and the arguments on each side, before it sent the party to a jury.'—*Buck's Rep.* pp. 219, 550, 551."

investigating or reconciling contradictory testimony, in order to come to a decision upon it; but he perhaps acts on the conviction, *that such labour does not form any part of his duty;* and thinking it will be *done best in a court of law,* he at once directs an inquiry, a case to be sent to the Judges, or an issue to be sent to a jury. The first stage of the cause is thus quickly dispatched, but the labour necessary to the dispatch is neither tedious nor of long duration.

"The Lord Chancellor acts on the belief, that what he *may* be enabled to decide by patient hearing or reading, and calm and deliberate consideration, he is bound to decide, in the honest discharge of the duty attached to his high office, without reference to any other jurisdiction. He considers that he is not justified in exposing parties to the enormous additional expense of a trial or hearing in another Court, unless where the ends of justice cannot be attained by any other means; and, influenced by this opinion, he does not often refer to courts of law or to juries." * He never does so if he can bring his powerful mind to a right decision, by laborious consideration of the evidence before him, whether that evidence comes before him on motion, on petition, or on a hearing. Those hours of retirement, which other men devote to pleasing and interesting pursuits, he devotes to the wearisome consideration of common-place and contradictory facts—facts which perplex and weary the mind, without ever affording to it any pleasure or information worthy remembrance. He never suffers himself to be hurried into error; and this care, unjustly called delay, is a blessing to the suitors and the country. He is a Judge who appears to have read Lord Bacon's hints on judicature with approbation and profit; for it cannot be denied that he has acquired that essential part of justice—'PATIENCE AND GRAVITY OF HEARING. *He considers it no grace to a judge first to find that which he might have heard in due time from the bar, or to shew quickness of conceit in cutting off evidence or counsel too short. No man can accuse him of* MEETING THE CAUSE HALF WAY, OR GIVING OCCASION TO THE PARTY TO SAY HIS COUNSEL OR PROOFS WERE NOT HEARD.' †

"It is one thing to arrive at the truth by the comparison of contradictory evidence; and another, to send its contradictions to be reconciled before another tribunal. To decide on it may occupy a judge many hours, while, to refer it for decision to another court, would not occupy him many seconds; and frequently it consumes more time to weigh and consider the evidence, and to deduce accurately the facts in one single cause, than is consumed by directing issues, inquiries, and special cases, on the hearing of one hundred.

"The Vice-Chancellor has credit for deciding a cause or petition, when he directs an issue to be tried, or refers a case to a court of law; and he often takes this course as soon as he discovers by reference to the affidavits or the depositions, that there is a plain and indisputable contradiction in the evidence not to be reconciled, without either requiring additional testimony, or bestowing great labour in examining minutely its worth, its competency, and its credibility. As soon as the issue is determined, he has credit for deciding another cause, when he directs a decree to be drawn up consistent with the finding of the court, whose verdict or opinion has been obtained. This course of proceeding saves his honour the tediousness of hearing or reading dull and uninteresting depositions and affidavits, in some cases covering upwards of one hundred brief sheets; but these issues, and these cases, which others are required to determine, increase the parties' expenses at the rate of from L.100 to L.300, or even from L.500 to L.700 in each cause; ‡ and sometimes an inquiry or an issue is not directed with sufficient precision to be useful, and a second inquiry or issue becomes necessary.

"The same parties, on similar occa-

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* "'*Lord Eldon.* But I have no difficulty in saying, after forty years' experience, that a court of equity has a right itself to determine questions of fact without the assistance of a jury. A court of equity may, and often does, in the exercise of its judicial discretion, call for the assistance of a verdict by a jury. But if it can, to its own satisfaction, itself decide upon the evidence, it is not bound to send the matter to be tried by a jury.'

"'But if there is anywhere a notion that a court of equity is bound, on all questions of fact, to direct an issue or issues, I say that it is contradicted by my experience, and by the administration of the law, for a long series of years.'

"'I am of opinion, that no issue ought to have been directed, as the evidence appears to me completely satisfactory, without any issue.'—*Bullen* v. *Michel, Dow's Reports,* 318, *et seq.*

† "Bacon on Judicature.

‡ "It may be proper to add, that these expenses fluctuate according to the number of witnesses required, the length of the proceedings, and the number of parties adversely interested in the question."

sions, when before the Lord Chancellor, whether on motion, petition, or at the hearing of the cause, if he decides their case, (as he commonly does, without any appeal to a court of law,) get his judgment at a cost of a few pounds.

"I am engaged in the harmless drudgery of collecting facts to make out the case I have in hand, and I do not presume to decide which course is best; but I trust I may, without offence, contrast, and attempt to ascertain the relative advantages and disadvantages of these different modes of conducting Chancery causes. Most men will be disposed to believe, that a Judge of the Lord Chancellor's experience and attainments can, by patient hearing and reading, value evidence as correctly, and penetrate into all its bearings and tendencies with as much acuteness, as any Judge or Jury to whom it could be referred; and the known caution and care which guide him in his decisions, is a satisfactory pledge that he will not come to any conclusion on insufficient premises, or decide on testimony, if the contradictory parts of it cannot be explained or reconciled. If some particular part is in doubt which an affidavit can explain, I have observed that the Lord Chancellor requires one to be made, and it perhaps tends to remove all doubts in his mind, and enables him to decide properly, at a saving of expense to the parties of many hundred pounds. For such benefits can any suitors regret a little delay?*

"To do these things requires time, and perhaps the Lord Chancellor may not, in particular and difficult cases, give his judgment for several months; but are the parties injured by this delay, more than they are by having their cause suspended for six or ten months, that the facts or points of law on which it depends, may be referred, at a great cost, to a jury, or a court of law? How stands this great and important question? Let those who abuse the Lord Chancellor answer. It is very evident which course is the least expensive to the parties.

"The Parliamentary Return only states the number of appeals entered after causes have been heard. It does not enumerate the appeals upon motions; but the Vice-Chancellor has credit in all cases of motions for accuracy of judgment, whether the judgment was confirmed or overruled. I have not the means of ascertaining, nor indeed do the proceedings of the court enable me to ascertain, in how many cases appeals are made to the Lord Chancellor, from the decisions of the Vice-Chancellor upon motions; but they are commonly made and decided in a day or two after they have been first heard in the inferior court; and sometimes it happens that the questions which do not occupy the mind of the Vice-Chancellor for five minutes, are such as necessarily occupy the Lord Chancellor for a long time. The suitors are so desirous of having important matters heard by the Lord Chancellor, that the very weighty and time-consuming motions and causes come before him for decision; and some of these cases occupy his lordship during the sitting of a week; such were Waters *v.* Taylor; Agar and The Regent's Canal Company; Lloyd *v.* St Paul; Sandford *v.* Gibbon. On these motions, sometimes the right to several hundred thousand pounds is determined; and can any rational man suppose that the parties, or the ends of justice, require precipitate decision? In one of these cases, a solicitor lately proceeded with so much dispatch, that in a few months his labours produced a bill of upwards of L.1300; and in the course of these proceedings he had prematurely apportioned the funds in court, consisting of many thousand pounds, chiefly belonging to infants whose interests he had to protect; and as soon as the Master's report was obtained, he petitioned for the application of this fund, and obtained an order to dispose of it, by placing several thousand pounds to the account of *parties indebted to the estate;* and of the sums ordered to be paid or carried over, scarcely any were ordered to be paid or carried over correctly to the proper party, though the costs incident to this useless and mischievous proceeding alone amounted (I speak from conjecture) to upwards of seven hundred pounds. This order, after it had been made and passed, was accidentally discovered to be erroneous; and the judge who made it, was informed of the fact by letter from a solicitor of the court, and the officers were instantly forbidden to act on the order; its propriety was, at the next sitting of the court, discussed; and it was quashed, after em-

* "'*Lord Eldon.*—I looked over the whole of the proceedings, from the beginning to the end, to see whether the verdict ought to have been different, if the evidence had been received; for it would be curious if you were to send a case for trial to give an opportunity for admitting evidence, when, if that evidence were taken, and a different verdict given in consequence, your conscience would not thereby be satisfied, but dissatisfied.'—*Dow*, iv. 331."

ploying in the discussion five or six successive nights, from the sitting to the rising of the court, to the delay of other suits. These proceedings afterwards occupied, on a single motion, several days before the Lord Chancellor. I quote these facts as an example and consequence of premature dispatch in a solicitor, leaving my reader to infer what may be the consequence of premature dispatch in a judge, whose error in judgment may not only ruin the suitors before him, but, by standing as a precedent for other judges, may ruin other suitors for ages to come.

"It may, in these days of knowledge, be objected, that this is an instance of the defects in the system of Chancery practice; and this objection would be just as well founded, as one made to the principles of our law of evidence would be, because an ignorant solicitor, having to prove in London half a dozen baptismal registers from Westmoreland, put his client to the unnecessary cost of bringing to London, for that purpose, half a dozen Westmoreland parish-clerks, instead of obtaining the admission of such indisputable facts, or proving them from extracts made by a single witness.

"Mr Denman, it seems, discovered that, in the course of more than a twenty years' judicial life, the Lord Chancellor had given wrong judgments, as he supposed, in two cases; it is, however, not worth while to discuss this subject in order to expose the folly and the fallacy of his arguments; for I do not believe any lawyer can condemn the Lord High Chancellor of England, because he does not always concur in his judgment with the City Common Sergeant; and it would be a most lamentable thing if this could reasonably be done; for no sensible man, who forms his opinion of the intellects and attainments of these gentlemen from what has proceeded out of their own mouths, and been submitted to the public in print, can suppose that, in point of judgment, they possess many sentiments common to each other.* It is the general opinion of the profession, that the judgments of the present Lord Chancellor will, above all others, in aftertimes be looked for by his successors to guide their judicial decisions, and those judgments will stand for ages unshaken and undisturbed by the attacks of puny politicians. They are delivered with so much consideration and caution, that they will receive that spontaneous reverence, which Justinian directed to be paid to his Digest of the Civil Law.†

"His judgments are, indeed, a commentary on our laws; and when he decides an important case which involves in it legal principles, he examines all the authorities, both in his own days and in the old times before him; and these judgments are useful to the student, not only as decisions, but as commentaries on the law itself.‡ When I turn my eyes to the thirty-five bulky and closely-printed volumes of Reports in which these judgments are recorded, and reflect, that not one of his decisions out of one hundred is reported, I am astonished by the

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* "I observe the attack on the Court of Chancery was revived in the House of Commons on Thursday, the 10th of July, 1822, and I extract from "The Times" a passage of Mr Denman's speech, which, though it does not relate to the Court of Chancery, contains a useful hint or two connected with the late debates on its practice:—

"'His opinion on this subject was at least impartial, because now he held, by the vote of a great public body, the city of London, those advantages which he would rather hold from the public than from any individual; but no man could look at the manner in which his honourable and learned friends, the members for Winchelsea and Lincoln, (Mr Brougham and Mr J. Williams,) discharged their duty to their clients, and at the talent which they uniformly displayed, without being filled with surprise that they were not placed in the first ranks of their profession. The consequence of this rank being withheld from them, produced not only great inconvenience upon the northern circuit, but was a material drawback upon the interests of the profession; *and he should suffer no opportunity to escape him* in which this subject was mentioned, without expressing his opinion upon the injustice which had prompted their exclusion.'

† "Nostram autem consummationem, quæ a vobis Deo adnuente componetur, Digestorum vel Pandectarum nomen habere sancimus: nullis jurisperitis in posterum audentibus commentarios illi applicare, et verbositate sua supradicti codicis compendium confundere; quemadmodum in antiquioribus factum est, cum per contrarias interpretantium sententias, totum jus pene conturbatum est: sed sufficit per indices tantummodo et titulorum subtilitatem (quæ παράτιτλα nuncupantur) quædam admonitoria ejus facere, nullo ex interpretatione eorum vitio oriundo.—*Præfatio Digestorum*, § 12.

‡ "I refer my readers to the Lord Chancellor's judgment in the case of Ware *v.* Horwood, reported as Underhill *v.* Horwood, in 10 Vesey, R. p. 209, (and again reported in 14 Vesey, 28,) for one among many hundred instances of the luminous view which he takes in delivering his judgment in cases chiefly depending on matters of fact. This was the case in which great blame was attached to the Lord Chancellor in the late debates,, because he had omitted to give another judgment in 1821; and it is the same case to which the extraordinary letter relates, which erroneously states the death of a suitor of the Court of a broken heart. It may be proper to inform the reader that this cause, of Ware *v.* Horwood, arose out of a cause of Comber *v.* Comber; which was pregnant with many others, as appears from an order made in 1822, but to be found in the Register's book, A. 1821, p. 1531, and this last cause could not itself be disposed of till the Court had delivered the judgments in the minor causes, which affected the amount of the funds divisible in the cause of Comber *v.* Comber. The Court thought fit, in one stage of its proceedings, on account of delay, to place the conduct of this cause of Comber *v.* Comber in the hands of a solicitor of its own appointment, and to displace the solicitor appointed by the parties themselves."

extent of his labours; and I cannot turn to the parliamentary debates on which I am commenting, without feelings of surprize."

I wish the author had adopted some distinct arrangement in this able pamphlet. So far as I can follow him, he answers the cavils about delay in Chancery suits by saying,

1st, That, of the causes which appear on the books of that Court, a very great proportion are, in fact, no causes at all—that the parties have died, or that the solicitors, from some technical reasons, advised them not to have the case erased from the list—or that the affair has been simply *neglected*—but that, in short, the Chancellor cannot decide on nonentities.

2dly, That of the real causes which appear on the rolls of the Court of Chancery, not above one-fifth are in general ready to be heard. The evidence has not been taken—the preliminary steps (over which the Court has no control) have not been gone through. The fault is with the solicitors, the barristers, or the clients, but *cannot* be with the Court.

3dly, Whatever delay takes place in the subsequent stages, over which the Court has control, are—considering the quantity of causes the Chancellor has to decide—astonishingly, and, indeed, incredibly small.

The first and the third of these have been pretty well illustrated already. The following passage will throw very considerable light on the second—and on the third also:—

"Solicitors frequently leave cases with Counsel for opinions, which they cannot get answered for six, or even twelve months, after they are left; and in the Court of Chancery, gentlemen in great practice detain papers which require great labour or great consideration for a similar length of time. It would be invidious, or I could name several instances in support of the truth of this observation. Common cases and common drafts may be obtained from King's counsel or equity draftsmen with dispatch, but those papers which require many hours' attention remain for months untouched, because to begin them and not to finish would be destruction to the time of a gentleman much employed in court, and it is seldom that such counsel can devote a day or two exclusively to one subject. This is an inconvenience severely felt by suitors and solicitors; but they are too wise, though they greatly lament it, to take their papers into the chambers of inexperienced men for the sake of dispatch; and they submit to this delay, to reap the advantage of the superior knowledge to be derived from the experience of men of great professional attainments, rather than trust men whose chief recommendation might be the dispatch with which they transact their business. This fact, which frequently occurs, proves how willingly a suitor submits to delay, when it is likely to produce accurate and judicious proceedings; and, indeed, this delay, to which he voluntarily submits on account of his counsel's various employments, is not at an end when he has got his papers from him, but he must, in country causes, submit to great delay in arranging with his commissioners, who perhaps cannot attend for several months after they are applied to. Whenever men submit to such delay by choice, rather than incur the risk of imperfect or injudicious proceedings, can it be expected that they would wish for hasty judgments at the risk of their accuracy; or can we justly censure a judge, because, in very difficult cases, he fears to do wrong, and takes time to consider till he can devote as many hours as may be necessary to a full and fair examination of the facts before him, and to read and reconcile the various authorities that apply to or illustrate them?

"It is matter of regret to a Judge, that decisions cannot be promptly made; but it would be sinful to make them without due examination, and without conviction that, when made, they are made consistent with the law that the Judge who makes them is sworn to administer. The Lord Chancellor of England cannot exercise too much care and caution in making his decisions; and it is better that now and then an individual should sustain great inconvenience, than that an unjust precedent should become established. It is not the Reports alone to which lawyers refer for authorities, but to the orders and decrees of the Court, which, from having connected with them all the facts of the case, are authorities at all times to be found in, and cited from the Register's books, and they are entitled to the highest respect. No equity Judge can foresee the mischief that may arise from a bad judgment, to his own reputation, or to the future suitors of his Court. It is better never to decide, than to decide rashly."

The more *minute* changes made or insinuated by these prating barristers, against the chief living ornament of their profession, are all disposed of by this writer in a most clear and satis-

factory style. One of them was, that in a certain case, (Ware *v.* Harewood) the Chancellor had sent for one of the solicitors in the cause to his private room.—And what then?

"The solicitor, on such occasions, attends only to answer questions, and produce papers, and he cannot, by such an attendance, in the slightest degree affect the judgment of the Lord Chancellor, which is founded, not on the arguments adduced to him, but on the facts and law relating to the cause. Can any man suppose the Chancellor's mind is so imbecile or so corrupt, as to be influenced, in the slightest degree, by any verbal communication, either from counsel or solicitors, when the papers in the cause, and the evidence, are before him—to produce which, the solicitor is sometimes ordered to attend? If, instead of taking this course, for which the suitors cannot be charged anything, (the attendance being paid for by the fee on settling minutes,) the Lord Chancellor desired the parties to attend in open court, *the etiquette of the profession would require that* the counsel, *who could not give him the necessary information, should receive fees, and the suitors would be put to many pounds expense.*

"These interviews are had for no other purpose, than to obtain, with little trouble, information as to the former proceedings, which the solicitor, being better acquainted with than any other officer, can more readily refer to and produce; and solicitors attend instead of other officers, because, by their assistance, the Lord Chancellor can readily satisfy his own mind about particular proceedings or petty facts, and thereby, without costs to the parties, be enabled himself to pronounce a proper decree, with a great saving of labour and time."

But the great story of all was, the case of Ware and Harewood. Mr Denman or Mr Williams (for the Morning Chronicle and Times are at variance as to this mighty question,) had said in the House of Commons what amounted, most unintentionally I cannot doubt, to the repetition of a *gross falsehood* (it might not have been a designed, but certainly it was a gross one) told by one of the solicitors. This came in a letter to the Chancellor, viz. that the person on whose benefit the suit was originally instituted, had died two years and a half ago, ere judgment was pronounced, "of a broken heart, occasioned by the distressed condition of his affairs;" and, in particular, by the delay of the Chancellor's judgment. Now hear the facts. Nothing can be more admirable than the conduct of the gentleman who writes the pamphlet on this occasion.

"This assertion appeared to my mind so improbable, that, being a man unencumbered by any profession or employment, I determined to search into its truth; and I applied to a professional friend, who is generally and deservedly esteemed in the parish where the infant died, to make similar inquiries. The result of our inquiries was the same; and we learnt from the infant's friends, AND THE MEDICAL GENTLEMAN WHO ATTENDED HIM ON HIS DEATH-BED, that there was not any reason to suppose his death was occasioned by a Chancery suit, or anything connected with one; and I shall prove he had not any cause to grieve about it. Before his death he used often to lament that there could be no salvation, no grace, for such a sinner as himself; but he did not make any unkind allusion to the Court of Chancery, or to the noble Lord, or other Judges who preside there. I am in possession, through the information of those who knew him, of the particulars of the offence that grieved him, and greatly depressed his spirits, which he refused to disclose to his doctor; but delicacy forbids my entering into the detail. This sentimental suitor, represented to have died of a broken heart, occasioned by a Chancery suit, was a labouring gardener, and he lived with a person at Peckham. He was buried at Linfield, in the twenty-third year of his age, in July 1816; and during his infancy there had been spent for his maintenance and education L.466, which was paid to his uncle Charles, he having been allowed that sum by the report of a Master in Chancery, dated the 1st day of July, 1822. The infant, in his will, disposes of what, "*if anything*," should come to him from the Chancery suit relating to his father's affairs; and the sum of L.10,000, ingeniously made use of in the letter, seems to have been, as regarded this infant suitor, (exclusive of what was due to his uncle for maintenance,) about L.134. From searching at Doctors' Commons, I find that his uncle Charles, who was administrator to his father, administered to this infant's estate, sworn not to exceed L.600; and out of this L.600, L.466 was due to this uncle, which had been expended upon the infant during his minority, he never having received, or been in a situation to receive, anything out of Court in his lifetime; and therefore L.134 was all the infant's interest in the suit, unless we can suppose his uncle Charles to have sworn

to a false amount, on taking out letters of administration. I find, on searching at the proper office, that this infant was never arrested, and I cannot learn that he was ever known to be in pecuniary difficulties. *A simple fact may easily confound an orator, who unworthily condescends to listen to calumnies, and to make statements prejudicial to others, without minutely examining into their truth.*

"And now I will ask my reader, what is his opinion of the credit due *to parliamentary motions, and the members' attention to the facts on which they are founded,* even when those members are men who wear the robes of English advocates? I dare not tell him mine—but I dare ask if it be necessary, after an exposure like this, to be at the trouble of examining the truth and tendency of the other statements, as to this cause, in these notable debates, some of which I know to be false, and *all of which, it seems, proceeded from the same office?** The above statement triumphantly answers this sweeping and general interrogatory.

"Christian charity teaches me to believe that this scandalous letter might be written in ignorance; and to write so heart-rending a letter to the first Judge in the realm, without due inquiry into the truth of that melancholy event which its contents insinuate and allude to, was culpable in no ordinary degree; but I hope there is not any man suffered to exercise the profession of a gentleman, who, if conusant of the truth of the case, could condescend to be the author of such a letter, or who, if he had done so, could read this statement without a blush; 'for he that blushes not at his crime, but adds shamelessness to his shame, hath no instrument left to restore him to the hopes of virtue.'"

Here I stop—the Whig who reads these things and yet blushes not for his Brougham, but adds shamelessness to his shame. I certainly know of no instrument by which such a man can be restored to the hopes of virtue.

Your obedient servant,

P. R.

Edinburgh, Aug. 20, 1823.

P. S.—Mr Denman is represented by the Times as having said in the House, that "he was much more proud of his own silk gown, than he would have been of any silk gown the Chancellor could have bestowed on him." If a lawyer has any reason to be proud of a silk gown at all, it must be on the score of its being the mark of his real eminence in the law—and if Mr D. seriously thinks the Common Councilmen of London better judges, in regard to such a matter, than Lord Eldon, he assuredly has good reason to be a happy man. I wish him much joy of this new illustration of "*Laus est a laudatis laudari.*"

P. R.

* In what is stated to be Mr J. William's speech, in the Times of the 5th of June, I find these words: "All the cases he should bring forward, and all the documents he had, were furnished by one single office;" and the learned member seems to have been peculiarly happy in the selection of his office.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS,

No. VIII.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

On the last Number of the Edinburgh Review, and Things in General.

My Dear North, I wish you would excuse me. In good faith, though I earnestly desire to do all I can for your Magazine, yet you are hunting me over hard, when you ask me to be the regular periodical reviewer of the reviews—the mallet of the malleters. There is something rather saucyish even in the reviews themselves pretending to get through, with the assistance of half-a-dozen hands, all the subjects discussed by all the intellects of England, in any given time. There is a kind of assumption of universal knowledge, which is laughable enough in any dilletanti paragraphists. But you wish me to take up a more arduous task—I must whip the cream off the whipt cream. I myself, I, not even sheltered by the defensive armour of "We," must, at your request, set myself up as a sort of Encyclopædia, a walking, stalking dictionary, *de omni scibili.* Six feet four as I am, this is

rather too much for my inches. However, I shall oblige you this time, though, among other causes why I should wish to decline giving my opinions on the last Number of Mr Jeffrey's Review, this is a fine day, and I had my Joe Manton in prime order. Credit me, though I like the sport critical well enough, I prefer bagging savoury muir-fowl to bringing down such vulture-beaked carrion as Brougham, or parrots, as our fat friend, or tom-tits, like Jeffrey the Great. But *vogue la galere!*—here I have taken pen in hand, and shall fall foul of Blue and Yellow.

And a foul book it is—somewhere about the basest effusion in some of its articles which has for a long time come from the faction. Good heavens! with what a different set of minds I am now grappling from those which engaged my attention last month! I pin not my faith on the Quarterly Reviewers; I acknowledge their affectations, and I scruple not to expose their bookselling humbug, or their occasional puerilities. But making every deduction for these qualities that the most fastidious can think reasonable, what a solid fund of honourable, true, hearty British feeling, remains behind! I pass their learning, their taste, their great information—I speak only of their affection for the honour and glory of England, for her happiness at home, and her character abroad. My heart swells with delight when I hear their praises and their defences of the glorious institutions which have enabled us to lay claim to Goldsmith's compliment, which have given colour to his boast, of our being lords of the human race. But in the Northern Review what do I see? Talent occasionally, I admit, though, of late, very rarely displayed, and never of a high or manly order; but a spirit mean, malignant, and fiendish—sneers at all that is sacred, scoffs at all that is upright, ruffian howlings against all that is established. A hungry discontent lours over every page—the chime of pinch-gutted poverty rings in your ears in every sentence. Nothing is right, because the scribes and patrons of the declining pamphlet have not the management of concerns. The plain truth is, that the country has fought the good fight, trampled the demon of Jacobinism to the ground, and extinguished the hopes of anarchy and murder—and this contrary to the wishes, and in opposition to the croaking prophecies, of Whiggery. Still more, it has weathered through the difficulties unavoidably incidental to the gigantic contest in which we were engaged, and prosperity, in the shape of diminished taxation, surplus revenues, cheap provisions, increasing commerce, diffused comforts and luxuries, and, to crown all, a contented populace, gladdens our eyes on every hand. This, too, rankles in the hearts of the Whigs. They prophesied misery—so far did they resemble Cassandra—but, unlike the prophetess, the misery they called for has not come. Hence the national exultation is their sorrow;—they are in mourning when we are in joy. Long may they so continue! It is no wonder, therefore, if everything they write is tinged and tainted with this unhappy feeling; it is no wonder that they loathe the soldier who won his country's victories, the sailor who brushed her enemies from the deep, and the statesmen who directed her energies during danger and difficulty; it is no wonder that, in the writhings of their woe, they curse the very sun for ripening our harvests, and the winds of heaven for wafting riches to our shores. Whig feeling at present appears to be something similar to that which dictated the wish of a wretched Radical fleeing to America, some poor creature, embittered by the demoniac writings of those whom Mr Hume calls in Parliament the most moral men in the empire—"May every curse," said the unhappy man, as he stood upon the deck, to take a last view of the white cliffs of the country of his birth—"may every curse which all the sects of England can devise, with their utmost ingenuity, fall in tenfold bitterness on the accursed land which I am leaving!" There is not a Whig in the Island who is not ready to respond, Amen!

Were I disposed to jest, I should attribute this uncomfortable sensation to the empty state of the stomach, the grumbling of the lower guts, for the unfortunate devils have been long hankering in vain after the flesh-pots of Egypt. But it is in truth no jesting matter. What Doctor Johnson, in his beautiful tribute to the memory of Gilbert Walmesly, so truly and expressively called "the virulence and malevolence of the Whig party," appears to me to have become more rabid

and acrimonious of late—happily, I may add, however, more powerless—but yet there is many a Catiline among them, who deserves the close and earnest attention of those who are ringed and banded in defence of the constitution of the country.—But I am keeping too long away from the consideration of this individual Number of the Edinburgh, while I am dilating on the general tendency of *all* its Numbers.

We have then, to set out with, a paper four-and-thirty pages thick, lamenting over the decisions of the Lord Chancellor in cases of infamous books when pirated. On this my opinion has been long made up, and it was fully expressed in your Magazine, in reply to a something similar article in the Quarterly of last year. This of the Edinburgh is not so canting as that in its rival Review, but just as shallow and sophistical, when looked at with the eye of common sense. The two Reviewers had in fact different cards to play. He of the South wanted to sell Murray's bad books—the Northern had only for his object to abuse the Lord Chancellor. This article is written with all the hard hammering technicality of a hired pleader, and encumbered with all the pedantic sweeping of the lower courts. It is also most scientific in its distribution, helping you to firstly, secondly, thirdly, lastly, and to conclude, in every second page. I pass by the historical rubbish, which serves as balsam for the introduction, and which any solicitor's boy might have furnished at sixpence a page of brief paper, and shall say a few words on the real merits of the question, which may be discussed *pro* and *con* in almost as many sentences as this relentless scribbler has wasted pages. Let us look at the affair as it practically stands. A bookseller publishes an improper work, which is immediately pirated by some unprincipled fellow, for I certainly shall not say anything in favour of the morality of the Benbow and Dugdale school. On this he applies to the Chancellor, to interfere to protect his property by injunction, and the Chancellor refuses, on the ground that no man can have property in a nuisance. "Shew me," says my Lord Eldon, "that your book is entitled to my protection, and it shall have it. *I* think that it is not so entitled, and, until my doubt is removed by competent authority, I shall not interfere in the matter." I would be glad to know if this be not common sense. But it is urged, that he is doing that which he ought to prevent—that he is spreading the sale of injurious works—that he is allowing a rogue to plead on his own wrong, &c. &c. Now this is sheer, rascally cant, and nothing else—partly the low cant of low law, shirking and shifting on technical quibbles, and partly the cant of weak morality—both equally contemptible. The Chancellor is no criminal judge. With the punishment of such books he has nothing to do; other officers have to look to that; and his plain and clear line of duty points out to him, that he must not protect works unworthy of protection. But here the ingenious special pleading hack of the original publisher of the filth comes in with an argument, which I should suppose is deemed quite unanswerable, for it is urged at least fifty times in this article.—"Why are not the books *proved* to be bad by the competent authorities? or, until so proved, presumed to be innocent?" On the conduct of the competent authorities, I shall speak by and by—but here, I must say, that this, on the part of the publisher, is the most impudent of arguments. Here is a question of property,—Mr A has invaded what belongs to Mr B, and the law has pointed out to Mr A what is his remedy. An action is open to him, by which he can deprive the pirate of the books he has printed. The reviewer has quoted the very act, authorizing the proceeding, in p. 282. From motives of *convenience*, however, he prefers claiming the assistance of Chancery; he must, therefore, submit to have the nature of his property decided by the single breast of the Chancery judge. That breast *may* be in error—it is the common lot of humanity, (though in the cases complained of there *has been* no error,) but there exists a method by which the complainant may appear with a direct certainty of removing any doubt which may arise in the Chancellor's mind—I allude to the very simple plan of coming into his court fortified by the much panegyrized verdict of a jury in his favour. He omits to do this, and the very omission brings him forward in a suspicious character. Let Mr Murray prosecute Mr Benbow, get his penny

a-sheet damages, confiscate the pirated copies, and then, when he has obtained common-law revenge against his brother bookseller, when the ordinary jurisdiction has pronounced him possessed of defensible property, come into the court of final appeal to demand its extraordinary protection against all pirates whatever. But Mr Murray well knows, that no twelve men, on their oaths, would declare Don Juan anything but a nuisance, and therefore very wisely keeps away from their decision. It is found much easier to get hack-fellows about Albemarle Street to sully the Quarterly with stuff abusing the Chancellor, which, out of hatred to Lord Eldon, is echoed by Brougham from the Mount of Proclamation.

In truth, the whole article is evidently enough the product of the same feelings which have of late inspired that gentleman, and some other barristers of inferior ability, to so many exertions of a similar tendency. The Chancellor is, without doubt, the greatest lawyer now in the world—he is, even the Whigs admit, as upright a judge as *ever* adorned the Bench of England—he is a Tory—he is a member of a Tory Administration—he stands, both in his judicial and in his ministerial capacity, as high as any man can do: What wonder, then, that his name should be gall, and his glory wormwood, to the Whigs? They look at Lord Erskine, and they—yes, even they—blush. They cannot away with this unapproached and unquestioned eminence. They cannot endure the spectacle of this Tory greatness, and they abuse the man! It is all as it should be.

The Morning Chronicle openly and boldly attacks the Chancellor for not giving Mr Henry Brougham a silk-gown. This topic is not touched upon in the Edinburgh Review; but the Edinburgh Review, immediately after the appearance of the series of papers upon this topic, puffs the Morning Chronicle as the most "liberal and decorous" of journals; and inserts an article, the object of which is to convince the world, that the Chancellor is profoundly ignorant of the first principles of the law of England, *because* he will not protect the property of lewd, irreligious, blasphemous libels—because, in their own words, he does that the effect of which is to suffer "a Hone, or a Benbow, to be arrayed in the spoils of a Moore and a Byron!"

Not being an English lawyer, I do not mean to enter the lists with Mr Brougham as to the technicalities of his trade. But I shall just mention in a single sentence, why I conceive the whole of the argument in this written pleading of his to be founded on a palpable fallacy. The argument, the only thing that can aspire to the name of an argument, is—that injunctions are granted, in cases of *patents*, before the property of the patent is ascertained in a court of law; and that, therefore, injunctions should at once be granted in the case of books, leaving the question of property, or not property, to be subsequently discussed in a court of law, and settled by the voice of a jury. Now, I just ask, is this the course that has been adopted, or that would be adopted, in regard to a *patent poison*? If so, then Lord Eldon is wrong; if not so, he is right; and Lawyer Brougham's thirty pages have been dearly paid for, if he got ten guineas a-sheet for them.

As for the other attempt at an argument, viz.—"Chancellors, in former days, protected by their injunctions the property of Pope's Dunciad, Swift's Miscellanies,* &c. &c.; therefore the present Chancellor should also protect the property of Cain, and Don Juan, and Tommy Little:"—As for this, I confess, I make very little of it. *Were former Chancellors in the habit of granting injunctions to protect books, the libellous tendency of which was known to, or laid before them?* This is the real and the only question.

"Is it not intolerable, however," say the Anti-Cancellarii, "that you should suffer works, which you yourselves declaim against as infamous, to be circulated with the most unrestrained freedom?" This, I own, is the practical question; but the Chancellor has nothing whatever to do with it. Here his Majesty's Attorney-Ge-

* By the way, the reader will be amused with finding the assertion, that the Dunciad was "one series of libels," in the same number with all these fine diatribes about the novel origin of libelling. But let that pass.

neral steps in, and we must ask him to justify his conduct, as he can most easily do. How rejoiced would be the Whigs, if they could clamour him into commencing a crusade against the press! Wisely, most wisely, does he keep from it, being taught by the result of the cases against Hone, that an appearance of persecution suffices to sell trash the most stupid, blasphemous, and ill-intended, and to supply the ever-watchful enemies of ministers with sounding common-places in defence of *the liberty of the press*, which, after all, these noisy declaimers tremble before and detest. I am rejoiced at this determination of our rulers. Never, never was I afraid of *our* being able to defeat the foes of religion and order at their own weapons—of being fully powerful enough to put them down by the pen; and accordingly *I* never shall call for the arm of power to aid us. As I have often said before, give us a clear stage—let us expose the fallacy of the arguments, the villainy of the writers, the stupidity of the compositions, the profligacy of the lives of the *liberales*, and I warrant, that no man worth retaining will fail to be shocked by the hideousness of the picture, or will hesitate to depart from their banners. See what we ourselves have done for the Cockneys—see what, I am sorry to say, Lord Byron is doing for himself, and pluck up your heart, comforting it with the assurance, that merry old England is not yet destined to be yielded to the dominion of the devil.

The real effect of the Chancellor's decrees, is, as this Reviewer well knows, to keep out of the market books of clever wickedness. Most truly does he say, (p. 305,) "Fame is good as garnish, but something more is required." Sorry should I be indeed to think that money is the sole stimulant of genius, or to imagine for a moment that Paradise Lost, or Hamlet, ay, or Childe Harold, was called into being by any such paltry consideration. But I *do* think, that, when a man's mind becomes so debauched as to compose, in cold blood, corrupting and unmanly works, gain is a greater stimulant than any wretched fame which they may confer; and that the example of a highly paid and successful profligate of genius must operate as an encouragement on the mercenary crew, who are always ready to enlist their pens in any cause at the command of the highest bidder. Now, sir, when wealthy booksellers are frightened away, by the certainty that such property is incapable of being protected, this ungodly source of traffic is cut off. Murray gave L.1000 for the first two cantos of Don Juan—if Hunt gave L.100 for the three last, it is as much as he could have afforded. This is of itself a consummation devoutly to be wished. Let us not be afraid, that the little possible extra damage done to public morals by the increased diffusion of the one, two, or three pirated works, will counterbalance the good done by the establishment of the great principle. Besides, I doubt the fact of the great increase of the diffusion. Two and two in trade as often make one as they make four. In the hands of a rich, powerful, and fashionable bookseller, five or six editions would be put off among the trade or the gentry, by his exertions and those of his friends; while the pirate, who prints but for the *canaille*, depends only on the first burst of feverish curiosity, which is soon cooled, when the rabble find that the books pirated are not destined for their palates. Such has been notoriously the case with the Don; but, at all events, the cry in behalf of public morals comes admirably from the publishers of books to which they are ashamed to put their names, and from writers in the Edinburgh Review. Of one thing I can venture to assure these persons, that the way in which these works come before the public neutralizes them very much. They are graced neither by the persecution of the great, or the puffery of the cultivated. Nay, the very apathy and indifference of the head of the ministry deprives them of much factitious piquancy. The cool contempt with which Lord Eldon permits the circulation of poems libelling his government, and decrying the system of which he is one of the most able supports, communicates itself insensibly to their readers, and they, who would have looked on them as most decisive knockdown blows to his authority, if he had let loose the Attorney-General against them, now consider them as mere bagatelles, which ministers are very right in not minding.

Has any one ventured to say a word in favour of the individual book clamour-

ed about? Not one. Peter Pindar was a very *funny* blackguard, but still a very *great* blackguard. Southey's Wat Tyler was cushioned by himself, and only brought to light by most ungrateful scoundrelism. Don Juan was owned neither by author nor publisher. Lawrence, trembling and liverstruck, recalled his filthy physiology, and made a craven amende for having incautiously authorised its publication. Are these cases on which we are to impugn the conduct of a great constitutional judge? I *doubt* it. In a word, *his conduct has kept a flood of improper books from the market, without recurring to the unpopular method of prosecution, and has neutralized the power of those which have already crept in.* Until this fact is overthrown, let them rail at the Lord Chancellor with impotent fury. His character I shall not stoop to defend from such folks as Brougham or Denman; but, Mr Editor, *you* ought to give us a separate paper on him, whom I shall ever consider, when regarded in all points of view, as the GREATEST OF OUR CHANCELLORS.* Excelled he may be by some of his predecessors in different detached accomplishments; but, viewing him in all particulars, I hesitate not to repeat my assertion.

There is an isolated passage in this Review, on which I must be permitted to say a single word. Mr Brougham, in the course of ridiculing the selection of a Lord Chancellor to decide questions of a literary nature, and enforcing the propriety of sending all such delicate questions to a jury, has these words:—

"Look at the opinions now received and consecrated, as among the greatest blessings which natural reason has given to mankind; see their original fathers and assertors remunerated by the prison and the block; ask whether their names could have been handed down to us, for our shame almost as much as our glory, *had a free and unbiassed jury passed between them and their country, or rather them and the human race. Conceive a jury bringing in a verdict of guilty against Galileo; though we dare say he was a very sincere and honest Cardinal, who sent to gaol, and bread and water, at the age of 70, the man who taught Italy to think, because he suspected the earth went round the sun, and that it had not four corners. What would have been Sir Thomas More's* Index Expurgatorius, *or that of the ecclesiastical Chancellors of former times? We know as respectable houses as any in the kingdom, where Shakespeare was (and most probably, notwithstanding the* Family Edition, *still is) a prohibited book.*"

Now really, if Mr Brougham is serious here, he must be declining in understanding. Does not Mr Brougham know, that, within these hundred years, certain people, called *wizards* and *witches*, were every day tried and convicted to the death by free and unbiassed juries, all over England and and Scotland? Does he venture to doubt, that the judges were convinced of the absurdity of the verdicts in these cases long before the juries? Not he. Neither does he doubt, I am sure he has too much sense to doubt, that a free and unbiassed jury of worthy Italian farmers and craftsmen of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, would have regarded Galileo with at least as much horror as the Cardinal. He does not seriously doubt that Sir Thomas More's criticism was *rather* more likely to be liberal than that of any twelve free and unbiassed cheesemongers of Portsoken *tempore Henrici Octavi*—and if he knows anything of Scotland, he must know, that, at this very day, it would be no difficult matter to convince many a good free and unbiassed Presbyterian jury of ruling elders to inflict the utmost penalties the law might put in their hands upon the author of the first scene in Othello. In short, I cannot bring myself to argue seriously upon such a subject with a person of Mr Brougham's accomplishments. He cannot be sincere when he says, that a knot of London tradesmen would be fitter than Lord Eldon to determine questions of this kind. A jury, if it be what it pretends to be, is chosen from the people; and to say that the people are not, more than the first men and greatest geniuses in the land, subject to the influence of silly prejudice as to such matters as *books*—this

* Long may it be before we write the article which Tickler calls for! As long as his lordship is in power, we shall refrain from expressing all our feelings towards him. When he retires, and the voice of truth cannot be mistaken for the lispings of adulation, we shall comply with Timothy's request.—C. N.

is really a proposition which I certainly do not imagine it possible for any man, in Scotland at least, to hold up his face to.——

There is an immensity of miscellaneous skirmishing in the article, hardly worth attention;* but I shall, to wind up the affair nobly, extract one admirable light or shadow (call it as you please) of Whiggery.

"The court and the pirate play into each other's hands. Now, suppose the government, of which the Lord Chancellor is a member, were wicked or vindictive enough to seek the ruin of an author, to insult his feelings, and stain his reputation, a pirate need only be set to work, and the equitable waste is completed. A door is at once opened to all the abuses and collusions for the basest of private purposes."

The man who wrote this must be "in ruffian Whiggery thrice dyed;" so base a notion never could find place in a Tory bosom. But this employment of government power is quite consistent with the practice of those who, in 1806, put a Chief Justice into the Cabinet, there to decide on state prosecutions, which he was afterwards to try as judge:—and who made the Auditor of the Exchequer First Lord of the Treasury,—thus to be a check upon his own accounts. No wonder that any corruption of justice should occur to such minds as a regular and ordinary engine of state policy.

It must have gratified Mr Brougham very much to see that all this laboured article went for nothing, when, within ten days of its appearance, the case of Dugdale against Byron came to be heard and determined. It must have gratified him particularly to observe that even Lord Byron's counsel did not venture to borrow a single argument from this grand Essay, which had all the look of being got up on purpose for this very occasion.

The article on Sir William Gell is amusing to me. It amuses me very richly to see the Edinburgh Reviewers maintaining the cause of the Greeks *solely* or *chiefly* on the ground of our common Christianity. This amuses me, and must amuse everybody. Just imagine the appearance of such an argument ten years ago within the blue and yellow covers! Such wonders, O Christopher, has your hand accomplished.—As for the Greeks, I confess that I am for them at least as warmly as the Edinburgh Reviewers can be. As for this article, all I shall say more of it, is, that its imbecility and puerile tone have a tendency to make one think with rather less shame of the abortion on the same subject in the last Quarterly; which last, by the way, is now generally understood to have been a contribution of Lord Erskine!—Lord Erskine contributing to the Quarterly! This, indeed, may make quiet people stare!

The article on Mr Rae Wilson's travels, is one the writer of which evidently works in a muzzle. The book is truly an absurd one, and he need not have feared to take his laugh out heartily. Mr Wilson, however, is a most benevolent and philanthropic person; and I am well pleased that circumstances have conspired to spare his bacon.

Of Leonard Horner's long and would-be-witty production on Geology, I beg leave to make no mention. I dare say Mr *Boué* is as great a charlatan as the Review says; but as to M. Necker de Saussure, I must just hint my sus-

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* We beg leave to supply a characteristic trait of Brougham. Scholar and beggar, he tells us, (page 305,) after Adam Smith, are synonymous. However that might have been in the days of the great economist, it will hardly hold true now. To say nothing of ourselves, or the Great Unknown, or Sir Humphrey Davy, or some dozen others, who are coining money, why did not B. look at the very names at the head of his article? Dr Walcot, or Dr Southey, or Dr Lawrence, or Dr Byron, (we beg pardon, Lord Byron) cannot come under any of the mendicity regulations. Sir R. Wilson, to be sure, is an author, but it was not his writings that have brought him to the state you see

"The Childe of Vigo and of beggary."

But the Queen's leading counsel reverted to his own writings, and, perfectly conscious that, if he had stuck to composing such valuable concerns as Essays on Colonial Policy—Brougham's *magnum opus*—he would have had abundant claim to the title of *beggar*, whatever right he might or might not have had to that of *scholar*.—C. N.

picion, that he might have fared very differently, had his book not contained offences more serious in the eyes of his reviewers, than any mere geological blunders. M. Necker's book is far from being a mere geological affair. He describes the scenery, the manners, the society, and, above all, the literary society of Scotland. He was here and wrote his book at the time when the "Jeffrisii, Brogami, et alii Librariorum vernæ," were in their zenith of glory; and, wonderful to say, he never mentions one of the whole set. Could they have been hurt by this omission, which, considering M. Necker's copious notices of certain Tory authors, is certainly rather a remarkable feature in the book?

I come now to what you have probably been looking for. It would be consummate affectation in me to deny that my sensations in reading the article, "on the Periodical Press," were, on the whole, of a most pleasurable character. I shall not indeed deny, that once or twice in the course of the perusal, I felt a certain degree of pain. It was impossible it should be otherwise, considering that I once had a very considerable esteem for Mr Jeffrey—I don't mean to say any very considerable admiration for his literary talents—that I don't pretend to say—but a considerable esteem for his Editorial tact. I say it would have been very odd, if any man who had ever considered this Editor as entitled to respect of any kind, or on any score, could have read that article without something of occasional pain. I admit that this was my case. I did feel pain now and then from the sight of such sore degradation in a person for whom I once entertained something like respect and esteem; or, if these be too strong and high terms, at least let me say, something like a degree of kindliness and affection. I always considered Mr Jeffrey as a man of sharp but very limited faculties. I always laughed at the notion of his being a critic, either in politics or in literature; but I thought him, (I shall frankly confess the truth,) a capital Editor, as Editors go—I thought there was something like a proper feeling as to some things, which I need not particularize here, mixed up with all his vanity, folly, and blindness; and as one may have a love for one's spaniel in spite of his impudence, so I had an affection for Mr Jeffrey. I thought him, after all, an honest sort of little fellow—I gave him credit for being as fair in his way as the different circumstances of his natural turn of mind and temper, his limited and imperfect education, and his unfortunate situation in regard to company and occupations, could well permit.—This was my feeling in regard to Mr Jeffrey as Editor of the Edinburgh Review—for, of course, I am not speaking, nor about to speak, of him in any other capacity. Such, I say, were my notions of him *quâ* Editor of the Buff and Blue.—I say all this, to prevent mistakes among your readers. As for you, you are quite well aware what my feelings used to be.

Even you, however, will scarcely be able to guess what my feelings now are. I confess I am sorry to announce a fact which will give pain even to you. I cannot look on the appearance of this article as anything less or more than the death-warrant of Mr Jeffrey's editorial reputation. It is really a sad thing to stand by and see a man dangling in a noose of his own fastening. But such really is Jeffrey's case. He is gone—dished—dead—utterly defunct. We have witnessed the last spasm. There is nothing for it now but to lay the body on the table, and bring out the necessary instruments of dissection.

But, no. My dear sir, I shall spare you the trouble of a long and formal cutting up of this unfortunate victim. I shall merely lay open the skin here and there, and shew you a few of the prime points. Give me your eyes, then, kind Christopher.—But to drop our metaphors—

Who wrote this article? This is the first question that will naturally occur to you, and to every one. I have made some little inquiry, and the result is considerable—very considerable—confirmation of what my own first impressions suggested to me; viz. that the production belongs to nobody but the gallant of Southampton-Row, Holborn—"the modern Pygmalion" himself—yes, no other mother's son but Mr William Hazlitt, author of the *Liber Amoris!*

That he wrote the article as it stands in the Edinburgh Review, I am not such a ninny as to imagine for a single moment. He (or some of his crew in London, acting under his control and dictation) wrote an article "on the pe-

riodical press," and sent down that article to "the Prince of Critics and the King of Men." The King of Men and Prince of Critics opened the packet with high feelings of aversion and reluctance. The affair of the *Liber Amoris* was too fresh—too recent. The universal disgust was too strong, vivid, and ebullient. The shame of having seen himself mentioned in print as A FRIEND and boon companion of such an animal as the author of that odious and loathsome piece of lewdness and profligacy, was a feeling that had not yet had time to cool. The idea that such a person, or that any of his Cockney clan, should still continue to write for the Edinburgh Review, was a thing from which the mind of the editor revolted. How shall I suffer it to be known that I tolerate such coadjutors, and yet expect that our former friends will not begin to shy old Blue and Buff altogether? This was the question that arose—this was the cold qualm that shot through the heart and the liver of our Editor.

But what was to be done? The modern Pygmalion knew such and such things—the author of the *Liber Amoris* could do such and such things—What was to restrain the author of the *Liber Amoris*?—Mr Jeffrey was in a pitiable state at that moment. He hesitated long—he pondered deeply—he stirred the shallow pool of his reflection, until it was a true puddle—and he ended with choosing that which, in the then perturbed and jumbled state of all his faculties, seemed on the whole to be by one hair's-breadth, and no more, the lesser of the two evils. He took what seemed to be the shorter horn of this unhappy dilemma; but short as it seemed, it has proved quite sufficient to transfix him to the backbone, and hold him out a fair object of the most deliberate derision. When he laid his shrinking and wavering hand on it, he more than suspected what was to be the result—he now feels it—and he will not speedily get rid of that feeling—the more is the pity.

I do pity Mr Jeffrey individually—to a certain extent; and yet I must once more repeat, that, on the whole, I witness this consummation with feelings of internal benignity, and a deep serenity of satisfaction. That the Editor is dished, I see; and I am sorry for it. But the Edinburgh Review is ruined—I see *that;* and I rejoice. Yes, the great work at last is complete; and far be it from me to regret, that it was reserved for this vile hand to give the coup-de-grace. *Debellare superbos* was ever your motto. The Blue and Yellow had long ceased to be your game. You, Christopher, tamed the party-coloured beast of prey in his strength—you broke him in his vigour—we all pitied him in his decline.—You were the judge who tried and condemned. It was a fit thing that such a person as the author of the *Liber Amoris* should be found to do the one small and dirty office that justice required, after these preliminaries had been duly gone through. He has done his work well. He has pulled out the one small pin that sustained that trembling leaf—the drop has fallen—the old and hardened offender has at last paid the debt.

To drop the metaphor and speak reasonably, there was just one little bit of *prestige* which still adhered to the old and battered reputation of the Blue and Buff Review. That Cockneys were occasionally allowed to write puffs of each other in the work, was known; but still these were kept far in the back ground. Their articles being all about themselves, their little poems, and essays, and lectures, and so forth, were, of course, on most trivial subjects, and made no sort of impression on the public mind; they were regarded as the merest Balaam; and, although people, remembering what the Edinburgh Review had once been, and the tone it had once sustained, were a little vexed to see it reduced so far as to seek even its Balaam from *such* quarters—still it was but the Balaam—every book must have Balaam—and nobody took the trouble to be either very sorry or very angry about what the Balaam of the Edinburgh Review was, or by whom it might be furnished.

But, now, what has happened?—Our solitary bit of *prestige* has indeed vanished. What do we see now? Why, we see Mr Jeffrey obliged to allow his Balaamites, his Helots, his Cockneys, to write the first article that ever the Edinburgh Review contained on perhaps the most important, and certainly the most delicate subject, that ever that Review had the misfortune to meddle with—on the Periodical Press of Britain!!! He has suffered these people to produce boldly, under the shelter of his blue and yellow covers, a regular essay—the sole and visible ef-

fect of which, is to identify the Edinburgh Review with all that mass of low, periodical, Cockney abomination—in the standing aloof from which—in the notion of its being altogether above that sphere—in the idea that, in spite of occasional by-jobs, the Edinburgh Review, on the whole, and as *a work*, stood quite out of the way, and out of the reach, of such gentry—the sole surviving fragment of *prestige* still adhering to the reputation of this Review was universally considered as consisting.

Mr Jeffrey has sunk so low as to suffer this thing to be done. He was sorry, vexed, grieved, ashamed—all that is true; but he was so tied up, and hampered, and fettered—he found himself in a situation of such absolute imbecility and helplessness—that he could not prevent the Cockneys from shewing the whole world that they were able to make a cat's-paw of him and his Review—that they were able to make his Review open its mouth, and speak on a subject of which he had, for nearly the quarter of a century, carefully and prudently eschewed the least mention—a subject from which he had always shrunk—which he and his old friends had never ventured to come within miles of;—he has suffered William Hazlitt, author of the *Liber Amoris*, an old newspaper-monger—a gentleman of the press, that has lived all his days by scribbling dramatic criticisms, and leading paragraphs, and so forth, for the different London newspapers and magazines;—he has suffered this low, vulgar, impudent gentleman of the press — the writer of that filthy book, which, but for its dulness, and the obscurity of its author, must long ere now have been burnt by "the hands of the common hangman;"—he has suffered this despicable member of the Cockney School to write an Essay in the Edinburgh Review on "the Periodical Press of Britain." Francis Jeffrey has been obliged to swallow this bitter pill.

This one fact is enough. I might stop here—when I have just stated the thing—when I have just told what it is on the face of it, I have done enough. But, however, since I have begun with a folio sheet, I shall finish it ere I lay down my pen.

Good Heavens! how could all the blarney Hazlitt has been pouring out of late ever so completely blind Mr Jeffrey, as to allow him to make such an exhibition? Jeffrey, I suppose, knows that it was the Caliph *Omar* who is said to have burned the Alexandrian library. Yet here he lets the vulgarism of Cockaigne put the blame on the shoulders of *Osmyn*.—(P. 351.) Mr Jeffrey cannot be stupidly ignorant of a boarding-school miss's share of Italian; yet here he lets his besotted contributor say that Mrs Radcliffe was "an incognitO."—(P. 360.) Mr Jeffrey, I take it, can read Latin; yet here we have Tibullus's trite line misquoted, as *mille ornatus habet, mille decenter*, by the poor critic,

"With Midas' ears committing short and long."

Mr Jeffrey was born many a mile away from the sound of Bow; yet here he allows Hazlitt unrelentingly to parade such words as "*Heremitress*," (p. 357,) and to Cockneyize the title of Gifford's poem into the "Barviad," (p. 376.) But why need I waste my time in holding up to public derision a man whom we have already made one of the bywords of public scorn? I vow to Heaven, I am not thinking of him at all; but am shocked at the mental cloud which has fallen over a man whom I always admitted to be a sharp and petulant, if not a deep critic, and who, I imagined, never would sit down in company with such a literary flunky.

You had some time since a necessity to say something about Hazlitt, in your review of his Table-Talk; and you could find nothing so apt to compare him to, as a mere ulcer, a sore from head to foot, a poor devil, so completely flayed, that there was not a square half inch of healthy flesh on his carcase. In the Review, he cuts the same figure, he acts the same part, of an overgrown pimple, sore to the touch. He feels that he is exiled from decent society; and how does he account for his misfortune? Hear his own theory:—

"A professional man, who should come into the world, relying on his genius or learning for his success, without other advantages, would be looked upon as a pedant, a barbarian, or a poor creature. 'Though he should have all knowledge, and could speak with the tongues of angels, yet, without *affectation*, he would be nothing.' He who is not acquainted with the topic, who is not fashioned in the mode of the day, is no better than a brute."

Cruel and hard-hearted treatment!

So the world in general look on this "professional man of genius and virtue" as a pedant, a barbarian, a poor creature, and a brute. Wicked world! No wonder that we have earthquakes. He told us already, in his Table-Talk, that all the people of London will not look on his books, for fear of being thought Cockneys; and, by this account, it would seem that his person gets little better treatment among them.

The old lamentation over his works is here continued. He confesses (p. 357,) that all he can do is to "glitter, flutter, buzz, spawn, die, stink, and be forgotten;" and (p. 358,) that, when princes scowl on him, which I should suppose they never do, as I cannot conceive how Hazlitt could come within scowl of a prince, he is obliged to hope, that "the broad shining face of the people MAY turn to him with a favourable aspect." *May* turn! Vain hope! Have you not already informed us, that people are afraid of looking into your books, lest they should be suspected of Cockneyism, or perhaps because they dreaded undergoing that dire metamorphosis by merely poring over your pages. He grumbles at booksellers for refusing to buy his books, (p. 359,) while they are so inconsiderate as to take the same stuff in fragments as filling for unhappy magazines. As to his reputation, he gives up *that* entirely, by admitting, that *almost* the only writers who can keep their reputation above water are anonymous critics; unless he has the vanity to make himself one of the almosts, which the poor fellow is too candid to think of. Yet what he wants is not much. He is ready to give up eternal fame for a newspaper puff, (p. 357); and as he was *once*, and long, if indeed he be not still, one of the glorious company himself, *that*, I am sure, he can find no great difficulty in getting, by sporting, in favour of a brother of the quill, a shilling or two on an extra *go* of brandy and water at the Wrekin, or a tumbler of hot and hot British Hollands at the Cart and Horses, or any other fashionable hotel resorted to by those eminent literati. There, no doubt, Mr Hazlitt is great; and I am proud to perceive that he has no mock modesty about him on the point; for he candidly draws a simile from his own long experience in such campaigns, assuring us, (p. 354,) "that the mixing of liquors is no doubt a bad thing, and muddles the brain; but, *in a certain stage of society*, is perhaps unavoidable," *i. e.* in the stage of society of the Cow and Cauliflower, or other place blessed by the presence of the august body, which kindly informs the public mind of all passing events, and directs the genius of the age, at three pounds, odd shillings and pence, paid weekly during the session of Parliament.

The rest of the introduction to the consideration of his subject, he has filled with utter nonsense about painting, (for H. was bred a water-colour painter, which profession he gave up on finding that he could not earn salt to his porridge by it, it being universally acknowledged that he could not delineate a churn-staff, and on that ground thinks himself admirably qualified to talk on gusto and vertu,) and common-place stuff about trite literature. It concludes with this splendid sentence, which, if even Mr Jeffrey the Great himself can interpret for me, he shall be to me for ever a Magnus Apollo. "If our several contemporaries were to criticize one author as a constant habit," what then?—"there would be no end of the repeated reflections, and continually lessening perspective of cavils and objections, which would resemble nothing in NATURE but"—what in NATURE? Pray guess, good reader, "but the *Caffes* [sic] des *Milles* [sic] Colonnes!!" P. 360. Alas! poor Jeffrey! criticizing one author as a constant habit! what an idea! and then the reflections, and the perspective, and the nature! and, proh pudor! the French! Why, dear Mr Jeffrey, these fellows will make us suspect you of having forgotten the most childish acquirements.

But to proceed—I hinted, some paragraphs ago, that Mr Jeffrey has altered this article a good deal since it made its first appearance on his writing-table. The two chief alterations, however, must be allowed to be the curtailments which the production has undergone, in respect of the notices which it originally set forth touching Cobbett and your own Magazine. Both of these curtailments appear to me to have been injudicious. If such an article was to appear at all, it should have appeared with all its original beauties and defects up-

on its head. It could then have been said, "Poh, Mr Jeffrey was busy—or he was from home—and this article was stuck in without his knowledge or revision.—It is a blot; but what book is without a blot now and then? You must not condemn the Review for the sake of one production, hastily and unwarily suffered to appear in it." Many are the times when shifts like these have been resorted to, and with tolerable success, by the patrons of the Blue and Yellow. But here it will not do:—there is evidence—there is the clearest evidence—that the great Mr Jeffrey's own pen has been at work. As it stands, the article is a mere piece of *slottery*;—it is incomplete; it is imperfect; it is curtailed; it is manc and mutilated; whole paragraphs have been scored out—others have been clippped and docked. The thing is not what it was meant to be; nobody can glance it over without being satisfied that Mr Jeffrey has *bonâ fide* combed and carved upon the Cockney abortion—that HE has really *edited* HAZLITT!

The notice of Cobbett, as it now appears, is really the most pitiable *make-believe* I ever met with. "Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike," is truly a line which the man who *edited* this has a right to quote. I have no sort of doubt in my own mind that the Cockney's original MS. contained three or four pages of puff upon Cobbett.—Hazlitt, for one, never can mention Cobbett without letting his breath out in his praise; and I approve of William Hazlitt for admiring, which he really appears to do from his heart, the great and singular merits of William Cobbett. But here was a ticklish piece of business for Mr Jeffrey to have any hand in. Many years ago, as, indeed, even the extant paragraph acknowledges, Brougham made a savage attack on Cobbett's character in the Edinburgh Review. Cobbett did not suffer from that, of course, but he resented it notwithstanding. For the last ten years, he has badgered Jeffrey; and, to use his own powerful expression, *passim*, "all the vile, canting, coxcomb gang of the Edinburgh Review." This has invariably been Cobbett's language—at least it was so until within the last two or three months. He has lashed their tergiversations; he has exposed their gross errors in politics and political economy; he has moved the world's laughter with his jeers about their prophecies; he has battered them, in a word, on the ground which was common to them and him, with a vigour only equalled by that which you and your friends have exhibited against them *quoad alia*. He has been the other great thorn in Jeffrey's side. The moment you gave him a pause, Cobbett was sure to dig in—the moment the old sergeant cried halt, plunge went your spur again.—In short, between you, you kept Mr Jeffrey in eternal hot water; and I believe he would often have been greatly puzzled, if anybody had put Fortunatus' cap on his head for an instant, which of the two to wish first in perdition and the abyss. Of late, however, as I have hinted, there have been some symptoms of a change in this matter. We have seen Mr Brougham puffing Mr Cobbett's Cottage Economy in the Edinburgh Review. The book deserved all that was said in its praise, that is true; but still, to see Mr BROUGHAM puffing his old arch enemy was something. Then we have seen Mr Brougham presenting Mr Cobbett's petitions about the national debt, the equitable adjustment, &c., in the House of Commons—introducing Mr William as a "distinguished writer"—"a man of original and acknowledged genius," and the like. We have seen this, and we have seen Mr Cobbett, on his part, devoting many whole columns of his Register to the puffing of Mr Brougham. We have seen Mr Cobbett, who, only a year before, concluded one of the severest diatribes he ever penned with these words—"Lawyer Brougham praises him—THAT IS ENOUGH!!!"—We have heard Mr Cobbett, who treated Mr Brougham in this style of supreme scorn not twelve months before, singing out about Mr Brougham's "learning," "genius," "honesty," and what not, as if he had been to be paid a guinea for every pretty word he could produce. We have seen all this, and we were of course aware that some underhand work had been going on between Messrs Brougham and Cobbett. But still there was no puffery of Jeffrey in Cobbett—no: the treaty between Brougham and him appeared to be strictly a personal one. The abuse of Mr Jeffrey and of the Review itself still continued. Brougham's praises were ever and anon wound up with wonder

how such a great man could stoop to have anything to do with such "a gang" as Jeffrey's. Under these circumstances, what could Mr Francis Jeffrey do with this Cockney's puff upon Mr William Cobbett? The puff of Cobbett by Brougham had indeed softened Cobbett towards Brougham personally; but the rage and contempt of the man for Mr Jeffrey, and for Mr Jeffrey's Review, were still expressed without stint or stay. Should he insert Hazlitt's puff, perhaps Cobbett might thank Hazlitt for it; but here was proof enough that he would not thank Mr Jeffrey. He could not, therefore, bring himself to put Hazlitt's trash in as it stood—he could not do this. He had gone as far in the way of stooping to Cobbett as he could bring himself to do without receiving some sort of intimation that Cobbett would accept of his humiliation, and be merciful in future. At the same time, he had already suffered so shockingly, that he durst not for the life of him dream of putting out the puff, and inserting an attack of his own penmanship in its room. He was not so fool-hardy as to dream of this. What then, amidst all this net-work of stultifying difficulty, remained for the noble Francis Jeffrey?—Why, just to do what he has done—to score out all the hack's hearty laudation, and retain just enough to shew that there had been such a thing in the article, and that he had, in his editorial magnanimity, erased it.—*Hiatus valde deflendus!* But, my word for it, this gentleman is not the boy to allow anything he has written to remain unprinted, and therefore unpaid; and we shall have it all in good time in some other corner of the "Periodical Press."

But only to think of the paragraph which immediately succeeds this precious one about Cobbett! It is a puff of THE EXAMINER, which the Edinburgh Review is made to say stands "next to Cobbett's," (among the weekly papers,) "in point of talent." The Examiner classed next to Cobbett in anything is odd enough, but, "in point of talent," is really the joke of all jokes;—the Examiner, that has tumbled down first from a shilling to tenpence—then from tenpence to sevenpence-halfpenny—then to sixpence—and now to *fourpence;*—the Examiner, that, even with his reduced prices, has less circulation at this moment than almost any Sunday-paper in existence, and that circulates among a more ignoble class of readers than perhaps any one of the array—the Cockney Court-Gazette!—the weekly trash-work of the Hunts!—Oh, my dear Mr Jeffrey, this indeed is a tumble!

I confess I am a little puzzled with the last sentence of this character of the Examiner. Is it Hazlitt's? Is it Jeffrey's? Is it a pic-nic affair?—"With the exception of a little *egotism,* and *twaddle,* and *flippancy* and *dogmatism* about *religion* and *morals,* and *mawkishness about firesides,* and *furious Buonaparteism,* and *a vein of sickly sonnet-writing,* we suspect the Examiner must be allowed to be THE ABLEST and MOST RESPECTABLE of the publications that issue from the Weekly Press." This is the sentence as it stands, near the bottom of page 368. How—why—by what fatuity it was allowed to appear there, I confess my utter inability to make any conjecture.

If it be Hazlitt's, what can be so exquisite as a rebuke of *egotism* and *twaddle* from the worthy, who, in his very last book, (no, the *Liber Amoris* was the last, but in the one immediately preceding the *Liber Amoris,*) took occasion to tell the world that it WAS ON THE 10TH OF AUGUST, 1794, HE first read the Nouvelle Eloise, "*over a bottle of sherry, and at the inn of Llangollen,*"—who, in the penult number of the Liberal, favoured us with all those charming particulars about the old Unitarian preacher his father, and his own first introduction to Mr Coleridge,—whose excessive and illustrious egotism is, in short, one of the most striking features throughout the whole of his lucubrations. If it be Hazlitt's again, if it really be Hazlitt's, can anything be so superb as a sneer against "*flippancy and dogmatism about religion and morals,*" from the author of the Loves of "H." and Sally in our Alley—the man who has just insulted the public with publishing a full and particular account of his laborious and deliberate, but unsuccessful attempts, to seduce, beneath her father's roof, (he being at the time a married man, and the father of a family,) a poor servant girl who waited upon him in his lodging-house? Egotism and flippancy about religion and morals, indeed! But no,

no—this must be an interpolation—this must be Mr Jeffrey's. And, if the sentence be his, will that mend the matter? Turn to the article on Buonaparte, in this very number of the Review, and see Buonaparte there gravely characterized as—But do let us take the very words (they occur at the bottom of page 515.)

"We deem it impossible for any one, how strongly soever he may have been prejudiced against Napoleon, to rise from the perusal and study of these details, without an intimate persuasion that *few great men have ever been more* WORTHY OF ESTEEM. His insatiable ambition remains, in reality, *the only charge against his character;* and it must be allowed to have been mingled with as much of good as ever was known to be compatible with a thirst for power. The destruction of pernicious abuses—the improvement of the condition of the people at large—went hand in hand with every act by which he sought his own personal aggrandizement. In many cases this *was the necessary consequence* of the debased condition of the countries he overran and subdued. Any change, for instance, must unavoidably have proved beneficial to Spain and Italy; nor could he conquer them without bettering their condition in every essential particular. *But it is only just to add, that his own inclination was to root out antiquated evils, and that he placed his chiefest glory in being the regenerator of the modern world. The volumes before us afford evidence, in every page, of his thoughts, at least during the last ten years of his reign, having been all directed towards raising for himself this most durable monument, by entitling himself to the gratitude of all ages, for rendering to mankind the inestimable service of freeing them from the thraldom of inveterate abuses in church and state.*"

These words are worthy of being written in letters of brass. Buonaparte *more* worthy of esteem than almost any great man that ever existed! No charge against Buonaparte's character but the thirst of power! Buonaparte thought of nothing from 1804 to 1814, but "entitling himself to the gratitude of all ages for rendering to mankind the inestimable service of freeing them from the thraldom of inveterate abuses in church and state!" These are expressions on which I am not such a ninny as to offer any remark. They are, unquestionably, however, the *ne plus ultra* of furious Buonaparteism, and they occur in the same number of the Review in which "furious Buonaparteism" is mentioned as constituting one of the few deductions which must be made from the general "*respectability*" of the Examiner paper. Another of these deductions is said to be "a vein of sickly sonnet-writing." Now, who is this sickly sonnetteer? Is it anybody but that very identical Leigh Hunt, King of the Cockneys, the most sickly and disgusting of all whose poetical productions (the incestuous Rimini story) is characterized, three or four pages farther down, in this very article, as "an elegant and pathetic poem, by the editor of an opposition paper." How are we to reconcile all these contradictions? I, for one, cannot read the whole sentence, be it whose it may, over again, without being convinced that even the devil can speak truth at times. Truth he hates; but truth, like murder, will out.—Just pause for a moment, and read the words over again. Well now: Would anybody desire a more intelligible definition than that which the Edinburgh Review itself furnishes, when it talks of "an able and respectable paper, which has no faults except that it is *flippant* about *religion* and *morals*, (which, being interpreted, means that it wages uniform war against the principles of chastity and decency, and overflows with eternal blasphemies against the faith of the Bible,)—that it is full of *mawkishness about firesides, egotism, twaddle*, and sickly sonnet-writing"—that is to say, in other words, that it is full of Cockneyism and Leigh Hunt—and, finally, that it is full of *ultra-Buonaparteism*, which means neither more nor less than that it is, like the Edinburgh Review itself, characterized by the basest Jacobinism, the most unrelenting hostility to all the established institutions of Christian Europe, in "church and state."

I shall say no more for the present about this "most respectable publication."

And yet, ere I leave the Cockneys, I may perhaps as well take notice—very shortly it shall be—of the passage a little way down about Mr John Keats. It is said by this Edinburgh Reviewer, that John was attacked as a bad poet, merely *because he had been praised in the Examiner in a way quite unconnected with politics, for some of his juvenile verses;* and that he would

have fared very differently, had he flung King Leigh Hunt's puff in his face, and bowed at the knee of William Gifford, editor of the Quarterly Review, and author of the Baviad and Mæviad. Now, the whole of this is made up of direct mis-statement and base misrepresentation.] In the first place, long before any Tory Review whatever took notice of Keats, he had not merely been puffed in the Examiner, but he had put forth sonnets upon sonnets of his own, in honour of Leigh Hunt, calling Leigh Hunt "a kind martyr," &c. because he had been clapped into Newgate for a beastly libel upon his sovereign; and, in short, had identified himself in a hundred different ways, with all the bad political principles, as well as with all the bad poetical taste, of the Cockney school. Here, therefore, is one clear mis-statement as to matter of fact. In the second place, it was not, as is so plainly insinuated, the author of the Baviad and Mæviad who commenced the attack upon Keats.[Keats had been dished—utterly demolished, and dished by Blackwood—long before Mr Gifford's scribes mentioned his name. The Quarterly Review did not invent the name "Cockney-School," but only adopted that name after it had been introduced by Blackwood into universal use, and had in fact become as much an integral part of the language of English criticism, as any other phrase in the dictionary. It is then absurd, and worse than absurd, to say that Mr Keats would have altered his condition in any respect whatever, by trying to conciliate the smile of the Quarterly editor. It is possible, and, indeed, it is highly probable, that he was vexed with finding himself, and the rest of the Cockney school, characterized in the Quarterly by the phrases which Blackwood had invented. But that was a mere flea-bite.—] All the other Reviews had adopted the tone ere then. The concern was utterly undermined three years ere the Quarterly put a single pick-axe to its foundation. As for the absurd story about Mr John Keats having been *put to death* by the Quarterly, or by any other criticism, I confess I really did not expect to meet with a repetition of such stuff in the Edinburgh Review. If people die of these wounds, what a prince of killers, and king of murderers, must Mr Jeffrey be! In law, the intention makes the crime, and he who fires a pistol at my body is a murderer, although he happens to miss me, or although I recover of the wound he inflicts. Granting, then, that this is the law, what are we to say to the man who cut up Byron's Hours of Idleness? That review, surely, was *meant* to be as severe as any review that was ever penned touching poor Johnny Keats. The article on Lord Thurlow—the article *proh pudor!* on Joanna Baillie—the article on Tom Little's smutty Poems—all these, and a hundred more, were at least *intended* to murder poetical reputations; and as for the reviewers of Keats really meaning to murder, not the poetaster, but the boy—the living individual Johnny—why this, I suppose, is more than the Examiner himself will hold up his face to. This Edinburgh Reviewer, to conclude, reproaches very bitterly the Quarterly Reviewer of Keats for mentioning his profession, and says, that his being a young apothecary would, under different circumstances, have been converted into a ground, not of censure, but of praise. All this may be true; but I would just ask of Mr Jeffrey, who it was that, in the pages of this same Edinburgh Review, quizzed Mr Thelwall for being *a tailor*—a trade at least as harmless as the other, I suppose? Thelwall replied to that, by telling somebody or other connected with the Edinburgh Review, that his father or grandfather, I forget which, was a barber. This had the effect of stopping for some time the stream of allusions to professions, &c. in the Edinburgh Review. Why did not Mr Keats try the same trick with the Quarterly? But the truth is, that all this is shocking stuff. Who seriously thinks the worse of a man for being an apothecary, or for being the son of a barber? No such absurdities exist in this age of the world. And the person, if such there be, who really feels the least annoyance from any such trifles as these, must certainly boast the manhood, not of a barber, nor of an apothecary, but of a most superlative tailor. If John Keats cared for being called an apothecary, being one, he must really have been a greater goose than even I ever took him for. Such allusions have been in use ever since there were books and reviewers in the world. Good heavens! what would become of Moliere, Fielding, Smollett,

Le Sage, Cervantes—in short, of all the comic writers the world ever saw, if it is to be considered a crime to take a few slaps at "The Three Black Graces," Law, Physic, and Divinity? But let us hear no more of Johnny Keats. It really is too disgusting to have him and his poems recalled in this manner, after all the world thought they had got rid of the concern. I would just ask any candid man this question—"What did Keats write?"—"Keats!" would be the answer, "I never heard the name—Oh! yes, I do remember something—*Keats!*—was it Keats you said?—Are you sure you did not mean Cottle?"

But, just before I quit for ever the topic of J. Keats, let me ask Mr Jeffrey one short and simple question. His Review says, that John's "*fine fancy and powerful invention* were too *obvious* to be treated with *neglect*," and that therefore the Tory critics set to abusing John. The question I wish to put is this—If Keats's fancy and invention were so wonderfully obvious, why did the Edinburgh Review take no notice at all of the possessor until long after the Tory critics had had such abundance of time to make minced meat of him? What is the use of a Review, if it be not to watch for the appearance of fine fancy and powerful invention; and, whenever such qualities make their appearance, to call upon the world to give the new poet his due reception of applause? The Edinburgh Review, however, suffered all the fancy and invention of Johnny Keats to be puffed in the periodical works, of which its familiar knowledge is now confessed—and to be sneered at in those its fearful intimacy with which is the mainspring and sole inspiring principle of the article before us—it suffered all this for many long years, before it had the honesty or the courage to say one syllable about the existence of such a being as Johnny. How is Mr Jeffrey to answer or account for this? But a still more serious question remains—Why, up to this blessed hour, has the Edinburgh Review never hinted that there has been such a man in the world as Percy Bysshe Shelley? Surely, surely his fancy and invention were in the proportion of 1000 to 1 compared with those of Johnny Keats. Surely, surely he was abused by the Quarterly, fully as bitterly as ever Keats was. But no—there is a reason for everything. Shelley, with all his faults, was a gentleman, a scholar, and a poet; and his merits as such were uniformly acknowledged in Blackwood's Magazine. That work, if there was a cry against Shelley, did not join it. On the contrary, it was in that work that he was *first* praised in a style worthy of his genius; and, while many severe criticisms appeared there, of and concerning his bad principles, political and religious, there never appeared one word which Shelley, or the friends of Shelley, could complain of, as either illiberal or indecorous towards the man or towards the poet. In a word, the Edinburgh Review neglected his fine qualities, however obvious, and Blackwood praised them warmly and zealously, in spite of his bad qualities, however obvious. But it did not suit Mr Jeffrey to allude to all this—Why?—why simply because the object of this article was to denounce all the Tory critics, and Blackwood's in particular, as persons who bestow their praise or censure entirely on political grounds—who were incapable of doing justice to the fine fancy and powerful invention of Johnny Keats, and Leigh Hunt, King of the Cockneys, because these men were, or were supposed to be, politically opposed to their own principles. The least mention of Mr Shelley's very different treatment must have at once nullified all this nonsense. It must, at the same time, have given birth to a universal inquiry as to the reasons which have from the beginning, and up to this moment, kept the Edinburgh Review silent as to Mr Shelley himself, his poetry, and the evil and the good so strangely blended in all his extraordinary productions. It must have set everybody a-saying, "Why did this Review, that praises Mr Barry Cornwall, and Mr Beddoes, and Mr Knowles, and Heaven knows how many more of such small deer, why did it, why does it, never mention the existence of such poems as THE REVOLT OF ISLAM and THE CENCI?" On every ground, therefore, the Review felt it necessary to sink this matter altogether. But the public, you may rely on it, will not sink it so easily. The public will see the thing as it stands; and the public will be at no loss to appreciate the open and manly behaviour of this redoubtable Review, both towards Mr Shelley,

and towards the Tory Journal, whose liberal treatment of that unhappy person formed so striking a contrast to the neglect he experienced at the hands of those, who, by their own shewing, were bound to have been the foremost in NOTICING his genius.

I pass over all about "THE NEWS," an "excellent paper"—the Literary Gazettes and Journals, "a truly insignificant race"—the Scotsman, "a truly original paper, with but one subject—of which subject its Editor seems to be *King*." I may just notice, however, that the Stot-King has rather more subjects than one, being, or at least having been, lord of as many stink-pots as any of his "respectable" brethren. I leave all these, however, for the present, and turn to the splendid character of the Morning Chronicle. "There is a liberality and decorum about this paper," quoth the Edinburgh Review.—"Ostony-hearted Edinburgh!" how could you give breath to such a murderous paragraph as is here! LIBERALITY and DECORUM in the paper which produced all Tom Moore's odious series of libels upon the King and Lady Hertford! Liberality and decorum in the paper which contained the mock poems upon the death of Mr Percival,—

> "Children's tear,
> Patriot's bier," &c. &c.

Alas for Mr Jeffrey!—Liberality and decorum in the paper which only a few weeks ago contained that truly *unnameable* attack upon John Bull—that attack which roused the universal loathing even of the Whigs—that attack which, had it been executed with just a little less *cowardice*, must have sent the Morning Chroniclers in a body to Botany Bay!—LIBERALITY!!! and DECORUM!!!—But I have no wish to treat the thing otherwise than as a joke. Many is the good guinea that the Morning Chronicle has paid Mr William Hazlitt, and many is the puff it has paraded in honour of Mr Francis Jeffrey. Which of these gentlemen has to answer for the liberal and decorous quiz upon old Perry, with which (now that he is dead, and his guineas not come-atable) the Edinburgh Review winds up its account of his paper, I shall not give myself the trouble of inquiring. I suspect, however, that the thing must belong to a true "gentleman of the press," from the soreness with which old Perry's trick of *fathering* all the tid-bits of the Chronicle himself is brought up. Perry's book-sale shewed what had been his favourite tastes in literature; and it is certainly quite possible to judge from that, that he may have occasionally been inclined to rob even Pygmalion of his due. The story of his saying that "*Epithalamia* were thrown into Porson's coffin," and correcting himself next day—"for *Epithalamia*, read *Epicedia*," is not a bad one. The whole effect of the paragraph is to give the world a hearty laugh at the expense of the defunct. Would Sir James Mackintosh, or, as Cobbett calls him, (I shall not ask for what reason,) "Sir JAMMY," have suffered this, had Perry been still in the land of the living, with his books and his papers about him?—I *guess* not. Perry has been dead just about two years! Thus speedily hath the memory of his munificence departed from among the Hazlitts!—thus speedily hath the savour of his sauces vanished from the recollection of the Jeffreys!—thus speedily hath the dread of his desk evaporated elsewhere. I say nothing. I admire the Whigs—I admire their gratitude—I admire their liberality—I admire their decorum—I admire the Morning Chronicle—I admire the Edinburgh Review—I admire the Examiner—I admire the NEWS—I admire them all. I admire even Sir Jammy. My memory is jammy itself, and long shall all their glories stick to it.*

The notice of the Old Times is a

* [Perry (or Phie, for that was the man's name,) was a canny Aberdonian, as ignorant as a dray-horse, but with just sufficient tact for the drudgery of a paper. He was a vain creature, as Hazlitt (who has preserved one astonishing specimen of his benefactor's ignorance, p. 362,) remarks, but he did much for the respectability of the diurnal press. He was eminently trust-worthy, and some of his Whig patrons let him go to jail for libels which he never wrote, but the authors of which he was too honourable to give up. Yet I do not recollect that these good Whigs ever blamed themselves for *skulking* behind him, or that ever he was called up to be badgered by a House of Commons, for reflecting on any Tory member, by mistaking a very satisfactory explanation for an apology. At present the Morning Chronicle is decidedly going down, under a very heavy creature.—C. N.]

truculent attack in *substance;* from which I conclude that a certain Gentleman of the Press is not just *at present* in the pay of the Old Times. I could, if I pleased, give you a full and particular history of *the tone* in which the New Times is criticized, but I should be sorry to hurt respectable people in the course of exposing others, and therefore I "bridle in my struggling muse" without pain. I shall, however, quote one passage from this part of the article, just to shew how well truth and falsehood may be blended, even in the most liberal and decorous of works.

"*The* TIMES conforms to the changes of the time. It bears down upon a question, like a first-rate man-of-war, with streamers flying, and all hands on deck; but if the first broadside does not answer, turns round upon it, like a triremed galley, firing off a few paltry squibs to cover its retreat. *It takes up no falling cause; fights no up-hill battle; advocates no great principle; holds out a helping hand to no oppressed or obscure individual.* It is '*ever strong upon the stronger side.*' *Its style is magniloquent; its spirit is not magnanimous. It is valiant, swaggering, insolent, with a hundred thousand readers at its heels; but, the instant the rascal rout turn round with the 'whiff and wind' of some fall circumstance, the Times, the renegade, inconstant Times, turns with them.* Let the mob shout, let the city roar, and the voice of the Times is heard above them all, with outrageous, deafening clamour; but, let the vulgar hubbub cease, and no whisper, no echo of it, is ever after heard of in the Times. Like *Bully Bottom* in the play, it then 'aggravates its voice so, as if it were a singing dove, an it were any nightingale.' Its *coarse ribaldry is turned to a harmless jest; its swelling rodomontade sinks to a vapid common-place; and the editor amuses himself in the interval, before another great explosion, by collecting and publishing, from time to time, Affidavits of the numbers of his paper sold in the last stormy period of the press.*

"The Times rose into notice through its diligence and promptitude in furnishing Continental intelligence, at a time when foreign news was the most interesting commodity in the market; but at present it engrosses every other department. It grew *obscene and furious* during the revolutionary war; and the nicknames which Mr Walter bestowed on the French Ruler were the counters with which he made his fortune. When the game of war and madness was over, and the proprietor wished to pocket his dear-bought gains quietly, he happened to have a writer in his employ who wanted to roar on, as if anything more was to be got by his continued war-hoop, and who scandalized the whole body of disinterested Jews, contractors, and stock-jobbers, by the din and smithery with which, in the piping time of peace, he was for riveting on the chains of foreign nations. It was found, or thought at least, that this could not go on. *The tide of gold no longer flowed up the river, and the tide of Billingsgate and blood could no longer flow down it, with any pretence to decency, morality, or religion. There is a cant of patriotism in the city: there is a cant of humanity among hackneyed politicians. The* writer *of the* LEADING ARTICLE, *it is true, was a fanatic; but the* proprietor *of the* LEADING JOURNAL *was neither a martyr nor confessor. The principles gave way to the policy of the paper; and this was the origin of the* NEW TIMES."

Observing that you, Christopher, have of late been honoured with some of the abuse of this great "Bully Bottom," the Old Times, I am sure you will be gratified to see how the Edinburgh Review itself appreciates the candour, consistency, and honesty of the representatives of old Walter. As for the abuse of Dr Stoddart—for, in the midst of certain symptoms of fear which I thoroughly understand, he is still abused here—it would really be too ridiculous in me to say a word about what I am sure he will never waste a thought upon. Dr S. is a rare exception to a rule—that, indeed, is all but an universal one. He is connected with the daily press, and has been so for many years; and yet he is as unspotted a gentleman as is now living in England. This is quite enough for the Cockneys. He is a keen and high-principled Tory, and a writer of very uncommon pith and tact, and that again is quite enough for the Whigs.

But to return to our article. Next comes a puff of *The Traveller*, which is qualified as "not a new, but a newly-conducted paper," and as "distinguished by sound judgment," &c. &c. Let it suffice to say, that Brougham was understood to have become the chief proprietor of this paper not long ago, and one of his brothers to have become its editor; and that, I believe,

in point of fact, it has already ceased to exist as a distinct paper, in spite of all this!—*Eheu!*

Of course I shall skip over the virulent abuse of the Courier. The Courier never employed Hazlitt, and he has all his life been occupied in libelling those connected with it. You remember his vile buffoonery about Mr Mudford's personal appearance in his Table-talk; and this—can this be the creature who dares to talk here in the Edinburgh Review about "flickering jests on personal defects?" Can this be the fellow who talks so? Just turn to the Liberal, No. IV. and see how Mr Irving is described —"a tall, raw-boned, hard-featured, impudent Scotch quack"—"his hair is matted like a mane, his beard blue and singed, and he verges in his general appearance to the *Simious* tribe, but of the largest species"—"the half-saint, half-savage"—"the cross-fire of his double vision"—"the portentous *cast* in the right eye"—"this brawny bravo of the church"—"*that strong obliquity of mental vision*, that can look *grave on the parent, and fulsome on the daughter.*"—I say, let any man just look to these phrases—particularly the last Southampton-Row touch—and to the whole production in which they occur—I think it is Hazlitt's—I think there is internal evidence of that; but at all events, the thing is in the Liberal, for which Hazlitt writes—as, indeed, what liberal and decorous journal is there for which he does not write?—I say, let any man look at these specimens of Whig and Cockney liberality and decorum, and then listen to old Blue and Yellow (supported as it is by the same people as the Liberal) abusing the ministerial press "for flickering jests on personal defects." This impudence is really enough to turn the stomach of a hog "of the largest species."

But, after all, there is nothing in the whole of this rich concern that amuses me so highly as the style in which you, Christopher—your Magazine, I mean —are discussed. First of all, at the very first broaching of the business of Magazines, "there is," quoth the Jeffrisian Scribe, "the Gentleman's Magazine at the one end, and Mr Blackwood's at the other." Then follows a paragraph about the Gentleman's Magazine, borrowed *verbatim* from a poem of Odoherty's, and some other articles that appeared two years ago, less or more, in *the* Magazine. But what more of Blackwood's? Not one word, my dear fellow. He could name it—or rather he could suffer it to be named—this was something—this was much—but could he go farther? Durst he discuss you as he did Sylvanus Urban, or Tom Campbell, or Sir Dicky Phillips? No more than a messan durst worry a bull-dog. Hazlitt—or the Cockney author, whoever he be—had, I doubt not, abused you very manfully through many pages of his manuscript. If he had not done this, why, then, he is a mere booby; for everybody may see what the drift of the whole article is—everybody sees that the object was to attack you, you alone—everybody sees that but for you there would no more have been an article on the Periodical Press, than there would have been an article on the Cheese Press—everybody sees this; and yet to the destruction of the Edinburgh Review, to the howling of Hazlitt, and the eternal jobation of Jeffrey, there is not the pluck, after all, to do more than just mentioning *once* the mere fact that Mr Blackwood has "a Magazine." News indeed this to the Cockneys!—Only look at the drivelling idiot. Does he mean, after all, to pay you a compliment? He plainly says, that the Gentleman's Magazine is the dullest, and, if he were a logical writer, it would of course follow that he meant to say, Mr Blackwood's, the Magazine "at the other end," is the cleverest of all. Did he *mean* to say this? If so, why not say it? Or did he mean to say, that Blackwood's was the newest, the Gentleman's being confessedly the oldest of the fry? If so, he meant to say what he knew to be not true. He knew very well that whatever merits the new Magazines he puffs may have—and neither you nor I are such blue and yellow dirt that we should deny that they both have contained many excellent things—they owe their very breath, and being, and form, and substance, and life, to *imitation of Blackwood.* Both Scribe and Editor know this well enough. All the world knows it. Nobody would confess it more freely and manfully than Tom Campbell himself, I will be bound for that. It follows, therefore, that this scribe has really been deprived of all meaning whatever by the process his production has been subjected to—he has been clipt past redemption.

Farther down a little way, I observe a paragraph about "slang wit,

—"shrewd remark,"—"oysters and whisky," &c. &c., which is probably meant for a cut at your *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The name, as I have been observing, they *dare not* mention:—except once (and then it is done with the air of a child afraid of burning its fingers,) the name of "Mr Blackwood's Magazine" does not occur in this article on the present periodical press of Great Britain!—Yet my opinion is, that this paragraph about the toddy and oysters, &c. is intended by way of a slap at your merry doings in Ambrose's. The ninnies did not see what a compliment they were paying to the dramatic talent displayed in that masterly series of papers. Poor creatures! they wanted to take a lick, and their flail has just come back the wrong way, and bruised their own knuckles. This, however, is a sort of thing that I am sure you, Mr North, will never dream of taking any serious notice of, even should you agree with me as to my opinion of its purpose and drift. *If the Edinburgh Review wishes to have a turn-up in good earnest with Blackwood's Magazine, let the Edinburgh Review say so smack out.* No chaffing in corners and under the breath. Let us hear the challenge! Let us see the blunt posted—let us see the Blue and Yellow ribbons tied to the stakes.—We shall then understand what we are after. And one word more I shall say: Let Mr Jeffrey himself come to the scratch—Mr Jeffrey, and nobody but Mr Jeffrey. We have battered the blood about the brainless heads of these Cockney ragamuffins, until we may well be weary of the occupation. Why have us lick them over again here? Has common prudence departed for ever from among mankind? Does Mr Jeffrey wish to make his Review the engine of the Cockneys against Blackwood? Impossible. Don't let us be bothered then about Hunt's Rimini and Keats's Endymion, and the rest of that odious trash; but, if Mr Jeffrey really wishes a set-to, let him grapple at once with some of those never-to-be-forgotten, and never (oh never!) to-be-forgiven articles, which you levelled against the original Edinburgh Reviewers themselves. Answer *these* who can! Well, well does Mr Francis Jeffrey know, that such burdens are not adapted for the shoulders of the Cockneys. But I can tell him, that if he himself *knows* this much of the matter, all the world besides *knows* and *feels* too, that, unless somebody be found who will dare to put his back to that load, and to no other, it were better for the Edinburgh Review to have a millstone tied about its neck, and to be cast into the deep, than to be detected standing afar off, and joining a timid and trembling pipe in the Cockney-whine against Blackwood.

And this brings me at last to what it has all along appeared to me, must inevitably be the fatal, the most unfortunate and fatal effect of the insertion of this article on the periodical press in the Edinburgh Review! The Edinburgh Review has of late years been more skilfully, effectually, and insufferably attacked, than perhaps any literary engine of disloyalty and infidelity has been in our time. "Why does the Edinburgh Review make no answer to all this?"—has been the unvarying feeling, and the frequent language of every man not immediately connected with Mr Jeffrey and his Reviewing Cabal. The only answer they have ever vouchsafed has been a sort of would-be-disdainful toss of the nose—as much as to say, "Poh! 'tis only a Magazine that attacks us! would you really have Jeffrey meddle with a Magazine?"——I appeal to Jeffrey himself, whether I am not now stating the exact truth. Of course nobody but an idiot could be really taken in by such stuff—but still here was a something to be said, insinuated, hinted, *looked*——and we all know, that, give the Whigs a *something*, and, however contemptible it may be, they will find means to make it serve their turn *among themselves*. Well, but what is to become of them now? What is to become of that fine big face, that did so much good service? Othello's occupation's gone!

The Edinburgh Review has at last come down from its altitude, and put itself by the side, not of Blackwood's Magazine (*that*, forsooth, had indeed been a favour!) but of the News, the Morning Chronicle, the Traveller, the Examiner, the Times, Cobbett, &c. &c. In short, it has proclaimed itself the "Cater-cousin" of every liberal and decorous journal in the world, and farewell to all its greatness! After condescending to *review* and *laud* the "*Essays*," the "*jeux-d'esprit*," the "enlightened disquisition," of old Perry's newspaper—after condescending to

haver and stare over the wonderful achievements of those miraculous Gentlemen of the Press, who bring out the dramatic criticisms in the morning papers, the very day after the piece criticized was performed—after testifying this profound respect for the *Reporters!*—after calling the contributions to Colburn's Magazine, and its rival, "the very cream of periodical literature"—in short, after this complete blending, amalgamating, and interfusing of itself, with all that sort of concern—upon what, in the name of everything that is salutiferous, is this Quondam Down-looker to take his stand?—No! he has fallen from his humbug height—he has slidden from his vapouring vantage-ground—he has leapt from his laughter-moving pinnacle—he now stands upon the debateable ground like other people, and woe be to him if he stands there only to be a mark for your unerring and unsparing *articlery*. You may depend on it, many will be the weary days through which Mr Jeffrey will bemoan himself, for having been betrayed into this *betise*. It will not be either sneering or snuffling that will suffice to lug him out of the quagmire, into which he has suffered a quackish and Cockney will-o'-the-wisp to seduce his unfortunate stilts.

Let Mr Jeffrey reflect upon all this coolly by himself—and, if he does make up his mind to do the thing like a man—if he does make up his mind to attack you boldly and directly for your articles on the Edinburgh Review, its political basenesses—its irreligious *tone* throughout—its occasional *slips* of infidelity, open and not to be mistaken—its blasphemous sneers—and its vile prostitution of literary criticism to the purposes of unpatriotic and unchristian rancour and spleen—if he does make up his mind to come forth in harness, and give battle upon these great points—no fear, say I, but he shall meet a champion well armed for the conflict. But let him not lay the flattering unction to his soul, that, by loose, vague, and indefinite paragraphs of abuse, such as this made-up thing consists of, he can blind the eyes of the public to the damning fact, that he avoids the questions which really have been, and are, at issue, between his journal and that which first bearded him in his own northern den, which first shewed that to be little which had before passed current for great, which stripped the mask from the features of foulness, and made the despot-impostor stoop from his throne to drain the cup of exposure, and kneel in the dust of irretrievable degradation.

As for the old assertion, so unpityingly reiterated throughout the five or six concluding pages of this article, viz. that the Tory press of the present day has had the guilt of introducing a new and unheard-of measure, and, indeed, a new and unheard-of system, of personal vituperation into English literature—I say, once for all, that the assertion is grossly in opposition to the truth of history. That it is wilfully false, I do not say—because I am sure Mr Jeffrey is incapable of writing or editing what he knows to be false; but, at the same time, I must be permitted to observe, that this article shews that *some* Edinburgh Reviewers *have read* Blackwood's Magazine; and all the world knows, that this assertion has been *proved* to be false in that journal, not once nor twice, but fifty times. I refer, once for all, to that Number of the Noctes Ambrosianæ, in which the history of English libel was gone into at so much length, and brought to so triumphant a conclusion in favour of the Tories generally—but above all, and more especially, of the Tory writers of the present time. As for the grossness of the mis-statement, I need not surely lecture upon that to your readers. They know that Jeffrey, Brougham, and Moore, were vindictive libellers of men, as well as of principles, long ere Christopher North ever shed one drop of ink on the field of periodical literature. They know that Peter Pindar preceded the Anti-jacobin—they know that the Examiner, the Morning Chronicle, and the Times, preceded John Bull. They *know* that the Tory warfare has been strictly, and in every stage of its progress, a defensive one: They know that Mr Jeffrey and his clan had twenty years of free and unchecked abusing, ere Blackwood began to abuse them; and they know, and all the world feels, that if, on one or two occasions, (for I deny that more than this can be asserted, even by the bitterest of your *honest* enemies,) you have overstepped the limits of perfect propriety in the style of your warring, the transgression was only a transcript of what he and all his friends had been accustomed to do from their youth upwards—and they

—the world—the impartial candid world, will not fail to observe how broad is the line that must be drawn between the unprovoked, tyrannical, vindictive vituperation, habitual to the old Edinburgh Review, and the few occasional instances of ultra-severity into which the representative and the avenger of a party whose very food had been insult, may have been betrayed in the momentary heat of temper—or rather, I should say, in the roused and flaming indignation of long-trampled virtue, long-derided religion, long-spurned and outraged patriotism.

Does Mr Jeffrey flatter himself that all his thousand misdeeds of the former, the free, the unfettered day of his domination, are forgotten or forgiven, merely because in these latter times he and his partizans have been whipped, lashed, scourged into comparative quietness, decorum, and inoffensiveness? Does a blue and yellow viper cease to be one, merely because his fangs have been extracted? Is such a CREATURE the less a viper, because pity is a more natural and appropriate feeling for him in his present disabled condition than wrath? No—no!—the memory of an insulted community is not quite so short-lived as some of these old and branded offenders may well wish it were. The time was, and at no distant date, when, to make use of language that you will have no difficulty in recognizing,—"The Whigs assumed a natural superiority over *us*, as if, being of a different party, we were necessarily of an inferior species, and justly liable to be tortured, worried, and hunted to death like any other vermin." The time was, when *they* had a right to say what they pleased of us, to invent and propagate any falsehood or misrepresentation that suited *their* turn. It was then that the greater the falsehood, the more was the merit—the more barefaced the imposture, the more laudable the fraud. You were a Tory—a loyal man—a Christian writer—did not that of itself imply all other crimes and misdemeanours? That being once granted, they had a right to heap every outrage, every indignity upon you, as a matter of course. You were an enthusiast in the cause of the throne and the altar. Did it not follow that you must be a bad poet, a contemptible orator, a bigot, a slave! You were *for* the Ministers: Was it to be supposed that you were not *against* sense, grammar, rhyme, and reason? You were entitled, in short, neither to justice nor to mercy; and the Edinburgh Reviewer, who volunteered to deprive you of a livelihood, whether by striking at your moral fame, or your intellectual reputation; in short, by any means, however atrocious or dastardly,—this Edinburgh Reviewer, this Brougham, this Jeffrey, was entitled to the thanks of the liberal, the gratitude of the decorous, the applauses of THE WHIGS. Witness, ye much injured names of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey—witness, ye eternally blended epithets of *Renegado* and *Driveller*—witness, ye magnanimous sneerers about the Morning Post and the Stamp-Office—witness, Oxford!—witness, Copplestone!—witness, ye more recent audacities, that have just been rebuked into the mingled blush and shiver of impotence, by the stern retributing indignation of insulted Philpotts!

But I beg pardon—I have really been verging towards seriousness—which is surely the last mood of your mind in contemplating this affair. You, of course, regard the whole as an indirect compliment paid to yourself; and indeed, dear North, a compliment of compliments, and a triumphant tribute to you it is. I speak not of the compliments to your talents, extorted by a lurking remnant of truth, in the midst of abuse—as, for instance, where, in an absurd tirade against the Noctes Ambrosianæ, to put down which he appears anxious for an act of Parliament, he is compelled to admit their wit, and the shrewdness of their remarks; because compliments from such a creature are rather affronts than otherwise. But your triumph, your true and glorious triumph, consists in the grovelling, crawling, cowardly, pitiful confession of the utter prostration of the whole gang of whom he now acts as mouthpiece, before you, and in the beggarly and starveling lamentation over the severity of the well-deserved infliction. That you have crushed the vermin, we all know; that they do squeal and gibber at the very mention of your name, is clear as light; but that any of the unfortunate should be so *spoony* as to make the confession in terms so abject, with contortions of countenance

so ludicrously lamentable, surpassed my warmest expectations, until I saw it in this article. Then the awful soreness of the whole party at finding the press to which they set up a sort of unalienable claim, turned against them—and discomfiting them totally—is here given utterance to in all the blackness of sorrow. We have put the Whigs down in a great measure by its agency, and nothing can comfort them. All they have left is to accuse us of scurrility and personal sarcasm. Poor wretches! whom does that gull? Nobody with a head differing in organization from a turnip. They commenced a crusade against all that was estimable in society. Peter Pindar was set upon the most virtuous king that ever ornamented a throne, and his ruffian buffoonery was cheered by the thundering applause of the Whigs. Tom Moore was clapped as the first of jeux-d'esprit writers for the incredible infamies of his Twopenny Postbag, and the Fudge Family—Sydney Smyth flung dirt through Peter Plymley's Letters, to their infinite joy—Hone caricatured the King, and libelled the most illustrious men and *women* in the country—this very Edinburgh Review was established for the purpose of insulting and annoying us in every manner possible, and in the course of its hopeful career has been guilty of the basest slanders on the living and the dead, has run tilt against every honest feeling, male and female, with the most felonious ferocity. What need I swell the catalogue? Take up the files of the Morning Chronicle for the last thirty years, and mark its articles; and I venture to say, the venom, the black-hearted assassin virulence displayed in them, will make even the strongest stomach turn. Was this to be tolerated? Indeed it was not. And accordingly we retorted. We shewed the mere baseness of the Whig newspaper world—the gross ignorance and drivelling impertinence of the Cockneys—the shallow pretensions, and the cowardly deism of the Edinburgh—the utter insufficiency of the Whig statesmen—and destroyed by merely holding up to light the infamy of the Whig libellers. And they are down! down among the dead men! There let them rot!

In this operation it appears we have been throwing filth. We are sure the accusation is quite true. We have had occasion to give anecdotes of the lives of some of the profligates whom we have overthrown, and their enormity was so great as to surpass the filth of any feigned charge. We have had occasion to point out the tendency of some of their works, and this tendency is so foul, that our very language in exposing it was necessarily open to the danger of being suspected of sharing in the contamination. But it is now little matter; we have seen the work. Extract, North, extract, in the very joy of your soul, Hazlitt's graphic description of your overthrow of him and his rabble rout. It is decidedly the very best thing he ever wrote.

"Who, indeed, was likely to stand, for any length of time, 'the pelting of this pitiless storm'—the precipitation of nicknames from such a height, the thundering down of huge volumes of dirt and rubbish, the ugly blows at character, the flickering jests on personal defects—with the complacent smiles of the great, and THE ANGRY SHOUTS OF THE MOB, to say nothing of the Attorney-General's information, filed *ex officio*, and the well-paid depositions of spies and informers! It was a hard battle to fight. The enemy were well entrenched on the heights of place and power, and skulked behind their ramparts—those whom they assailed were exposed, and on the *pavé*. It was the forlorn hope of genius and independence struggling for fame and bread; and it is no wonder that many of the candidates *turned tail*, and fled from such fearful odds."

Is not this balm to your heart? Do you not feel a glowing and cheery warmth over you while reading this passage? To be sure you do. Not that we rejoice in the woe of any poor fellow-creatures, but because we are happy at soul to find that the noxious influence, which their sinful propensities led them to exercise whenever they could, is clean gone. Do not disturb yourself about the abusive words occasionally vented against you. In their vocabulary, a sycophant to a man in power, is one who fears God, and honours the king; an atrocious dastard is a man who takes one of the "VERMIN," (I thank thee, slave, for teaching me the word,) by the throat, and squeezes it to death in squeaking convulsions. Such is the dialect of the crew. But, blowing away this froth, skipping also the nonsense about Attorney-Generals and informers, who, Hazlitt well knows, never meddled

with his gang, look at the real matter of this delightful paragraph. Here we have the miserable man owning, that in consequence of OUR exertions, the whole of his wickedly industrious pack are LAUGHED AT BY THE GREAT, AND, BEST OF ALL, INSULTED BY THE MOB, tortured, hunted, and worried to death, convicted of stupidity and ignorance in prose and verse, ruined in pretensions, scorned for the discovered particulars of their whole life, education, and conversation, dissected as condemned malefactors, looked on as guilty of petty vices and absurdities, suspected of being bad subjects, and universally admitted to be bad writers and bad men, by all the respectable and well-disposed part of the community! How awful a delineation of the wretched state of mind enjoyed (if I may use the word) by those who have lifted up their voices against their monarch and their God! How consolatory to those who have stuck to that cause through good and evil report! Not a word that I can say could heighten the picture; but never forget it, North; let it serve as an everlasting text for you, whenever you think fit to mention THE VERMIN.

Mille habet ornatus; mille decenter habet.
Tib. IV. ij. 14.

I am afraid I have spun out your patience altogether—but take heart, I am almost done with it now.

The article "On Early Moral Education" is Brougham's, and it is in his best style. It is full of plain strong sense; and yet a certain graceful tinge of feeling is diffused over every sentence. Such articles cannot be too widely read, or too highly applauded. The appearance of such things I ever hail with delight, wherever I find them. I am a Tory, and Brougham is a Whig; but, after all, into what insignificance these party names and party objects sink, when contrasted with the universal feelings of humanity—and the great—God grant it were always the common cause—of social good.

I would it were in my power to terminate in this vein; but I cannot end without saying, very shortly, that nothing, even in the Edinburgh Review, ever excited in my mind emotions of a more painful nature, than certain passages in the article on Las Cases's book about Napoleon. To see the character of Marie Antoinette thus sneered at in the face of all the affecting evidences of its saint-like, princely, and heroic elevation which Mme. Campan's work and the "Royal Memoirs" have just laid before the world! Is this chivalry? Is this manhood? And to see such things *quoted* in the Review that is to be lying on the tables of at least some English ladies for three months to come!—such vile obscenity—such heartless, witless filth! I blush indeed for Mr Jeffrey. Is it possible that the article is another contribution from the same wretched Ribald, who treats the same subject in the same spirit of dishonesty and degradation in the new number of the Liberal? Is such community to be pushed so far—and Mr Jeffrey still hope to maintain *any* degree of reputation for his work?

The argument in favour of the late unhappy Queen of England, viz. that, "after all, she only formed one connexion in the course of six years," is, in this shape at least, a new one. One *connexion!* only *one* Bergami! Peace be to her ashes! Must her friends always be the persons to stir them with the boldest finger of insult? And this is from the Review that says the Examiner would be a respectable paper, but for its "flippancy about morals and religion!"

Yours truly,
TIMOTHY TICKLER.

Southside, 15th August, 1823.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XI.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days;
Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
"NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
"BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

NORTH.

Nay, do not blush, Ensign. I thought you had dipped in the Shannon. I believe you sing extempore?

MULLION.

Ay, and ex-trumpery.

NORTH.

Curse your punning. Quaver away this (*throwing M. a paper.*)

MULLION, (*hums a preludio.*)

Then, therefore, give due audience and attend. Milton, hem!

1.

The birds have sung themselves to rest,
That sang around our bower;
The weight of the night-dew has bow'd
The head of every flower.

2.

The ringing of the hunter's horn
Has ceased upon the hill,
The cottage windows gleam with light,
The harvest song is still.

3.

And safe and silent in the bay,
Is moor'd each fisher's prow,
Each wearied one has sought his home,
But where, my love, art thou?

4.

I pick'd a rose, a red blush rose,
Just as the dews begun,
I kiss'd its leaves, but thought one kiss
Would be a sweeter one.

5.

I kept the rose and kiss, I thought
How dear they both would be!
But now I fear the rose and kiss
Are kept in vain for thee!

Really a very pretty song. It was spoony in you to drop it out of your pocket, ODoherty!

ODOHERTY.

And amazingly genteel in you to sing it under the circumstances. It was about as bad as Brougham's reading in Parliament Mr Saurin's letter, picked out of Lord Norbury's pocket.

NORTH.

Is the author a secret?

ODOHERTY.

Not the least. Rest her soul! she died of love. Her name was Quashie Maboo—quite a sentimental negress, who kept a canteen in the Bowery Way, New York. Poetry and peach-brandy were the death of her. I got her a great wake in 1816, for she was tenderly attached to me.

NORTH.

Wilberforce ought to quote this song as a proof of negro capacity. Was she pretty?

ODOHERTY.

Yes, black but comely—she squinted furiously, but it passed for ogling; and I can assure you her pine-apple rum was superb.

MULLION.

You were then a rum customer, I take it. Apropos of love, Tom Moore is in Ireland, I understand.

NORTH.

So I am informed by letter from Killarney. He travels in the train of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who is visiting his Irish estates.

TICKLER.

Tom goes as joculator, I suppose. Lansdowne, when in office, was distinguished as a dancing-master, and gave Thomas, if I mistake not, the place in the West Indies for his piping.

NORTH.

I do not blame him for that. I rejoice to see literary merit patronized, but there was something base and grovelling—in a word, something truly Whig—in the ruffian treatment Dibdin experienced from the gang which got into power in 1806.

TICKLER.

Dirty revengeful—and beggarly to the last degree. They could not forgive him for having, in his glorious songs, stirred the spirit of Britain against their friends the Jacobins; and, accordingly, in his old age, the filthy fellows deprived him of a pension which he had earned by services to his country, more solid than the nine-tenths of those which have been the foundation of many a Whig property.

NORTH.

Well, well—they stick to one another, however; which is more than can be said of other people who shall be nameless. You know we have often contrasted the different treatment experienced by this very Tommy Moore and Theodore Hook, under the very same circumstances.

ODOHERTY.

Theodore, however, is winding up after all, and must eventually be cleared of all slur. If the details of his case were published, it would be the exposè of the most rascally piece of pitiful persecution ever heard of; and I hope it *will* be published some fine day or other.

MULLION.

You have heard Theodore's joke on his misfortune?

BULLER.

No, never.—(*Aside.*) Plus millies jam audivi.

MULLION.

Poh, man, you *must* have heard it; it is in print. When he came from the Isle of France, he touched at the Cape of Good-Hope, where he met Lord Charles Somerset. "Bless me," said his lordship, "what sends you home so soon, Hook—a complaint in your liver?"—"No," replied Theodore; "a disorder in my *chest*."—You certainly heard it?

NORTH.

Why, yes; it's almost as venerable as anything in Joe Miller.

MULLION.

I was aware of that, and only told it as a preface to the Duke of Sussex's admirable version of the story. The Duke, you know, is very bright.

ODOHERTY.

Yes, as one of Lambton's coal-scuttles.

MULLION.

And hates Theodore, whom he suspects—with what reason I cannot say—of having demolished him in Bull.

TICKLER.

Why, certainly his highness has no great reason to be obliged to the tribe of Bull; for he was only suspected to be a blockhead formerly, but now is written down as an ass regular.

MULLION.

Well, sir, an ultra fit of candour every now and then seizes on him, and he panegyrizes Hook's wit. "I don't like the man, sir," he says—"I don't like the man; but do him justice; let us be fair; he is a droll fellow, sir—a droll fellow; he tells you a good thing—a devilish good thing now—ha, ha, ha!—a most excellent thing. You know he was at the Isle of France; ay, and he came back from the Isle of France too—ha, ha, ha! and we all know why—ha, ha, ha! Well, then, coming home, he stopped at the Cape of Good-Hope—some place in India, you know—where he met Charles Somerset. Says Charles to him, 'Why, Hook,' says he, 'what the devil,' says he, 'brings you home? I hope,' says he, 'it is nothing ails your liver?' Well now, just mind what Hook said—devilish good—very good, faith—I don't like the man, sir—I don't like the man; but let us be fair; he *is* a droll fellow, sir—a droll fellow.—'No,' says Hook, 'nothing ails my liver—never was better in my life,' says he; 'but there is a deficiency in my accounts, which I must go over to answer.' Ha, ha, ha! Devilish good, was it not? When I heard it first, everybody laughed. Ha, ha, ha!"

TICKLER.

You are a capital mimic, Mullion. I wish Mathews had that story.

NORTH.

No, no; it would be scandalous to bring a prince of the blood on the stage. Remember that he is a son of George III., and brother of George IV.

TICKLER.

Pooh! Mathews could tell it of Signor —— ———, or any other of the Duke's select circle.

MULLION.

Who, by the way, regularly laugh at the joke, whenever it pleases the Duke to tell it. It is his highness's best story, and is always told on great occasions, state days, holidays, and the like.

NORTH.

Come, gentlemen, change the subject, if you please. I do not like to hear anything disparaging to any son of HIM, who, no matter what king may reign, shall be king of *my* heart to the end of the chapter.

Come, fill up your wine,
Look, fill it like mine;
Here, boys, I begin,
A good health to the KING!
Tims, see it go round,
Whilst with mirth we abound.

Chorus.

For we will be dull and heavy no more,
Since wine does increase, and there's claret good store.

Nay, don't us deceive——

ODOHERTY.

Upon honour, I filled a bumper from the foundation.

NORTH.

I did not address *you*, my good fellow. I spoke to Mullion, who is fighting shy; but do not interrupt me.

Nay, don't us deceive,
Why this will you leave?
The glass is not big,
What the deuce, you're no whig.
Come, drink up the rest,
Or be merry at least,

Chorus.

For we will be dull and heavy no more,
Since wine does increase, and there's claret good store.

TICKLER.

Out of Pills to Purge Melancholy, if I mistake not?

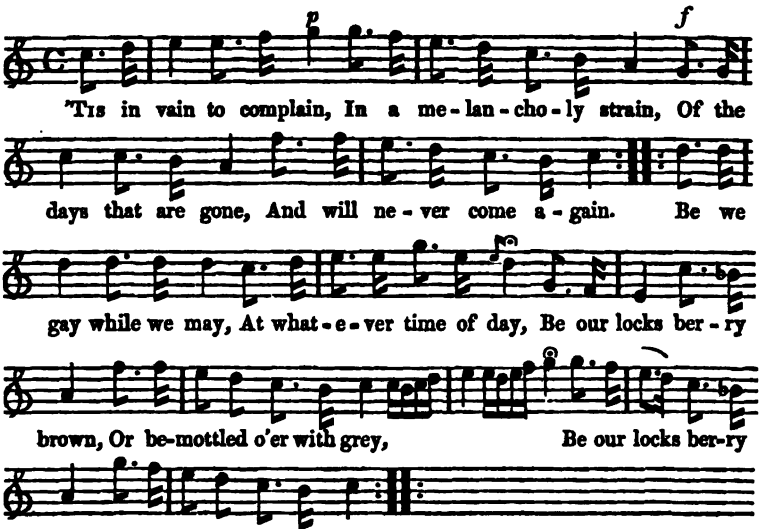
NORTH.

Yes, from the aforesaid. It was a favourite chaunt of worthy Dr Webster, some forty years ago, when we used to meet in the Gude Auld Town, at the White Horse in the Canongate. Many a scene I have got through since the Aughty-Three. "And I said, the days of my youth, where are they? And Echo answered, Where are they."

ODOHERTY.

Pr'ythee, no more of your antediluvian recollections—your dramas of the ancient world.

1.



2.

We have laughed,
We have quaffed,
We have raked it fore and aft,
But out of pleasure's bowl have not emptied all the draught.
Never mind
Days behind,
But still before the wind,
Float after jolly souls, full flasks, and lasses kind.

BULLER.

Extempore? Stans pede in uno?

ODOHERTY.

Yes, on honour. I was seized with a fit of poetical fury.

BULLER.

You are almost as great as Pistrucci himself.

ODOHERTY.

I knock under to Coleridge only; for he makes verses asleep. I make music sometimes in that state, but never poetry.

NORTH.

Have you heard Coleridge's late epitaph on himself, which he composed in that way?

TICKLER.

No. Repeat it.

NORTH.

Here lies poor Cole, at length and without screaming,
Who died, as he was always wont, a-dreaming;
Shot, as with pistol, by the gout within,
Alone, and all unknown, at Embro' in an inn.

TICKLER.

"Alone, and all unknown, at Embro' in an inn." How mournful and musical. I hope, before the day comes when my epitaph will be required for him, he will have the firmness to put forth his strength, and take his place among our great men.

MULLION.

What are you thinking of, Ensign?—You don't hear what anybody says to you. You did not hear the Epitaph.

ODOHERTY.

Beg your pardon—beg your pardon a thousand times over—I was looking at these prints—they're new ones surely—What the devil are they?

NORTH.

Pooh! they're some new affairs—materials that Dr Mullion has got together for his Lectures on the Fine Arts.

ODOHERTY.

Oh! is that the case?—What are the subjects, pray?

MULLION.

Don't you see well enough what they are?—why, they're the new set of prints come out by way of illustrations to Leigh Hunt's poem of "The Choice," in the last Liberal. I shall lecture on them one of these days.

ODOHERTY.

The artist?

MULLION.

Nay, as to that I can't say—There's no name to the article; but 'tis whispered that they are Haydon's.

ODOHERTY.

Haydon's?—Impossible!—impossible—not the least like his style. Why they seem to be mere caricatures.

MULLION.

Not a bit—I assure you 'tis all dead earnest. There is much gusto about them—a fine free sweep of pencil—a delicate sense of the grace of things—They're very pretty sweet prints. I intend to make Ambrose a present of them after my lecture is fairly done and delivered.

ODOHERTY.

By jingo, I can't make either head or tail of these things. There should have been a motto, or something, at the bottom, to let one into the artist's meaning. What, now, is this here one, Mullion?

MULLION.

There are mottoes to each of them, taken from the poem itself; but the frame-maker has, by some mistake, covered them with his pasteboard and gilding. Here, however, is the Liberal, No IV.—I believe I can easily point out the appropriate passages for your benefit.

ODOHERTY.

That's a good fellow. Well, then, what is the *bit* alluded to here?—(I haven't seen the last Liberal myself yet.)

MULLION.

This print, sir, represents his Majesty of Cockaigne in the attitude of doing what he says in this poem he is very fond of—admiring Nature.

ODOHERTY.

NATURE?—Why, he's at the tea-table.

MULLION.

No matter—he's admiring the "Goal of life."

ODOHERTY.

The Bowl of life you mean—he has the Slop-basin in his dexter paw.

MULLION.

Well—and what should he have? He is talking in the poem about bowers and showers, and treeses and breezes, and so forth; and he breaks out into this fine apostrophe—which is the motto to your print.

> "Come then, ye scenes of quiet and content,
> Ye Goals of life, on which our hearts are spent,
> Meet my worn eyes—I LOVE YOU EVEN IN VALES
> OF CUPS AND SAUCERS, AND SUCH Delfic DALES——"

Are not they sweet, natural lines?

ODOHERTY.

Why, Wales is a pretty country—and, I dare say, even on delft-ware, such as he seems to have on his table, the representation yet may be charming. Seriously, this print gives us an amicable idea of his Majesty.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Dear divine enthusiast! Well, only to think of people making a laughing-stock of this innocent-hearted, good, worthy, gentle soul, that is quite happy, quite upon the air, with having a rural peep of a few blue trees and cottages on a piece of crockery ware! For shame! for shame!

ODOHERTY.

What the deuce is this grand roll, North?

NORTH.

You talk of Dr Mullion's lectures—I would have you know, I mean to cut in upon that series of his myself—In a word, here goes my lecture on these prints, and on the poem from which they sprung. I shall read it to you—Listen, boys!—

Mr North's Lecture on "The Choice;" a Poem recently written by Leigh Hunt, a Convert, and Vice-Poet-Laureate to Blackwood's Magazine.

OUR innumerable delightful qualities of head and heart, and, above all, our invincible good nature, have at last made a complete convert of Leigh Hunt, and he is never happy except when lauding Blackwood's Magazine to the seventh heaven. No sooner does he put on his yellow breeches, in the morning early, than he trips crisply down from his attic story into the breakfast-parlour, and seasons every mouthful of muffin with the mustard of Ebony. He cannot write a note to Mr Pygmalion the painter, or Mistress Molly the charewoman, without trumpeting our praises; and will sit up for hours together in his bed, with his perked-up mouth, and swaling night-cap, gazing himself away through an opening in the dimity, on a striking likeness of us, sketched by our common friend Haydon, during his last visit to Scotland. He is absolutely possessed—haunted—waylaid—bed-ridden,—not by an Incubus, God forbid, but by a most affable and benign spirit, hight Christopher North, who purifies, by gentle ministrations, the corruptions of his Cockney blood, and so fills his brain with "fancies chaste and noble," that he is henceforth appointed our Vice-Poet-Laureate, with a salary of four gallons of gin-twist, and a keg of best Dunbar red-herrings, to be paid at Hampstead "at ten of April morn, by the chime." Let no envious railer scoff at Leigh Hunt as a place-man and pensioner. No doubt, the situation is a lucrative one, and, with judicious economy, our laureate, if he may not live upon it and lay by money, cannot fail to become a richer man every year. He must not, however, buy any more busts of those "down-looking" Greeks, and we recommend him (if he has not done so already) to sell his piano-forte. He has but an indifferent ear for instrumental music, and tuning is expensive. The position, too, either of a man or a Cockney, at the ivories, is below the dignity of our laureate, and unworthy an eater of red-herrings. The barrel-organ is a preferable instrument; and we have heard that Mr Hunt's execution upon it is to be equalled only by his command over

the hurdy-gurdy. But we are intruding into the sacred privacy of domestic life, and therefore shall not again panegyrise Mr Hunt's musical powers, our Laureate although he be, till we have the pleasure of meeting him on the street with a salt-box, or in a lane with a Highland bagpipe. Meanwhile, let him be to us our MAGNUS APOLLAR.

We refer such of our readers as may not have heard of Mr Leigh Hunt, to various papers in this miscellany with the signature Z. These will tell what he was; but we have his own words for what he wishes to be—and the following morceaux are from the intended life of our Vice-Laureate, adumbrated or shadowed forth in his beautiful poem, "The Choice."*

The poem opens with a panegyric upon Pomfret, the author of that great original poem The Choice, on which Mr Hunt's is modelled.

"I have been reading Pomfret's *Choice* this spring,
A pretty kind of-sort-of-kind of thing,
Not much a verse, and poem none at all,
Yet, as they say, extremely natural.
And yet I know not. There's a skill in pies,
In raising crusts as well as galleries;
And he's the poet, more or less, who knows
The charm that hallows the least thing from prose,
And dresses it in its mild singing clothes.
Poetry's that which sets a thought apart,
To worship Nature with a choral heart:
And may be seen where rarely she intrudes,
As birds in cages make us think of woods.
Beaux have it in them, when they love the faces
Of country damsels, and their worsted graces."

"Mild singing clothes." What are they? Not surely your yellow breeches, Mister Hunt. Perhaps caps and bells. Are kilts mild singing clothes? Petticoats are liker the thing, when they rustle. The two last lines are not original, but filched from the Filcher. The were shewn publicly in prose by the New Pygmalion some time ago, that is, without their mild singing clothes. And pray, our good Vice-Laureate, what may they mean?—When a Cockney chucks a country wench under the chin, and gleats upon her linsey-woolsey petticoat, call you that "poetry"? The author of Rimini ought to know better; but we hope that he is merely shamming innocence to please us; in which hope we are strengthened by the subsequent strapping Alexandrine—

"The ladies rise *in heaps*, and give them *sweet admissions!*"

A little farther on, our Vice shews he is no such simpleton about such affairs as he would pretend to be; but, on the contrary, somewhat peevishly complains, that, in the present day, a man cannot write lusciously and liquorishly without being shook by the ears, or nose-pulled by some Z. or other.

"Else I would print my fancy by itself,
And be 'a love' on every lady's shelf;
Perhaps I shall be so, some day or other,"
&c.

Promiscuous concubinage not yet being the order of the day, the publication of the "loves" alluded to is deferred till a fitter opportunity; and meanwhile the Vice writes, he tells us, such verses as "smile on tables in the parson's nose." For smile, *nostro periculo*, read smell. How elegant the use of the word parson! And, altogether, what dignified and gentlemanly ease does Mr Hunt exhibit in these his "mild singing clothes!" Instead of one, he shall have two kegs of Dunbar reds.

But now for him. Hear—hear—hear!—

"First, on a green I'd have a low, broad house,
Just seen by travellers through the garden boughs;
And that my luck might not seem ill bestow'd,
A bench and spring should greet them on the road.
My grounds should not be large; I like to go
To Nature for a range, and prospect too,
And cannot fancy she'll comprise for me,
Even in a park, her all-sufficiency:
Besides, my thoughts fly far; and when at rest,
Love, not a watch-tower, but a lulling nest.
But all the ground I had should keep a look
Of Nature still, have birds'-nests and a brook;

* See Liberal, No. IV.

One spot for flowers, the rest all turf and trees;
For I'd not grow my own bad lettuces.
And above all, no house should be so near,
That strangers should discern me here and there;
Much less when some fair friend was at my side,
And swear I thought her charming,—which I did.
I am not sure I'd have a rookery;
But sure I am I'd not live near the sea,
To view its great flat face, and have my sleeps
Filled full of shrieking dreams and foundering ships;
Or hear the drunkard, when his slaughter's o'er,
Like Sinbad's monster scratching on the shore.
I'd live far inland, in a world of glades,
Yet not so desert as to fright the maids:
A batch of cottages should smoke beside;
And there should be a town within a morning's ride."

Our Vice says, "my grounds should not be large." His grounds!—Leigh Hunt's grounds!—A gentleman of landed property!—A Surrey freeholder!—What do you mean by "not large," Vice? It is an indefinite expression. What think you of a couple of hundred acres?—"No low, broad house" should ever have less than an estate of that extent, at least in a ring-fence. Now, is not this rather exorbitant. Consider also the danger of losing yourself in a multitudinous sea of Swedish turnips—the dead certainty of being lost for ever—or found a skeleton, of several months lying, in a potato furrow. Besides, what a most idiotical style of farming you here chalk out for yourself! "One spot for flowers, and the rest all turf and trees." That would never pay. Do you intend to sell the birds' nests at Covent-Garden market—eggs, or broods and all? If so, you must study nidification; for if you have only a "flower garden, turf, and trees," and nothing else, devil a singing bird will build his nest near your "low, broad house," except it be a barn-door fowl or a guinea-pig.—Farther, what sort of a brook will that be, without ever a stone, or a rock, or an old rotten stump, to amuse itself with? Such a brook would be an object of the deepest compassion in dry weather; and, indeed, unless you had a draw-well, of which no mention is made, what is to become of the tea-kettle? You say, "I am not sure I'd have a rookery." There you are right; for when you and some fair friend were strolling through the grove, and you were swearing you thought her charming,—"which you did,"—down haply would plump an epaulette on each of our Vice-Laureate's shoulders, which would be no small nuisance to your fair friend, and stop the current of her ideas. But, my good soul, you speak doubtfully about the rookery, just as if you could order the rooks to build on any morning you chose to appoint. Take our advice, and have no rookery. Rook-pies are disgusting; and then a crowd of Cockneys would be firing away at the young hop-the-twigs every spring, to the great annoyance of yourself and fair friend, to say nothing of the positive danger of flying ramrods and split barrels. Let it be fixed, therefore, that there shall be no rookery.—"Not so desert as to fright the maids." Do you mean here, simply, your brace of servant girls, or maids in general? "The maids" is an equivocal expression; so is "fair friend;" and really all these inuendos set one's tooth on edge, and look more like Odoherty himself than his Vice.—"A batch of cottages" is far more elegant than a batch of Peers, or a batch of bread;—and "within a morning's ride" leaves the distance of the town in a pleasing obscurity. So you seriously intend keeping a horse. I am sorry to hear it, both on your account and his own. He will have poor picking on the turf among the trees, and will come down with you to a certainty. Keep a cuddy, and let him brouze in the lanes; but on no account whatever venture upon horseback. Your fair friend would have nothing else to do but to make plasters; and we humbly conceive, that "this morning's ride" will furnish a fundamental objection to your villa. Take the coach at once, or borrow a shandrydan at the "batch of cottages," from the pig-dealer; and so jog into town in safety.

Aha! my friend! you are at your old tricks,—we knew we should catch you at last. Next comes the old image-man, with his batch of gods and goddesses on his board; and Mr Hunt purchases about a dozen nudities for the moderate sum of eighteen-pence a-pair, rough and smooth.

"And yet to shew I had a taste withal,
I'd have some casts of statues in the hall,
Or rather entrance, whose sweet steady eyes
Should touch the comers with a mild surprise,

And so conduct them, hushing to my door,
Where, if a friend, the house should hear a roar.
The grateful beggar should peep in at these,
And wonder what I did with Popish images."

Next, our Laureate says he could write and read,

"Till it was time
To ride or walk, or on the grass go rhyme."

Stop a moment if you please—no riding. You forget that we already put our veto on that. It is not so easy a matter for a man at your time of life to learn to ride. Gracious heavens! are you mad?

"I'd never hunt, EXCEPT THE FOX, and then
Not much, for fear I should fall," &c.

Hunting the Fox a little! Only imagine him breaking cover. Why, you fly over your horse's ears at the first ditch, six inches wide. First of all, you talk of riding to town—on paper—your brain and your bottom warm—and nothing will satisfy you, but to HUNT THE FOX. O, Editor of the Annals of Sporting! what would'st thou not give for a sight of our worthy Vice-Laureate leading the Surrey Hunt, reynard in view, and Tims whipper-in! After HUNTING THE FOX, but "*not much*," Mr Hunt thinks himself equal to any display of bodily vigour, and declares—

"All manly games I'd play at: golf, and quoits,
And cricket, to set all my limbs to rights,
And make me conscious, with a due respect,
Of muscles one forgets by long neglect.
But as for prize-fights, with their butchering shows,
And crowds of black-legs, I'd have none of those;—
I am not bold in other people's blows.
Besides, I should reside so far from town,
Those human waves could never bear me down—
Which would endear my solitude, I own.
But if a neighbour, fond of his antiques,
Tried to renew a bout or two at sticks,
I'd do my best to force a handsome laugh
Under a ruddy crack from quarter-staff;
Nor think I had a right to walk my woods,
Coy of a science that was Robin Hood's.
'Tis healthy, and a man's; and would assist
To make me wield a falchion in my fist,
Should foes arise who'd rather not be taught,
And war against the course of truth-exploring thought."

This is a good passage. But what if Bill Gibbons should some day pitch the ring for a fight between the Bush-Cove and Cabbage, with the ropes belonging to the P. C. in Mr Hunt's Park? Fifty miles from town is no security against such an invasion; and surely Mr Hunt would not countenance the Beaks. What would honest Robin Hood have thought of the expression, "coy of a science?" If our Vice would consider the matter for a minute or two, he would be sensible of the extreme ludicrousness of the most remote comparison between himself and Robin Hood. He—with his yellow breeches, silk hat, red slippers, and shabby-genteel surtout, picking his steps, within sound of the dinner-bell, among a few beds of tulips and peony-roses, or selecting a dry spot of his "turf and trees," that he might "on the grass go rhyme," or scribble a literary Examiner—and that immortal Bowman of the Forest! Tims, personating Bruce at Bannockburn in our Tent, was nothing to the King of the Cockneys, with a quarter-staff in his lily hand, enacting the Outlaw of Sherwood!

Such pastimes, however, would be but rare, and never allowed to interfere with our bard's severer studies. For

"I'd write, because I could not help it; read
Much more, but nothing to oppress my head;
For heads are very different things at ease,
And forced to bear huge loads for families.
Still I would think of others; use my pen,
As fits a man and lettered citizen,
And so discharge my duty to the state;
But as to fame and glory, fame might wait.
Nevertheless, I'd write a work in verse,
Full of fine dreams and natural characters;
Eastern, perhaps, and gathered from a shore
Whence never poet took his world before.
To this sweet sphere I would retire at will,
To sow it with delight, and shape with skill;
And should it please me, and be roundly done,
I'd launch it into light, to sparkle round the sun."

Now, high as our opinion is of our Laureate's abilities and genius, we offer to lay six guineas of wire-wove gilt to a pound of whitey-brown, that not two hundred copies of this Eastern Tale are sold within the two years. Instead of "sparkling round the sun," it will lie

a heavy bale in a dark warehouse; and if printed at his own risk, Mr Hunt will find himself some twenty or thirty pounds out of pocket. Our Vice-Laureate must therefore give up all idea of "broaching it into light," and confine himself to his Odes on our Birth-day, and the Anniversary Hymn on the creation of the Magazine.

Pomfret, we are told, got into a row with some Bishop or other, on account of a suspicious line in his poem, which was thought to recommend a kept-mistress, in preference to a wife. Mr Hunt is facetious on this in a note; but it puzzles us to know, from the following passage, whether he holds the opinion erroneously attached to the "Parson."

"In pleasure and in pain, alike I find
My face turn tenderly to womankind;
But then they must be truly women,—not
Shes by the courtesy of a petticoat,
And left without inquiry to their claims,
Like haunted houses with their devil's dams.
I'd mend the worst of women, if I could,
But for a constancy, give me the good;—
I do not mean the formal or severe,
Much less the sly, who's all for character;
But such as, in all nations and all times,
Would be good creatures, fit for loving rhymes;
Kind, candid, simple, yet of sterling sense,
And of a golden age for innocence.
Of these my neighbours should have choice relations;
And I (though under certain alterations)
I too would bring—(though I dislike the name;
The Reverend Mr Pomfret did the same;
Let its wild flavour pass a line so tame;)—
A wife,—or whatsoever better word
The times, grown wiser, might by law afford
To the chief friend and partner of my board.
The dear, good she, by every habit then,—
Ties e'en when pleasant, very strong with men;
Though your wise heads first make one's system wrong,
And then insist that only theirs last long,—
Would finish, and make round in every part,
The natural harmony of her own wise heart;
And by the loss of something of her right
Of being jealous, consummate delight.
Gods! how I'd love her morning, noon, and night!"

Now, who and what the devil is this madam?—How is she to be named?—Miss, or Mistress?—What alterations does our mysterious friend mean to make on the Marriage Law? Has he communicated with the Lord Chancellor, my Lord Ellenborough, Dr Phillimore, and the blacksmith at Gretna-Green?—What is there peculiarly odious, loathsome, and repulsive in the word "wife," that Mr Hunt should publicly express his dislike of it, "in mild singing clothes?" What word would he prostitute in its place? Or what is the matter with the tympanum of his ear, or the core of his heart, that a word sacred to all the rest of his species, should, to him, sound unhallowed?

On he goes.

"I'd have my mornings to myself. Ev'n ladies
Should not prevent me this, except on May-days:
Unless we fairly struck our tents awhile,
To stroll, like gipsies, round about the isle;
A plan I might be bent on, I confess,
Provided colds would give us leave, and dress,
And twenty other inconveniences.
I'd give up even my house to live like them,
And have a health in every look and limb,
To which our best perceptions must be dim.
A gipsy's body, and a poet's mind,
Clear blood, quick foot, free spirit, and thought refined,
Perpetual airs to breathe, and loves to bind,—
Such were the last perfection of mankind."

It does not seem to us, that the difficulties in the way of putting this scheme into practice are at all insurmountable. What if some two or three of the party should have a cold, cannot they take with them a few boxes of lozenges, and a score of aperient powders? In a few days, all obstructions will be worked off; and the Blanket-Tent will murmur beneath the moon with a mellower and more subdued snore. In a Blanket-Tent, we presume, the gipsying party mean to shelter; and do not forget now to provide for yourselves a sufficient stock of horn for the manufactory of ornamental spoons. As to dress, about which Mr Hunt seems to be so unhappy, let him boldly take with him his yellow breeches in a band-box; and every day before dinner, he can put them on most rurally in a ditch by the road-side, exhibiting

"The last perfection of mankind,
A gipsy's body, and a poet's mind."

As to the "twenty other inconveniences," we consider them, whatever they are, quite imaginary; and the party will find both luxuries and necessaries in every wood.

On returning from this pretty little wild excursion, Mr Hunt once more "takes up house;" and he really gives himself the character of a very pleasant and amiable landlord.

"These mornings, with their work, should earn for me
My afternoon's content and liberty.
I'd have an early dinner, and a plain,
Not tempting much to 'cut and come again;'
A little wine, or not, as health allow'd,
But for my friends, a stock to make me proud;
Bottles of something delicate and rare,
Which I should draw, and hold up with an air,
And set them on the table, and say, 'There!'"

We were here most anxious to know the dimensions of Mr Hunt's dining-room, and the prevailing colour of its furniture. But we are only told,

"My dining-room should have some shelves of books,
If only for their grace and social looks—
Horace and Plutarch, Plato, and some more,
Who knew how to refine the tables' roar,
And sprinkled sweet philosophy between,
As meats are reconciled with slips of green.
I read infallibly, if left alone;
But after meat, an author may step down
To settle a dispute, or talk himself :—
I seem to twitch him now with finger from his shelf."

Hitherto our opinions on all the principal questions in taste, manners, morals, and religion, have been in unison; but now Mr Hunt and we cease to row in the same boat—for if we did, we should be pulling away, when he was backing water. What will Odoherty say to his Vice, when he reads,

"I would not sit in the same room to dine
And pass the evening; much less booze till nine,
And then, with a white waistcoat and red face,
Rise, with some stupid, mumbling, common-place,
And 'join the ladies,' bowing, for some tea,
With nauseous looks, half lust, half irony."

The last line in this quotation speaks of something beyond our experience or observation—but may, nevertheless, shew Mr Hunt's familiar knowledge of the human heart. To prevent the possibility of such enormities, he suggests a very notable expedient.—

"I'd have two rooms, in one of which, as weather
Or fancy chose, we all might come together,
With liberty for each one nevertheless
To wander in and out, and taste the lawns and trees.
One of the rooms should face a spot of spots,
Such as would please a squirrel with his nuts;
I mean a slope, looking upon a slope,
Wood-crown'd, and dell'd with turf, a sylvan cup.
Here, when our moods were quietest, we'd praise
The scenic shades, and watch the doves and jays."

Besides the ordinary and necessary out-houses, such as hen-house, pig-sty, dog-kennel, "and the rest, Mr Hunt proposes to build a "chapel." This made us wink again; for nothing makes him so irritable as to be suspected of Christianity. But list—Oh! list—if ever you did the dear Cockney love—

"Greek beauty should be there, and Gothic shade;
And brave as anger, gentle as a maid,
The name on whose dear heart my hope's worn cheek was laid.
Here, with a more immediate consciousness,
Would we feel all that blesses us, and bless;
And lean on one another's heart, and make
Sweet resolutions, ever, for love's sake;
And recognize the eternal Good and Fair,
Atoms of whose vast active spirit we are,
And try by what great yearnings we could force
The globe on which we live to take a more harmonious course."

But, gentle reader, out with your pocket-handkerchief—and if you have any tears, prepare to shed them now. For, woe is me! and alack! alack-a-day! poor dear Mr Hunt has taken to his bed—is going to die—is dead.

"And when I died, 'twould please me to be laid
In my own ground's most solitary shade;
Not for the gloom, much less to be alone,
But solely as a room that still might seem my own.
There should my friends come still, as to a place
That held me yet, and bring me a kind face:

There should they bring me still their griefs and joys,
And hear in the swell'd breeze a little answering noise.
Had I renown enough, I'd choose to lie,
As Hafiz did, bright in the public eye,
With marble grace enclosed, and a green shade,
And young and old should read me, and be glad."

No—no—no.—It must not — shall not be. Buried in your own grounds! No—no—no! It is too far from town —and the Wuster-Heavy would be perpetually overloaded with pilgrims seeking the shrine where thou wert laid. We insist on your submitting to a public funeral, and in WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

TICKLER.

After all, we must succumb, ODoherty. North is North. He is our master in all things, and above all in good humour.

ODOHERTY.

An admirable lecture indeed. Put round the bottles, and I shall repay Great Christopher with a chaunt.

OMNES.

Do—do—do.

ODOHERTY (*sings*).

The Tories—a National Melody.

1.

'TIS with joy and exultation I look round about this nation,
And contemplate the sum of her glories;
You must share in my delight, for whoever IS is right—
Oh! the prime ones are everywhere Tories.
Start whatever game ye please, you'll be satisfied in these—
The just pride of the Island reposes—
Whigs in ambushes may chaff, but the Tories have the laugh
When it comes to the counting of noses,
Dear boys!
When it comes to the counting of noses.

2.

Can the gentlemen of Brookes' shew a nose, now, like the Duke's,
Who squabash'd every Marshal of Boney's;
And at last laid Boney's self on you snug outlandish shelf,
Just with three or four rips for his cronies?
When the Hollands and the Greys see the garniture of bays
Nodding o'er this invincible Tory,
Can they give the thing the by-go, by directing us to Vigo,
And parading their Corporal's story?
Poor Bob!
Their negotiating Corporal's story!

3.

'Tis the same way in the law:—In the Chancellor's big paw,
What are all these Whig-praters but rushes?
With one knitting of his brows every whelp of them he cows—
With one sneer all their Balaam he crushes.
They got silkers from the Queen; but in ragged bombazeen
They must all be contented to jaw, now.
Hence, the Virulence that wags twenty clappers at "Old Bags,"
And behind his back calls him "Bashaw" now—
Poor dears!
They behind his back call him "Bashaw" now!

4.

Stout Sir Walter in Belles Lettres has, I'm bold to say, no betters;
Even the base Buff-and-Blue don't deny this—
Why?—Because their master, Constable, would be packing off for Dunstable,
The first pup of the pack that durst try this.

"You shan't breakfast, dine, nor sup" ties their ugly muzzles up
From the venture of such a vagary;
But a sulky undergrowl marks the malice of the foul,
And we see and enjoy their quandary,
Poor curs!
We all see and enjoy their quandary.

5.

Thus, in Letters, Law, and Arms, we exhibit peerless charms;
We in Parliament equally triumph—
When to Canning we but point, Brougham's nose jumpeth out of joint,
And Sir Jammy Macgerald must cry "humph!"
Then we've Peel, too, and we've Croker, who uprais'd the "holy poker,"
O'er thy crockery lately, Joe Hume!
'Neath our eloquence and wit, Duck-in-thunder-like they sit,
And await the completion of doom—
Poor things!
They await the completion of doom.

6.

We've the President to paint—we've the Wilberforce for Saint—
And our sculptors are Flaxman and Chantry!
On the stage we've Young and Terry—ay, and Liston the arch-merry,
And great Kitchener chaunts in our pantry!—
'Mong the heroes of the ring, we've a Jackson and a Spring—
We've a Bull to gore all the Whig news-folk—
Among preachers we've a Philpotts—an ODoherty 'mong swill-pots—
And Saul Rothschild to tower o'er the Jews-folk,
Dear boys!
Baron Rothschild to tower o'er the Jews-folk.

7.

What Review can Whig-sty furnish, but is sure to lose its burnish
When our Quarterly's splendours we hang up?—
Or what Magazine's to mention, of the slenderest pretension,
Beside CHRISTOPHER's princely prime-bang-up?
There's but ONE besides in Britain, I consider 'twould be fitting
To name after and over that rare man,
'Tis the TORY on the throne—for his heart is all our own,
And 'tis this keeps their elbows so bare, man,
Poor souls!
Their hearts low, and their breeches so bare, man!

8.

Oh! with joy and exultation we look round about the nation,
And contemplate the sum of her glories.
Oh! how just is our delight! Oh! whoever is is right,
Oh! the prime ones are everywhere TORIES!
Look whatever way you please, 'tis in these, and only these,
All the pride of the Island reposes—
We've the corn and they've the chaff,—they've the scorn and we've the laugh,—
They've the nettles and ours are the roses,
Dear boys!
They've the nettles and we have the roses.

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ON THE SOURCES OF THE PICTURESQUE AND BEAUTIFUL.

"The place where we met was a deep glen, the scroggy sides whereof were as if rocks, and trees, and brambles, with here and there a yellow primrose, and a blue hyacinth between, had been thrown by some wild architect into many a *difficult* and fantastical form."—RINGAN GILHAIZE, *Vol. III. p.* 222.

To artists, "the metaphysic" has been a downright Will-o'-the-wisp—"an ignis fatuus, or wild fire."—It has led them only into bogs. I pass by musicians, as a hopeless, not to say disagreeable, subject; but what artist of any description has not been deluded by what he (God save the mark!) called "abstract reasoning?" "The nonsense of the stone ideal," has spoiled all the sculptors, time immemorial. The single word "classical" has destroyed its thousands and ten thousands. How many acres of canvass have been barbarously ruined by "effect!" How many poets have broken their backs in straining after "dignity" and the "heroic, according to Aristotle!" If Parliament were to pass a law to cause these terms to be proscribed and forgotten, like the name of him "who fired the Ephesian dome," it would be a public benefit. The word "*Picturesque*" seems chiefly to have sinned, in being the cause of manifold bulky volumes coming into existence, which, so far as concerns the explanation of the subject, whereof they profess to treat, might as well never have been written. The books on this subject are made up of assertions; assertions just enough, perhaps; but still forming only a string of truisms in the disguise of an inquiry. They are dogmatical, (dealers in taste are generally so,) and not explanatory. Their gusto is, as it were, "Evangelical." They "preach up" something; and if you ask why, they answer (God wot) by an appeal to their feelings, that it is so and so—and there the matter ends. This is the way fiddlers use you, when you are rash enough to be sceptical as to the merits of some noise of an overture, or labyrinth of a cadence, and then, like many other polemicals, conclude by getting into a passion. But to the subject. Let any one read Knight, and Burke, and Gilpin, "and the rest," as Barry Cornwall would say, and then honestly confess whether he knows more than he did before of the meaning of the words *Picturesque* and *Beautiful*, as used by artists. I mean the fundamental meaning; the just principle; "*the reason wherefore.*" It is not to tell us that "this is picturesque, but not beautiful," and that "this is beautiful, but not picturesque." It is not to inform us, that each of these two things gives pleasure to the mind in a different way, and in a greater or less degree,—it is not this that can satisfy us. It is the naked principle upon which the mind acts, and by which it is acted upon, when it receives this pleasure, that we want to know—and of this we are told

nothing. We do not deny the facts; but the "quamobrem" and the "quomodo" are still wanting. Yet the Picturesque and Beautiful have always appeared to me to be capable of being resolved into two very simple principles. The treatises expressly on the subject, however, stop short at effects, without almost the slightest attempt to evolve causes; and if I had not been pleased with our friend Galt's Ringan Gilhaize on any other score, I must have been delighted to find it contain a passage, which, by the peculiar position of a single word, affords me at once a motto for my sheet, and a key to my principle. The peculiar adjective is marked by italics. Its singular application in this striking passage has probably produced a feeling of embarrassment and uncertainty in many readers. To explain its fitness in this place—to shew how this single term may be said to contain the marrow of the Picturesque, is the "forlorn hope" of the following remarks.

If any one be at the trouble to consult the many wire-drawn and desultory treatises which have been put forth "about and about" the Picturesque and Beautiful, he will find, I believe, that they all end, after many a weary catalogue of things which are, or are not, picturesque or beautiful, in laying down as a sort of general rule, that picturesque objects are rough, beautiful ones smooth. Dilapidated buildings, intermingling trees, perturbed waters, are, say they, picturesque. Glassy lakes, regular architecture, smooth hills, and shaven lawns, are beautiful. Good—but why are we delighted with these things in such opposite and unaccountable ways? Why do we call a regularly built palace beautiful, and yet not tolerate it in a picture (or scarcely so) until it has tumbled down, and is overgrown with ivy, and choked up with weeds and brushwood? Discuss unto me, good Book-maker, what is the *cause* of all this apparent contradiction. I know well enough it is no joke to call the Picturesque "a picture askew;" but I want, farther, to know how this comes about—"the plain song of it;" in short, why landscape painters and their admirers are contented to draw any object, natural or artificial, in the precise ratio of its worthlessness in all other respects:—Why they luxuriate in tumble-down temples, deserted monasteries, ill-grown trees, twisted shrubs, coarse grass, withered leaves, old women, broken pots, hoopless casks, trodden-down corn, Shetland ponies, starved Jackasses, with masters "more ragged than Lazarus in the painted cloth!" A painter, like the owl in the fable, loves Sultan Mahmoud, because he can give him "fifty ruined villages." Now this cannot be all whim and caprice. Whole bodies of men would not thus run mad "north-north-west" for nothing. "There must be reason for it, if philosophy could find it out."

It seems to be a universal law of our nature, that we attain to pleasurable feelings through two opposite media. There is the excitement of unusual exertion, mental or corporeal, or both mixed; and there is the pleasure of unexpected ease or quiescence. The first should appear to consist in the delight of overcoming a more than ordinary difficulty; the last in finding less difficulty than ordinary to overcome. This is applicable, more or less, in some shape or other, to every description, probably, of mental and corporeal action. Thus we take pleasure in ascending a mountain or climbing a rock from the difficulty overcome; and in skaiting, riding, or sailing, from the unusual ease with which we move. In reading, we are pleased with subtle argumentation, acute logic, or profound analysis, from the first principle, that of difficulty overcome; but with smooth poetry, or easy and familiar prose, from the unexpected quickness with which the mind is led forward. The pleasure of riddles contrasted with that derived from those rhymes that are used as a "memoria technica," or artificial memory, is an instance in point; and of the same description is the pleasure received from hearing or playing difficult and complicated music, compared with that which arises from a flowing and simple air. It is needless to multiply examples. The general principle must, I think, be admitted to be true. Whether it may help us to a solution of the origin of the Picturesque and Beautiful—that is to say, of the modes of the different descriptions of pleasure which we draw from the contemplation of objects coming under those denominations, is the next inquiry.

In order to ascertain whether those principles elucidate the causes of the

different sorts of pleasure, derivable from the view of certain objects called picturesque and beautiful, we must inquire whether these objects generally are adapted to call up the feelings in question according to the principles supposed. Let us take an example. The most picturesque object, perhaps, in nature, is a tree. Why is it so? Because the distribution of its parts is so infinitely complicated, and so wonderfully diversified, that the mind cannot, even by the longest-continued efforts, attain to a full and complete idea and remembrance of them. No painter could ever delineate a tree, branch by branch, leaf by leaf. If he did, no spectator could decide whether he had done so or not. Our most distinct idea of a tree is only general. We have little more than an outline. The greater and more superficial indentions of its foliage, its larger interstices of branch, its masses of shadow, and its most pervading hues, are enough for us. We are compelled to *lump* and sloven over a million of beautiful particularities, exquisite minutenesses, which our apprehension is not microscopic enough to seize in the detail. In spite of ourselves we *make a daub of it* even in imagination. Hence, in the contemplation of masses of foliage, there is a perpetual excitement and struggle of the mind to obtain a complete idea—a constant approach with an impossibility of reaching the desired goal. DIFFICULTY, then, is the source of the Picturesque. Irregular variety is its life. Regularity, plan, and method, are its antipodes. They constitute the essence of the opposite quality—the Beautiful—the term being, of course, used in a limited sense.

Let us try to elucidate this farther. I have said, that the pleasure we derive from the contemplation of objects which are styled Beautiful, as opposed to Picturesque, arises from the unexpected ease and readiness with which we comprehend the distribution of their parts. Take regular architecture as a specimen. In the largest and most complex edifice of Grecian or modern regular architecture, general simplicity and order are the ground-work. Let the minor parts be ornamented as they will—let the details be ever so elaborate, ever so diversified, still the general design is at the first view fully present to the mind. Let any one look at the Parthenon, at St Peter's, at St Paul's, at Blenheim or Versailles, and he comprehends their plan at once. He perceives immediately that the parts of these immense edifices answer to each other; tower to tower, wing to wing, pillar to pillar, window to window. He is struck with the triumph of order. He comprehends at a single glance the distribution of millions of tons of marble or freestone—the disposal of thousands of yards of complicate ornament. He lays out at once correctly in his mind acres of lawn and shrubbery—miles of terrace or parterre. This pleasurable sense of unexpected ease is the foundation of the Beautiful as contrasted with the Picturesque. They are produced and reproduced by the alternate destruction of each other. The introduction of confusion is the origin of the first, and the remedy of that confusion, of the second.

Let us take, for instance, the most beautiful temple that Grecian architecture can boast. While perfect, it is no great subject of a picture in the abstract. But let time work his will with it. Let the columns fall, let the roof shrink, let moss and decay and violence deform the stones, let trees and brushwood and long grass spring about it, and in it, and upon it—until every straight line be broken and all uniformity destroyed, and it is *picturesque*. It becomes so because the original regularity of the plan is lost. We have to labour out the idea of its present state without assistance from its former beauty; or with such assistance as impedes more than it helps. If the column on the right stands, that on the left is prostrate. If this pedestal is entire, that is broken. If the wall here is regular, there it is shrunk or shattered. If this stone is smooth, that is rough. If this part is white, that is black. It is a chaos, a ruin,—and can only be pictured and retained in the mind by intense observance and prolonged contemplation.

If this mode of trial be applied to other objects, it will be found to answer in the same manner. A ship, for instance, with her yards squared, her sails bent, and every rope entire, sailing steadily on a smooth sea, at right angles with the line of vision, is as little picturesque as so complicated an object can well be. *Wreck* that same vessel, however. Let her lie obliquely on her keel, "docked in sand." See her when

"Her mast hath ta'en an angle with the sky,
From which it shifts not."

Let her planks desert her ribs; her masts give way; her sails fly to tatters; her stays be broken—while the billows,

"Curling their ruffian heads,"

charge full speed upon her, and break over her at intervals; and she becomes at once the very pink of the Picturesque—the delight of painters—the horror of underwriters.

In dress, the most beautiful and elaborate uniform is not picturesque. Why is it not so? Precisely because *it is a uniform;* because one part presupposes another. We know it by a *section.* Tassel dangles after tassel; lapelle balances lapelle; shoulder-knot copies shoulder-knot;

"Skirt nods at skirt; each button has a brother;
And half the collar but reflects the other."

Now, "handy-dandy," change-clothes—and "your tattered prodigal, just come from swine-keeping, and eating draff and husks"—is the very darling of the Picturesque; and he is so, because his wretchedness is not of a piece, like the other's finery. There is no method in't. The entire stocking on this leg does not ensure us against a torn one on the other, any more than the rent in this elbow necessarily presupposes a hole in that. He has no keeping about him, excepting a sort of medium tint of squalidity. There is no fellowship in his patches. They are various in form and in hue, as

——"Autumn leaves
In Vallombrosa."

His rags obey the winds, and them only. His unkempt hair, untouched by powder or curling-iron, is "of what colour it pleases God." It would puzzle a sanhedrim of tailors to make a fac-simile of him. He is beyond their hand—and so they deliver him over to Mr Somebody, the artist, as materials for the Picturesque.

It would be useless to add to these examples. If difficulty of conception be the source of that pleasure which we take in contemplating picturesque objects, the reason of our preferring to see such objects delineated in a picture is obvious enough. It is, however, twofold in its nature. First, we are glad to see the difficulty of conceiving accurately of irregular objects overcome so far, as to enable their being delineated correctly on paper or canvass. And, secondly, in viewing the picture, we have a fainter repetition of the pleasure we derive from seeing the objects themselves. In addition to these reasons for preferring the Picturesque in painting, it is to be observed, that the regularly Beautiful loses much more of its effect when diminished. The actual *mass* seems to be necessary, to produce the surprise which we feel in understanding, and arranging at once in the mind, the proportions of a mighty but regular object. St Paul's Cathedral is nothing in a picture; and yet it is as picturesque as most modern structures. In such drawings, we know there is no difficulty of execution. We cannot forget the rule and compasses; and the draughtsman becomes a mere mechanist in our eyes. In colouring, the same rules hold good. We may further observe of colours, that the most glaring are perhaps the least picturesque, from their being of unfrequent occurrence, in masses, in natural scenes. All the colours of a harlequin's jacket, however, would not be picturesque if regularly disposed. To be so, they must be thrown together, and intermingle, as Nature and the Seasons mingle them. Why are autumnal tints the greatest favourites? Because they are the most varied and capricious. The most complex figures, if we know them to be regular, are not picturesque. Nobody would apply the term to the flourishes on a bank-note, though their difficulty defy forgery. But they are only difficult *to us.* We see that, in fact, they are regular, and that we need only the *key* from the mechanic who cut them, to decipher them as easily as an intercepted dispatch.

If we apply the principles here contended for to existing styles of architecture, they would seem to elucidate the reason of our preferring in a picture the Gothic to the Grecian. They explain, indeed, why, in fact, we dwell the longest upon a Gothic edifice, and especially upon its interior. The Gothic is an attempt to include the Picturesque in the Beautiful; and, to a certain extent, it is a successful one. If we examine the exterior and general plan of a cathedral, for instance, we shall find it to be beautifully regular. The details, however, are art-

fully complicated into an apparent irregularity. Excepting at one point of view, they are calculated to *seem* irregular. The varied tracery—the bundles of slender pillars, the slender arches, branching over the lofty roofs in every direction—the ornamented windows — the broken lights — the crossing shadows—though in reality regular, yet form a composition that at first impresses every mind with the idea of irregularity. This is the charm of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. We gaze upon it with an unsated delight, which the most admirable simplicity could never bestow. The eye, comprehending the whole, can yet never enumerate nor store up the exquisitely varied minutiæ of which that whole is composed. It is like the infinite divisibility of matter. We might as well attempt to count up the sparkling atoms in a block of marble——But the excitement is inexhaustible.

In the reverse of this, we may discover a further proof of the truth of these principles. As Gothic architecture, by including apparent disorder under external regularity, hides the Picturesque under the Beautiful; so there are certain objects, which, containing regularity under apparent irregularity, include the Beautiful under the Picturesque. This depends upon the distance from which they are viewed. Many towns are so situated, as to present, when seen from certain stations, an outline the most picturesque possible. Draw nearer, and this gives way to the beautiful. We are enabled to fill up the outline, and find it in reality to cover objects of the opposite description—regular streets and regular houses. This is the case with many regular towns built on uneven ground. From a distance we distinguish only the tops of buildings, rising and falling capriciously—chimneys of unequal heights —obscure shadows mingling and crossing—the whole presenting the appearance of a dark shapeless mass; and this is all. On the spot, we find tiers of houses, doors and windows, at regular distances; in short, nothing but smooth mason-work—straight lines, and right angles:—the distant sublimity of Edinburgh changed into the elegance of Bath, or the patent transcendental neatness of New Lanark.

I have already stated, that the principles attempted to be established, as the origin of our sense of the Picturesque and Beautiful, are yet applicable to the explanation of other mental results. I might stop here—but there is one other subject with which they appear to me to be intermingled, of so enticing a nature, that, albeit it be something of a digression, it must be ventured. Digression you may haply call it, gentle reader; but I insist on its being a true and legitimate corollary, legitimately appended to the solution of the problem we have been puzzling about so long. Could I do less—it being the grand subject of some of the prettiest wranglings that ever graced the annals of controversy, and which have been bandied by the prettiest mouths that ever betook themselves to the dry and dusty calling of polemics? It is that gentle breeze of doctrine which ruffles for a moment the silvery surface of female conversation, only to make it sparkle the more, —the metaphysic of the toilet—the stumbling-block of the far-famed "Parliament of Love," which defined it not —the subject which Anthony Count Hamilton has illustrated, but not explained—the "arcanum," which "Cupid's Casuist," in the Spectator, failed to discover—the *desideratum maximum*—the physiognomical STANDARD OF BEAUTY!

There is no subject, in the round of topics, that has been more dogmatized upon than this—howsoever many of these *petitiones principii* be "of such sweet breath composed," as might mollify even the shades of Acquinas or Duns Scotus into acquiescence; though the "angelic doctor" himself might yield to something more angelic; and the subtle logician confess the breath of beauty more subtle than the airiest refinements of the schools.—What is Beauty?—No question has been put more frequently; and what do we obtain by it?—An inventory of a set of features which are called "regular;" but why they are called regular, or how this regularity comes to be Beauty, we are not informed. We are referred by one to Greek statues; and, by another, to internal feelings.—"Then comes our fit again;" for we find that the practice of mankind is unanimous neither for the statues nor for the feelings. —What is beauty to a European, is deformity to a Negro. Our idea of Beauty, then, in the abstract, is a prejudice rather than a principle; and, as might

be expected, events are perpetually clashing with it. Every day are our classical tastes shocked by some heretofore sensible young man falling in love with a face that would have given Phidias the spleen. We protest—we sneer—we storm—and in reply we get from the friends of the forlorn (if he have any) at once, a new view of the subject, and an addition to our phraseology,

"The lady, though anything but handsome, is *agreeable*."

This, to those who have seen her, passes for a palliation of the offence: To those who have not, merely as the best that can be said under the unfortunate circumstances. The culprit himself, however, generally persists in his unhappy error; and, as the devil will have it, dies, at a good old age, a stubborn heretic. His derider, haply, marries a beauty, and tires of her in twelve months. What is the *rationale* of this? The admiration of regularity was lessened, not heightened, by Time. It was comprehended at once, and the mind had no further employment. The spells of the agreeable face, which was not handsome, Time touched not. Under the features, "not according to rule," were included *minor traits*—outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual graces, which, varying as they must with the occasion—now called forth by one event, now by another—presented an inexhaustible field for admiring observation. This is the charm of the "Agreeable, as opposed to the Beautiful." In the one, the mind is at once gratified by the most exquisite regularity; in the other, perpetually excited, by ever-varying traits, real or apparent, (are they *ever not* real?) of qualities in themselves admirable. The Agreeable in physiognomy, is to the Beautiful, what the Picturesque in painting is to the Beautiful. They please upon the same principles. Rejoice, then, ye who, like me, have sometimes

"Found Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt."

Make no more stumbling, unworthy, touchstone-like excuses—

"An ill-favour'd thing, sir; but mine own."

Beat not your brains for Platonic apologies which no one believes; but assert at once, that what the world calls discord, is "harmony not understood." Cry "εὕρηκα," and snap your fingers at controversy. Dare,

——————"as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair."

If I go on longer at this rate, I shall get taken for Don Juan in disguise.

* * * * *

T. D.

BLUNT'S VESTIGES OF ANCIENT MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, DISCOVERABLE IN MODERN ITALY AND SICILY.*

It were to be wished, that writers of travels would imitate the author of the present volume, in confining their professions and researches to some one limited end; nor set up, as they do in general, for exclusive guides and instructors to all the various branches of art and learning, which tempt, and indeed are thrust upon one, in visiting the classic countries of the south. Female authors may introduce us to society, and may put together most delightful volumes on manners, etiquette, &c.; but the terms of architecture and antiquities spoil their pretty mouths, and they quote Greek and Latin with a very ill grace. Even upon the fine arts their opinions are venturous; and although as deep read, perhaps, in Winkelman as De Staël, it is ten to one if they make not as many, if not more blunders than Corinne. Gentlemen, too, should stick to their lasts, as, the more talent they possess, the greater fools they appear out of their places. The learned and acute Forsyth hazards remarks on modern literature that would disgrace a magazine of the year fifty; Mathews discusses the fine arts with the depth of a dandy, calls the Moses of the Strada Pix spirited, and finds we know not what dull fault

* Vestiges of Ancient Manners and Customs, discoverable in Modern Italy and Sicily. By the Rev. John James Blunt, Fellow of St John's, Cambridge, &c. &c. London, Murray, 1823.

in the Venus; Lady Morgan—But we have not room or time for correcting two quartos of blunders. Suffice it, that we strongly recommend the principle of division of labour to all vagrant pen-men and women.

Mr Blunt, as a clerical and a classical man, has judiciously turned his attention to the similarity of manners and customs in ancient and in modern Italy; and it need not be added, that, in a country so eminently superstitious, manners and customs are either comprehended in, or closely connected with, the religious ceremonies of the people. How far the rites of the Roman Catholic Church owed their birth to those of Paganism, Dr Middleton had long since shewn; and the present volume is for the most part an appendix to the Doctor's "Letter," save that it is written in a more liberal spirit, and, as is proper, savouring more of the dilettante than the polemic. The excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the numerous pictures and graphic representations there discovered, have opened a new mine to moral antiquaries, which Dr Middleton did not possess; and Mr Blunt, much as he has drawn, is to be blamed for not having extracted more matter from this interesting and increasing store.

The first subject of Mr Blunt's disquisitions is the saints, in whom he finds "a wonderful resemblance to the gods of old Rome." He instances the enormous number of both, and the inconvenience and idleness arising from their festivals; for which cause Augustus pushed thirty of the gods from their stools, though indeed the abolition of so small a number of saints would be but of little relief to the Roman calendar. The reputed lives of the saints too much resemble those of the ancient deities; the fabulous adventures, and earthly passions, attributed to the Saviour of mankind, the Virgin, and other scriptural characters, of which Mr Blunt adduces some examples, and the passionate language put into the mouths of them and their votaries, might well pass for a fable of Ovid, or of any Heathen bard, in honour of his Heathen gods. The following inscription is from the altar of the church of Santa Rosa at Viterbo:—

Quis tamen laudes recolat, quis hujus
Virginis dotes, sibi quam pudicis
Nuptiis junctam voluit superni
Numen Olympi?

"When I witnessed all this," says the author, "I could not prevent my mind from wandering to the interviews between Diana and Endymion, between Bacchus and Ariadne, between Venus and Adonis, between Jupiter and Apollo; in short, half the Heathen gods, and as many favoured mortals, whose names afterwards became emblazoned on the scrolls of mythology. It is remarkable, too, that the sex of the parties is as carefully adjusted in the former as in the latter instances." The comparison is carried farther, in the places and things over which the gods and the saints have been made to preside—hills, fountains, &c.; in most cases, the former seem to have bequeathed peaceably their powers of sanctity to the latter. St Quirico now occupies Mount Eryx; "and the old god, thus pushed from his stool by modern usurpation, may reasonably complain, in the words of the poet,

Ubi nunc nobis Deus ille magister
Nequicquam memoratus Eryx."

It may be here regretted, that Mr Blunt did not bestow more of his time and attention on truly Roman ground, the ancient Latium and Etruria, instead of taking his examples from a country like Sicily, overrun, throughout all ages, by African, Saracen, and Norman, and which consequently must have had the stream of ancient habitude more corrupted than the countries of the peninsula. Still, however, the modern Italian character, or rather the Italian character of the middle ages, in all its boldness, superstition, and ferocity, seems to have retreated to Sicily, and there alone to exist, apathy and servility being the only characteristics now allowed to the unfortunate Italians.

After tracing the Lares, through all their several divisions, in the images at present set up or carried about—the Lares Viales, in the Madonnas, on cross-roads and street-corners—the tutelary images and charms, in the similar, though more decent ones now worn—the Dii Cubiculares, in the never-failing squadron of images at bedsteads,—the author proceeds to assign the cause of the monstrous usurpation of reverence and worship by the Madonna.

"Whence does all this proceed? Perhaps it is only to be accounted for by the

nature of the religion of ancient Rome. It may be remarked, that Gentilism comprehended a vast variety of female deities, some of which were not less powerful, nor placed in a lower rank in the scale of divinity, than the greatest of the gods of the other sex. On the contrary, the superiority of females was established in Egypt as a civil and religious institution; and the same order is observed in Plutarch's treatise of Isis and Osiris. A precedence thus given to the female deities in Egypt, would probably have its operation in Italy also—a proposition of which no person will entertain much doubt, who has observed the proportion which the gods of the Nile bear, in every museum of Italian antiquities, to those of Greece and Rome. Indeed, when Isis and Serapis were united in one temple in the capital of Italy, priority of place was assumed by the queen. It is natural, therefore, to suppose, that mankind, long retaining a propensity to relapse into idolatry, would endeavour to find some substitute for an important class of beings, which had for so many years exercised undisputed empire over the minds and passions of men, who, from climate and temperament, were perhaps peculiarly disposed to render the fair portion of the inhabitants of Heaven a chivalrous obedience. The religion of Christianity, however, as it was taught by our Saviour and his immediate followers, afforded no stock on which this part of Heathen mythology could be grafted. None of the three Persons of the Trinity could, without much effort, be moulded into the form of a goddess; and the circumstance, that some ancient heretics actually did maintain the Holy Ghost to be a female, only serves to shew the reluctance with which mankind bade adieu to that sex as objects of worship."

It was but natural to expect, that the Virgin would be fixed upon to succeed all those favoured female deities in receiving worship and bestowing favour; and as early as the fourth century, mention is made of a sect named Colyridians, "who offered cakes to the Virgin Mary as a goddess, and the Queen of Heaven." Her being called Θεοτοκος and Mater Dei—the propriety of which was, after a long controversy, allowed in a great public council—must also have contributed to blend the mother of our Saviour with the heathen deities; especially with Cybele, to whom these epithets had been generally applied. And that the *Madonna* has succeeded Cybele, and become identified with her in traditional rites and modes of reverence, a great many curious proofs are adduced in this volume. The first is, the coincidence of the monks begging for the Madonna, as it was an ancient practice to beg for the Mother of the Gods. Aristoxenus is applauded for an answer which he once made to one of these applications. "I feed not the Mother of the Gods, whom the Gods themselves support." And it is a striking circumstance, that a law is mentioned in Cicero, allowing persons in the service of Cybele, the exclusive privilege of collecting alms. The next coincidence mentioned, is, the use of the Galli in the worship of Cybele, and the use of a similar class of people in the Church of Italy.

"There is yet another coincidence equally singular. Our Lady-Day, or the Day of the Blessed Virgin of the Roman Catholics, was heretofore dedicated to Cybele. It was called 'Hilaria,' says Macrobius, on account of the joy occasioned by the arrival of the Equinox, when the light was about to exceed the darkness in duration; and from the same author, as well as from Lampridius, it appears that it was a festival of the Mater Deûm. Moreover, in a Greek commentary upon Dionysius, cited by Dempster in his Roman Antiquities, it is asserted that the Hilaria was a festival in honour of the Mother of the Gods, which was proper to the Romans."

The pipers that play before the images of the Virgin in Italy, might also have been mentioned as a parallel observance with that used towards the Mother of the Gods.

"Ante Deûm matrem cornu Tibicen adunco
Cum canit, exiguæ quis stipis æra neget?"

And the author of Roma Moderna, quoted by Middleton, boasts of the ingenuity of the faithful, in dedicating to the Virgin Mary the Temple of the *Bona Dea*. Without attributing any very heinous intentions of idolatry or backsliding towards Paganism, to those old Christian priests, who lived in those ages when Paganism was blending with Christianity, we may accuse the dull rogues with having been too much given to punning and barbarous jokes. For to so innocent a species of pedantry, is no doubt to be attributed this mighty seeming adoption of Pagan rites and names, for which our divines pour upon them the heavy phial of their wrath. Thus, a church built on the site of Apollo's Temple, is dedicated to St Apollinaris; on an ancient Temple of Mars stands

the Church of St Martin; all for a pun. Witness the verse.

Martyrii gestans virgo Martina coronam,
Ejecto hinc Martis numine, Templa tenet.

What shall we think of such saints as Baccho, Quirinus, &c., or poor Soracte, wrested into St Oraste, and taken from Apollo, to be placed under the protection of a saint without any more real existence than the anagram of its own old name? Middleton's account of the Saintships of Amphibolus and Veronica, is highly amusing; the one a cloak that suffered martyrdom; the other a veil: both, however, promoted by the infallibility of the Popish Church, to all the rights and properties of defunct flesh and blood. It puzzled them, seemingly, to procure a saint who might succeed Romulus in his little temple under the Palatine; at last they found one in St Theodore, who was exposed, &c. like the founder of Rome.

"Thus," says Middleton, "the worship paid to Romulus being now transferred to Theodorus, the old superstition still subsists; and the custom of presenting children at this shrine, continues to this day without intermission; of which I myself have been a witness, having seen, as oft as I looked into this church, ten or a dozen women, decently dressed, each with a child in her lap, sitting with silent reverence before the altar of the saint, in expectation of his miraculous influence on the health of the infant."—*Letter from Rome.*

Mr Blunt's next chapter is on the festival of St Agatha at Catania; the ceremonies of which, he compares with, and finds similar to, those in honour of Ceres; which goddess, by the by, was as peculiarly revered at Catania, in the olden time, as St Agatha is at present. But the festival of St Agatha little differs from that of any other patron saint at his or her own town. There are pony-races, processions of monks and candles, &c. &c. at Rome, and everywhere else, as well as at Catania. They may have been all borrowed from the Eleusinian ceremonies, but the Agatha is certainly not the sole heiress of Ceres's divinity. Mr Blunt is too special, too local, and not general enough in his observations; nevertheless, he makes out numerous and curious points of coincidence between the rites of goddess and of saint. The festival commences, as do the last days of carnival at Rome, with a pony race.

"The ponies destined for the contest have no riders; but, by means of wax, ribbons are firmly attached to their backs; and to these again are appended bladders, and weighted pieces of wood, armed with sharp spikes; the noise of the one, and the pain inflicted by the other, being amply sufficient to urge to exertion animals much better qualified to resist the effect of either than the horse. At the firing of a signal gun they are turned loose from one extremity of the street; and amidst the shouts of the populace which lines it on both sides, they make what haste they can to the other. Here I discovered, to my great surprise, sitting in the open air, under a canopy of crimson, arrayed in robes of office a good deal resembling those of our barristers, the members of the senate, with their intendente or president. The business of these first magistrates of the city, decked out in all their paraphernalia, and attended by drummers, fifers, and musketeers, was to declare the winner among half a dozen jades, the best of which was not worth ten pounds. It was difficult to suppress a smile on seeing one of the parties rise, discuss the matter with the rest of the bench, and, not without much action, and emphasis, and deliberation, deliver the *senatûs consultum* to the expectant crowd. The mottos on the canopy might have been selected for the purposes of burlesque—'*Invictas supero,*' '*Catabs Regum,*' '*Tutrix Castigo Rebellis.*'"

Now Ovid, says the author, declares a horse race to have made part of the rites of Ceres.

"Primaque ventosis palma petetur equis.
Hi Cereris ludi."

But horse races were not confined to the rites of Ceres, nor to those of Neptune; and, in fact, made part of every festival that could furnish an excuse for them. Torches are next adduced as a coincidence in the rites of saint and goddess; the act of kneeling in worship might as well have been brought forward for examples of coincidence, as those common appendices to all ceremonies, Jewish, Catholic, and Pagan. The priests of both religions happening to be dressed in white, is just as little wonderful. Indeed, it would be difficult, as well as astonishing, if the habits of the ministers of different and successive religions did not resemble one another; or if the modes of adoration did not agree in many points. Worship will be like worship, and procession can differ little from procession; nor need we wonder that the figure of the Virgin in those countries is brought forth peruked and gorgeously ornamented, in a chariot drawn by oxen.

"Qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru, Phrygias turrita per urbes."

The chapter on the Arrangement and Furniture of Catholic Churches, their every-day Ceremonies, &c., has been anticipated by Middleton, who has traced the incense, the holy water, &c., to their proper sources. There is here an account of one classical saint which we cannot pass over; and the origin is doubtless correctly given, considering the popularity of Ovid, whilst the better authors of his time were yet in oblivion.

"At a short distance from the old Lavinium, or Pratica, (as it is now called,) is a chapel, dedicated to St Anna Petronilla. Here we have, no doubt, a corruption of Anna Perenna, the sister of Dido, who was cast ashore upon the coast of Italy, near the Numicius; a point corresponding with the situation of this little church. On that occasion, having accidentally met with Æneas and Achates, and rejected all terms of reconciliation with them, she was warned by the shade of Dido in a dream, to escape from the treachery of Lavinia. In the sudden consternation excited by this vision, she is said to have precipitated herself into the Numicius, of which she became the protecting nymph,—whilst games, described at length by Ovid, were instituted to her honour.

Placidi sum nympha Numici,
Amne *perenne* latens *Anna Perenna* vocor.
Fast. iii. 523.

Thus Anna, the sister of the Virgin, has inherited the seat and credit of Anna, the sister of the Queen of Carthage, on condition of adding to her former name that of Petronilla."

The mendicant orders our author derives from the priests of Isis and Serapis. That such resemblance between these two descriptions of persons should exist, will seem less remarkable when we recollect that the country to which the worship of Isis and Serapis peculiarly belonged, was that in which the monastic life originated, and that this happened before divine honours had ceased to be paid to those Egyptian deities. The worship of Isis too, says Mr Blunt, was tolerated by Christians with more patience than that of any other deities. This may have been the case in Egypt, but we believe the worship of Isis at Rome was not all such as to conciliate the favour of the early Christians—Nay, so early as Tiberius, we believe the priests and votaries of Isis were banished for licentiousness. The points of coincidence between the orders of St Francis and Isis, are their begging, one with the *sistum*, the other with his alms-box—no wonderful similarity for poor and religious societies. The possession and use of relics, peculiar to the votaries of Isis, who gathered up the fourteen pieces of her husband's body, agree very well with the stores of the same kind carried about by the mendicant monks. Miraculous cures, too, were common to both; their dress, as we know from some ancient bas reliefs, were much alike; and, above all, the most striking point of resemblance is the tonsure, avowedly and clearly borrowed from the priests of Isis by the early Christian priests. "It is clear," says St Jerome, "that we ought not to be seen with our heads shaved, like the priests and worshippers of Isis and Serapis; nor, on the other hand, to suffer the hair to grow luxuriously long, after the manner of soldiers and barbarians."

Many of these coincidences are too strong, too manifestly borrowed one from the other, to admit of that argument of Warburton's, which so annoyed Middleton, that such customs, however alike, were not traditional, but newly invented by similar people in similar circumstances. Much of the Roman Catholic rites must have been borrowed from paganism; nor do we think that a casual resemblance, in cases not especially forbidden, is of any mighty importance to the salvation of souls. Mr Blunt, in his anxiety to establish his theory by many examples, frequently overdoes the proof, and brings forward customs as handed down among the Italians, which are mere innovations of their conquerors. For instance, the throwing of the poor into a common grave, and that outside the walls—not permitting tomb-stones, &c.—then an introduction of the French into Italy. 'Twas they who built the Campo Santo at Naples, at Milan; and they would have done the same at Rome, had not bigotry been too strong for them. It was the decree, establishing such at Milan, that called forth the poem of the *Sepolchri* from Ugo Foscolo; what the poet lamented has been verified—the remains of Parini lie undistinguished, and blended with his brother poor, in the burying-ground near Milan.

The chapter, with which the volume concludes, on Coincidences in Character between the Ancient and Modern Italians, and which ought to have been among the most interesting, is exceedingly lame. A propensity to gambling is no coincidence, that will not extend to all people—particular games, however, may be. The *Morra*, or finger counting, a play very common in Italy, and rendered more difficult in France by the guesser having a split stick on his nose, is affirmed by Mr Blunt to be antique. "There cannot be a doubt that the '*micare digitis*' of the Romans, was the self-same amusement; and the force of their expressions for an honest man, that he was one with whom fingers might be counted in the dark—*quorum micare potes in tenebris*, becomes sufficiently intelligible."

Panem et Circenses, is a desire traditionally handed down, if ever any was, from Roman to Roman. The games of the Circus, greatly shorn of their splendour, still exist in part, however. In the Mausoleum of Augustus are daily held fights between men and cows, dogs, bulls, &c.—called the *Giostra*. The men advance to the ox with a red flag before them, which the animal runs at, and the man, leaving his flag to the fury of the animal, escapes. But the whole business is wretchedly got up. The dogs are sneaking cowardly curs, and the bulls generally lean cows (forgive the bull.) We have ourselves witnessed a very ludicrous combat in the said Mausoleum, between a dozen broken-backed little men and a young hornless calf—Neither Liston nor Grimaldi ever called forth such bursts of laughter and applause; and the little calf, upsetting the huddled *bossus* like a pack of cards. Another ludicrous fight is between the bull and the man in the wicker bottle,—the bottle has an opening at both ends; by one opening it hangs on his neck—out of the other appears his feet; and thus he fidgets about the arena. When attacked by the bull, he sinks like a snail into his shell or bottle, which lies much in the shape of a buoy, and the animal beats and tosses the wicker bottle with abundance of vain and ludicrous rage. Mr Blunt, we believe, could find no parallel for all this. Alas! the Circus is fallen, and its celebrated factions of blue and red no longer convulse the world and its capital.

Before quitting Mr Blunt, we must mention one curious and palpable instance of coincidence: and it is wonderful how it could have escaped him. We mean the picture of the ass exhausted from over-fatigue, found in Pompeii, and now in the Museum at Portici—the indentical *clitella*, or pack-saddle, still used, is on its back—the oblong, mis-shapen bell, round its neck, precisely as now worn. In short, the whole picture might as well pass for a representation of the nineteenth, as of the first century.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

"In holiday time, when the ladies of London
Walk out with their husbands, or think themselves undone."

"BARTLEMY FAIR" carries the *prestige* over all shows and exhibitions for September. Liston's attraction at the Haymarket flags; the Devil (though at half-price) brings no money to the Lyceum; and even the Reverend Mr Irving (if he preached on a week-day) would chance to be shorn of one-half his congregation.

But the Smithfield festivities commenced, this year, on a Wednesday—an auspicious beginning for his worship the Lord Mayor; for, when proclamation has to be made on a Monday or Friday, really, what between the mud and the mad bulls, his lordship is in a manner put to his trumps. By the way, it is time, we think, that some arrangement was come to upon this point. The beasts, or the buffoonery, one or other, on such an occasion, should give way. It is only two years ago that an unbred Essex calf interrupted Sir Newman Knowlys (the common-serjeant) in the middle of his exhortation; the Lord Mayor's own coach was menaced by a cow with a crumpled horn; the Remembrancer forgot everything but the care of his own safety; and the Sword-bearer seemed the only man *paratus* of the party. We mention this now, because

proclamation will fall again on market day (should the world last so long) two years hence; and we think, in our known affection and respect for the city of London, that such dilemmas are derogatory to its magisterial dignity.

But the last fair-day (that is, the 6th of September) is always the high day at Cow-Cross—when the swings, and the sausages, and the bluebottles, and the young women, are all in full buzz and activity. What a convocation of jugglers and gingerbread bakers there are! and what a collection of knaves and ninnies to admire them! They are fine things, past question, these shows. We doubt if Queen Mary, even when she roasted the Protestants, ever attracted larger assemblages into Smithfield than now attend the roasting of pigs. And, in the way of legitimate *spectacle*, we maintain that the scene is a curiosity. Few situations would more bewilder a stranger to London, than the being set down, about noon, at Smithfield bars on a fair-day. Every sense is so assailed, and on every side, at the same moment! The eye becomes unsteady amid a variety of objects; and has not time to pause for a second upon one, before it is caught up, willy-nilly, by another. In front, we see a company of comedians; behind, a troop of horse-riders. Here, a grotesque fellow dances upon a rope; there, a motley ruffian curvets upon a wire. Then, the roar—the shout—the deafening, incessant, unrelaxing din, of twice ten thousand voices, in more than twice ten thousand keys! Of ravings, male and female—howlings, human and animal—whoopings, joyous and angry—besides noises *non descript*, of wilful or accidental production, swelling and aiding the great general uproar!—There are fruit-sellers, showmen, ballad-mongers, and pie-projectors; dealers in toys, strong waters, porter, and pastry; fiddlers scrape, ginger-beer corks pop, children weep, and nurse-maids giggle! Then comes the yelling of wild beasts—the swearing of their keepers—the creaking of wheels—the crashing of round-abouts—the ringing of bells—the blowing of horns—the whirling of rattles—and the cries of "Take care of your pockets!"

"The smells are infinite in habit here too." Peppermint drops, and "Sir Robert Burnett's best," prevail in the morning; but the frying-pans have it, we think, towards the heat of the day. If the cooks burn the meat, however, (as is reported of them,) that would be foul play.

There is a case upon the books—Squintum *versus* Blinkum—where a man was refused the prize for grinning through a horse collar, on its being proved that he made use of verjuice, clandestinely, during the exhibition. We have our law, you see, reader, as well as our neighbours. But away with references to matters past. What brain in Bartholomew Fair can stand against the present appeals to its attention? Here, fortune lifts her bandage, and actually ogles you out of a "lucky bag,"—"This is the true lottery," says the priestess, "for people to adventure in. Here they are; all blanks, and no prizes!"—All prizes, and no blanks, she means to say; but she speaks truth, for once, without knowing it. "Will you try?—You win a save-all. Dip again. You have got an extinguisher." So provoking! Things that one doesn't want! There is a tea-caddy in the old lady's basket too.—That there is, and has been every fair for the last twenty years.—Will you try no more? Then turn round; for there is a fellow spitting fire close to your ear. See the rogue! He is clad in "flame-coloured taffeta"—powdered with soot, and perfumed with brimstone. Look! now again he vomits ribbons by the yard! What versatility of talent! Time was—"the good old times!"—when such a man would have been burned; but fashions are changed in all things. The most he can hope for now, is to be hanged!

Mercy on us, who is that female so loud upon our right? Of a surety, she must be the original woman who hired the devil to teach her to out-scold all her neighbours. Hark how clear and shrill her tone! She has an Irish Colossus, and two dwarfs, by way of foil, to delight the eyes of the curious; and (it is now noon) she has cried at this same rate since seven o'clock in the morning. The Colossus is a terrible fellow indeed! A man to take the wall of the Lord Mayor's giants, if he met them. But they, as luck will have it, do not come to the fair. Hark! the trader in tall men cries still. The exhibitor opposite has a speaking trumpet; but she drowns him completely. Now we catch what he says. "The

fortune-teller—the fortune-teller—the wonderful astrologer!—who knows everybody's thoughts as soon as they are told to him!—Oh! He is sworn brother to the sun, and cousin-german to the moon by marriage. He sups every night on a dish of poached stars, and dips his sippets in the milky way! He——" No; there the lady of the Colossus strikes in again.

> "And though the fiend to her
> Ycoupled were,
> She would him overmatch,
> I dare well sweare!"

Then come the exhortations (to buy) of the chapmen and chapwomen—the occasional private communications between dealers, and comments from their customers. "Trade is slack this fair," sighs a haberdasher, shewing pincushions to a party—"people get cunninger and cunninger every year."—So interesting an address must give rise to observation. The house-maid "*does* think, that the spiders build their webs stronger than they used to do;" and the cook "recollects that she has not caught a mouse these three weeks."—Conclude, with a contest upon the comparative merits of *Punch* and the new *Fantoccini*, and a doubt whether Mr Richardson's or Mr Gyngell's booth shall be visited next;—decision final, against all four parties; for the lions, the lions! are present, and in great force.

Polito's elephants "keep their state" at Exeter-Change this year. The Bonassus is gone to make some stay in Ireland; where we hear, by the way, that he escaped from his keepers on the second day of his arrival; but, running into one of the bogs, with which that country is said to abound, stuck, and so was caught. So, being unable to come himself, the Bonassus sent his whilom waiting-maid in the Strand—the female Salamander—a very strange lady, according to the description announced of her. "Her spirit is so hot, that her very face breaks out in pimples! She fell into a pond once, and the water boiled when she was taken out!" A "particular ballad" was made upon this last event, which still hangs against the caravan she goes about in; with her portrait at the top, playing with two red-hot pokers!

Then, besides the Conjuror, and the Colossus, and the Lady deputed by the Bonassus, there were Mr *Beatbear's* beasts arrived from Birmingham, and Mr *Whistlewolf's* beasts from Manchester; and indeed almost all the wandering ferocity of the country was present, over and above the Esquimaux Indians, who eat their meat raw, and little Mr Van Lump, the Dutch pigmy, describing a new plan of defence for the ports in Holland, by throwing a great quantity of Dutch cheeses into the sea, the maggots from which are to infallibly destroy enemies' ships as fast as they can arrive. Then, if any were disposed for such displays of pugnacity, there was badger-baiting, and bears, provided near Long-Lane; and, for those of gentler mood, dancing-rooms were fitted up round the corner by Barbican.

There was to be a masked ball in the evening, too, at one place, which was expected to be very brilliantly attended, indeed:—tickets to be had at most of the respectable chandlers' shops in the neighbourhood.

Upon the quality of the esculents exposed to sale, we confess we were puzzled for some time how to determine. We had a misgiving at one moment that we ought to taste the sausages in person—*non sibi sed mundo* is our motto, and the world knows it. Had the effort been necessary, we were ready, and should have sacrificed ourselves; but, upon mature consideration, we decided that we might swear in a taster for the peculiar service; and, accordingly, we now speak from the testimony of a cockney lad, (we believe, from Clerkenwell,) who ate a whole pound of gingerbread-nuts, a quantity of sausages, three paste pigs, a basket of Banbury cakes, and several rolls and treacle, without appearing to sustain any material inconvenience. Not that we are quite sure, however, now all is done, whether this evidence is quite conclusive as to the eatables. Particular constitutions (of themselves) throw off particular poisons. A 'prentice may resist black-pudding, as a Turk defies opium. The famous Cagliostro published a plan for destroying lions and tigers, by first fattening pigs with arsenic, and then throwing them loose into the woods to be devoured. Our cockney was certainly alive, and offensive, when we left town; but we knew an instance once in which a pig drank up, (feloniously,) without in-

jury, as much sugar of lead and water as would have poisoned half a troop of horse.*

Apropos to pigs, we did not see sapient Toby "in his place," as we may say, this year. There were some under-graduates exhibited, who had, as it were, just taken their degree; and they seemed, indeed, to have got the vices of education along with its earliest advantages; for one of them, who could scarcely read, was challenging the company to play at cards!—But Toby was really a professor!—the Porson of his kind! and we should be sorry that any mishap had occasioned his absence.

Time pressed us in London; and space confines us now, or we could linger longer upon this intoxicating exhibition, which happens "only once a year." The whole scene was lighted up just as we began to think of coming away. The general gaiety was not confined to Smithfield, but extended itself, far and wide, all down Giltspur Street. Newgate stood rather sullen and "*amort*"—but gilt kings and queens, in gingerbread array, dazzled from the walls of the Compter opposite. Meantime, the crowds, up to midnight, kept increasing rather than diminishing, by the approach of visitors who could contrive to spare "just half an hour in the evening." Holborn kept on the march by the pass at St Sepulchre's; Islington poured in its myriads by the avenues of Leather-Lane, and Saffron-Hill. There were the ordinary abundant casualties belonging to such occasions, of shoes lost, pockets picked, apple-stalls knocked down, and broken noses exchanged. Soon after twelve o'clock, however, the candles began to be extinguished, the fiddlers fell asleep, and even the bears could dance no longer. Before two, the show-men were counting their gains; and the customers were gone homewards, reckoning over their losses;—neither party, perhaps, quite contented with the appearance of existing circumstances—but both comforting themselves with the prospect of "doing better next year."

* *Fact.*

TIME'S WHISPERING GALLERY.

No. V.

A VISIT TO THE LEASOWES.

Shenstone. Your servant, sir—I am told you were inquiring for me.

Mr Ludgate. Beg pardon, sir, but my friend Mr Robert Dodsley, (you know Robert, sir) hearing that I was going down into Warwickshire, has sent you something in a parcel—new books, I believe, for that is what he deals in. He bade me introduce myself, and promised me that you would shew me your pretty gardens.

Sh. Excuse my breaking the seal in your presence——So I see by my friend Robert's letter, that you were a neighbour of his, but that you have retired from your china-shop to ruralize in the suburbs—Is it not so, Mr Daniel Ludgate?

Mr L. Why, Mr Shenstone, I can't say but that I have bought a bit of a box out by Islington, and if now I could carry home in my head a hint or so for the improvement of our garden, it would please Mrs L., who is wild to have all about us made smart.

Sh. Ah, I fear, sir, that our ground in this rugged part of the world does not lie much like that on each side of the Islington turn-pike road; and our streams, I take it, are rather more rapid and noisy than the New River. But you shall be heartily welcome to see the place;—and to say the truth, I was just setting out on a stroll. Shall I have the honour of escorting you?

Mr L. Thank you kindly, sir. What then, your garden is not all in one piece?

Sh. If you wish to see a mere flower garden, sir, you must go elsewhere—your own nurserymen and florists round London would shew you that—mine are ornamented *grounds*—Sir, the Leasowes is the first exemplification of a new science,—that of landscape-gardening, and I trust it is an effort not unworthy the notice of the tasteful and judicious. My aim has been to lay out my whole property on the principles of the picturesque.

Mr L. 'Beg pardon for not exactly comprehending—but have you laid out your whole fortune in a venture on one sort of article—though I don't quite know what the commodity is which you speak of—and did it turn out a good speculation?

Sh. Good heavens! are you laughing in your sleeve, Mr Londoner? But you look as grave as a judge, and your question seems to be really in earnest. Well, then, I mean that I have embellished my patrimony, my estate, my landed property, this place, the Leasowes, according to certain rules of taste.

Mr L. Oh, I ask your pardon—'tis a sweet, snug little farm,—what a pity it is so hilly, and so overrun with trees!

Sh. (*aside*) What could have put it into Dodsley's head to saddle me with such a blockhead? But I love Dodsley, and will constrain myself to do the civil thing to his Cockney crony. (*Aloud*) Come, sir, we'll set out, if you please.

Mr L. At your service, sir, and I shall be obliged to you.

Sh. Come in here, sir; we account this shady walk, affording, as you see, glimpses of that piece of water, a pleasing situation.

Mr L. It must be charming indeed in dead summer—'tisn't quite so warm as one could wish it just now.

Sh. True—but the views are as fine as in hotter weather. Here, this way, is a rustic edifice to give the scene an object. It has an inscription, pertinent enough, I hope—Would you like to read it? You can see it while you sit on this bench.

Mr L. Why, if I can find my eyes—I hope I have 'em in my waistcoat-pocket—Ah, yes, I thought so.

(*Reads.*)

"Here, in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell."

Pray, good sir, what are fays? I have heard folks say, "by my fay;" but I always thought 'twas short for *faith*.

Sh. We won't etymologize, if you please, Mr Daniel.

Mr L. (*reads.*)

"Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, ascending high,
Darts through your limbs——"

Sh. Limes, sir, "yon limes"—the trees opposite.

Mr L. (*reads.*)

"Darts through yon limes her quivering beams."

There's a deal of it—my glasses want wiping.

Sh. Pray, sir, don't trouble yourself. My lines do not by any means "come mended from your tongue." We will proceed—there is a seat a little farther on. Now, then, how do you like that cascade?

Mr L. Bless my heart! that pond has burst out sadly—how it does run over! Though perhaps you want to get rid of some of the water.

Sh. It is a stream, and not meant to be confined. (*Aside.*) Oh for a modicum of patience! and yet there is something laughable, too, in all this.

Mr L. A stream, sir? but it seems to be penned up—If those great big lumps of stone were taken away, it would run off easier.

Sh. It would; but the varied appearance and dashing sounds are much admired.

Mr L. Well, if so—and no doubt you know best. Perhaps, also, it keeps the fish from going away. Have you many in that large pond, Mr Shenstone?

Sh. (*pettishly.*) I don't know, sir.

Mr L. Dear me! it is odd you have never tried to find out.

Sh. I value the water for the picturesque features it adds to the valley; as for the rest, I am neither sportsman nor epicure.

Mr L. I don't dispute your word, kind sir, about that sort of value—not that I quite comprehend what picturesque is—but I make not the least manner of doubt, that you would catch fish in that water there, if you would but try your hand. Only try, sir, do.

Sh. (*sneering.*) Why, the fact is, my men have sometimes caught a few red herrings, and a stock-fish or two; but I do not encourage the fishery, for those sorts do not agree with my stomach.

Mr L. Dear now—why, bless me!—Oh ho, Mr Shenstone, I smell a rat; you love a joke. No, no, we don't get our Lent salt-fish from the Leasowes. But I am quite rested now; may we go on?

Sh. (*aside.*) Come, the booby is good-humoured; but would it were over. (*Aloud.*) Stop, sir, stop; don't

go through that gate—it is meant to come in at, not to go out by.

Mr L. Oh, I find no difficulty in getting through it.

Sh. How perverse it is, that you will not understand me—I mean, sir, that it will lead you to take the wrong point of view. That walk is so laid out, as to be entered at the other end. The prospects suit best in that direction. Here, sir, here—how do you fancy this lawn?

Mr L. It is a nice place indeed; if it was levelled, 'twould make a good bowling-green. It is a good deal like a place I used to go to, only the statue there was a shepherdess, and this is I don't know exactly what—'twas a tea-garden at Hoxton, where——

Sh. Pray, sir, don't mention such odious puppet-shows. This urn is inscribed to the memory of the late Mr Somerville, the poet of *The Chase*. You may have heard Dodsley mention him.

Mr L. I have, sir. Now, though that urn is of a good size, I have sold jars of real china nearly as big—I have indeed. Oh, then, that statue is the gentleman's monument!—Dear, what a very odd-looking man he must have been—he has amazingly large ears, and great bumps, almost like horns, on his forehead!

Sh. I wish, Mr Ludgate, you would keep to your crockery-ware comparisons; yet it is too ridiculous to be angry at. Heaven help your bow-bell wits! that is a cast of the piping Fawn, and not an image of Mr Somerville. But come, come, we will leave this seat. Our next post is beyond those willows. This rough building is, you see, dedicated to my noble friend the Earl of Stamford.

Mr L. And pray, sir, may I be so bold as to ask what my lord does with it? Does he keep anything there?

Sh. Do with it? Pshaw, sir, he was present at the opening of that waterfall; and the building is named after him, to commemorate that occasion, and his friendship for me. After we have passed through that piece of forest ground, there is something that will, I presume, gratify you. Now, sir, here it is—read what is on that stone.

Mr L. (*Reads.*)

To Mr Dodsley.

"Come then, my friend, thy sylvan taste display;
Come, hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay;
Ah! rather come, and in these dells disown
The care of other strains, and tune thine own."

What! and so you have erected a tombstone to our friend Robert? But Doddy isn't dead yet. Is it not rather unusual, sir, to do it beforehand?

Sh. A tombstone! no such thing—a mere appropriation of the spot to the memory of a worthy man—a record of my respect for him—a compliment to a brother poet. However, sir, we must get forward—not so fast either—this bench will hold us both, while we look towards the Priory.

Mr L. Why, your seats are so many—and, to say the truth, I a'n't at all tired, and don't in the least want to sit so soon again; and, besides, I had a little touch of gout last autumn. But, as you please, good sir, I'm conformable. Those pales round the Priory are rather roughish. What d'ye think, sir, of a neat Chinese railing? My wife has ordered ever so many yards of it for our fence.

Sh. Mrs Ludgate may copy the designs on your quondam cups and saucers, and welcome; but I am not at all smitten with the teapot taste now in vogue. I derive my hints from paintings of another sort.

Mr L. Every one to his liking—no affront, I hope. But what is here? a bowl, I protest. "To all our friends round the Wrekin."

Sh. That famous hill is seen from this station. It is the distant one which lies in that direction.

Mr L. Is it indeed? I have heard talk of it. Now, I dare say, you have a syllabub out of this bowl sometimes.

Sh. No, sir, my beechen bowl has never been honoured (I should prefer saying, profaned) by such a rus-in-urbe beverage.

Mr L. Then, sir, what do you drink out of it?

Sh. Pshaw, sir, there it stands, and looks in character; and the inscription is apt, and that is enough. Excuse me, for I am tired of whys and whats and wherefores. And you, sir, I am sure you are tired also. Now, I can assure you, that it is not worth while for you to go over the rest of the place; for there is nothing in the whole walk but wood and water, and shrubs and grass, and rocks and banks, and all that sort of things, with a few busts and inscriptions which you won't

care a farthing for. Let me shew you the short way to Hales Owen.

Mr L. Why, I can't deny but that I thought I should see a garden full of flowers and fountains, and arbours and shell-work; but it has been all the world like taking a long walk by Hampstead and Highgate, with a peep into a churchyard now and then. However, as you are satisfied, I suppose you intended to make the place such as it is —didn't you, sir?

Sh. Yes, sir. I am strangely deficient in love for terraces, and yew peacocks, and smoking arbours, and nine-pin alleys. I am afraid this sight-seeing has been as dull to you as it would have been to me to witness your unpacking some crates of delft ware. My compliments to Dodsley. That high road leads straight to Hales Owen —you can't miss it. I wish you a good morning.—O what a blessed riddance!

No. VI.

MILTON AT CHALFONT.

Milton. Is the plague abated, Elwood, or does it still walk onward in its strength, commissioned as it is to chastise this evil nation?

Elwood. No, John Milton, it hath not ceased. The deaths indeed are some deal fewer, but the pestilence retains the same hold of the guilty city. It gladdeneth me, however, friend, to think that thou camest at my suggestion to this Zoar of Chalfont, where, under God, thou art, as it seemeth, aloof from peril.

Mil. Worthy friend, your care of me is not to be requited by thanks. The service you will have rendered to a later age, by saving me, must be your recompence. Blind as I am, crippled in my joints, and with the snows of premature age drifted among these locks of brown, I yet feel that I have that within which will make the world my debtor. These our times will not perchance acknowledge the obligation, for it is an age of slavery and frivolity, of shallowness and impiety, of profane jesting and depraved indulgence. Our writers no longer drink from the cisterns of their forefathers, but turn towards France, and draw their waters at her noisy but scanty fountains, while the wells of poesy in our native land are full even to overflowing, pure as drops of unswept dew, and wholesome as noontide breezes on the hills in summer. Chaucer, and Spenser, and Shakespeare, are cast aside, and mouldiness is creeping over their covers, while a vile book of love-songs, some rhymester's sorry tragedy, or a miscellany, half-part folly and half-part lasciviousness, occupies the hands and heads of our wits and beauties. I trow I shall give them more substantial food, when I print the manuscript which I intrusted you with. But their cloyed appetites and debile stomachs will peradventure be unable to digest what has its basis in Scripture, and its ornaments from diligent study of ancient and modern lore.

Elw. I have brought thy papers safely back.

Mil. And have you given the work an attentive perusal?

Elw. I have, friend John, and truly I may say, thou hast descanted on the lapse of our first parents very pertinently; but what aileth thee that thou hast not put rhymes to thy lines? they are not hexameters, or according to other classic metre—they are much one, I wot, as the verses in Abraham Cowley's Davideis; and yet neither he nor any other Englishman, as far as my poor knowledge goes, hath dispensed with rhymes in a narrative poem.

Mil. Rhyme is no necessary adjunct or true ornament of good verse; it is but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre.

Elw. Then this is an experiment of thine, is it not?

Mil. In some measure—for true it is, that most of the famous modern poets, carried away by custom, and much to their own vexation and hindrance and constraint, have submitted to the bondage of rhyme. But

both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note, have rejected it both in longer and shorter works; and in even our own English tragedies it has been cast aside, much to their advantage, so I claim not the invention of the metre, but only its application to a new purpose for which it is highly eligible.

Elw. Thou knowest, John Milton, that my religious persuasion forbiddeth me to be acquainted with the stage; and I have thought it right to abstain even from looking at the printed works of the much vaunted William Shakespeare.

Mil. Ay, in him, independently of the admirable matter, which 'tis pity that the fanatical notions of your sect cut you off from enjoying, you would find excellent specimens of the nobleness and beauty of this metre. Rhyme is a trivial thing, and of no true musical delight; for that consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse to another, and not in the jingling sound of like endings, which, among the learned ancients, was ever in disrepute, and avoided as a fault, both in poetry and all good oratory. In Shakespeare, however, whose purpose led him to employ this *verso sciolto* (as the Italians call it) in colloquies, you would find that he was not tied up to the metrical strictness I have submitted to—his is made more familiar—greater licence and flexibility were essential to his design—not but that he hath passages of memorable and well-sustained excellence, even if they be only rhythmically considered, much more if the skill, the imagination, the power, which revel in them, be taken into account. How can you defraud yourself, by such narrowness of mind, of such a treat, especially as you do not scruple to read the ancient dramatists? Where is the difference betwixt them?

Elw. We have talked of that before. I prefer telling thee what I thought of thy poem concerning Lost Paradise. I confess, that, though at first I thought thy metre prosaic, and lacking something of an accustomed delight, yet, before I had finished all thy ten books, I found such charming varieties of cadence, such continuousness and prolongation of a new kind of harmony, such suitableness of sound to the lofty import of the sense, that I could almost conceive that there was a resemblance between it and the pieces of grand music, which I have erstwhile heard thee play upon thine organ.

Mil. Ah, you are getting the better of your prejudices. Mark me, such, however tardy the avowal may be in coming, will be the general and permanent opinion concerning this mode of verse, well exercised. The neglect of rhyme, in a poem of magnitude, and on a solemn and weighty subject, is so little to be taken for a defect, (for that will be the cry when it first appears,) that this emprize of mine is rather to be esteemed the first good example set in England, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poetry, from the troublesome and newfangled bondage of rhyming.

Elw. Well, better judges than I am will determine upon thy success in this particular; but no one, John, will have a more friendly feeling of joy, if thine honest reputation is enlarged thereby.

Mil. I want not the buzz of contemporary applause, and I know that I shall not have it, Elwood. A petulant lampoon, a scrap of prurient singsong, or a graceless fling at those sacred oracles, to which I have resorted for a subject, will find fitter audience than my theme can be expected to do in these degenerate times. The music of the songs of Zion is discord to the ears of the sons of Belial.

Elw. Pity is it that it is so; and yet, John Milton, solemn as thine argument is, and decorously as thou hast treated it, canst thou, without offence, denominate it a song of Zion? Remember, the still small voice of the Spirit whispered those songs only into favoured ears of old.

Mil. Why, good friend, what are your scruples? I do not insinuate that my production is any new portion of revelation. Nevertheless, what hinders but that it be the effect of a sacred efflux upon my spirit, the work of inspiration?

Elw. What! canst thou fancy a poem, John, to be the dictate of that sacred One, who is the comforter of the faithful? Is not this thing of thine a piece of verse-work, and merely meant to be the amusement of idle hours?

Mil. My poem is designed for no such unworthy end. The whole strength of no mean or inglorious mind has been applied to the creation of it. Not without frequent prayer to the enlightening source of all intellect, was it resolved upon; and as I hold, not without obtaining direction and illumination from above, was it accomplished. What, Elwood! shall your brethren in their conventicles lay claim to a perception of a Divine afflatus, and I will not dispute the truth of their assertions, illiterate and immethodical as their rhapsodies are, and therefore bearing small evidence to those beyond your pale of communion, that the spirit of knowledge has prompted them—and shall I, who have felt within me that exaltation above my common self, those powers of reaching in thought beyond this visible diurnal sphere, those concomitant promptings of pregnant matter, and meet harmonious language, those periodical unveilings of the mental eyes which at other whiles were as dark as these faded corporeal orbs which roll uselessly beneath this channeled forehead—shall I, who have found the tenor of my devoutest aspirations answered, who have arisen from prostration before the Divine footstool with the new sense of inner light imparted, and who have been permitted, though by other fingers than mine own, to inscribe on these pages a strain of poesy to which the harps of Solyma would not disdain to respond—shall I fear to call the power of having done this, inspiration from that sacred intelligence which touched the lips of Isaiah, till they sang of things to come in majestic numbers; and which same spirit gave the Son of Jesse to open his dark sayings upon the harp, or to awake the lute, so that by thanksgiving, and the voice of melody, that heart might be disburdened of its musings, in which the fire of devotion was ready for kindling?

Elw. I think, friend Milton, thou art almost rapt out of thyself even now. I will not argue on the topic with thee at present—we have oft enough canvassed our differences in religion, and neither hath far won upon the other in the way of conviction—but I trust, yea I am assured, that we think kindly and Christianly of each other's principles, and Heaven is wide enough for all who get thither, come by whichever path their conscience tells them is fittest. But to thy poem again—a thought struck me after concluding the perusal of it—thou hast said much of the losing of Paradise, and surely that is the more grievous and ungracious subject to dwell upon—what hast thou to say upon the regaining of it?

Mil. Ha! you say well—true it is, the Redemption is in reality far the more important subject; but whether so well adapted for poetry, is other matter of inquiry. Paradise Lost? The counterpart may be Paradise Won or Retrieved, or (what shall we say?) Regained. This is no unworthy hint of yours, good Elwood. I will turn it over in my thoughts when I am alone. Meanwhile I will trouble you to read the rest of that play of Euripides, in which you were interrupted when you were last here. I cannot be reconciled to the barbarous northern pronunciation of all others who are kind enough to read to me, and I shall enjoy those silver sounds, the echoes of classic climes, to which, for my sake, you have conformed your tongue. Begin, friend, absence has given me double relish for the treat.

ON A CHILDE PLAYING.

Sweet bud, that bye and bye shall be a flowre;
  Younge star, that just hath broken on our eye;
Pure spring, ere long to grow a stream of power;
  First dawn of Hope that soon shall flame out high
  Into the mid arche of the golden skye:
I love, younge Fawn, to see thee sport; and yet
Such contemplation breeds but vain regret.

Let thy proud mother smile to see thy wayes,
  And once again forget herself in thee—
Let the proud father eke the mother's praise,
  But, graver, place thee fondly on his knee,
  And vainly prophesy what thou shalt be—
Pleased with the tongueless eloquence, that lies
Still silent, in thy clear blue laughing eyes.

Let them enjoye—whilst yet they can enjoye;
  And, infant son of Time, do thou smile on;
Deem not for aye to be the favourite boy;
  Take what thou can'st, or ere thy time is gone;
  For still the darling is the youngest son;
And thou shalt quickly sorrow sore to see
Another, younger still, supplanteth thee.

Though many a high presage be cast upon thee—
  Though many a mouth be diligent to praise thee—
Though Beauty pine until that she hath won thee—
  Though Worship, wheresoe'er thou go'st, delays thee—
  Thou Fate and Fortune emulate to raise thee—
Yet all the thronging honours that surround thee
Shall not availe thee, since that Care hath found thee.

Time's train is lacquey'd still by Wearinesse;
  What boots the crownlet of o'er-flatter'd gold,
Or gemm'd Tiara, if they cannot bless
  Or soothe the aching brows that they enfold?
  What boots it to wax honourably old,
If 'tis the end of every hope and vow,
To yearn to be again as thou art now?

Oh! 'tis a thriftless bargain of a life,
  To live to know that bliss is but pretence—
That, gaining nothing in this earthly strife,
  We only toil to forfeit innocence—
  The profit nothing—but Remorse th' expense;
Or that fond grief, that wearies of its state,
And pines for toys and gawds worn out of date.

Thou art an old pretender, grey-beard Age;
  Thou boastest much, and yet art but a cheat;
And those who toil upon thy pilgrimage
  Would turn again with no unwilling feet.—
  Yea, dewy clouds to evening are most meet.
If smiles be Youth's, sure teares are Age's sign,
As suns that rise in smiles, in teares decline.

T. D.

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

(*Continued from Volume XII. page 650.*)

CHAP. VIII.

Just twig 'em, how closely and snugly they're knotted,
With their eyes, mouths, and ears, all agape and aghast—
Depend on't, old Nuncks has them all safely boated,
And shoved off to the land of the devil at last.
Nay, I'm sure on't,—for why should he thus saw the air,
While around him they're stuck up like so many posts,
Were it not that he's up to the eyes, I could swear,
In a long bloody yarn about murder and ghosts?

WE left our hero and his watch-mates seated in their birth, where the recent fate of the unfortunate Zamba came speedily under discussion.

"I say, Lyson, I do suppose as how they'll not be for touching Quashee ever until to-morrow after divisions?"

"Why, what the devil could you suppose else, when you heard the skipper, as well as I did, bid Lieutenant Fyke give ould Palmthimble his orders. I'll warrant me any money, the ould fellow's as busy as a fly in a tar-bucket even now about Quashee; touching his little black majesty off as trimly and snug for the bottom as needle and tar-twine, and a brace of good thirty-two pound marbles, can make him. Many a good laugh I've had at the number of little pic-nicks the old fellow goes through in bedizening an old ship for his last spell."

"And I says for certain, Bill, that were there ever folly at all on the ocean, that's a part on't."

"Oho! Master Wiseacre;—pray, how do you make out that?"

"How do I make it out?—why, I makes it out soft and easy enough, d'ye see, Master Consequence, with your wiseacring. Pray, what is't to me after my bellows have ceased, and my toplights doused, what you makes on me? I don't care a rush, in that there case, whether I'm chucked overboard with a shot under each foot, or as rid of every one article as the moment I first came into the world—not I, shipmate, I assure you—for if ever you live to see that there day, you may remember what I'm saying, that you'll please Dick Hawkins equally well whether he goes out of the port the devil a pin's worth of trouble obliged to you, or is launched off rigged out in Peter Palmthimble's most stylish manner."

"Why, all that may be true enough, my brave fellow; but then, as ould Peter says, it's the decency of the affair, you know; and I don't know a single thing that pleases me more than to see the poor cold carcase of a favourite pell treated with care and attention. O, long life to old Peter, say I, and long may he pique himself in rigging out an old ship for his run to the bottom; for, to give the devil his due, he certainly douses them off very smartish and tidy after all—and you know, Master Marling, the boatswain, swears, that there's never a he in the fleet whose quiet men slip half so handsomely off the grating as those that have come through the nippers of old Peter Palmthimble."

"But what does the old fellow mean, Bill, by sporting a couple of needles through the noses of all the poor devils I've ever seen him rig out for the bottom? I've seen a good many in my day slipped off for that there trip, but never, never, not I, did I see any more than one used?"

"O, heaven knows, Jack, what he means; for thof I've often asked him his reason for that there rig of his, he'd never answer me. He must have some one, or other, however, and I've little doubt they are good ones; for he's a poring, thinking, shrewdish kind of a chap, this same Palmthimble; and can heave the log, or take an observation, better than e'er a young gentleman in the hooker."

"Why, why, we all knows that, Bill, and none better, in faith, than our friend Peter himself; but, chucking all that aside, did you twig the skipper, man, when the Doctor told him as how little Quashee had slipped his cable?—My eye! he screwed his chalky muzzle into so many different twists, and turned up so the whites of his day-lights, that I really thought, thinks I, for sartain he's a-going to sing out."

"Bah, bah, my dear boy, don't you believe it;—he's got too smacking a splice of the devil in him to pipe for such a trifle as the death of a little silly blackamoor boy. No, no, my soul, that will never go down; for to tell you a piece of my mind, as we're talking of

this here boy, I should have been as well pleased, so I would, had they given him a passage at once, instead of rigging out, and keeping his little black carcase on board all night, for no reason at all to my thinking, but to frighten people, and give the skipper another opportunity of playing the parson, and sporting yon fine fancy gilded Prayer-book of his'n to-morrow. The truth is, Jack, I can't relish the thought of a dead carcase being in the same hooker with me at all, at all—and the more I thinks on't, the worse I grow. I never heard of any good come of such doings, not I; and nothing pleases me more, since it must be so, d'ye see, than the having nothing to do with the mid-watch *to-night.*"

"Why, what have you to fear in the mid-watch, Lyson?" cried our hero, in a note of encouraging inquiry.

"A devilish sight more than you knows anything about, Master Neddy, for all the larning and scrawling you make about that there log of the Lieutenant's. What have I got to fear, forsooth?—marry, I supposes you thinks, that, because I can neither read nor write, I never did hear in all my life, that there were such things as ghosts, and hobgoblins, and apparitions!—Oh, ho! my buck! Bill Lyson's aboard you in that tack at all events; for he knows all about that there, and a whacking trifle more. He knows, my mates, and he believes it too, that the apparition or ghost of a dead person never leaves the carcase until it has had proper Christian burial;—if you ask for why, then I say because it can't, being perfectly impossible. Trust me, my lads, and I think I've lived long enough both to see and feel it, that try any of you to-morrow to give anything less to an old ship than proper Christian burial, and he'll hover and wriggle about you continually night and day, playing the very devil in frightening folks. Why, mates, the very stories I've heard from old Joe of the Terrible, to say nothing more, would convince a very heathen man to believe all about it—far less were I to tell you about my own experience.—D—n it, Davis, you may grin, thof it only shews your ignorance, my lad—but I've not forgotten the many frights I've had in my day—and particularly one in the Terrible—Klaas, my boy, you were there, with that ill-spliced pin of yours—d'ye mind that morning?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Netherlander, "mindsh dat morn—Hegger and sklyt! the same as now. I vid tell it you, mates—'tis bon, much vat you call laughter story. We were board the Terrible (ver large vessel—sacre Maria, what work! up de Mediterrane—out de Yankee—quarters every day—boom—boom, boom, night—day—guns)—both in sick bay—ver ill—I had mine leg here, and Bill had him's head there, vat you call——"

"Pshaw, Nicholas, you're going to make the devil's own yarn of it—Let me tell the story."

"Nong, peste, nong!—Ver well, mates, Bill had him's head there, ver, ver sore, and he vash vat you call thirsty, and so vash I—Ver well, Bill jumps out his hammock, and goes bring vater.—Ver well, Jumbo, de skipper's vat you call monkey, vash skipping and grinning so about all de sick-bay—Jesu! how he vash larking, here, dere, all about!—So you see Bill's pouring out de water so, and I'm looking over my hammock wid my arm so—when vat you call Jumbo comes pop from de hammocks on Bill's shoulders, and throws him's paws round his head so.—My eye! vat noise, vat cries!—Bill fell squat de deck—cry de deyvil—de deyvil!—while vat you call Jumbo take de vater from him, and drink so coolly—and I so laugh—ha, ha, ha!"

"Come, come, Fontina," cried Lyson surlily, "you're touching rather too much of a good thing now; for, hang me if it was that silly story I meant at all, at all. Besides, my boy, you should recollect that it's no joke in my eye to come over people's frailties in that there lousy manner, particularly in a matter where a person's not themselves, as was my case that day; for if the truth must be told, maties, you must know that I'd got a smacking whifle over the sconce a few days before, in a boarding affair, from a d—d tall Spanish sworder, and of course was rather somewhat weakish and light-headed.—But what of all that now—the wound is healed, and forgotten; and, barring the time when he gets an overshare of grog, Bill Lyson's as good a man as ever.—But avast with such nonsense, my hearts! I were talking of ghosts and figures of the dead. Now, I'll convince you all at once, by telling you a real true story—one, my boys, that I can swear to, for I were told it by ould Oliver, the forecastle-man, when I was hardly the

height of a marlin-spike; and since that time, which wasn't yesterday, I've heard it read in a book, and sung in a song. The song begins in this manner,—you must all have heard it—

> Captain Oram went to sea,
> Full of mirth and full of glee,
> Him and all his ship's company,
> On board of the Benjamin, ho!

Now, mates, I've seen the Benjamin often when I was a boy; for she lay long an empty hulk in one of the Liverpool docks—nobody caring to have anything to do with her. And as for Captain Oram, I don't know what became of him, thof I've heard it said as how he died raving mad.—But, avast, I've begun at the wrong end of my story. Now, pay attention, my mates, and don't put me out by any questions, and you shall hear all about it. You must know, that this same story was a mighty favourite of old Oliver's, —thof he had hundreds of such like; for I always did remark, that just let a fellow make the least mention of it in his hearing, and he in the humour at the time, and you'd set him a spinning at it directly, for all the world like a barge-mop, to your very heart's wish. —Well, my lads, this same story of *his'n*, which we commonly used to call

THE BLOODY BREAD-BAG,

used commonly to make sail in this here manner, as I shall presently tell you.—Hem!

"You must know, then, my lads, that the good ship the Benjamin, belonging to Liverpool, was a fine large smacking hooker, mayhap about 450 or 500 tons, which traded between that port and the West India islands, and was commanded by a fellow of the name of Jerry Oram, a butcher's son of Bristol; a great horse of a chap as I've heard say, who had his starboard eye doused, and wore large red whiskers. Now, this same Jerry Oram, though an excellent seaman, was like too many of the same line, a complete knave,—by which I mean, you know, as the saying is, he was a harbour-saint and a sea-devil; quite a tartar of a fellow, that stuck at nothing, but treated those under his command, as soon's he got fairly to sea, just as it pleased him,—pinching some of their grub, and denying their right to any grog,—starting and abusing others,—for he was very liberal both of his fists and his feet,—and almost constantly cheating some one or other poor fellow out of his wages. Numerous complaints had been made against him on these and such like matters to the owners; but the rogue had such an invincible *cheek*, and so smooth and oily a tongue, that he got over them all, and came always off with flying colours; nor was it until their best hands had left him that the owners would make the least inquiry into his evil doings. Well, at last they did so, or at least they pretended to do so; and by dint of blarney, plenty of grog, and fair promises, the Benjamin was once more fairly manned, and set sail outward-bound. No sooner had they cleared the Land's-end, however, than you'll not hinder Jerry from commencing the old game, so that by the time they arrived in Montego Bay, and had got rid of their cargo, most of his hands, heartily sick of his bad faith and ill usage, either cut their stick, or refused to go any farther with him. In vain did the owners there cajole and flatter them, and in vain did Captain Oram speechify and promise amendment; they were no longer to be deceived, and resolutely refused to handle another rope-yarn belonging to him. All that he could fleech out of them was, that they shouldn't leave the ship until he procured other hands from Port-Royal, for which place he immediately set out, the Benjamin meaning to stand athwart to the Gold Coast, in order to pick up a few hundreds of them there Blackamoor devils,—what d'ye call 'em—which at that time were getting scarce in the island. Well, in a few days Captain Oram returned, bringing a gang of fellows with him who would not have adorned the thinnest shell of a French privateer that ever spread canvass in the Channel. They were a set of regular built tatterdemalions; of all colours, blacks, browns, reds, and whites, and of all countries, English, Dutch, Danish, French, Spanish, and Portuguese; and I really believe that the only handy fellow amongst them was my old mess-mate, Oliver, who had lost his own ship in a cruize on shore. No time was now lost in fitting out the Benjamin for her proposed new cargo, and preparing her for sea; and as the owners, at last, had begun to suspect that all was not perfectly fair on the part of Captain Jerry, they re-

solved to send a young gentleman along with him, by way of supercargo, to serve as a future check on his conduct. This young fellow, who was a man of colour, as they're commonly called, had been shortly before that married on a planter's daughter, and nothing would serve his turn, but, in a foolish fit of fondness, he'd take his young wife out along with him; and, accordingly, in an evil hour as it afterwards proved, and just before the Benjamin got under weigh, who should come on board but Captain Oram and Master and Madame Morelle, as happy and comfortable as birds in May.

"Everything went on for a few weeks as smoothly as a pannikin of cocoa; for the supercargo had a prodigal sea-stock both of grub and grog,—Madame Morelle was young and trimly made, and had a devil of a fine pair of black toplights,—and the Captain was Englishman enough, to be sure, to be very fond of his grub, but still fonder and madder after a pretty smiling face, surmounted on a petticoat; so that thus all pleased with themselves and one another, who was like Captain Jerry and Master and Madame Morelle. Thus, all billing and cooing, they were as merry as crickets in a baker's oven,—and, of course, there was nothing but flashy dinners under the quarter-deck awning,—grog to the mast-head, and fiddling, dancing, and larking, to four bells often of the first watch. In fact, everything on board the hooker was so altered for the better, that, as old Oliver used to say, he'd a likened her more to one of them trim, fancy, flashy gilded yachts his Majesty sometimes goes a-pleasuring in, than the old, rusty, sable-sided Ben of Liverpool. But too much happiness is not good, and, indeed, was never meant for this here world, you know; since it is ever followed, after a jolly dinner and a good blow-out of grog, with squeamishness of the stomach, languor of the body, and nausea and disgust of the mind; so that, thof everything rolled cheerily for a few weeks, 'twas well known it couldn't last forever, any more than we might now expect to be eternally in smooth water, d'ye see. Well, to be sure, all of a sudden matters assumed quite another appearance, the lively trio having seemingly all gone on different tacks; for the dinners and larkings were completely knocked off—Captain Oram became thoughtful and peevish, and began to his old game of knocking his fists about; and as for the supercargo, he seldom left his cabin, and when he did come on deck, 'twas merely for a short and hurried walk of an evening on the lee-side of the vessel, and then down he'd dive to his cabin again. As for Madame Morelle, she was no more to be seen than if she hadn't been on board. Some, indeed, conjectured, that she wan't well, and that all the fuss and alteration in the manners of the skipper and his supercargo was on her account; but this, Oliver used to say, was a thing that was all in his eye,—a mere quiz to gammon the flats,—being partly as true as it was false; for he said it was true that the coldness which had arisen between Morelle and Oram was on her account; but it was all a lie about her being badly, being confined to her cabin, much against her will, by the commands of her husband. Now, d'ye see, my lads, Oliver, who was a shrewd, silent, sly old fox, knew more of the secret than half the ship's company put together; for, being captain of the hold, he had ear-holes and eye-holes abaft, whereby he could pick up bits of news whenever he pleased, that no other person knew anything of. Now, a short time after this dryness took place, he had been down in the afterhold putting matters to rights, when he heard the supercargo and the skipper at high words together through the bulk-head. He clapped his ear to his peepholes; and, listening attentively, learnt, by what he could hear, that Morelle was jealous of the captain and his wife,—that he had been both accusing and abusing her,—and had even been so unmanly as to give her a smack or two with his fists; when her cries had brought Oram to her assistance, who, instantly bursting in upon them, like a true fellow of Britain's own breeding, boldly stuck up for the lady. Bitter, and loud, and long blew the squall, till from one thing to another they took to their fists; and then the shrieks and cries of Madame Morelle, as they immediately brought the doctor and the mates to separate the combatants, compelled old Oliver to retire from his peep-hole, though not before he perceived that Morelle had the worst of it, as every chopper the skipper gave him made the poor mulatto smell the deck whether he would or

not. Open war being thus declared, frequent squabblings took place every other day, either between Morelle and his wife, or between him and Oram; with both of whom, however, he generally came off at the loss, seeing as how the lady had only to sing out to get assistance in a twinkling, and that he was neither weight nor mettle for the tremendous fist and powerful bottom of Jerry Oram.

"It is impossible for me to say, my lads, for my part, whether all of you, or any of you, knows anything at all about this here black affair they call *jealousy*, or how severely it makes a fellow wince when his fancy-girl loses conceit of him and takes up with another; but this I can tell you, (I speak it from experience, d'ye see,) 'tis the devil's own potion, worse than any rubbish the doctor e'er gave you,—and give it once a fair clutch of a fellow's heart, and he's as happy in future as he'd his feet fast in the bilboes, with not a morsel of grog allowed. Why, mates, I recollect as 'twere but the other day, how melancholious and unhappy I were, when that precious piece of roguery of mine, Bet of Yarmouth, gave me the slip, and chimed in with that ould humbugging land-lubber, Dirtybawks, our purser's steward: In faith, I took so terribly on as to be laid up in sick bay the best part of a fortnight, I'll warrant. But all that there matters not now it is over, and I merely mention it here that you may have some trifling notion of what a teazing, restless, murdering nature, this same *jealousy* is. Now, d'ye see, my lads, this here Morelle, the supercargo, as I mentioned, was quite eaten up with it; for he were both jealous of his wife and the captain together,—and them there colour chaps, you must know, bred up under the glare of a tropical sun, are much more fiery-blooded than we are, and take on as smartly, d'ye see, as a blue-light on such occasions. This here being the case, then, everything on board went to sixes and sevens; there was nothing but skrimishings and squabblings be-aft, and nothing but laziness, and mutiny, and larking, going on forward,—so that, as Oliver used to remark, the old Benjamin was never in such a sad taking in her born days, going where and any way and every way the wind thought proper to drive her. Well, d'ye see, matters grew thus gradually a-head, every day getting worse and worse, when one afternoon, after a severe jawing and fisting match, up jumps Captain Oram on deck, and Morelle after him brandishing a cutlass. Well, mates, Oram wasn't the fellow that would ever say die!—not he,—never an inch of him, so you'll not hinder Jerry from springing to the arm-chest abaft and seizing another, and to it they went heart and hand, for all the world like two brave fellows, determined to settle the hash once and for all. Now, you must know, my lads, that though this here Blackee had neither the bottom nor length of arm to stand before Oram with his fists, yet he was to the full more than his match with cold iron in his paw, and, accordingly, made his slasher play round the skipper's carroty mop to infinite admiration. Long they fought, and wickedly; while all hands, gathered around them, were so confounded and astounded as never once to think of interfering. At last, just as every one thought that Blackee were going to carry the day, poor soul, as usual, away he went to leeward. He had received Jerry's assault with great coolness and dexterity,—had completely winded him,—and had just begun to ring the changes by touching him a smartish wipe or two athwart the bows, when, as the devil would have it, something or other taking his foot, down he came smack, and the skipper above him; who, not being in one of his pleasantest humours, speedily wrested the cutlass from his grasp, and gave poor Blackee a most desperate and wicked pummelling on the deck as he lay. Morelle, brave fellow, did the best he could, but he was far too light for the skipper, who, having once got him under his ponderous and brawny beam-ends, was determined, like the Scotsman, to keep him there, and quilted away at the supercargo's carcase like Roger with his flail, as the song has it. He had certainly finished the black fellow at once with his thorough-bred Lancashire of kick, bellows, and bite, if, by the interference of his mates and the doctor, he hadn't been forced to knock off. However, in spite of all their speechifyings, he wouldn't allow the Doctor to overhaul him, but raving and foaming with passion, he ordered Morelle to be tied hand and foot, and thus, all terribly beaten and bleeding as he was, he was carried

below, and locked up in an obscure birth, which no one had use for. On this same occasion, indeed, Jerry hadn't much to brag on, having got a pretty tidy handling; for besides a poke or two he had got in the carcase, and some smartish clips on his Dunstable, his face was so terribly mauled and jellyfied, that his toplights seemed to be battened in for ever. However, he was a strong man, and was soon on deck again, where he was often heard to mutter the most horrible and savage threats against poor Morelle, whom he still kept in the closest confinement, giving him his grub, and locking him up again, with his own hands. How he came on with Madame Morelle, I never heard say, seeing they kept all things snug to themselves in the cabin below; but it's likely all went well enough on in that there quarter, seeing she certainly did prefer this same Jerry Oram to her husband, notwithstanding of his large red whiskers; and I do not wonder at it, when, you'll mind me, the one was a skipper, and a stout-made free-born Englishman, and the other no more than a pen-and-ink lubber of a supercargo, and a blackamoor to boot, which made all the difference in the world, you know, to any one, far less to your girls of spirit, who generally know—that they do—how many pistareens are in a dollar. Well, d'ye see, mates, after this here furious squall as I've told you on, there was a long lull, when all of a sudden the news came on deck, first, that Morelle had got into one of them terrible things called fevers, and then some days after that he were dead for sartain; and sure enough a large box made by the carpenter, and said to contain his corpse, was committed to the deep that same day,—both the Captain and Madam attending, and appearing mightily sorry for what had happened. But the whole of this flummery was all in my eye and Betty; for I've heard my old shipmate often say, that he were free to give his Bible oath, that the never an inch of Morelle's carcase was in the carpenter's box when it went overboard, but the whole affair one of Jerry's made-up stories to gammon the tongues of the crew, which, to be sure, will be wagging, let the sails blow to ribbons. This, d'ye see, was Oliver's notion of the concern, and there were many more such in the hooker, which I have forgot; but it matters not, for they all agree in this, that Blackee by no means had gotten anything like fair play; for he, poor devil, having always been kind to the hands while he lived, and by no means a niggard of his grog, had got many hearts as beat warm to him, while they could have chucked Jerry Oram to the devil. Well, d'ye see, my lads, what convinced Oliver in all this more and more, was, that some days after, being down in the hold, he heard the skipper unlock the door of Morelle's cabin as usual, and go in—then he heard the voices of him and Madame Morelle whispering—then he heard what he took to be the hissing, rattling, short, quick sobs or groans of a man that were throttling—then, after a long silence, in which he heard nothing but the scuffle of feet, he distinctly heard the skipper say, '*Bring me the bag, child; he's snug at last*'—then he heard him again say, in answer to some whisper of hers, '*Confound his ugly carcase, the bag is too small—let us leave him now, Anabell, he'll make no noise, and I'll truss him up, and give him a passage in the midwatch;*' and accordingly the cabin was again locked up as before. After all this you may easily suppose, mates, that long before the appointed time, Oliver was at his post, and hadn't waited long ere he heard the skipper, attended as before, softly unlock Morelle's cabin, and go in—then he heard him using an axe, d'ye see, as thof he'd been cutting up junk—and then he heard them slowly and cautiously dragging something weighty along the deck, and the cabin windows quietly opened; but he heard nothing more, having to cut his stick that same moment, for fear of Oram coming on deck and finding the after-hold open, you know. However, it would appear there was little danger of his doing so at that time, having seemingly other fish to fry; for after waiting a while in his birth, and dousing part of his rigging, Oliver went upon deck, where he found everything quiet,—all the watch being asleep, except the mate who kept reckoning, and the man at the wheel. 'Hollo, old boy,' cries the mate to Oliver, 'what the devil's turned you out so early? I'd think, for my part, you'd been as well in your hammock?' To this, d'ye see, Oliver made some reply or other; but that, and a great deal more talk they had

together, I must pass over, for I've forgot it.—Lord! Lord! could you but have heard old Oliver tell it, how he would have scared you!—I can only recollect that the mate told him that for certain there was some devilry going forward in the cabin, for that just a short time before, the night being uncommonly quiet, having heard the creak of the cabin windows opening, he had gone to the stern, and looking cunningly over, he beheld the skipper and Madame Morelle pushing something like a well-filled bread-bag out of 'em, which fell heavily into the deep, and disappeared like a shot; 'and ever since,' continued the mate to Oliver, 'he has done nothing else but bundled up and down the cabin-ladder there for water, and has been knocking about the mops like the devil in a gale of wind. He told me, indeed,' says the mate to Oliver, 'that being unable to sleep after turning in, he had got up for the purpose of giving the infected cabin a rousing up, as he didn't like to hazard any of his cabin-boys' lives in the doing of it.—But I believe all this to be a lie, d'ye see,' says the mate, 'for I never yet saw Jerry so fond of doing anything, far less such a nasty job as the cleaning out of a dead man's cabin. No, no, in faith; he must have some other rig in his eye, in all this midnight industry,' said the mate, "particularly when he is assisted in it by his fancy article. I only wish to God, Oliver, there mayn't be something foul in all this scrubbing.' To all this you may swear Oliver made no reply, but bidding the mate good bye, he returned to his birth, and turned in, thoroughly convinced in his own mind that Morelle had been murdered somehow or other.

"Well, my lads, this here Morelle being once out of the ship, and everything going on in a more quiet and orderly way, matters, d'ye see, assumed a more lively appearance, and the good old Benjamin, cutting through it with life and spirit, was soon at her destination. Here, having taken in some hundreds of them black devils as work in the plantations, with some ivory and gold dust, they sailed once more on their return to the West Indies; and then began the rig of which I were talking to Davis there just now. I really can't say, as I never heard, whether there was any unusual appearance made in the cabin of a night or morning—if there was, they kept it to themselves, d'ye see, like many other things; but this one thing was certain, that now as they approached the spot where belike the deed was committed, the ghost of Morelle seemed to meet them half-way, and grew very troublesome, making a regular trip of the decks every middle watch, and playing the very devil in frightening all hands. It stuck to no particular part of the hooker, mind me, as a fellow might have supposed; but was sometimes seen walking forward, sometimes aft, and sometimes, for all the world as he had been alive, it would make a start away to some one or other of the tops, or disappear through the hold gratings amongst the negurs. Oliver told me he saw it once quite close to him and some others as were talking together; and he described it as a tall figure, rigged out in white gear, with its head muffled up, which moved slowly along, carrying a bread-bag all over blood under its arm, which it stopped and displayed to all whom it passed; and when it vanished, which it did often in a twinkling, you'd have heard strange noises, as thof it were the clang of fore-hammers, or the rattling of chains, mixed with loud peals of wild unearthly laughter, dismal shrieks, and low hollow groans. All this occurred so often, and so frightened young and old, that duty seemed once more to have come to an end, seeing the never a hand would stir his stumps to do anything with cheerfulness after sunset; and though Captain Oram and his mates did what they could in the jeering and chiding way, to knock this same terror out of them, all would not do; and so, d'ye see, nothing was done that wasn't forced, and what they'd obliged to lend a hand to themselves. Now what made all this the worse was the coming on of bad weather; for by this time the season was far advanced, and little else was to be expected, you know. It is an easy guess story, then, my lads, to know what a sad taking the poor old Benjamin must have been in, having thus to encounter the heavy squalls, worse seas, and thunder and lightning storms of the tropics, with never a willing hand on board her to assist in the keeping of her snug. Captain Oram, his mates, and a few stout hearts more, to be sure, did do wonders, and worked for a while like jolly

fellows, who feared neither ghosts nor devils; but it was impossible they could hold out so for ever, you know; and as the weather continued still in the same unsettled way, they soon began to fag and fall off, through sheer want of sleep and hard work.

"They were in this hard-up and dreary way one dismal, rainy, and squally night, and the few hands that would work, after making the old hooker as snug as they could, had just thrown themselves on the deck, under a tarpauling, in order to snatch a momentary repose, when the mate of the watch was roused to attention by a strange, hollow, and uncommon harsh voice, singing out from the maintop—*On deck, there!* Now, you must know, my lads, that this same mate was none of your shilly-shally shore-bred fellows who start at mere trifles, but a regular thorough-bred sea-goer, and had besides the character of having as bold a heart and as sound a head as ever the port of Liverpool produced; but what argulfies all that, when one's taken by surprise—and so, d'ye see, whether or not the ghost story had come into his head, I'll not say, thof it's likely enough; but he were just standing firmly gazing on the top, waiting to see whether the bright sheets of lightning, which ever and anon were streaming athwart the horizon, would let him see who it was that were thus bawling before he would answer, when the same voice sung out a second time, *On deck, there!* still louder than before. He immediately roused his watch-mates, and had just begun to tell them the story, when all hands were astounded with horror, with hearing *On deck, there!* bawled out a third time in a most thundering manner. 'What do you want?' cried the man at the wheel; when he was answered with a peal of the wildest and loudest laughter arising in the top, which seemed to sail away and die in the breeze. As soon as they recovered themselves from the fright, for they neither heard nor saw anything more that night, they mustered their hands, and found all present, excepting the Captain, who had stowed himself away below.

"Well, my lads, you needn't fear but all this here story was fully and faithfully conned over to all hands by those who kept the watch; and if things were bad before, you may swear that it made them no better; every soul being now convinced that the ghost of Morelle haunted the ship,—and the devil of it was, no one either had the pluck to speak to it, or knew how to get rid on't. Some stout hearts there were, indeed, who seemed to think the story all a bamm, and even volunteered to go and sit in the top until the ghost made its appearance; but, avast there, the nearer the time approached, the more their courage gave way, and the watch were jeering the arrival of the last of these bravaders on deck, when the old thundering voice sung out as usual, *On deck, there!*

"'Blast my eyes and limbs!' cried a forecastleman, jumping to the rigging, 'but I'll see this same bawler, be he the devil himself; though I strongly suspect that 'tis some frolicsome whoreson making game of us all the time. Hark'ee, maties, keep a bright eye on the lee rigging there, that no one slides down, while I go aloft and examine the top.' He had just begun to ascend the rigging, when the same wild and awfully loud voice sung out a second time, *On deck, there!* 'Ay, ay,' replied the undaunted forecastleman, redoubling his speed, 'I'll be with you directly, my hearty; and if you're what I suspect you to be, the devil a rope's end in the hooker shall be heavy enough to lace your shoulders with.'

"He had now got his head barely above the top rim, and what he saw, Heaven only knows; but with the eyes of all the watch anxiously fixed upon him, he gave a dreadful scream of horror, let go his hold, and rolled right overboard,—while, for the third time, *On deck, there!* resounded in all their ears, succeeded as before with the same wild laughter, mingled with shrieks and groans. 'Heaven have mercy upon us!' cried the mate, as the awful sounds died away, 'for this is no fool's trick.'

"The melancholy fate of this brave lad, who was beloved by all hands, entirely put an end to all duty and subordination; so that the following day, the never a he of them all would enter the main-top, even in day-light, without the Captain, or some one of his mates along with them; and when night came on, it was only by the Captain assuring them that he would keep the first and middle watches himself, that he could contrive to muster a suf-

ficient number to agree to keep it along with him.

Accordingly, Captain Oram, accompanied by Madame Morelle, kept the deck the whole of the first watch, during which everything was quiet and orderly. Eight bells were struck and gone, and he was just standing before her, at the top of the companion, advising her to go below, as the dew was beginning to be cold and chilly, when the whole deck again resounded with the usual cry of *On deck, there!* which, whether it were the sound of that wild voice, or the sudden shock, seemed completely to paralyze all the powers of Madame Morelle, who immediately gave a loud shriek, and fell back into the arms of a female negress, her attendant, in a faint. As for Oram, he seemed to get rank raving mad on the instant; for leaving his wench to look after herself, he sprung forward, and with eyes flashing fury on the top, he sung out, *Hilloah!*

"By the Lord, lads, *he* hadn't to wait for an answer.

"*Stand from under!* was the terrible response.

"*Let fall and be d—d!* cried the intrepid Oram, and immediately a Bread Bag was precipitated to the deck, streaming in blood, the mouth of which bursting open, a human head rolled out, and lay at his feet, which all the watch could recognize as that of the unfortunate Morelle. Oram gazed at the mangled remains for an instant, with a countenance in which horror, desperation, and madness, were strongly depicted, then cried, 'Hell and the devil! are you there again?—Away, away, blast you! away, and be food to the first shark that meets you!' In saying which, he first made the ghastly head spin from his kick like a foot-ball, then clutched like a fury on the Bloody Bread-Bag, and, with a strength almost supernatural, made it fly over the lee gangway. He now ran aft to where the doctor and some others were assisting the recovery of Madame Morelle, roaring out, 'Anabell, my dear wench, I have given him a passage again, and he'll bother us no more—What! is she dead—fairly stone dead? Have I done all for this—Have I committed murder, and thrown my hopes of Heaven at my heels for nought!—then die, Jerry, die, and be'—and he instantly fell flat on the deck, in a state of complete insensibility. They were both taken below; a fever was the consequence: and before they recovered, the Benjamin arrived at her port, and Oliver was one of the first to leave her.

"Now, my lads, pray what d'ye think of my old ship-mate's story? wouldn't it convince any fellow of any sense at all, that murder will not hide on ship-board, and that the ghost will never cease to haunt and flipper round the body, until it has got Christian burial?—What say you, Davis, eh?—for I see you are smuggling a laugh, and be d—d to you."

Nothing was ever more true; for Edward having hitherto succeeded with great difficulty in restraining his risible faculties, no sooner received this half good-humoured interrogation, than his mirth overleaped all bounds, and he now laughed away so heartily and so highly to the satisfaction of the mirth-loving Mahony, that he instantly joined in the chorus, to the infinite astonishment of the chagrined story-teller.

"There it is, now—dang it, I were sartain of it!"—exclaimed the angry Lyson, his eyes fixed furiously on the merry muscles of the laughing pair;—"I'll warrant me, they don't believe a single word on all I've said, mates, thof I've told them I were told it by ould Oliver, and have both heard it read it in a printed book, and sung in a ballad, such as we gets from the shore at Portsmouth and the Nore, you know.—As for you, Denny, I'd have thought better on you, than to have sneered so lustily at what I've heard you say a hundred times, you firmly believed; but as for Davis, there, I an't surprised at him in the least; for it's always the way with your d—d saucy landlubber pen-and-ink swabs, that they are so cursedly conceited,—they're for ever thinking the ne'er a one is up to anything but themselves. But avast there, my hearts! Master Davis may come cheery to Bill Lyson for the next story he tells him, that's all."

Both Edward and Dennis, perfectly aware that they had gone rather too far, were now at some pains to mollify and sooth down the irritated feelings of the credulous old man; in which task, Mahony, by a dexterous application of the real native *blarney*, succeeded so wonderfully, that it was not long

before a smile began to curl his thin cheek, and he heard Edward's praises of his story with some seeming satisfaction.

"But after all, Lyson, I must say," concluded our hero, "that I think your story rather incomplete,—pray what became of Madame Morelle, as you call her? for, as for the Captain, you know, you already told us he died raving mad."

"Ay, my lad, mad as a March hare, as they say a-shore. But, in faith, what became of his fancy-wench, is more than I ever heard say; thof I'd naturally suppose as how her father would take her home again."

"I'd as naturally supposed, Lyson," cried a listener, "as how they'd both been hung."

"Pshaw, pshaw, Master Simpleton, you fly wide of the mark. Hung, quotha! For sartain, my lad, you're thinking of Old England, when you bundle in your Jack of the Halter so readily; since, in those days, who ever heard of a Planter's daughter being hung for murder in the West Indies, or a slave Captain either. Why, you silly fool, doesn't know that they could do in that there quarter what they pleased?"

"So it would appear," rejoined a third, shrugging up his shoulders, "and the more is the pity, I say—for they both, to my mind, richly deserved it; particularly that petticoated she-hyæna, who was the 'casion of all. D—n me, but I'd shut her up with a deck load of monkeys, who'd have fondled her to death."

The discourse was here most disagreeably interrupted by the bell tolling eight, backed with the boatswain's mate's pipe, and lusty call of *All the larboard watch, a-hoy!* who immediately hurrying below, and bawling out in gruff and bitter accents, "D'ye hear there, larbolians, up on deck, up on deck, all of you"—speedily dispersed these visionaries and their crowded assemblies.

Chapter IX.

"Say, shall I sing of a war-ship's humbugging,
Railing and rubbing, and washing and tugging?
Touch me the word, mates, and you shall have it readily."—
"Glory! give it mouth, Jack, 'twill make a merry medley!"

The watch was no sooner on deck, and the usual process of muster over, than Edward, with a curiosity peculiar to his character, would have immediately proceeded to obtain a view of the corpse of the unfortunate Zamba, had he not met with an opposition which both mortified and surprised him. He had no difficulty in discovering that it was deposited under the boats on the booms, for there two large and well-blacked tarpaulins having been thrown right across, the ends hung down in sombre sadness on the deck, and as effectually precluded the smallest glimpse of the little body, as if it had already reached the bottom of the ocean. To raise these substantial hangings, so far as to be able to gratify his curiosity, was matter of no trifling consequence, as it would infallibly have given great offence to a body of men, who, it was impossible for him not to see, both by their general gloom and evident repugnance to approach a spot so carefully enclosed throughout the whole watch, as well as by the many frightful and ridiculous stories, which were liberally whispered forth in every corner, were in no fit humour to be trifled with. In this dilemma, he resolved to consult with his new friend and instructor Dennis Mahony, who heard him to an end in unusual silence, and then replied, with great seriousness, "I'll tell you what it is, Ned, and I hope you'll think your Dennis the devil an inch the bigger coward for it, I wouldn't go for to raise that there tarpauling, and so be after disturbing the dead, d'ye see, no! not for a mount of money, as big, by the hokey, as the ould Hill of Howth. No, no, Davis, my darling! I like you well enough, sure now, and I own it; but, thanks to good ould Father Daniel, who, Lord love him, larnt me my letters before I could spake, I like ould Mother Church a trifle or so better, my dear. Bubba-boo! will you belay now," continued he, clapping his bulky hand coaxingly on Edward's mouth, "for the devil a word more will I hear on the subject. What! you wouldn't, sure, have Dennis guilty of that terrible thing—what d'ye call it again?—sacrilege?—Murder and wounds! but your Scotch re-

ligion must be a curious one, if it's any at all, at all, that allows you to be after going so coolly and needlessly about disturbing the dead, sure."

Dennis was evidently too serious in all this, for Edward any farther to press the subject; and he therefore amused himself in listening in silence to the various marvels with which every obscure corner abounded. In defiance, however, of the most dismal presages, the night proved one of uncommon beauty;—the silver moon shone with peculiar brilliancy on the gentle ripple of the dark blue ocean; and such a resplendent galaxy of glory twinkled all o'er the face of the clear and unclouded heavens, as had the happiest effects in composing the mind to the most delightful serenity; and the period of the watch thus pleasingly stole away without any of those supernatural appearances, or dire mishaps, so confidently predicted, and so minutely described.

Next morning, immediately after divisions, had been appointed for the funeral—which proved to be a matter of infinite brevity and great simplicity. Captain Switchem appeared on deck in a mourning scarf and sword, followed by his officers and Mr Fudgeforit, who carried a splendidly bound Prayer-book under his arm: and all hands being summoned to the lee gangway, he immediately commenced operations, by prefacing the service of the dead with a few pithy and rather sarcastic observations on the heedlessness, stupidity, and other bright qualities of the living. Meanwhile, four boys having slowly advanced with a grating, on which the corpse lay extended, firmly sewed up in its hammock, (the operating needles being thrust transversely through its nose)—and having taken up a position, with it at their feet, on each side of an open port-hole, which had been cleared for the purpose, he immediately doffed his hat, followed by all hands, opened the Prayer-book, and began the Church-service in a tone of voice at once grave and dignified, until, coming to the words expressive of committing the body to the deep, the four boys immediately gradually elevated one end of the grating, when the weight of the shots enclosed under the feet of the corpse, hurried it off into the ocean, where it disappeared in a twinkling. Having thus finished the service with infinite decorum, Captain Switchem had shut the Prayer-book, had handed it to his bowing secretary, and had once more begun to descant, with his usual acrimony, on the excessive carelessness, and slovenly, bustling manner in which the work was gone through by all hands—to which causes he very adroitly imputed the boy's death—and the total want of that steady coolness, order, and dexterity, which he had ever been accustomed to, and which he was still determined to enforce, when the swelling current of his caustic elocution was rudely interrupted by the look-out vociferating from the mast-head—"On deck, there!"

"Hilloah!" returned the Captain.

"Land a-head!" bawled the look-out.

"Point to it, my lad!" cried the Captain, leaping to the capstan, and hurrying with his glass to the forecastle.

The look-out held out his arm, at the same time bawling down, "About two points on the weather bow!"

This intelligence seemed to produce a sensation in the mind of Captain Switchem, quite discordant to farther discussion; and, of course, sermonizing immediately gave way to more active and unpremeditative duty. "Mr Marlin," cried the Captain, hurrying aft;—"Where is the Boatswain?—Call me Mr Marlin directly—d'ye hear there, young gentlemen?"

This was unnecessary, however, for the Boatswain, shouting "Here I come, sir!" immediately stood before him.

"Pipe, *Make sail!* directly, Marlin, there's a good fellow," cried the Captain—then turning to his first Lieutenant, he continued,—"And harkye, Fyke, shake out every reef, and clap every inch of canvass on her you can. I'd like to have a surveillance of the coast ere night fall.—Mr Fudgeforit, lay hold of these things and follow me—I'll be with you again in a minute, Fyke."

"It shall be done, sir," replied his first Lieutenant, as he disappeared from the deck, and immediately walked forward to put the people in motion. Meantime, the Boatswain had executed his orders, the topmen were aloft—the reefs were shaken out—the topsails hoisted—the fore and main tacks hauled close on board—top-gallant sails and flying gear followed—

and no long period elapsed ere all hands beheld their fancy vessel snoring through it, with the land right a-head, at a rate little short of twelve knots an hour. At this rate she stood on for some time, when Captain Switchem deeming her to be as close in shore as he thought it prudent, ordered her on the other tack, and she now ran along the bleak and dark-wooded coast of Norway, with a fine steady breeze from the land. She thus continued making way steadily, while Captain Switchem, and most of his officers, were busily employed with their glasses in a strict reconnoitre of the numerous groups of dark black clustering rocks, small islands, and innumerable creeks and openings of that strangely shattered coast, when nothing appearing, and the day beginning to close, the Tottumfog was finally put about, and once more stood to sea under shortened sail.

"Well, my mates, here we have had the devil's own day of it, after all, now that it's done," cried Bill Lyson, sitting down at the mess table; "but indeed I never saw it otherwise with a dead body in company—always a gale of wind, a mast going by the board, a chase, or some one ugly customer or t'other to bother a fellow."

"Phew! my lovely bright boy of the mountain!" cried Dennis, just arrived from the deck, "as the ould Goody of Gillingham says to her eels, when, you know, she's after skinning them alive, 'Why can't you be azy, honies, sure it is nothing at all, at all, when once you are used to it. Devil a haypurth!'—and Mahony agrees with her to a tittle. Troth does he—and the devil a skirrach's worth of bother it shall cost him, though he knows, shipmate—ay, that he does—that if you have had the devil's own day on't, gragh, you are likely to be blessed with his mother's own night of it, by way of good company, that's all. Och, by my soul, are you;—so keep your beautiful tongue lying azy;—for I heard Mr Fyke speaking with that long ill-spun cooper of ours about water—and I'm sure you knows very well what follows that, dear."

"A devilish sight too well, in faith, Denny," replied Lyson;—"but are you certain it was the cooper? for you know it's a little darkish on deck at present."

"Am I sure it was the cooper, did you say? by the powers! as well might you ask me, am I sure if myself's Dennis Mahony, dear. Oho, shipmate of mine! the ould chopper of cask staves is by much too like a hop-pole for me to mistake him so azily. But the devil another squeak will I make on the subject at all at all, honey; for may I never knock my beautiful fist through a biscuit again, if there isn't Tom Bird himself coming down the ladder, and he'll soon be after telling you all about it, darling."

It was sure enough the huge fellow, who, taking his stance on the fore-gratings, and bending down his enormous carcase to get his head on a line with the beams of the upper deck, growled out in a thundering voice, "D'ye hear below there, fore and aft, it is the Captain's orders, that you all turn to, man and mother's son of you, and get ready, without loss of time or hinderance of business, for a good jolly hard spell at washing and scrubbing. The cooper has orders to supply all the messes with a gallon of fresh water a-man, which the ship's cook will boil for you in a jiffy; and that will serve for your shirts, embroidered trowsers, silk frocks, gold-laced jackets, and other such shore and church-going gear. If any on you wants soap, they must keep the Boatswain in their eye. The idlers, fancy men, and other lob-lollys, not forgetting Jack in the Dust, may either wash in the first or middle watches, just as their honours please. The clothes-lines to be hoisted as soon as the morning watch is turned up—but them only, mind me. Bags and hammocks to be scrubbed in the morning-watch, and nothing but clean hammocks to be stowed in the nettings. And, last of all, the whole clothes, bags, and hammocks of the hooker, will be mustered on Sunday after divisions, when the fellow who is dirty will of course be found lazy, and either get a cat or a broomstick to fondle.—So mark me, fore and aft, as you've all got fair warning, you may take your own minds on't—it's all one to Bird.—D'ye hear there, you captains of the tops, you'll see and have your clothes-lines properly marked and rove in good time, or else, by the Lord Harry, you'll catch it."

After this brilliant declaration, a scene ensued that completely beggars description—both decks being suddenly metamorphosed into a complete

mass of bustle, hubbub, and confusion. In one place, a noisy mob of cooks of the various messes surrounded a tall, raw-boned, dirty fellow, dignified with the name of cooper, who, seated on the deck, with a measure in his hand, loudly vociferated, haggled, coaxed, and threatened all and sundry regarding their exact quantum of the blessed liquid, which rushed and gurgled from an old tinkling rusty pump in unlimpid clearness, and shed an odour so ineffably gaseous, as to make every individual nostril around him cock up in determined hostility. Farther forward, again, another band surrounded the boiling coppers, in the midst of whom might be seen the aged one-eyed cook, swearing, sweating, and brandishing his *tormentors* over the heads of the refractory with infinite dexterity, while his filthy assistant, enveloped in steam, doled out the scalding element to all around him. And every other part of the deck, both above and below, was crowded by the crew, selecting their soiled garments for the wash-tub—slinging or unslinging their hammocks—and emptying their clothes-bags.

"I say, Jack, who do you wash with?" cried one of Edward's messmates.

"Why, there's Lyson, Mahony, and I, as takes the first spell."

"Well, then, I board you, mind me."

"Aha, my smart fellow, but we're boarded already."

"Already, are you—by who, pray?"

"Why, by old Shetland Gibbie, Lawrie Lawrenson, and young Davis."

"Oho! matey, if that there's the case, I must look sharp about me. However, dang it, I care's not a souse—there is plenty of time, and I han't much to do—recollect, Jack, I board the boarders."

"Harkye, my old chap, will you touch me off a shirt or two?" cries another fellow, addressing a Shetlander.

"What wull ye gie me then, Jacob, lad?"

"Why, anything reasonable, my hearty;—say a pint of the stuff tomorrow at dinner."

"Aweel, aweel, Jacob, that's fair aneuch, as my hand's in at ony event. But, bide ye there, what d'ye mean by a sark or twa, canny lad?"

"Why, them there here, to be sure, as I've got under my arm."

"Exactly, exactly—Let's see them—Eh! twa checks, a red and a blue flannel—Forgie us, Jacob! *four* sarks, forbye twa comforters, and a Guernsey, for a single pint of grog!—The man's undoubtedly in a creel—gae wa' wi' you, callant, ye're daft—ye suld list—na, na, deil a bode o' yours I'll hae.—A pint of grog, indeed! *seven piece*, as my mother used to say, for a pint of grog!—Ha, ha, ha!—saul, I wadna do them under twa days at the least."

"Dennis—Dennis Mahony!" bawls a third.

"Why, that's me, sure enough—well and what is't, my darling?" replied Dennis, rubbing away.

"Why, man, tip us a morsel of your soap, there's a good fellow, for mine is completely done."

"Oho! it's done, is it? by the powers, boy, that's another way of the music not so unlike my own, in faith."

"What! hast got none?"

"Plenty, dear, and *royal* soap too?" holding up a lump of pipe-clay.—"By the powers, gragh, when Tom Bird sung out first about this here washing affair, the devil a single rub of anything like soap was in Dennis Mahony's possession; and so he'd the choice of nothing at all, at all, for claning his linens, to be sure, but a rub and a promise from his lovely scrub-brush, dear. Well, what to do, to be sure, I couldn't think; till, at long and last, after scratching my beautiful head into humour, I boldly trots aft to the garrison, honey, and comes towney over one of them there young lobster-backs so genteelly, that out he bundles me this handsome piece of white Windsor, with which I intend to make my shirts as beautifully white as if they'd come flying from Chatham barracks to me.—Och, bad luck to washing, says Dennis; for 'tis something like hanging—best when it's over." Then, busily wringing a flannel shirt out of the suds, he closed his washing, as we shall do our imperfect description, with the following cheering scrap, sung with all that brilliancy of flourish and energy of manner, peculiar to the *tearing* jig of Paddy's land:—

"O never go to your father's house,"
Ould Murphy used to say,

"For everything there is a sixes and sevens,
'Case this is the washing-day;
The spalpeens are squalling, your mother is bawling,
And tugging and rubbing away."
"Och!" cries I in anger, 'tween cowld and sheer hunger,
"Bad luck to the washing-day!
Dirraloo, gragh! (*Follows a dying howl.*)
"Devil fly with the wash-tub away!"

In this noisy, yet enlivening manner, were all hands so busily employed during most part of the night, that the returning dawn beheld his Majesty's sloop, the Tottumfog, jogging easily along like a moving slop-shop at Rag-Fair—shirts, frocks, trowsers, blankets, bags, and hammocks, in every possible variety of repair and colour, twittering from every part of her most musically to the breeze. Even Captain Switchem, when he came on deck, seemed highly gratified at the liberal manner in which his orders had been executed; and the weather continuing steady and agreeable, the remainder of the day was employed in giving a thorough scrubbing and fresh arrangement to the movables of both decks. This important business having been also accomplished, and the lower deck ventilated and allowed to dry, the clothes and hammocks were piped down and stowed away, the topsails fresh reefed, and the vessel made otherwise snug for the night—and the watch being at last called, our hero and his watchmates betook themselves gladly to repose.

S.

ODOHERTY ON DON JUAN, CANTOS IX. X. XI.

Dear North,—I have a great respect both for old Tickler and yourself, but now and then you both disquiet me with little occasional bits of lapses into the crying sin of the age—*humbug!* What could possess him to write, and you to publish, that absurd critique—if indeed it be worthy of any such name—upon the penult batch of Don Juan? The ancient scribe must have read those cantos when he was crop-sick, and had snapped his fiddle-string. You must never have read them at all.

Call things wicked, base, vile, obscene, blasphemous; run your tackle to its last inch upon these scores, but never say that they are stupid when they are not. I cannot suffer this sort of cant from you. Leave it to Wordsworth to call Voltaire "a dull scoffer." Leave it to the British Review to talk of "the dotage" of Lord Byron. Depend upon it, your chief claim to merit as a critic has always been *your justice to* Intellect. I cannot bear to see you parting with a shred of this high reputation. It was you "that first praised Shelley as he deserved to be praised." Mr Tickler himself said so in his last admirable letter to you. It was in your pages that justice was first done to Lamb and to Coleridge—greatest of all, it was through and by you that the public opinion was first turned in regard to the poetry of Wordsworth himself.—These are things which never can be forgotten; these are your true and your most honourable triumphs. Do not, I beseech you, allow your claim to this noble distinction to be called in question. Do not let it be said, that even in one instance you have suffered any prejudices whatever, no matter on what proper feelings they may have been bottomed, to interfere with your candour as a judge of *intellectual* exertion.—Distinguish as you please: brand with the mark of your indignation whatever offends your feelings, moral, political, or religious—but "nothing extenuate." If you mention a book at all, say what it really is. Blame Don Juan; blame Faublas; blame Candide; but blame them for what really is deserving of blame. Stick to your own good old rule—abuse Wickedness, but acknowledge Wit.

In regard to such a man as Byron, this, it must be evident, is absolutely necessary—that is, if you really wish, which you have always said you do, to be of any use to him. Good heavens! Do you imagine that people will believe three cantos of Don Juan to be unredeemedly and uniformly dull, merely upon your saying so, without proving what you say by quotation? No such things need be expected by you, North, far less by any of your coadjutors.

I maintain, and have always maintained, that Don Juan is, without exception, the first of Lord Byron's

works. It is by far the most original in point of *conception*. It is decidedly original in point of *tone*, [for to talk of the tone of Berni, &c. being in the least like this, is pitiable stuff: Any old Italian of the 15th or 16th century write in the same tone with Lord Byron! Stuff! stuff!]—It contains the finest specimens of serious poetry he has ever written; and it contains the finest specimens of ludicrous poetry that our age has witnessed. Frere may have written the stanza earlier; he may have written it more carefully, more musically if you will; but what is he to Byron? Where is the sweep, the pith, the soaring pinion, the lavish luxury, of genius revelling in strength? No, sir; Don Juan, say the canting world what it will, is destined to hold a permanent rank in the literature of our country. It will always be referred to as furnishing the most powerful picture of that vein of thought, (no matter how false and bad,) which distinguishes *a great portion of the thinking people of our time*. You and I disagree with them—we do not think so; we apprehend that to think so, is to think greenly, rashly, and wickedly; but who can deny, that many, many thousands, do think so? Who can deny, that that is valuable in a certain way which paints the prevailing sentiment of a large proportion of the people of any given age in the world? Or, who, that admits these things, can honestly hesitate to admit that Don Juan is a great work—a work that must last? I cannot.

And, after all, say the worst of Don Juan, that can with fairness be said of it, what does the thing amount to? Is it *more* obscene than Tom Jones?—Is it *more* blasphemous than Voltaire's novels? In point of fact, it is not within fifty miles of either of them: and as to obscenity, there is more of that in the pious Richardson's pious Pamela, than in all the novels and poems that have been written since.

The whole that can with justice be said of Byron, *as to these two great charges*, is, that he has practised in this age something of the licence of the age of our grandfathers. In doing so, he has acted egregiously amiss. The things were bad, nobody can doubt that, and we had got rid of them; and it did not become a man of Byron's genius to try to make his age retrograde in anything, least of all in such things as these. He also has acted most unwisely and imprudently in regard to himself. By offending the feelings of his age, in regard to points of this nature, he has undone himself as a popular writer.—I don't mean to say that he has done so for ever—Mercy and Repentance forbid! but he has done so most effectually for the present. People make excuses for Fielding and Voltaire, because they don't know in how far these men may have been acted upon by circumstances: but people will not make *such* excuses for Lord Byron, because they know, we all know, that he was educated among the same sort of people as ourselves, that he must know and feel the same things to be wrong which his neighbours know and feel to be so. He, therefore, is no longer a popular author. But,—and here I come back to my question—Is he no longer a great author? Has his genius deserted him along with his prudence? Is his Hippocrene lazy as well as impure? Has he ceased, in other words, to be Byron, or is he only Byron playing mad tricks?

The latter is my opinion, and I propose to convince you, in case you are not already of the same mind, by quoting a few passages from the other three cantos that have just appeared—and which I humbly conceive to be the very best, in so far as talent is concerned, of all that have as yet come forth. I desire you to match me, if you can, the things I shall extract from this *dull* work. I should be glad to know where you can shew me anything better than this. Read it as I send it to you. I have scored out abundantly, but I have added nothing; and I defy you to say the description is not admirable, or to mention anybody, except Byron, who could have penned it.*

"Suppose him then at Petersburgh; suppose
That pleasant capital of painted Snows;
Suppose him in an handsome uniform;
A scarlet coat, black facings, a long plume,
Waving, like sails new shiver'd in a storm,
Over a cock'd hat in a crowded room,

* We mention Mr O'Doherty for one.—C. N.

And brilliant breeches, bright as a Cairn Gorme,
Of yellow casimire we may presume,*
White stockings drawn uncurdled as new milk
O'er limbs whose symmetry set off the silk;

"Suppose him sword by side, and hat in hand,
Made up by Youth, Fame, and an Army tailor—
That great Enchanter, at whose rod's command
Beauty springs forth, and Nature's self turns paler,
Seeing how Art can make her work more grand,
(When she don't pin men's limbs in like a jailor),—
Behold him placed as if upon a pillar! He
Seems Love turn'd a Lieutenant of Artillery!

"His Bandage slipped down into a cravât;
His Wings subdued to epaulettes; his Quiver
Shrunk to a scabbard, with his arrows at
His side as a small sword, but sharp as ever;
His Bow converted into a cocked hat;
But still so like, that Psyche were more clever
Than some wives (who make blunders no less stupid)
If She had not mistaken him for Cupid.

"The courtiers stared, the ladies whisper'd, and
The Empress smiled; the reigning favourite frown'd—
I quite forget which of them was in hand
Just then, as they are rather numerous found,
Who took by turns that difficult command
Since first her Majesty was singly crown'd:
But they were mostly nervous six-foot fellows,
All fit to make a Patagonian jealous.

"Juan was none of these, but slight and slim,
Blushing and beardless; and yet ne'ertheless
There was a something in his turn of limb,
And still more in his eye, which seem'd to express,
That though he looked one of the Seraphim,
There lurk'd a Man beneath the Spirit's dress.
Besides, the Empress sometimes liked a boy,
And had just buried the fair-faced Lanskoi.†

"An English lady ask'd of an Italian,
What were the actual and official duties
Of the strange thing, some Women set a value on,
Which hovers oft about some married Beauties,
Call'd 'Cavalier Servente?' a Pygmalion
Whose statues warm (I fear, alas! too true 'tis)
Beneath his Art. The dame, press'd to disclose them,
Said—'Lady, I beseech you to *suppose them.*'

"And thus I supplicate your supposition,
And mildest, Matron-like interpretation
Of the Imperial Favourite's Condition.
'Twas a high place, the highest in the nation,
In fact, if not in rank; and the suspicion
Of any one's attaining to his station,
No doubt gave pain, where each new pair of shoulders,
If rather broad, made stocks rise and their holders.

"Juan, I said, was a most beauteous Boy,
And had retain'd his boyish look beyond
The usual hirsute seasons which destroy,
With beards and whiskers and the like, the fond
Parisian aspect which upset old Troy
And founded Doctor's Commons:—I have conn'd
The history of divorces, which, though chequer'd,
Calls Ilion's the first damages on record.

"And Catherine, who loved all things (save her lord,
Who was gone to his place) and pass'd for much,
Admiring those (by dainty dames abhorr'd)
Gigantic Gentlemen, yet had a touch
Of Sentiment; and he She most adored
Was the lamented Lanskoi, who was such

* We do not believe anything about Leigh Hunt's having interpolated Don Juan; yet candour must admit, that the mention of the yellow breeches here is startling.
Our own opinion is, that Byron put them in as a quiz upon the Cockney, just to see what he would swallow.—C. N.

† "He was the 'grande passion' of the grande Catherine;—see her Lives, under the head of 'Lanskoi.'"

A lover as had cost her many a tear,
And yet but made a middling grenadier.

" Catherine, I say, was very glad to see
The handsome herald, on whose plumage sat
Victory; and, pausing as she saw him kneel
With his dispatch, forgot to break the seal.

" Then recollecting the whole Empress, nor
Forgetting quite the woman (which composed
At least three parts of this great whole) she tore
The letter open with an air which posed
The Court, that watch'd each look her visage wore,
Until a royal smile at length disclosed
Fair weather for the day. Though rather spacious,
Her face was noble, her eyes fine, mouth gracious.

" Great joy was hers, or rather joys; the first
Was a ta'en city, thirty thousand slain.
Glory and triumph o'er her aspect burst,
As an East Indian Sunrise on the main.
These quench'd a moment her Ambition's thirst—
So Arab Deserts drink in Summer's rain:
In vain!—As fall the dews on quenchless sands,
Blood only serves to wash Ambition's hands!

" Her next amusement was more fanciful;
She smiled at mad Suwarrow's rhymes, who threw
Into a Russian couplet rather dull
The whole gazette of thousands whom he slew.
Her third was feminine enough to annul
The shudder which runs naturally through
Our veins, when things call'd Sovereigns think it best
To kill, and Generals turn it into jest.

" The two first feelings ran their course complete,
And lighted first her eye and then her mouth:
The whole court look'd immediately most sweet,
Like flowers well water'd after a long drouth:—
But when on the Lieutenant at her feet
Her Majesty, who liked to gaze on youth
Almost as much as on a new dispatch,
Glanced mildly, all the world was on the watch.

" Her Majesty look'd down, the Youth look'd up—
And so they fell in love;—She with his face,
His grace, his God-knows-what: for Cupid's cup
With the first draught intoxicates apace,
A quintessential laudanum or 'black drop,'
Which makes one drunk at once, without the base
Expedient of full bumpers; for the eye
In love drinks all life's fountains (save tears) dry.

" He, on the other hand, if not in love,
Fell into that no less imperious passion,
Self-love—which, when some sort of Thing above
Ourselves, a singer, dancer, much in fashion,
Or dutchess, princess, Empress, 'deigns to prove'
('Tis Pope's phrase) a great longing, though a rash one,
For one especial person out of many,
Makes us believe ourselves as good as any."

The following is part of an apostrophe to Mr Franciscus Jeffrey, whose prosing Review of April was a year, his Lordship really seems to have been a little touched by.

" The lawyer and the critic but behold
The baser sides of literature and life,
And nought remains unseen, but much untold,
By those who scour those double vales of strife.
While common men grow ignorantly old,
The lawyer's brief is like the surgeon's knife,
Dissecting the whole inside of a question,
And with it all the process of digestion.

" A legal broom's a moral chimney-sweeper,
And that's the reason he himself's so dirty;
The endless soot * bestows a tint far deeper

* " Query, *suit*? Printer's Devil."

Than can be hid by altering his shirt; he
Retains the sable stains of the dark creeper,
At least some twenty-nine do out of thirty,
In all their habits;—not so *you*, I own;
As Cæsar wore his robe you wear your gown."

What is the meaning of the compliment in the two last of these lines? Jeffrey wears his *gown* as Julius did his *robe!* The only particular mention that I remember of Cæsar's robe is, that he used it to cover his fall. In the language of old Plutarch, "they surrounded him in such a manner, that whatever way he turned he saw nothing but steel gleaming in his face, and *met nothing but wounds*. Like some savage beast, attacked by the hunters, he found every hand lifted against him. *Some say he opposed the rest, and continued struggling and crying out, till he perceived the sword of Brutus; but that then he* DREW HIS ROBE OVER HIS FACE, AND YIELDED TO HIS FATE."—(LANGHORNE'S *Plutarch*, vol. v. p. 362.) What, then, is the meaning of Byron? Is it that so long as Jeffrey was attacked by "the rest of the critical hunters," he continued struggling, but that when he saw the sword of the god-like Brutus North, Esq., he yielded to his fate, and drew his gown over his face—that is, gave up Blue and Yellow, and slunk into the mere Advocate! This, certainly, is the natural construction of the passage, and most true it certainly is, that, comparing very great things to very small ones,—"as Julius wore his robe, Jeff wears his gown."

The following account of Juan's life at Petersburgh, is, I think extremely good:—

"About this time, as might have been anticipated,
Seduced by youth and dangerous examples,
Don Juan grew, I fear, a little dissipated;
Which is a sad thing, and not only tramples
On our fresh feelings, but—as being participated
With all kinds of incorrigible samples
Of frail humanity—must make us selfish,
And shut our souls up in us like a shellfish.

"This we pass over. We will also pass
The usual progress of intrigues between
Unequal matches, such as are, alas!
A young Lieutenant's with a *not old* Queen,
But one who is not so youthful as she was
In all the royalty of sweet seventeen.
Sovereigns may sway materials, but not matter,
AND WRINKLES, THE D——D DEMOCRATS, WON'T FLATTER.

"And Death, the sovereign's Sovereign, though the great
Gracchus of all mortality, who levels,
With his *Agrarian* laws, the high estate
Of him who feasts, and fights, and roars, and revels,
To one small grass-grown patch (which must await
Corruption for its crop) with the poor devils
Who never had a foot of land till now,—
Death's a reformer, all men must allow.

"He lived (not Death, but Juan) in a hurry
Of waste, and haste, and glare, and gloss, and glitter,
In this gay clime of bear-skins black and furry—
Which (though I hate to say a thing that's bitter)
Peep out sometimes, when things are in a flurry,
Through all the 'purple and fine linen,' fitter
For Babylon's than Russia's royal harlot—
And neutralize her outward shew of Scarlet.

"And this same state we won't describe: we would
Perhaps from hearsay, or from recollection;
But getting nigh grim Dante's 'obscure wood,'
That horrid Equinox, that hateful section
Of human years, that half-way house, that rude
Hut, whence wise travellers drive with circumspection
Life's sad post horses o'er the dreary frontier
Of age, and looking back to youth, give *one* tear;—

"I won't describe—that is, if I can help
Description; and I won't reflect—that is,
If I can stave off thought, which—as a whelp
Clings to its teat—sticks to me through the abyss

Of this odd labyrinth; or as the kelp
Holds by the rock; or as a lover's kiss
Drains its first draught of lips:—but, as I said,
I won't philosophise, and will be read.

"Juan, instead of courting courts, was courted,
A thing which happens rarely: this he owed
Much to his youth, and much to his reported
Valour; much also to the blood he shew'd,
Like a race-horse; much to each dress he sported,
Which set the beauty off in which he glow'd,
As purple clouds befringe the sun; but most
He owed to an old woman and his post.

"He wrote to Spain:—and all his near relations,
Perceiving he was in a handsome way
Of getting on himself, and finding stations
For cousins also, answered the same day.
Several prepared themselves for emigrations;
And eating ices, were o'erheard to say,
That with the addition of a slight pelisse,
Madrid's and Moscow's climes were of a piece.

"His Mother, Donna Ines, finding too
That in the lieu of drawing on his banker,
Where his assets were waxing rather few,
He had brought his spending to a handsome anchor,—
Replied, 'that she was glad to see him through
Those pleasures after which wild youth will hanker;
As the sole sign of man's being in his senses
Is, learning to reduce his past expenses.

"'She also recommended him to God,
And no less to God's Son, as well as Mother,
Warn'd him against Greek-worship, which looks odd
In Catholic eyes; but told him too to smother
Outward dislike, which don't look well abroad;
Inform'd him that he had a little brother
Born in a second wedlock; and above
All, praised the Empress's *maternal* love.

"'She could not too much give her approbation
Unto an Empress, who preferr'd young men,
Whose age, and what was better still, whose nation
And climate, stopp'd all scandal (now and then):—
At home it might have given her some vexation;
But where thermometers sunk down to ten,
Or five, or one, or zero, she could never
Believe that virtue thaw'd before the river.'

"Oh for a *forty-parson power* * to chaunt
Thy praise, Hypocrisy! Oh for a hymn
Loud as the Virtues thou dost loudly vaunt,
Not practise! Oh for trumps of cherubim!
Or the ear-trumpet of my good old Aunt,
Who, though her spectacles at last grew dim,
Drew quiet consolation through its hint,
When she no more could read the pious print."

What can be better, again, than the rapid sketch of the hero's journey from Russia to England?—Take this specimen.

"From Poland they came on through Prussia Proper,
And Konigsberg the capital, whose vaunt,
Besides some veins of iron, lead, or copper,
Has lately been the great Professor Kant.
Juan, who cared not a tobacco-stopper
About philosophy, pursued his jaunt
To Germany, whose somewhat tardy millions
Have princes who spur more than their postilions.

"And thence through Berlin, Dresden, and the like,
Until he reach'd the castellated Rhine:
Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how much ye strike
All fantasies, not even excepting mine:
A grey wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line

* "A metaphor taken from the 'forty-horse power' of a steam-engine. That mad wag, the Reverend Sidney Smith, sitting by a brother clergyman at dinner, observed afterwards that his dull neighbour had a 'twelve-parson power' of conversation."

Between the present and past worlds, and hover
Upon their airy confine, half-seas-over.

"But Juan posted on through Manheim, Bonn,
Which Drachenfels frowns over like a spectre
Of the good feudal times for ever gone,
On which I have not time just now to lecture.
From thence he was drawn onwards to Cologne,
A city which presents to the inspector
Eleven thousand Maidenheads of bone,
The greatest number Flesh hath ever known.*

"From thence to Holland's Hague and Helvoetsluys,
That water-land of Dutchmen and of ditches,
Where juniper expresses its best juice,
The poor man's sparkling substitute for riches.
Senates and sages have condemn'd its use—
But to deny the mob a cordial, which is
Too often all the clothing, meat, or fuel,
Good government has left them, seems but cruel.

"Here he embark'd, and with a flowing sail
Went bounding for the island of the free,
Towards which the impatient wind blew half a gale:
High dash'd the spray, the bows dipp'd in the sea,
And sea-sick passengers turn'd somewhat pale;
But Juan, season'd, as he well might be
By former voyages, stood to watch the skiffs
Which pass'd, or catch the first glimpse of the cliffs.

"At length they rose, like a white wall along
The blue sea's border; and Don Juan felt—
What even young strangers feel a little strong
At the first sight of Albion's chalky belt—
A kind of pride that he should be among
Those haughty shop-keepers, who sternly dealt
Their goods and edicts out from pole to pole,
And made the very billows pay them toll.

"On with the horses! Off to Canterbury!
Tramp, tramp o'er pebble, and splash, splash, through puddle;
Hurrah! how swiftly speeds the post so merry!
Not like slow Germany, wherein they muddle
Along the road, as if they went to bury
Their fare; and also pause besides, to fuddle
With 'schnapps'—sad dogs! whom 'Hundsfot' or 'Ferflucter'
Affect no more than lightning a conductor."

Take this one stanza on the first glimpse of LONDON! How many hundred times has the thing been *tried* before?

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London Town!"

My excellent friend, John Bull, quotes the following incident on Shooter's Hill as *bad*:—I, Morgan ODoherty, quote it as exquisitely good. Judge between us! I conceive it to be almost, if not altogether, as fine as a certain passage in the life of Ferdinand Count Fathom—of which it is indeed (in so far) a manifest imitation. I think the slang very commendable; and I think, in short, that the little bits I have put in Italics are superb.

"Don Juan had got out on Shooter's hill;
Sunset the time, the place the same declivity
Which looks along that vale of good and ill,

* "St Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins were still extant in 1816, and may be so yet as much as ever."

Where London streets ferment in full activity;
While everything around was calm and still,
Except the creak of wheels, which on their pivot he
Heard,—and that bee-like, bubbling, busy hum
Of cities, that boils over with their scum.

"I say, Don Juan, wrapt in contemplation,
Walk'd on behind his carriage, o'er the summit,
And lost in wonder of so great a nation,
Gave way to't, since he could not overcome it.
'And here,' he cried, 'is Freedom's chosen station;
Here peals the people's voice, nor can entomb it
Racks, prisons, inquisitions; resurrection
Awaits it, each new meeting or election.

"'Here are chaste wives, pure lives; here people pay
But what they please; and if that things be dear,
'Tis only that they love to throw away
Their cash, to shew how much they have a-year.
Here laws are all inviolate; none lay
Traps for the traveller; every highway's clear:
Here—' he was interrupted by a knife,
With, 'Damn your eyes! your money or your life!'—

"These freeborn sounds proceeded from four pads
In ambush laid, who had perceived him loiter
Behind his carriage; and, like handy lads,
Had seized the lucky hour to reconnoitre,
In which the heedless gentleman who gads
Upon the road, unless he prove a fighter,
May find himself within that Isle of riches
Exposed to lose his life as well as breeches.

"Juan, who did not understand a word
Of English, save their shibboleth, 'God damn!'
And even that he had so rarely heard,
He sometimes thought 'twas only their 'Salām,'
Or 'God be with you!'—and 'tis not absurd
To think so; for, half English as I am,
(To my misfortune) never can I say
I heard them wish 'God with you,' save that way;—

"Juan yet quickly understood their gesture,
And being somewhat choleric and sudden,
Drew forth a pocket-pistol from his vesture,
And fired it into one assailant's pudding—
Who fell, as rolls an ox o'er in his pasture,
And roar'd out, as he writhed his native mud in,
Unto his nearest follower or henchman,
'Oh Jack! I'm floor'd by that ere bloody Frenchman!'

"On which Jack and his train set off at speed,
And Juan's suite, late scatter'd at a distance,
Came up, all marvelling at such a deed,
And offering, as usual, late assistance.
Juan, who saw the Moon's late minion bleed
As if his veins would pour out his existence,
Stood calling out for bandages and lint,
And wish'd he had been less hasty with his flint.

"'Perhaps,' thought he, 'it is the country's wont
To welcome foreigners in this way: now
I recollect some innkeepers who don't
Differ, except in robbing with a bow,
In lieu of a bare blade and brazen front.
But what is to be done? I can't allow
The fellow to lie groaning on the road:
So take him up; I'll help you with the load.'

"But ere they could perform this pious duty,
The dying man cried 'Hold! I've got my gruel!
Oh! for a glass of *max!* We've miss'd our booty;
Let me die where I am!' *And as the fuel*
Of life shrunk in his heart, and thick and sooty
The drops fell from his death-wound, and he drew ill
His breath,—he from his swelling throat untied
A kerchief, crying, 'Give Sal that!'—and died.

"The cravat, stain'd with bloody drops, fell down
Before Don Juan's feet: he could not tell

Exactly why it was before him thrown,
Nor what the meaning of the man's farewell.
Poor Tom was once a kiddy upon town,
A thorough varmint, and a *real* swell,
Full flash, all fancy, until fairly diddled,
His pockets first, and then his body riddled.

" Don Juan, having done the best he could
In all the circumstances of the case,
As soon as 'Crowner's quest' allowed, pursued
His travels to the capital apace;—
Esteeming it a little hard he should
In twelve hours' time, and very little space,
Have been obliged to slay a freeborn native
In self-defence: this made him meditative.

" He from the world hath cut off a great man,
Who in his time had made heroic bustle.
Who in a row, like Tom, could lead the van,
Booze in the ken, or at the spellken hustle?
Who queer a flat? Who (spite of Bow-street's ban)
On the high toby-spice so flash the muzzle?
Who on a lark, with black-eyed Sal (his blowing)
So prime, so swell, so nutty, and so knowing?*

" But Tom's no more—and so no more of Tom.
Heroes must die; and by God's blessing 'tis
Not long before the most of them go home.
Hail! Thamis, hail! Upon thy verge it is
That Juan's chariot, rolling like a drum
In thunder, holds the way it can't well miss,
Through Kennington and all the other 'tons,'
Which make us wish ourselves in town at once;—

" Through Groves, so call'd as being void of trees,
(Like *lucus* from *no* light;) through prospects named
Mount Pleasant, as containing nought to please,
Nor much to climb; through little boxes framed
Of bricks, to let the dust in at your ease,
With 'To be let,' upon their doors proclaim'd;
Through 'Rows' most modestly call'd 'Paradise,'
Which Eve might quit without much sacrifice;—

" Through coaches, drays, choked turnpikes, and a whirl
Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion;
Here taverns wooing to a pint of 'purl,'
There mails fast flying off like a delusion;
There barbers' blocks with periwigs in curl
In windows; here the lamplighter's infusion
Slowly distill'd into the glimmering glass,
(For in those days we had not got to Gas;)—

" Through this, and much, and more, is the approach
Of travellers to mighty Babylon;
Whether they come by horse, or chaise, or coach,
With slight exceptions, all the ways seem one.
I could say more, but do not choose to encroach
Upon the guide-book's privilege. The Sun
Had set some time, and night was on the ridge
Of twilight, as the party cross'd the bridge.

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* " The advance of science and of language has rendered it unnecessary to translate the above good and true English, spoken in its original purity by the select mobility and their patrons. The following is a stanza of a song which was very popular, at least in my early days:

'On the high toby-spice flash the muzzle,
In spite of each gallows old scout;
If you at the spellken can't hustle,
You'll be hobbled in making a Clout.

'Then your Blowing will wax gallows haughty,
When she hears of your scaly mistake,
She'll surely turn snitch for the forty—
That her Jack may be regular weight.'

If there be any gemman so ignorant as to require a traduction, I refer him to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq. Professor of Pugilism; who, I trust, still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good humour and athletic as well as mental accomplishments."

[Observe, this is a note of Byron's, not mine.—M. OD.]

" *That's rather fine, the gentle sound of Thamis—*
Who vindicates a moment too his stream—
Though hardly heard through multifarious 'damme's.'
The lamps of Westminster's more regular gleam,
The breadth of pavement, and yon shrine where fame is
A spectral resident—whose pallid beam
In shape of moonshine hovers o'er the pile—
Make this a sacred part of Albion's Isle."

What think you of the ensuing *morceau* on Life in London?

" His morns he pass'd in business—which dissected,
Was, like all business, a laborious nothing,
That leads to lassitude, the most infected
And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal clothing,
And on our sophas makes us lie dejected,
And talk in tender horrors of our loathing
All kinds of toil, save for our country's good—
Which grows no better, though 'tis time it should.

" His afternoons he pass'd in visits, luncheons,
Lounging, and boxing; and the twilight hour
In riding round those vegetable puncheons
Call'd 'Parks,' where there is neither fruit nor flower
Enough to gratify a bee's slight munchings;
But after all it is the only 'bower,'
(In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair
Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.

" Then dress, then dinner, then awakes the world!
Then glare the lamps, then whirl the wheels, then roar
Through street and square fast flashing chariots hurl'd
Like harness'd meteors; then along the floor
Chalk mimics painting; then festoons are twirled;
Then roll the brazen thunders of the door,
Which opens to the thousand happy few
An earthly Paradise of 'Or Molu.'

" There stands the noble Hostess, nor shall sink
With the three-thousandth curtsey; there the Waltz,
The only dance which teaches girls to think,
Makes one in love even with its very faults.
Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their brink,
And long the latest of arrivals halts,
'Midst royal dukes and dames condemned to climb,
And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

" Thrice happy he, who, after a survey
Of the good company, can win a corner,
A door that's *in*, or boudoir *out* of the way,
Where he may fix himself like small 'Jack Horner,'
And let the Babel round run as it may,
And look on as a mourner, or a scorner,
Or an approver, or a mere spectator,
Yawning a little as the night grows later."

Or what thinks any one that has more NOUS than Dr Tornhippson, of this verse on "the Young Noble?"

" They are young, but know not youth—it is anticipated;
Handsome but wasted, rich without a sou;
Their vigour in a thousand arms is dissipated;
Their cash comes *from*, their wealth goes *to* a Jew;
Both senates see their nightly votes participated
Between the tyrant's and the tribunes' crew;
And having voted, dined, drunk, gamed, and whored,
The family vault receives another lord."

Or of this noble burst?

" 'Where is the world,' cries Young, 'at *eighty?* Where
The world in which a man was born?' Alas!
Where is the world of *eight* years past? '*Twas there*—
I look for it—'tis gone, a Globe of Glass!
Cracked, shivered, vanished, scarcely gazed on ere
A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.
Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,
And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings.

" Where is Napoleon the Grand? God knows:
Where's little Castlereagh? The devil can tell:

Where Grattan, Curran, Sheridan, all those
Who bound the bar or senate in their spell?
Where is the unhappy Queen, with all her woes?
And where the Daughter, whom the Isles loved well?
Where are those martyred Saints the Five per Cents?
And where—oh where the devil are the rents!

"Where is Lord This? And where my Lady That?
The Honourable Mistresses and Misses?
Some laid aside like an old Opera hat,
Married, unmarried, and remarried: (this is
An evolution oft performed of late.)
Where are the Dublin shouts—and London hisses?
Where are the Grenvilles? Turned as usual. Where
My friends the Whigs? Exactly where they were.

"Where are the Lady Carolines and Francesses?
Divorced or doing thereanent. Ye annals
So brilliant, where the list of routes and dances is,—
Thou Morning Post, sole record of the pannels
Broken in carriages, and all the phantasies
Of fashion,—say what streams now fill those channels?
Some die, some fly, some languish on the continent,
Because the times have hardly left them *one* tenant.

"Some who once set their caps at cautious Dukes,
Have taken up at length with younger brothers:
Some heiresses have bit at sharpers' hooks;
Some maids have been made wives, some merely mothers;
Others have lost their fresh and fairy looks:
In short, the list of alteration bothers.
There's little strange in this, but something strange is
The unusual quickness of these common changes.

"Talk not of seventy years as age; in seven
I have seen more changes, down from monarchs to
The humblest individual under heaven,
Than might suffice a moderate century through.
I knew that nought was lasting, but now even
Change grows too changeable, without being new:
NOUGHT'S PERMANENT AMONG THE HUMAN RACE,
EXCEPT THE WHIGS *not* GETTING INTO PLACE."

Now, my dear North, I sincerely hope you will gratify me so far, as to put these verses in without curtailment, and that for three good and sufficient reasons, viz.—

1st, They occur in the original work in the midst of so much beastliness, gross filth, outrageous filth, abominable filth, that it is quite impossible they should have been seen by far the greater proportion of your readers. Don Juan is a sealed book to the ladies of our time, (to say no more,) and you will be doing them a great favour in thus affording a few extracts, upon the "Family Bowdler" principle, from a work, which, as a whole, they have no chance of seeing; or, if they did see it, of reading three pages in it without blushing to the back-bone. This will be a benefit.

2dly, Another great benefit will be this, that you will, by doing as I suggest, restore the line, which in former days always distinguished YOU from what Plutarch calls, "the rest of the hunters;" and which I was very sorry to see my worthy friend Timothy Tickler, of all men in the world, doing his best to erase and obliterate. You will shew the world that you are still the old Christopher—too manly to deny anything that you feel, too just to confound together two questions essentially separate and distinct—the question of *moral tendency*, and that of *intellectual power*.

3dly, By vindicating your character as to this matter, you will give your own voice a chance of being really listened to by this singular man when you happen to address him in the words of admonition. A man like Byron will feel when any one calls him a devil for a piece of blackguardism; but he will only laugh at being called a dunce for a piece of brilliancy, even by YOU. That there is a prodigious deal of blackguardism in these three cantos, who can deny? What can be more so than to attack THE KING, as

this Lord does, with low, vile, personal buffooneries—bottomed in utter falsehood, and expressed in crawling malice? Nothing, nothing. What can be more exquisitely worthy of contempt than the savage imbecility of these eternal tirades against the Duke of Wellington? What more pitiable than the state of mind that can find any gratification in calling such a man as Southey by nicknames that one would be ashamed of applying to a coal-heaver? What can be so abject as this eternal trampling upon the dust of Castlereagh? Shame! shame! shame! Byron ought to know, that all men of all parties (for Cockneys are not men, and saloop-parties are not parties,) unite in regarding all these things, but especially the first and the last, as insults to themselves, and as most miserable degradations of HIM. But he ought to be told this in a sensible manner. He ought not to be treated as if he were a driveller, or capable of being mistaken for one even for a moment; but he ought to be told plainly, distinctly, solemnly, and with a total negation of all humbug, that he is a writer of extraordinary talents—that Don Juan contains the outline of an extraordinary poem—and that he is voluntarily ruining both himself and his production.

I observe some of the Monthly idiots talk of "Don Juan" as if it were a by-job of Lord Byron's—a thing that he just takes up now and then, when he is (I must quote their own sweet words) "relaxing from the fatigues of more serious literary exertions." This I look upon as trash of the first water. It is very likely—indeed I have no doubt of it—that a canto of Don Juan costs Lord Byron much less trouble than a "Werner" or a "Cain." In like manner, I daresay, one of Voltaire's lumbering tragedies cost Voltaire ten times more fatigue than ten Zadigs, Taureau Blancs, or Princesses of Babylon, would have done. In like manner, I have no doubt Wordsworth's "Convention of Cintra" pamphlet cost him much more trouble than his "Ruth," or his "Song for Brougham Castle," or his "Hart-leap Well." In like manner, I have no doubt the Monthly List of Deaths, Marriages, Births, Bankruptcies, Patents, and Promotions, costs you more trouble than the "Leading Article." But this is not the way to judge of these things. Almost any one canto of Juan—certainly any one of these three—contains more poetry and more genius than any three of Byron's recent tragic attempts have done. The worthy I have been dishing probably opines that Lord Byron dashes off a canto of the Don after a tragedy, just as he himself *does* an article for "My Grandmother," after he has finished his sermon for next Sunday.

I shall now beg leave to "relax from the fatigue of this serious literary exertion" over a tumbler of gin-twist; and, wishing mine Editor many similar relaxations, remain his most humble servant,

M. O'DOHERTY.

Kilkenny, Sept. 12.

POPULAR TALES OF THE NORTHERN NATIONS.*

THIS publication has much disappointed us. It will do a great deal more harm than good to the popularity of German literature here. In general, very indifferent pieces are selected, while scores and scores innumerable of exquisite things of the same species are omitted. Who could trouble himself with doing into English such perfect trash as "the Sorcerers," "the Victim of Priestcaft," &c. &c. &c. while so many dozens of really excellent little stories of *diablerie* remain untouched—the whole works, to say no more, of Herr Hoffman?

We would earnestly recommend it to our worthy friend Bohte (a most spirited and most useful bookseller he is,) to have the few good stories in this collection cut out, and published by themselves in a single volume. At present, the proportion of Balaam is at least three to one, which is more than is sufferable even in periodicals, to say nothing of a book which ought to be, and which might so easily be, made a standard one. It will cost him the less trouble to do this, that, we know not by what accident, the best of his stories are also

* Popular Tales of the Northern Nations. In 3 vols. London. Simpkin and Marshall, and J. Bohte. 1823.

out of sight the best translated. The Fatal Marksman, the Collier's Family, the Bottle-Imp,* and the Spectre Barber, are, comparatively speaking, done as they deserved to be; while, throughout the greater proportion of these three volumes, miserable, bald, and even grammarless English, is employed in the setting forth of what, even in the German, was bad enough in all conscience.

Nothing gives us more pain (talking of small matters) than to see a really good book ill translated; and of late the English translations from the German prose-writers have been, for the most part, wretched. "Sintram und Seine Gefährten," is, in La Motte Fouqué's language, one of the finest romances in the world—a thing equal to Vathek, and praise could scarcely go farther. But, in the version published in London a year or two ago, (by Ollier, we think,) it is a perfect horror; and we believe nobody has ever read five pages of it on end. The knowledge of German is now so very common an accomplishment, that such people as Ollier or Bohte need not surely be at any loss to find out fit hands for any undertaking of this sort.

We are happy to see Messrs Oliver and Boyd announce a forthcoming version of Goëthe's Willelm Meister; this is the true plan. Don't give us any of the minors until the really great authors are exhausted.

A good translation of Goëthe's "Life of Himself" would be an excellent speculation. To say nothing of the great poet himself, the lights it affords of common German life of all kinds would render that book a most acceptable present to the English public. It would do more to gratify curiosity than ten new books of travels in Germany, written by any Englishman, however accomplished. It ought, however, to be accompanied with notes.

We have not seen the translation of Cassanova's Life. Of the extraordinary talent shewn in that work there can be but one opinion; but we confess we should think it almost impossible to make anything of it for the English public of this time—it being about five hundred times worse than Don Juan, both in the article of blasphemy and in that of indecency—Five hundred?—we should rather say five thousand. A volume of extracts, however, is perhaps all that has been done; and, if so, it may be as it should be.

The little book published last winter, "German Nursery Tales, with etchings by Cruikshank," was executed in a style very superior to that of the present work. The translator, whoever he be, displayed a great deal of tact in transferring these stories with so much of their native *naiveté*; he must be a very different sort of person from those who had the chief concern in these "Popular Tales and Romances"—if indeed the whole fault has not been utter laziness and haste, which may very probably be the case; and, if so, why, the more shame. Altogether, it is by no means a creditable concern—for anybody but the bookseller who started the idea. We wish *him* more luck the next time, for *he* deserves it.

* An ill-chosen title, by the way, and no version at all, of "Der Galgen mannlein."

LONDON ODDITIES AND OUTLINES.

No. III.

This is the season of sleep to London. The Leviathan having spent his activity in the months from March to July, lapses into utter slumber from July till October; then merely opens his ears to receive the sounds of the opening theatres—finds them drowsy, according to custom, and plunges into a sleep of tenfold profundity, to be broken by nothing less exciting than politics and the Christmas pantomimes. He then springs up to life and appetite—opens his jaws, with the vigour of a giant refreshed, to a grand deglutition of poetry, personality, criticism, Doctors' Commons, Debates, Spain, and the slave trade; till, surcharged with his meal, he lapses again, and lays down his enormous head in sleep and summer.

The present dearth of topics is so total, that the few talkers who survive in town are reduced to the hopeless necessity of using a quarrel between the proprietors of a theatre and their Box-keeper, as a subject for public interest—a *succedaneum* for the natural food of conversation, worthy of the ingenuity

that taught Captain Franklin to make a *roti* out of a pair of shoes, and has enriched the culinary world with the receipt for Tarpaulin soup and hashed pantaloons. The whole affair of the theatre, with all its newspaper correspondence and threatened law, is condensible into a dozen words. The managers had a right to dismiss their servant; and may, if it so please them, dismiss every servant within their gates: nay, dismiss every tenant of their stage nightly and yearly, and, "*Thalia ridente*," enact the whole corporation of players, box-keepers, and scene-shifters, in their own persons. But this might not be wise, and the question with the managers, as with other men, should less turn on the right than on the expedient. If their Box-keeper have been careless, (for nothing more has been substantiated,) or if he have been in the insolvent prison, it might become a matter of propriety to look for his substitute. His situation is of some importance to the public. An insolvent, or even an eccentric Box-keeper, might contrive to render a theatre as unpopular as it could be made by a bad company. The minor officials can do much in this style. The insolence and extortion of the pew-openers in some of the London churches, has driven many a convert to the hospitality of the Tabernacle on the opposite side of the way. The sour looks and craving palms of the *familiars* who hold the door of the Royal Chapel of St James's, thin his Majesty's congregation. The hierarchy and Doctor Ireland share in the mutterings of many an excluded sailor and soldier, who comes to have a look at the heroes in the Abbey; and the pertness of a government clerk has sent many an honest squire back to the fire-side of his fathers, with his broad hat, and rapidly radicalizing against Mr Canning and the memory of Pitt. The Covent-Garden Box-keeper might contrive to make even *his* humility felt by the world in the shape of partiality, or a fluent tongue; and if this be the case, the managers not only had the right, but lay under the necessity, of dismissing him. The only question worth a moment's pause, is, whether their prudence has been exactly of the same rank as their power? Whether, when they had determined to allow their servant a pension, it was not a pure provoking of quarrel, to refer him for three-fourths of it to the late manager, who had nothing to do with their measure—who had no hostility to their man—and who could neither be compelled nor cajoled into parting with a stiver of his revenue? The managers have actually plunged themselves neck-deep into this "great Serbonian bog," for the trivial saving of L.120 a-year—a sum which they could have brought up, in their lowest economical extremity, by a reduction in the expenditure of sand or saw-dust for their stage, or in the denegation of a pair of tinsel breeches once a season to that chief of magicians, *Farley*. They ought to have paid his pension to Brandon at once. They ought even to have enlarged its sum. If the old man deserved anything, he deserved more. They might have reckoned on no long demand for their bounty. At seventy-five, few men draw bills on longevity. But that any unworthy motive actuates such men as Charles Kemble and his partners—that they are touched by any personal vindictiveness, or mere pecuniary purpose, is altogether out of the question. Coming to the conduct of the theatre at a period of great difficulty, their management, however it may have been perplexed by circumstances left as a legacy to their inexperience, has succeeded so far as to shew what they may do when the pressure of their situation shall have been lightened. Gentlemen by habit and education, they have succeeded in attracting an interest among men of taste and consideration, that may be of the highest importance to their establishment. Authorship, so proverbially repelled by the difficulties of managerial approach, will probably be induced to new exertions in the drama; and Covent-Garden theatre, hitherto remarkable for the brilliancy of its stage decoration, may add to the delight of the eye—the deeper delight of the mind. Where "Hunt has boxed and Mahomet has danced," a succession of performances honourable to the revived genius of the age may be brought forward—pantomime may lose its supremacy—tumblers, elephants, and horses, despair of re-appearing on the stage. But the Box-keeper's outcry must be silenced without loss of time; and the only mode of tying his tongue, is, paying his pension.

A truce to London, I must set off for Dover.

A TRAVELLER'S WEEK.

Monday—Dover.

Roused out of a dreary dose—the fruits of last night's surfeit of tough mutton and brandy port—by the waiter, with the intelligence that the Steam-boat was *just* going off.—Started from bed, in an agony of nervous hurry—Put a *posse* of porters, waiters, and chambermaids, in requisition to bundle me off.—Rushed down to the pier, with the whole clan at my heels, and every eye in the town turned on my flight—reached the shore *time enough* to see the packet under easy sail.—Paid half the passage for a boat to take me five hundred yards, and was at last trundled on board unshaved and half-dressed, "unanointed and unaneled," to cool my *pores* in a raw, foggy breeze.

The deck crowded with spruce Londoners and their *ladies*, feathered and flounced for a water-party.——Chagrined to the soul, and attempting to get rid of my discomfort by contempt of the whole set. Took out my pencil, and attempted a caricature—sketched an alderman and a half-pay officer in strong dispute on the National debt—fine contrast of figure, pursy pride, and meagre pertinacity; fat, contented ignorance, and ignorance neither the one nor the other—turtle beside ration soup. The Prior and the Laybrother in the Duenna; Lambert and Romeo's seller of mandragora.—Weather delightful.—Sea smooth as my lady's mirror.—Wondered that I had not been bred to the navy.—Began to think of a course of voyages for the next dozen years.—Undetermined whether to commence with the east or the west, Botany Bay or Buenos-Ayres, China or Chili—determined on China as the longest voyage. Reprobated the folly of looking for the north-west passage, as tending to shorten the indulgence of living on shipboard.—Waited half an hour for passengers—Cursed, in the fervour of my delight, the wretched habit of lingering till the last moment—and resolved in future to rise with the sun.—Dover Castle magnificent—tints of time, silvery lights, verdurous clothing; heard a Cockney compare it to an old woman wrapped up in a rug. Cast a look at the fellow that ought to have annihilated him. The Castle certainly not unlike an old woman, after all. Resumed my caricature, and put the Cockney into the group.

* * * *

Completely at sea—the Castle sinking—a breeze—pearly fringe in the surge—groans from below, with frequent calls for the steward. Determined *not* to be sick. Saw several of the dead and wounded brought up for fresh air, and several of the living suddenly plunged into the cabin.—Those detestable steam-vessels roll worse than a sailing boat—they *bore* the surge instead of sliding over it—a heavy sea—postponed my caricature—doubted whether a peculiar native configuration of stomach, a something differing from that of a being born to live on land, as much as webbed feet are from human toes, a sort of amphibious or fishy interior, is not to be found on dissection in every "able seaman."

Surrounded by sufferers drooping over the sides of the vessel like fowls in a coop—endeavoured to hum a song of Dibdin's—confounded nonsense, a sea song under *any* circumstances—as well dance quadrilles in an hospital—dare not look at the deck, nor at the sky, nor at the water. Determined to go to China by land—more variety of scenery, Tartary, the *Great Wall*, &c.—shun *Euxines* and *Caspians*—and wait till *Wolgas* and *Dnipers* were frozen over.—A merciless brute ordered his lunch close at my side—ham, brandy, and biscuit—a meal for Alecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone—How the devil can anybody think of eating or enjoyment on board a packet? The ship tossing and jumping from side to side like an unbroke horse—desperately sick—torture—red-hot grappling irons—cantharides-soup, &c.

Dieppe.

The port in sight—windmills sprawling like gigantic spiders—church-spires with saints impaled upon their tops—yellow roofs spreading below them, ragged and dingy, like a gipsy's encampment—all squalidness, stench, and clamour.

Flung up on the pier, roped into an enclosure like negroes at market—to prevent intercourse with the native

smugglers. Surrounded and surveyed in all our abomination by all the loungers of the place, in full dress and high merriment—marched under the yoke to the Custom-house to be searched for lace, veils, ribbons, &c.—A battle with a virago to prevent my valise from being clawed away under pretence of porterage.—The Custom-house—the whole party passed deliberately under the secular arm—every cranny of my costume keenly probed by a veteran official, who must have been bred a thief. Surprise expressed at my pocket-handkerchief—which was handed up to the *Chef de Douane*, to ascertain its use—a family arrested for having a pair of salt-spoons in their baggage—supposed a cover for conspiracy—nothing of the kind having been seen in France before—passports demanded—mine forgotten in my hurry at Dover—ordered under *surveillance*—marched to a hotel by a gendarme—the crowd honouring me with an escort—and the appellations of "*Traitre!—Monstre!—Coquin-Anglais*," &c.

Too sick to dress—determined on seclusion and books for the day—looked over the bill of fare—a bill of mortality—bile and indigestion under a hundred shapes—puzzled with vapid superfluity—left the choice to the waiter—fell into a dose, with my elbows on the table—roused by the coming in of dinner—felt stiff, cold, benumbed from head to foot—the solitary lord of a dozen dishes, that might have been so many compilations of boiled cats and ass skin—no appetite—The soup hot water and horse-beans—the fowl tough, rancid, and impregnable—the parsley and butter hemlock and oil—the tarts lard, saw-dust, and blackberries—the parmesan granite and sand-stone—the fruits green and griping—the wine last year's vinegar.—"Bah! *La cuisine Française*."—Went to bed—bed and blankets a bale of horse-hair, covered with sheep-skin—lay down in submission to my fate, and prepared for suffocation—Arrival of the Paris diligence—every quadruped and biped in the house and the street in sudden commotion—sleep impossible—sprang out of bed on the stone-floor—chilled as if I had jumped into a cold bath—shivering from head to foot—slunk into bed again, and tried to recover my dose.—The diligence going off—another uproar of dogs, waiters, chambermaids, donkeys, passengers clamouring for drams and great-coats, &c.—The diligence moving off with the heave and rattle of an earthquake—Feverish and restless—incapable of sleep; and fretting myself still more by the miserable old-woman tricks for alluring it—counting a thousand, humming some air hackneyed by boarding-schools and barrel-organs—recounting the signs of the inns—repeating one of Sir J.'s stories, &c.—Morning—the sun-rising—frowsy as a Frenchwoman before breakfast—dropped into a dose—haunted by recollections of the voyage—sea-sickness, Custom-house officers, Cockneys, and conger-eels, rushing round my defenceless head in full cry, mouthing, and moving on wings, fins, and claws—"Griffons dire."—Wake late in the day—hot, cold, comfortless, irritable in every pore—attempted to scold the waiter for breakfast in his own tongue—miserable work—the man obsequious; but frequently adjourning outside the door to laugh—Called for the newspapers—French too small—contains nothing—English, a huge hotchpotch, a mass of heavy absurdities—politics and pomade; reviewing and robbery; Parliamentary debates and Doctor Solomon;—jokes from Joe Millar; and wit, honesty, and patriotism, from the Whigs—Threw it away in disgust—Liberty of the press—liberty of nonsense! The size of an English newspaper, like the size of St Luke's, a monstrous libel on the common sense of the nation.

Overhauled my valise—my best suit utterly undone—saturated with sea-water, that has dyed the "blue one red," and more or less incarnadined every inch of my wardrobe—Sent for a scourer, tailor, laundress, &c.,—all lingering till I lost the fragment that remained of the day, and all coming together—inhuman confusion of tongues—headach—sent for a doctor—was visited by a spruce practitioner in Brutus' head, a rose-coloured coat, a pair of white gloves, and smelling all over of jonquille, attar, and other sickening and overpowering essences—gave myself up to be drenched with raisin ptisarmes and rhubarb soup—prohibited to eat or drink—called for a book—one brought after vexatious delay, and the exhaustion of all my French in the entreaty—that one the French Calendar for the year, containing the

titles of the reigning family at full length, with their ancestry from Faramond—Dragged over its pages—wondered what folly could induce a man of any brains to quit his fireside for foreign noise, solitude, dirt, and discomfort.—Roused by a thunder of the Cathedral bells, followed by all the minor *cloches* of the town,—hoped that there was a general insurrection, or general conflagration,—thrust my head out of the window—those cursed casements, that one can scarcely open, and can never shut;—the night bitter as a blast from an ice-house—a spout over my head suddenly let loose, and playing away like a fountain,—a dozen lights twinkling down the street—lamps in a sepulchre—whips cracking, dogs baying, postilions *sacre-dieuing*. His Serene Highness—die *Furst*—of some German village, was entering the gates of this fortunate town, and was coming to honour this still more fortunate hotel with his presence.—I determined to quit my lodgings by day-break.

Tuesday.—Winter in all "its virgin fancies;" wind, cold, fog, and rain—Chained to the house—A fete—The bells discharging regular vollies throughout the day—All the waiters occupied, either in attending his Serene Highness, or in looking at those who did—The hope of breakfast consequently "a hope deferred"—At length succeeded in tearing down my bell-cord—No resource but to roar from the stairs, in the midst of a rush of moist, penetrating air, that might have turned a mill—Fortunate enough, when in the extremity of famine, to rouse the attention of one of the subordinate monsters of the kitchen, a "fat, foolish scullion," directly transferred from Mr Shandy's scullery—My breakfast administered by this naked-legged Hebe, a moving heap of rags and repulsion of every kind.—Weather thickening—called for my bill—astonished by its exaction—resolved the sooner to escape its authors—sallied out, plunged, in a state of desperation, into the storm that seemed to come from all points of the compass at once, a regular *typhoon*—Succeeded at length in forcing an entrance into a *logement meublé*, a dreary, disconsolate receptacle; but no other resource—My baggage conveyed piecemeal, from the sudden avidity of the whole household of the hotel to serve me—had every grinning and grimacing scut of them to get rid of by a separate *douceur*, in consequence—shut them all out at length, and myself in—Ordered a fire; wood incombustible—laboured at the bellows myself for an hour or two, with no other effect than that of blistering my hands and embittering my remorse at having left the land of coal-fires and comfort.—Night—Asked for a book—But one in the house—The French Calendar!—Wished, in the spirit of vexation and Nero, that all the copies had been in that one, that I might have flung it into the fire. Read it over, notwithstanding, through mere weariness—beginning at the end for the sake of novelty.—Poked, blew, and fretted till bed-time.—Resolved never to get up again, *till* I returned to England. *Bulls* the natural language of eloquent minds under strong circumstances.

Wednesday.—Woke before dawn—Weather decidedly fixed—a July winter; made up my mind for silence and sufferance. The market opening within a yard of my window—a rolling of carts from day-break, succeeded by a perpetual explosion of voices, fierce with all the barbarous dialects of Normandy. A *Basbreton*, with the throat of a speaking trumpet, opening shop under my nose, and hailing for custom.

Spent the day in revolving from window to window—looking for the sun among clouds thick as "the blanket of the dark;" playing with a kitten that honoured me with a visit; reading the *non*-entity of a French paper; practising at push-pin—Invented a new and infallible *push*. Measuring the dimensions of the chamber, from side to side, end to end, circularly, diagonally—with diligent feet—Taking up the French Calendar!!—nothing new any longer discoverable.—Ringing a dozen times for the English papers, letters, &c.; at last informed that it was *not* post-day. Went through the whole of the wretched resources for the aimgeance—abandoned all hope. Saw the market-place even deserted—missed its noise, and wished for its mob back again.

Probing every cupboard in the room—found an old flute—overjoyed—commenced regular practice—the instrument cracked from stem to stern—tolled away, however, and completed "God save the King," at the expense

of nearly blowing out my lungs.—Conscious that this pleasure could not be continued but with the certainty of sudden death, sat down exhausted—fell asleep in my chair—awoke, after a long and wretched interval, crushed and chilled all over—the lamp gone out, the fire gone out, the waiters gone to bed—the principle of life extinct around me.—Crept to my couch, and shivered into morn.

Thursday.—A burst of sunshine. All the world in the streets. Engulphed in a whirlpool of English—all telling me and each other that it *was* sunshine. A multitude of nondescripts, half Bond-Street, and half Whitechapel—*Mulier formosa superne in atrum—desinens*, &c. flooding every street, and rolling down the refuse of London, like the stream of a *Cloaca maxima* to the sea-shore.

The Pier! the favourite place of display—a narrow neck of rough stone, infested by the low-water smells, fragments of crabs, cray fish, and usual nameless and horrible *exuviæ* of a French town.

The male loungers affecting the combined air of the East and West—the slang of the city with the dress of May Fair. The women, attired loose as Venus rising from the waters, and compensating for the display of their persons by their deformity. Sick of the eternal sound of the English *patois*,—followed a French nymphlike form, in close conversation with an old Chevalier de St Louis—spurred into full speed to get a view of her face—walked myself out of breath, and succeeded. Saw the jaws of my old Parisian friend, the Marchioness of Passetempa, a *septuagenaire*, who introduced me to the Chevalier, her *son!* Determined to trust the physiognomy of a Frenchwoman's *back* no more.

Roused from my contemplations by a dash of rain.—The whole promenade put to the rout on the instant, French and English—rushing back, horse, foot, and artillery, draggled and bedevilled, to their lodgings.—Cursed La Belle France, and engaged my place in the first steam-packet that was to boil away from this land of disappointment and deluge.

Friday.—Mail arrived.—A letter from my wife, telling me that London was basking in serenity and the perpetual sun; that the whole family had caught the typhus, and that I must not return till farther orders. *No* letter from my banker—despondingly shook the half-dozen sovereigns lingering in my purse, and thought of the alternative of flight or famine. Went to the library—all the newspapers engaged ten deep—Lord E. reading three at a time—Sir J. with one under his arm, and the other in his paw—Alderman S. grasping the only remaining one—commenting on it as he stumbled from paragraph to paragraph, and at last hitching in a dissertation on the new loan.—Mixed in an expectant group.—Bewildered with the jargon of coffee-house politicians, all contradictory, and all common-place—the ministry strong—the ministry weak—Lord Grey retiring to La Trappe, under a vow of taciturnity for life—his head already half shaved.—Lord Holland forbidden the use of pen, ink, and paper—War certain—war impossible—Captain Guyon a goose, Captain Guyon a hero;—frowned on by Croker, and supposed to have gone to Chili;—kissed by Croker on both cheeks, and dancing a *fandango* at Almack's.—Tired to death, and retreating to the door for fresh air, and a cessation of tongues.

Still haunted by the echo, and overhearing the nonsense, quilted in such patches and fragments as these—"Nothing more about the King of Spain—A poor devil of a pickpocket dragged about and ducked within an inch of his life by a rascally mob of—Placemen and Pensioners crying out—Candle-ends and cheese-parings, the ruin of official honesty, and—Lord George gone to Portugal, to fight the French, with a d—d bad poem as ever was printed by—Murray—the family name of the great Lord Mansfield, and—The man with the nose, who broods somewhere about—Hampstead, a favourite haunt of the Cockney rhymesters—Petty larceny rogues, stealing lines from laundresses, and hazarding their—Sheep's brains, ten pounds of fat each, fit to be swallowed—only by a Hottentot—Embassador to the Pope, as great a novelty as—Plunkett's conscience pitted against his place.—No fight whatever, after all! a miserable draw—The tight Irish lad—Humbug and hodge podge—Old and dry as my grandmother, not a word of sense, nor a grain of honesty in the whole compilation of—The Common Council.—

Why, what the deuce more can men do? they—Eat the best turtle and drink the best claret at any—Cathedral in the kingdom—Crowded with—The most magnificent old wigs, gowns, bands of broomsticks, and other remnants of—The Levee—a gathering of—Antiquated pictures, black as Beelzebub with varnish, and beyond all vamping; no character in their countenances, nor—Anywhere else, the absurdity might have passed; but to burst out with a song of that kind at the—Bishop of London's table, full of dignitaries, grave as—George Selwyn, Joe Millar, and Jack Bannister, and Monsieur Alexandre, dressed up as dowagers in—The Queen's business, the most generous and striking display of—English boobyism, blindness, and gullibility, since the—Birth of Whiggery—an *Incubus* generated in a Scotch garret, and then transmitted at the—Instigation of the devil, and without having the fear of God before—The Edinburgh Review, a great—Molehill, my dear sir, and nothing but a molehill;—a blind—Borough, rotten to the core—the receptacle of—Every species of vermin killed by—Quarterly instalments, paid under the head of—Gifford, Southey, and Co., a younger firm, but sure as—Any team of asses from Mount Jura to—Mount Charles, a showy young—Lord *Seven's the Main;* certain to win—just bought the—Hotel, most fashionable situation in the metropolis—To be fitted up in the handsomest style for the accommodation of ladies whose situation requires a temporary retirement—And the Duchess of R——d—decidedly the most showy figure at Almack's, a brilliant, blooming—Maiden-ray of the largest dimensions, that would turn the—Peristaltic region of—Alderman Curtis, that fine, jovial, old—Turtle, cooing like—Lord and Lady Westmeath, and—Several other married persons of distinction at this moment in—Doctors' Commons—a perpetual—Libel on English decency and the connubial—Tie of Lord Ellenborough's cravat a—Phenomenon of the first magnitude, and unequalled by anything but—Lord Petersham's whiskers; remarkable for—Specimens of red hair turned blue by the use of the Macassar oil and—Bishop Magee's conciliatory charge to the Papists; a splendid, powerful, and original—Contrivance for tearing up pavements, and converting them into missiles for the annoyance of—Coach-panes and window-glass of the ordinary size shivered as by the explosion of—Bitter ballads sung out of tune by breechless mendicants at the—Irish Viceregal dinner, a formal affair, in which etiquette supplied the place of hospitality, and Attorney-Generals and Court-Chaplains, are reckoned for gentlemen with other—Curiosities too numerous to mention; all for sale without reserve—A portrait of the Vice-Chancellor, as a Newmarket jockey at full speed—The Master of the Rolls lying on his back, and making his bread fast asleep—A dinner at Brookes' a close representation of the—Beggars' Opera, a mischievous display of impudence, insolence, and roguery, triumphant—Law, a name perfectly unsuited to the authors of Marriage Acts, and similar anomalies of the human—Calves'head hashes, that are carried about on—Two legs and upright, a preposterous contradiction of that law of nature, which ordained that all the species should run on four paws at—Madame Catalani, more tempting than ever, fat, fair, and forty; her countenance noble, her voice delicious as the pipe of—Charles Wynne, turning tail on the Opposition, for the good of—Himself and family, just arrived in Downing Street, after a long tour on—Welsh goats followed by a *mob* with leeks in their hats, and their hands full of—India bonds never fallen so low before in—Whitehall market—a show of decidedly the best fed carcases ever—Killed by Napoleon in his numerous battles with the—Cabinet Council, distracted by—Variety of foreign tunes—Spanish marches—Turkish retreats—Russian storm-hymns—French and German snuffs—confounded things that make an honest man's head ache,—Give me Irish Blackguard, *alias* Prince's Mixture, sprinkled over with a little—Harvey sauce, and be hanged to it—Essence of fungus and earthworms, duckweed and dandelions, pestilent as a—Speech of the Newcastle Patriot, a compound of radical—Gin and ditch-water, drinkable by none but Cyprians of the lowest brutality, as besotted and riotous as—The Hatton-Garden Orator, or the—Reverend William Bengo Collyer, the Duke of Sussex's chaplain, *Trio juncta in uno.*—Puffing, piety, and pharmacy—Impossible—Calumny," &c. &c. &c.

After dinner, went to the theatre—not a place to be had—a discovery which I made only *after* feeing the box-keeper. Had the pleasure of observing the first three acts through a chink in the door.—The lobby, round and behind me, promenaded as lobbies usually are.—An incessant chatter of puppies and their *chere amies*—talking on the silliest possible subjects, in the silliest possible way—The *Decens Venus*, the only absentee of the family—The door burst back, to let out a fainting lady, followed by a stream of heated, feverish, human vapour, deadly as the Simoon.

A battle to succeed to her place—my efforts crowned by conquest, and the loss of half my coat—Fairly seated—Black-hole of Calcutta—play, Macbeth, Frenchified by Ducis, and played, *comme il plaisait a la Vierge*—Herod out-heroded—Macbeth murdered as thoroughly and as early as Duncan—Banquo doubling the old king; and Lady Macbeth bewitching us as Hecate.—Song, scenery, and acting, worthy of each other, and of an English barn—the company a *pendant* to the malefactors of Sadlers' Wells and the Surrey theatre.—Hurried out before the catastrophe.—Resolved never to repeat the experiment, *quamdiu vivere*, &c.

Saturday.—Startled by the roar of cannon—another fete, the St Louis—the whole population in a bustle, singing, scampering, and screaming.

Drums in every quarter rattling to the parade in the Market-place—under my window too—in the proportion of four drums to three men—the *batterie* incessant and intolerable—Closed up my casements—hung towels and table-cloths against every aperture—*All* in vain—unluckily my ears still unplugged—no cotton.—

The air ringing with a new thunder of horse-volunteers, gensdarmes, civic authorities, &c., trumpetted, drummed, and *belled*, to High Mass—Discharge of cannon—merciless shouts of fellows with the lungs of buffaloes in full roar.—Resolved on instant escape, and went to obtain my passport.—Every soul abroad—the office closed.

Induced in an evil hour to take a ticket for the ball, under pompous promises that it was to be the *ne plus ultra* of taste, novelty, and magnificence, *tout a fait Francais*, &c.

Considered my ways and means for killing the intermediate time.—Had the choice of the *French Calendar*, or a promenade on the pier—variety of wretchedness—Went to the pier—assailed by harbour-smells of every formidable kind—a compound of tar, smoke, dead dogs, and fish-women—the tide coming in, and duly returning the ejections of the town to the shore.

Lingered on the pier—exacerbated by the infinite vapidity of the gabble called conversation round me—Weather talk—the history of last night's rubber—history of the morning—bathe—mutual and solemn assurances, fortified by an appeal to the bystanders, that the tide was coming in, &c.—Every soul round me English—faces whose familiarity haunted me—yet whom I could not possibly have seen anywhere but behind band-boxes and counters—the Eastern sperme of *La nation boutiquiere*.

To get rid of them and *ennui*, walked to the waterside, with a faint determination to bathe, for the *first* time. The wind coming at intervals in hot gusts, the water looking surly, and gathering in short angry waves.—Put down my name as a candidate for a bathing-machine—the fiftieth in succession!

Lingered about the shore—gazing like a philosopher on fragments of sea-weed, making matter of contemplation out of an untenanted oyster-shell, and diligently inspecting the washing of a poodle by a chambermaid, &c.

Tired of waiting for the machine,—which had a dozen cargoes of girls, matrons, and elderly gentlemen, drawn up rank and file beside it, waiting for the ablution, or the drowning, of the groups stowed within,—tore off my clothes in a fit of desperation, and rushed in "naked, to every blast of scowling Heaven."—Met by a surge ten feet in advance of the rest, that seemed expressly delegated to carry me out to sea.—My resolution greatly shocked by this unexpected attention;—pondered a minute or two, half way, immersed like a mermaid—but "returning were as tedious as go on."—Saw the eyes of the whole beach upon me—and rushed "*en avant.*"

A rolling sea—the sky suddenly as black as my hat.—Looked to the shore—men, women, children, and machines, in full gallop to shelter—Tide coming in like a mill race—lifted off my feet—swimming for my life—Thoughts

of danger eels a hundred feet long, swordfish, sharks, &c.—A porpoise lifting up his fishy face at my elbow—Roaring surge—My will unmade—Thought of a Coroner's inquest—Clarence's dream, &c.

Tost on the shore on the back of a mountain of water—bruised, battered, and half-suffocated—not a soul within hail—A remote view of a few stragglers that looked like pilots speculating on a wreck—The sea following from rock to rock, staunch as a bloodhound.

Searching for my clothes—my whole wardrobe hopelessly missing—probably stolen—Pondering on the pleasant contingency of making my entry into the town like a negro, or a plucked fowl—Tide rushing on, with a hideously desolate howl of the wind—Rocks slippery, the higher the ascent, scarped and perpendicular as a wall.

A gleam of joy at seeing my coat scooped out of the crevice of the rock where I had left it, as I ignorantly thought, above the reach of ocean, and sailing towards me—Grasped it like an old friend—flung it over my shoulders, and made my escape—My breeches, shoes, watch, and purse, of course, left to be fished for on the fall of the tide.

Rapid movement towards home—in the midst of the titter of girls, and the execration of matrons, and other "Dii majorum gentium," vehement against what they looked on as my *voluntary* exposure.

As I passed the principal hotel, betted on by a knot of pick tooth puppies, who would have it that I was walking for a wager.—The way through the Market-place consequently cleared for me,—and I the universal object of ridicule, surprise, and reprobation, till I rushed within the door of my lodging.

Wearied to death—sick—dirty, and disheartened, flung myself into my bed, and rehearsed in my sleep the whole *spectacle* of the day.

Roused by my landlady, who had found my ticket for the ball on my table.—Informed that it was midnight, and that I had no time to lose—Angry at being disturbed—yet afraid to undergo the work of my sleep again—pondered—cast my eyes on a new suit sent home that evening by the "Tailleur plus magnifique," of the world and Dieppe.—Ought to go to the ball,—it was first and last opportunity of seeing the true glory of France.—Ought to go sleep—tired, feverish, and spiritless.—Ought to go to the ball to revive my spirits, and shew the fools and puppies of the place, that I was neither mad nor merry in my morning's promenade.—Sprang out of bed.

At the ball-room door, met half the company coming out—Had to force the breach through a host of insolents, in the shape of footmen, gensdarmes, police-officers, and mendicants.

Breasted my way up stairs through a descending current of bonnetted, shawled, surtouted, swaddled, nondescript figures, that had once been quadrillers, card-players, pretty women, and prettier men.

My entrance made good at last, the company reduced to a scattering of a couple of dozens, unhappy reliques of the rout, uncouthly toiling down a dance, or loitering along the benches, yawning at each other, in pale despondency; the gentlemen drained to the last civil speech, and the ladies consuming the dregs of the orgeat and lemonade.—Every soul English, broused up in turbans that might have frightened the Grand Turk; bedizened in tawdry costumes, imported along with themselves, and made more burlesque by an attempt to ingraft them with French alterations. The young women universally lath, plaster, and chalk; the old ones, London porter, and prize-beef,—absolute Bluebeards.

Tottered home.—My landlady fast asleep;—and defying all the usual expedients of breaking a pane in her bed-chamber—tearing out her bell by the roots—Hallooing till I was hoarse—Every soul in the street poking their night-caps out of the windows, and reviling the *coquin Anglais*—Landlady still unshaken.

Taken up by the gensdarmes for disturbing the neighbourhood, amid surrounding cries of "*Eh, ah! Bah, hah!*" "*Sacre!*" "*Bien fait, bonhomme.*" *Au cachot!*—A sudden population of thieves and *filles de nuit* starting, as if out of the ground, to *attend* me to the door of my new lodging.—Locked into the *cachot* for the night.

Sunday.—In the Cachot.—The sous-prefect having gone to his country-seat—Unspeakable vexation—Thinking of liberty, and England.

Monday.—The affair explained—Let loose—bounded like a lunatic home—Flung my trunk upon the neck

of the first garçon I met, and hurried down to the steam-boat.—Boat to move in a quarter of an hour; felt for my watch—clean gone.—A family-repeater that I would not have lost for the whole bourgeoise of Dieppe.—In my vexation, called the town a nest of thieves and knaves.

Called upon by a Frenchman at my side for an explanation of my words—Tried it—He could not comprehend my French—Gallic ass—A mob gathered—Cards given—to meet in half an hour.—The steam-boat under way, *I* remaining to be stabbed or shot—My baggage *on board!*

The challenge getting wind.—Bored with inquiries and observations—how it happened?—who it was?—whether with sword or pistol?—whether on the cliffs or in the coffee-room?—a promise that whatever *might* happen, my remains should be taken *care of*.—Congratulations on the extinction of the *Droit d'Aubaine*, &c.

Went to the ground.—No Frenchman forthcoming—Lingered in the neighbourhood till dinner time.

At the tavern, had my cotelette served up by a face that I half recognized—my morning challenger—the head waiter!—Saw a sneer on the fellow's countenance, and kicked him into the street—Indignantly left my dinner untouched, and walked down to the pier, to embark immediately.

No vessel going off—Lounged about till dusk—hungry and chill—Hired an open boat at ten times the price of the packet.

All night at sea—Heavy swell—Not knowing where we were—the Azores, the Bay of Biscay, or Brighton—In distress—Sick to death—The men mutinous, lazy, and despairing.

Picked up by a steam-boat going to Dieppe, with a promise of being discharged into the first homeward vessel.

HAYLEY'S MEMOIRS.*

HAYLEY drivelled away on to a good, dull, old age, like most annuitants; and his death, which could not be looked on by anybody as a national calamity, must have been most agreeable to Mr Colburn. That distinguished bibliopole, we believe, paid the ancient gentleman some hundreds per annum, on condition of receiving his precious Memoirs, to be published on his decease. Year after year did the memorialist tenaciously cling to life, as if through mere spite; but we have now to congratulate Mr Colburn on his release from the defunct, and to wish him a good bargain of those posthumous square yards of autobiography. He is a spirited publisher, and annually gives us many excellent and amusing things; and it pleases us beyond measure to see the two huge mill-stones taken from off his neck at last. They were more than enough to have drowned many "a strong swimmer in his agony;" but they met with an unimmergible buoyancy in this case, and the worthy publisher reached the bank in safety.

William Hayley was, beyond all rivalry, the most distinguished driveller of his age. Devoted to literature upwards of threescore years—constantly reading or writing, or talking with reading and writing people, ambitious of literary fame, not without a sort of dozing industry, and at all times inspired with an unsuspecting confidence in his own powers, flattered by a pretty extensive circle of personal friends, petted by the Blues, and generally in high odour with the gentlemen of the periodical press—it is certainly rather a little singular, that never once, on any occasion whatever, great or small, did one original idea, or the semblance of one, accidentally find its way for a single moment into his head. He had an eye for common-places; and in his hands Cicero himself prosed away like a moral essayist in the Lady's Magazine. Delighted, as he appears to have been, in perusing book after book in his well-selected library at Eastham, yet, in good truth, the finest spirits of ancient and modern times were little better than mere dolts—logs—like himself; for he was utterly incapable of seeing anything worth seeing in them; and he never quotes a good author, but either to shew that he misunderstood him, or that he had

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* Colburn. 2 vols. 4to.

selected the passage on account of its inanity, or some felt resemblance to the character of his own thought. He is the most nerveless of all our English writers. Although a man of an extremely bad temper, he had not the slightest power of satire. No sooner died one of his friends, than he gave orders for a comfortable dinner—saw the fire well fed, and then, over his pint of port and filberts, he passed the evening in writing an elegy or epitaph on the deceased. Nothing could occur of the least notoriety that he did not forthwith turn into verse; and had London been destroyed utterly by fire or earthquake, he would have been at his octo-syllabics, and out with an Epistle to Lady A. before putting on his night-cap! His elegies, epitaphs, amatory verses, letters, comedies, tragedies, and epic poems, may be all read "promiscuy;" and by the alteration of a very few words here and there, be converted into each other sometimes with manifest advantage. There is a charade somewhere in these volumes, which we are positive we once read on a tombstone in a country church-yard.

It seems as if Mr Hayley had been careful to preserve one temperature in his library, and that he always composed in a state of much bodily comfort. His mind has little or no part in the philosophical or poetical transactions of the day; and at the close of the poem, or letter, or essay, we exclaim, "There writes the well-dressed gentleman!"—It could not well have been otherwise. Had there been any wear and tear of mind, we should have been deprived of Hayley many years ago; but that system of continued and gentle bodily exercise which he took in his library, without any mental labour at all, no doubt conduced to the longevity of Mr Colburn's annuitant. However, the most judicious rules for attaining extreme old age, can only carry a man a certain length. Even Hayley is dead at last; and a prodigious power of scribble is no more.

Mr Hayley favours us with a short account of "his birth and infancy." He no doubt was present at the first, but could not have been in a situation to make any observations that might be depended upon. Of his infancy, he speaks thus:—"He happened to arrive in the world WHEN THE CITY THAT GAVE HIM BIRTH was full of terror and perturbation. It was in the famous year 45—and his father raised a company of volunteers, called the Chichester Blues."—Mrs Hayley, no way alarmed by the threats of a French invasion on the Sussex coast, refused to be taken to Portsmouth, and magnanimously produced our bantling bard in his "native city." Captain H., however, unwilling to destroy the beauty of his lady's bosom, which we are assured he greatly admired, engaged a wet nurse; but, *miserabile dictu!* "by a fraud not uncommon among venal nurses, the person procured on this occasion was so deficient in the vital treasure in which she had pretended to abound, that her charge was nearly starved to death before the source of his decline was discovered." The anecdote is mentioned, as it may serve to enforce the eloquent admonitions which Rousseau, and Mr Roscoe, in translating the Italian poem of Tansillo, have given to young mothers; and because it is also remarkable, "as the first of many hair-breadth escapes of life to which the infant William was destined in his mortal career."

Captain Hayley caught a cold on a field-day, which settled on his lungs, and carried him off prematurely; and so much for one whom our bard calls "the first of the Hayleys." His earliest school was a school of young ladies in Chichester; and "he often related with pleasure, that he received from the youngest of the three, a bright silver penny, as a reward of reading well;" and it is a singular fact, that, in his sixty-third year, he had the pleasure of presenting to this lady, still conducting the school with cheerful health and perfect faculties, a recent edition of his *Triumphs of Temper*, printed at Chichester, as a memorial of his gratitude and regard towards the venerable teacher of his infancy." Soon afterwards he was removed to an academy at Kingston, where he had nearly kicked the bucket, and escaped with a shattered constitution, and, as it would seem, a debilitated intellect. He recovered, he says, from both; and before going to Eton, had a private tutor at Teddington. Here "a philosophic divine once amused him with a sight of Epsom Races through his telescope, and once displayed to him the circulation of blood in a frog." At twelve years of age he is sent to Eton, and gets such an infernal flogging, that he plans "an extensive moral and satirical poem, in

several cantos, which he meant to entitle the Expulsion of the Rod."—He remained at Eton five years, and acquired the knack of writing Latin verses indifferently; and produced an Ode on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, which was inserted in the Cambridge Collection, and also in the Gentleman's Magazine. So much for the birth, infancy, and boyhood, of William Hayley, Esq.

He now entered himself of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge, where he resided pretty constantly for three years. "In the only two lecturers in Trinity-Hall, there was nothing to inspire awe or apprehension. The one lectured in civil law, and the other in Longinus." "As the Students of Trinity-Hall, under the plea of devoting themselves to the civil law, are exempted from the public exercises of the university, and as Hayley left college without taking any degree, he never appeared as a disputant in the schools, but he often frequented them as a favourite amusement; for he had great pleasure in hearing the Latin language eloquently spoken by two moderators of his time, John Jebb and Richard Watson."—And so finished his university education.

On leaving Cambridge, he goes to live with his mother in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The house "had the advantage of a few trees in the little area behind it, which gave to the windows of the young poet's library, on the first floor, a pleasing appearance of verdure and retirement, as the house was lofty and commodious." He then makes a trip to Edinburgh, and studies fencing, horsemanship, and mathematics, in Auld Reekie; for the Modern Athens was at that time but a small concern. He sees Dr Robertson, Dr Cullen, Angelo, the Falls of the Clyde, and enjoys the humours of a Berwick smack—And of Scotland that is all he remembers, or had noticed, during a visit of several months.

We had forgot to mention, that, before going to Cambridge, the "Poet of Sussex" had fallen in love with a pretty girl named Fanny Page. They were in fact betrothed, and we were every moment expecting a wedding—when, all of a sudden, the bardling takes flight, and is off at a tangent. A most provoking mystification hangs over this affar. To be sure it is no business of ours to pry into the loves of Mr Hayley's youth; but since he chooses to be communicative, and to make the public his confidante, he has no right to stop short, sport mum, and baulk a curiosity which he had himself excited and indulged. There is some talk about anonymous letters, and it is hard to know which party was jilted; but there is gross indelicacy in saying anything about the matter at all; and if there was to be an account of it, it should have been full and particular. If Hayley, at the age of twenty-one, was frightened out of his attachment by anonymous letters, nothing could be more despicable—But we presume his passion had evaporated in verse.

Meanwhile, the Poet of Sussex very dexterously transfers his affections from sweet Fanny Page to sweeter Eliza Ball, who had been the confidante in the former affair. "When Hayley first mentioned this new idea to his mother, the tenderness of maternal affection caught a severe alarm, concerning the deranged parent of the hapless but lovely Eliza. 'You know,' said Mrs H. to her son, 'that this sweet girl is almost as dear to me as she can be to you, for I have loved her and her parents for many years; but, my dear William, before you resolve to marry, let me ask you one question. You know the mental calamity of her poor mother—what should you think of your own conduct, if, after you had made this delicate and charming creature your wife, you should ever see her sink into her mother's most afflicting disorder?'—'My dear madam,' the fervent lover replied, 'I have asked my own heart the very question you have proposed to me so kindly; and I will tell you its immediate answer. In that case, I shall bless my God for having given me courage sufficient to make myself the legal guardian of the most amiable and most pitiable woman on earth.'" It will be seen afterwards how the selfish and heartless versifier adhered to his virtuous resolutions. "He speedily escorted her to the Deanery at Chichester, where they were both received as most welcome guests; and on the 23d October, 1769, the lovers were married in the Cathedral by the Bishop. That prelate, Sir William Ashburnham, had a voice and elocution peculiarly suited to sacred language. The poet civilly said to him, with great truth, on the close of the

ceremony, 'It is really a high pleasure, my lord, to hear any part of the Prayer Book read by your lordship.' To which compliment he oddly answered, 'This is the worst service in the church.' He meant the worst for recital; but his conjugal vexations gave to his speech all the poignancy of an ambiguous expression."

"The Poet" goes to London with his young wife, and "determines to apply himself chiefly to dramatic composition." He waits upon Garrick with a tragedy, entitled the "Afflicted Father;" and an amusing enough account is given of the manager's efforts to get rid of the trash. "The manager assumed a face in which politeness vainly endeavoured to disguise his perplexity; and, with much embarrassment, he said, 'Why, faith, I have not been able to fix a day. I have been reconsidering the tragedy—it is most elegantly written—it is a charming composition to recite to a small circle—but I am afraid it is not calculated for stage effect. However, it shall certainly be played, if you desire it.'—'O no! by no means,' mildly said the poet, with suppressed indignation at the duplicity of the manager; 'I shall instantly put it into my pocket; and I am very sorry, sir, that it has given you so much trouble.' Garrick burst again into a profusion of new civilities, and offers of the kindest good offices upon any future occasion. Mrs Garrick seemed desirous of soothing the spirit of the poet by personal flattery; and the first hopes of this tragedy thus ended in a farce of adulation. It was a bitter disappointment to lose the fair prospect of seeing a favourite drama well played; but the mortification was felt much more severely by the wife and mother of the poet than by himself. During the hubble-bubble rejection of the tragedy by Garrick, the poet had felt a little like Ariosto, when scolded by his father, and instead of lamenting his own defects, he was struck with the idea, what a fine comic scene he could make of the important personage who was giving him a lecture. Indeed, a disappointed poet, with his deluded and angry friend, and a shuffling manager, and the manager's meddling wife, afforded ample materials for a comedy. But although the laughable group struck the fancy of Hayley in that point of view, he wrote nothing on the occasion, but employed his vivacity in soothing and cheering the vexed and irritated spirit of his Eliza, whose indignation had been peculiarly excited against Mrs Garrick, as the manager had incautiously betrayed what ought to have been a secret of his wife, and was weak enough to say, that *she* thought the tragedy *not pathetic*. This appeared such an insult against the talents of her husband, as the feeling Eliza found it hardly possible to forgive; but a vexation of a more serious and important nature soon occupied the thoughts, and most grievously agitated the tender nerves, of that most pitiable sufferer. She was overwhelmed by a sudden discovery, that her father, though in good health, had ceased to be Dean of Chichester! The Dean had been prevailed upon to resign (rather in a dishonest way, we think) by his son-in-law; and the surprise wounded the too vulnerable Eliza so deeply, that she passed the three first nights, after the intelligence had reached her, in tears, incessant tears! Her husband, though he felt also much indignation against the secrecy of the transaction, endeavoured to tranquillize her spirits; and their excellent friend Mr Steele contributed much to this desirable effect, by some kind, judicious, and admirable letters."—Soon after the worthy ex-Dean died, and Hayley returned to his tragedies.

The "Syrian Queen," however, met with no better reception from Colman than the "Afflicted Father" from Garrick, and the Poet of Sussex was once more on a bed of nettles. "Feeling some degree of indignation that the doors of both theatres seemed to be shut against him, and persuaded by his own sensations that he had a considerable portion of poetic fire in his mind, he resolved to display it in a composition not subject to the caprice of managers, yet more arduous in its execution—in short, he intended to begin an Epic Poem." He intended that his Epic should be "a national work;" and his passion for freedom led him to choose for his heroes the Barons, and their venerable director the Archbishop Langton, "who, by a happy union of valour and wisdom, established the great charter." But he fell through his Epic, and England lost a "national work," by the Poet of Sussex. He, however, presented his country with a poetical Epistle "to the mild and elegant Stanislaus, King

of Poland," and an "Ode to befriend the society of decayed musicians." The Ode, we are told, was "written in the little farm of Dandelion, near Margate, which has since been converted into a scene of public entertainment."

About this time, he made one of a party of pleasure, to visit the ship that had carried Cooke; and "he had found a bitter easterly wind blowing full on his face; but as his eyes had ever been remarkably strong, and had never suffered in any manner from long exertion in miniature painting, or in nightly reading, he was not aware how doubly they might suffer from that insidious enemy to organs so delicate, the east wind!" We accordingly have several pages about his "ocular sufferings." In the vicinity of Lyme, he meets with a boy of some distinction. "The youngest, afterwards the great William Pitt, was now a wonderful boy of 14, who eclipsed his brother in conversation, and endeared himself not a little to the Poet, by admiring a favourite horse which he then rode, of singular excellence," &c. "Hayley often reflected on the singular pleasure he had derived from his young acquaintance, regretting, however, that his own poetical reserve had prevented him imparting to the wonderful youth the epic poem he had begun on the liberty of the country."

Hayley now quitted London for good and all, and settled himself at his villa at Eastham. His mother died about this time, and he seized the opportunity of constructing two epitaphs, one in English verse, and the other in Latin prose. For a year or two (or to 1777-8) he visits and versifies away as usual, and doctors his eyes, still weak and inflamed. He next attempted Harris the manager, but he too rejected the offered play of the "Viceroy." He did from page 170 to page 209, in a disturbed and feverish sleep; but we think he informs us that he wrote an Epistle to Howard, another to Gibbon, Epistles on History, and the Triumphs of Temper, by the end of the year 1780.

But now comes matter of a somewhat graver cast; and we shall let Mr Hayley speak for himself.—"Perhaps no man, on the point of removing from him a wife, with whom he felt it impossible to live, ever shewed more tender or more sincere anxiety to promote her ease, comfort, and welfare, to the utmost of his power, than Hayley manifested in conducting all this painful business.

"What he felt, and what his countenance proved him to have felt on the occasion, may be conjectured from some striking expressions of his intellectual and affectionate valet, Harry, which shall be reserved for the closing words of this chapter.

"The Poet, after receiving his Eliza in London, and remaining there with her a week, escorted her, on the 27th of April, to the house of their benevolent friend, Mrs Beridge, in Derby. He remained in that town a few days, to provide its new inhabitant with a residence to her liking.—After bidding her adieu with much tenderness and anguish of heart, he threw himself into a post-chaise with his attendant Harry, who exclaimed to his master, as soon as they were off the stones: 'I thank God, sir, you are now got safe out of that town, for I have for many hours been afraid, that I should see you drop down dead in the midst of it.'"

Now, what have we to do with Hayley's domestic concerns, it may perhaps be asked by some consistent hater of personality, and lover of the Edinburgh Review—Nothing. But then he has thought proper to intersperse, throughout two enormous quarto volumes, ex-parte statements of what ought to have been held in sacred and inviolable silence for evermore. He has meanly, basely, and falsely striven to build up for himself a reputation for the finest feeling and most thoughtful humanity, at the expense of the most shameful violation of natural duties to the injured dead. The poor devil keeps incessantly drivelling and blubbering about his "pitiable Eliza," with whom he had not the love and the virtue to live, that he might sooth her sorrows; and does all he can to shew, that her caprices were such as not only to justify his living apart from her, but to demand it; and that for her sake he submitted to the painful sacrifice. But the heartless hypocrite cants confessed in every page; and every man, with a common human soul, will despise the impotent struggles which he makes to libel the character of his dead wife. Several of her letters are published, that he might have an opportunity of giving, we think, his own cold, conceited, episto-

lary effusions to the mother of his beloved child, at the time when he had shut his doors against her, and left her a prey to the disturbing thoughts that too often agitated her keenly affectionate, and most disinterested and forgiving heart. We had marked for quotation a number of passages fitted to expose the wretched creature, but they are too loathsome for the present Number. And pray, what right had Hayley to abandon his amiable and elegant wife to her misfortunes, whatever was their deplorable kind or degree, and to trundle maudlin along to Cowper, who was afflicted with a similar visitation? He had no right to whine and wail about the "Bard of Olney," for he had other sacred duties to perform, which he wickedly left unperformed; and there is no want of charity in affirming that mere vanity and egotism drew him to the couch of Cowper. He did not sit there as a Christian, but as *a literary man;* and all the while continued slavering forth his mawkish verses, till he seems occasionally to have made even himself sick. The truth is, that we have been seized with such a loathing disgust with this heartless, brainless versifier, that we must stop short with this very imperfect notice of his memorable Memoirs; but in a month or two, when the two millstones are sunk into the dam of oblivion, we shall probably give such extracts (accompanied with a few comments) as will justify us in the little we have said, and give us a still better opportunity for exposing the real worthlessness of this pretender, who certainly will henceforth rank at the very bottom of the scale of English drivellers.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. IX.

To Thomas Campbell, Esq. Editor of Colburn's Conduit-Street Magazine.

Dear Tom,—It is now about twenty years since you and I turned into Johnny Dowie's, to wash the dust out of our throats with a pint of Giles's ale, if I remember right, though perhaps it might have been with a crown bowl of punch. You were then a young man of high reputation—deservedly high, for you had published the Pleasures of Hope. Your fancied schemes of future life were brilliant; and no wonder. Scott had scarcely appeared in our literature; Byron was a boy at Harrow; Wordsworth a butt of derision to the shallow creatures who exercised the art critical in those days; Coleridge was dreaming as at present; Southey had not published his great poems, and was under a sort of cloud; Darwin was gradually getting voted a bore of the first magnitude; this Magazine was among the things uncreated—nay, I may say, unhoped for or unconceived; and, positively, you were alone, the rising star of our poetical world. We freely discussed your prospects. Though at that date Time had not thinned my flowing hair, as he has done since, and be hanged to him, nor bent me in his iron hand, as he has vainly attempted to do, still I was so much your senior as to entitle me to give advice even to a man of your surprising talents. Like St Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, the doctor of laws, you listened to the voice of my instructions, while in social conversation we sluiced over our ivories the ever-to-be-honoured extract of Sir John Barleycorn. With a mild suavity, I pointed out a path of glory to you; and the beaming of your intelligent eye, and the heartfelt pressure which you occasionally gave my hand, shewed that you appreciated my intentions.

We have never met since. You went to London, and I fixed permanently in Southside. You dwelt in the throng and bustle of men, amid the intercourse of wits and sages, in the noise and tumult of civilization—I, in the silent hills, in the heart of the glories of nature, in the company of the simple and unrefined. But think not that I was an incurious spectator of your progress. I rejoiced in the estimation in which you were held. I shall never be ashamed of the national feeling which makes us Scotchmen proud of one another's success throughout the world, and ready to promote it. It is a higher feather in our cap than the grand name of "the nation of gentlemen," or "the modern Athens," or "the dwellers under the pillars of the Parthenon." You did not, indeed,

do as much as I expected; but what you did was of the first order. I forgave the un-nationality of the spirit which directed your choice of such subjects for your elegant muse as "Gertrude of Wyoming," and the "Exile of Erin," because I knew you were a Whig, and compelled, *ex-officio*, to chaunt the praises of rebellion, successful or unsuccessful, "all over the world;" particularly when, as in the Irish case, it is marked with unmitigated ferocity of murder and conflagration. I forgave it, I say, for the sake of "the Mariners of England," "the Battle of the Baltic," and "Our Countrymen in Flanders." It would be absurd were I at this time of day to compliment you on "Lochiel," and "O'Connor's Child," when everybody has them by heart. I own I did not like to see you at task-work for the booksellers; but I remembered that those who lived to please, should please to live. Above all, I did not approve of your new connection with Colburn's Magazine. There is something nasty and plagiary in the very name; and, little as I value Sir Pythagoras, I sympathized with his indignation against this robbery of his title. I was sorry, besides, to see you put yourself at the head of such capons as cackle for that periodical—making yourself Bashaw of a band of Balaamites, Commander-in-Chief of a Company of crestless Cockatoos. (There, by the by, is a fine specimen of apt alliteration's artful aid.) But that is your look-out, not mine; I hope you find your account in it.

It is concerning a passage in your Magazine for September that I am now addressing you. Let me again revert to the last evening I had the pleasure of meeting you at Johnny Dowie's. You may remember we had been sitting in one of the tiniest of the tiny cribs of that celebrated man, who is now gathered to his fathers, employed as I have already mentioned. Why do I dwell on such trifles? Simply because I never have thought of that evening without pleasure. On leaving the house, the morning-sun was illuminating the lofty tenements of the old town. "Good night," said I, "Thomas, or rather, good morning. God bless you through life, and make you an honour to the land of your birth. You are, I perceive, Thomas, a Whig—endeavour, notwithstanding, to be an honest man. Be, if possible, a gentleman. I know that it is a hard task I am imposing; but do, Thomas, Whig as you are, try to be a gentleman throughout life." To do you justice, you have kept to my advice, and are, I am happy to say, a gentleman in all members absolute, "in entrails, heart, and head, liver and reins." On you Whiggery has not wrought all its usual effect. There are some constitutions which resist the most mortal poisons; and as I know that there have been bibbers of laudanum, and swallowers of corrosive sublimate, so I can admit that in some rare instances I have heard of Whigs being gentlemen, and am happy to say, for old acquaintance' sake, that you are one of that infinitisimally small body. If I did not think you were, I should not waste this pretty sheet of foolscap upon you.

Such a tribute, however, I cannot pay to your employés. Some of them are merely asses; but others have not even that excuse. Let me ask you, Mr Thomas Campbell, why you permit Mr William Hazlitt, the modern Pygmalion, to fill your pages with gross, scurrilous, and low-lived abuse of people, whom such a man should not be permitted to name. Jeffrey, we all know, he called "the Prince of Critics, and the King of Men;" and Agamemnon the Second was so tickled by the compliment, so bamboozled by the blarney, that, without farther inquiry, he let him loose in the Edinburgh Review, in an article which, I flatter myself, I utterly demolished in my last letter to North. But I do not remember that you have been daubed over by the dirty butter of his applause, so that you cannot make even that miserable apology. Were I speaking merely as a Magaziner, as a friend to my dear friend Christopher, I should rejoice in your infatuation, in the injury inflicted on a rival establishment; but both Kit and I are above that feeling. You may be sure it would please us more to hear of what would redound to your honour and advantage, than what could lower you, or anything with which you have thought proper to connect yourself, in the estimation of the public. That Hazlitt's being even suspected of writing in your pay must do this, is too clear, too axiomatic, for me to say a word on the subject. But that you should hire him to vent personal

abuse on men of genius, is going too far; and, as a friend, I must shortly expostulate with you on the subject.

You have, no doubt, heard people sometimes complain of what it pleases them to call the scurrilities of Kit's Magazine. You have seen Jeffrey, afraid to say it, keep hinting at the accusation. You have read the lamentations of this very Hazlitt about it; and if you take up the Liberal, which of course you do professionally, you will hear the vermin yelping to the same tune. Now, all the fraternity know that they are lying. We might be as scurrilous as a Billingsgate basket-women, or as "legal Brougham, the moral chimney-sweeper," (as Byron calls him,) had we been Whigs, without exciting reprehension, or, had we been *stupid* Tories, without being clamoured against. But Tories we are, and, still worse, clever Tories; and, worst of all, Tories employed in demolishing Whiggery. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*—hence the squeaking of the base creatures crouching under us. Any lie that could tend to annoy us, was a fair weapon; and the best they could think of, was this charge of personal scurrility. We beg leave to deny it; but suppose it for a moment true, will you, Mr Thomas, have the goodness to find anything in our pages which can, in personality, compare with this character of Mr Fuseli, which *you* have printed, Mr Thomas, and which *you* have paid for. The vermin who wrote it, has, it appears, suffered some slight from that great man, and accordingly we are told, that

"His (Fuseli's) ideas are gnarled, hard, and distorted like—HIS FEATURES; his theories, stalking and straddle-legged like—HIS GAIT; his projects, aspiring and gigantic like—HIS GESTURES; his performance, uncouth and dwarfish like—HIS PERSON. His pictures are also *like himself*, WITH EYEBALLS OF STONE STUCK IN RIMS OF TIN, AND MUSCLES TWISTED TOGETHER LIKE ROPES OR WIRES."—*New Monthly Magazine*, No. XXXIII. p. 214.

Yes, Mr Campbell, that is the language *you* have used towards Mr Fuseli. I say *you* have used, for the fellow who wrote it is below even contempt. Fuseli would be degraded if he horsewhipped *him*; he might order his footman to kick him, perhaps, but he would in that case owe an apology to the flunky for employing him in such dirty work. I say it is to you he is to look for redress for this brutal attack, which is about the vilest thing I have seen for a long time, even among the vilenesses of Whiggery. What, sir! do you think, that because Mr Fuseli is a great painter, you are to take indecent liberties with his person? Do you think yourself entitled to abuse the outward configuration given him by his Creator, which neither you nor he could alter? Do you think it just and gentlemanlike criticism on his works to fling ribald jests on his *features*, his *gait*, his *gestures*, his *person*, his *eyeballs*, and his *muscles*? If you do, Mr Campbell, you are sadly altered for the worse. Misery, they say, brings a man in contact with strange bedfellows; so, it would appear, does editing. Had any man, three years ago, told me, that Thomas Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," of "Gertrude," of "O'Connor's Child," of the "Mariners of England," would be guilty of such filth, I am pretty sure the answer would be to pull him by the nose. What the motive of the fellow, whose pen traced the words, was, I, of course, cannot tell—perhaps Fuseli discharged him from the situation of colour-grinder, a post to which he might aspire through vanity; but, that you, Mr Campbell, should, in cold blood, have sent such a piece of offal to the press, does both astonish and grieve me. I hope we shall have an ample apology to Fuseli in your next Number; if we have not, I shall only conclude, that he despises the quarter from which the attack has come—and just think of that! Fuseli the painter, despising Campbell the poet!

You may, perhaps, remember what an outcry was raised here, in Edinburgh, I mean, against Hogg's incomparable *jeu-d'esprit*, the Chaldee MS. Even yet the things about the Scotsman keep carping at it. There was some cant mixed up with the cry, such as "insult offered to scriptural language," "parody on Ezekiel," &c.; but that, you know, was not the *real* ground of offence. It was complained that it was personal, and reflected on bodily defect or misfortune. A long time after it was published, this complaint was renewed with all the bitterness of envious hate, by an infatuated editor of a Magazine, in that brutal series of attacks on us which produced such lamentable results.

Now, if a verse or two of this Manuscript did transgress in this sort, much may be said in its excuse, for the people who gathered about Constable's periodical, were so utterly obscure, poor gazetteers, and other such third-rate Grub-Street folk, that there was no way of describing them without alluding to their appearance. They had *done* nothing by which they could be known—they were merely good-for-nothing hacks, who had banded themselves together to put down, in obedience to their employers' tradesmen-like views, a rival magazine. How then could Hogg avoid describing their persons, if he thought fit to mention them at all? The Chaldee was; moreover, meant for anything rather than for malignity, and, as the Shepherd says in his Life, all that was looked for was a retort courteous or uncourteous, of the same kind. It was, in fact, a mere local joke; and if it be read or relished beyond Newington or Stockbridge, it is only on account of its internal humour and merit, just as we now read, with all the freshness of the original fun—Dean Swift's papers on Partridge, Curl, Norris, and fifty others, of whom we know little, and care less. But take the very worst verses of it, and compare them with this attack on the person of a man of fervid and original genius, a foreigner too, who has domiciled among us, and you will be ashamed of yourself if you ever condescended to join in the clamour of your Whig associates against the *scurrilities* of this Magazine.

We were also most roundly rated because Z. or Ochlenschlaeger, or some other of our friends, cracked a joke on this scribe of yours, Hazlitt, for being "pimpled." None of us knows anything of his personal appearance—how could we?—But what designation could be more apt to mark the scurvy, verrucose, uneven, foully-heated, disordered, and repulsive style of the man? He interpreted us *au pied du lettre*, and took much pains to convict us of slander. For anything I know to the contrary, he got a horse-collar, and took his stand at Smithfield, to grin through it, and exclaim to the drovers, "O ye judges of sound flesh! bear witness that I am unpimpled, and Blackwood's Magazine is a scurrilous publication." He certainly did things almost as absurd. But suppose it was meant in its most offensive signification, will you accuse us of personality, and then permit your own pages to be the vehicles of abuse against a man so infinitely the superior of the vermin we worried—to call him distorted in feature, straddle-legged in gait, gigantic in gesture, dwarfish in person, hideous in eyeballs, and furnished with rope-twisted muscles? For shame, Thomas, for shame! If you do, whether you have won gold by your connection with Henry Colburn or not, it will be evident you have improved in brass.

I am, Dear Tom,
Yours, however, for auld langsyne,
TIMOTHY TICKLER.

Southside, Sept. 9, 1823.

P. S.—You let the Cockneys invade Conduit-Street by far too much. Why the deuce, Tom, did you tolerate the fellow who wrote,

"Oh! there are moments dear and bright,
When love's delicious spring is *dawning*,
Soft as the ray of quivering light,
That wakes the early spring of *morning!*"

Dorning, forsooth! Hip! Cockney! Hip! He did well to sign his name M. A.; for the letters are most conveniently interpreted, Marvellous Ass.

Postscript by ODoherty.

DEAR TOM, I have just stepped across the hills into Tickler's cabin, and take the liberty of thrusting this slip into my friend Tim's epistle, merely to say that you ought to send Dominie Small-text back again to Coventry. It would be a good ridding of him. He has no more head than Cyrus the Elder. Talking of the miracles of my wise father-land, he takes occasion to blame both parties there for superstition. The Catholics, he says, are believing in Humbugger Hohenlohe's letting a young wench's clapper loose, while the Orangemen are equally asinine in crediting the fact, that an orange lily suddenly budded forth while the Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory was giving. Now,

in the first place, no Catholic of common sense refuses to laugh at the priestly manœuvre, which is only believed in by people whose cast of intellect is the same as that of the votaries of Joanna Southcote—and the Orangeman miracle is nothing more or less than a bam devised by myself as a set-off against High and Low. I put it in the Evening Mail, to tickle the fancy of the July-the-firsters, and if it was swallowed as a miracle by anybody with less brick-dust in his head than this Persian Magus of yours, may I be hacked up into minced meat for a luncheon for Barry Cornwall. I am,

DEAR TOM,

Yours ever,

Southside, Tuesday. MORGAN ODOHERTY.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS,

No. X.

To Christopher North, Esq.

ON CAMPBELL, COBBETT, &c. &c. &c.

DEAR NORTH,

I AM exceedingly obliged by your attention in sending me so many new books to look at. At this time of the year, anything new is precious, and my only difficulty is, how I am to make any fitting return for the pleasure your kindness has afforded me. During the winter months I don't care if I never see a single Periodical but your own and the Quarterly, which I certainly can at no time do without—but now the case is altered, quoth Plowden. I come in quite fagged from the fields; for, like my worthy coeval the Chancellor,* I take my gun regularly as the clock strikes nine every morning, and seldom come home again until it is just time for dressing. On go the long white lamb's-wool stockings and the nankeen breeches—the buff waistcoat, and uniform coat of the Ambrosian—for even here I disdain to dine without sporting your claret-colour and the George Buchanan button. On go, I say, these elegant paraphernalia; and down goes the hotch-potch. The hotch-potch is followed by a single bumper of that old sherry you remember admiring so much last time you did me the honour of passing a week here—but I shan't describe the dinner, though, as you once remarked, even if I were writing a Tragedy, I could scarcely avoid something of the sort. Suppose it finished—suppose my old man to have uncorked the long necker, and said, like our fat friend, "There!" "with an air!" The log is poked—your parcel is produced—and I am happy for the evening.

Your last Number was a super-excellent one—by far the best you have had for some months. It must have cut out its rivals of "the first of the new moon" without difficulty—and yet, since I *have* seen them, my good fellow, I must say, they almost all of them contained some extremely good articles. The London was, I think, better, on the whole, than the New Monthly—although that last may well be proud of Campbell's fine verses. "The last man"—by far the best specimen of his muse *since* the Farewell

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* "The Lord Chancellor possesses strength and activity equal to any man of his age. His Lordship is in his seventy-fourth year. During his residence at Encombe, his seat in Dorsetshire, his Lordship breakfasts regularly at eight, and goes shooting (as soon as the season commences) at nine—a sport to which his Lordship is much attached, and is allowed to be as good a shot as any nobleman or gentleman in the country. His Lordship walks over so much ground in the course of the day, that his gamekeeper is frequently knocked up."—*Morning Paper.*

to Kemble—but inferior certainly to *that*.* Horace Smith is a very pleasant contributor to the New Monthly, and his brother James too, albeit a fat man, is a witty. They both shine in a certain light and airy, though far from unaffected or natural vein of song-writing. Campbell should get shot of Pygmalion. His Table-talk about "the old artists" is excessively worthy of him, and unworthy of Tom. What business has he to make Colbourn or Campbell, no matter which, pay him over again for *whole pages clipped out of his own former publications?* The whole of the account of the late Mr Cosway was printed by Hazlitt in the very same words, long ago—whether in a volume or a periodical, I cannot exactly charge my memory. And what business has a man like Campbell to allow paragraphs about *Mrs* Cosway, to appear in his book—even if they had not appeared before? The whole affair is most grossly indelicate—The feverish dread of personalities, which had hitherto graced, or disgraced, Tom's Magazine, has indeed deserted him this Number with a vengeance. His description of that charlatan Irving, is as bad as John Bull's; and then to see how Fuseli is shewn up!† I detest these "flickering jests on personal defects." A friend of mine wrote me t'other day, that he had seen "Billy Hazlitt and Count Tims at Fonthill, busy writing puffs for Harry Phillips of Bond Street." I take it for granted the most asinine account of Winchester is another result of this not new *excursus* of the most noble "Victoire Vicomte de Soligny."

The London is, as I said, better. The Sea Roamer is very well in its way; the Essay on Walking Stewart by De Quincey still more to my taste—but what pleased me best of all, was to see De Q. writing himself "a *late* opium-eater." He ought to take to his pipe, as indeed I have often told both him and Coleridge in the good old time. I was sorry to see my friend Lamb defending Sir Philip Sydney against Southampton Row; Lamb is a fine creature, but he should look to himself. By the way, Mullion says the Cockneys have lately been abusing you for your treatment of Lamb. Good Heavens! what does this fatuity mean? You never said one syllable against him since he was born; on the contrary, it was *you*, you only, who first rendered his existence known beyond the limits of Cockaigne. *Your* treatment of him, forsooth! If they had talked of the Edinburgh Review's treatment of him, there had been some meaning in it. Jeffrey quizzed his "John Woodville," and said it was the "washiest of all the washinesses of the Lake School." Jeffrey said Lamb was *a mere bleater*, and I know not how many contumelies besides. You, in your inimitable "Hour's Tete-a-tete," shewed and proved "John Woodville" to be a noble, though an imperfect work of genius; and now mark the changes of the world: we have Jeffrey suffering Hazlitt to puff *Elia*—an excellent thing assuredly, but no more equal to the John Woodville, than that is equal to the "Tete-a-tete"—as something quite divine—merely because it appeared partly in a Magazine for which H. himself writes, and the mention of it gave the ex-dauber an opportunity of introducing some balsam about *his own* doxies—no, not his doxies, but his "paradoxes." Lamb, in fact, owes his respectable existence entirely to you—But whither am I wandering? The Edinburgh Review, as we all know, praises neither a Lamb nor a Hog, nor any other musical animal, until it has got an answer to the great question,

"Cujum pecus?"

The Annals of Sporting turn out, as usual, an amusing Number. I am only sorry to see the amiable Editor left

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* Yes. We should like to see any poet produce many things equal to

"Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly graced,
Your Kemble's bosom was the home
Of Genius and of Taste—
Taste, like the silent dial's power,
That, when supernal light is given,
Can measure Inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in Heaven." [C. N.]

† I have such a regard for my old friend Tom, that I have addressed a letter to him on this subject, and I send you a copy of it.—T. T.

to himself so far as to introduce songs now and then. His songs are really miserable—I am sure the best of them would have no chance to be heard to an end, even at the Castle-tavern, "amang the wee sma' hours ayont the twall." A man of so much gumption as this Editor, should know and feel where he is strong. Tip him a hint that you have given up leaping-matches since the RHEUMATIZ. Send him a copy of Hunt's Choice—By the way, you forgot, surely, when inditing your very tragical lecture on that product of Cockneydom, that Leigh Hunt, in one of his Literary Pocket Books, mentions fox-hunting among the "diversions for JUNE!!!" This is the chap that is now for "hunting the fox, but not much, lest he should fall!"—"Good, very good."

So the Liberal, No. IV., is the Liberal, No. Last! No doubt your London correspondents will give you the lights and shadows of the transaction from which this great event proceeds. I foresaw from the beginning that the alliance could not hold long—and as for the Morning Chronicle's story about Lord Byron's having "used his coadjutors ILL," &c. &c. I believe in that as much as I always did in the liberality and decorum of Pirie's progeny. Lord Byron is well known to have his faults, but I never heard it hinted until now, that stinginess was among their number. No doubt, he was soon disgusted with such a pack—of course he was, and he sent them to the right-about when it so pleased him. Why not?

The fact is, that "the Liberal" did not sell at all—the Hunts went on always hoping that Lord B.'s name might get up again; and things mend—but it went down—down—down; and the moment the blow-up with him took place, they saw there was no hope. All is up now; all the fine dreams of floating are over. They are gone, clean gone; I could joke, but the situation of these fellows is really almost too sore to be a fit subject of jocular reflection. Their hum, to be sure, is awfully subdued. They remind me of a mutchkin of wasps in a bottle, all sticking to each other—heads and tails—rumps glued with treacle and vinegar, wax and pus—helpless, hopeless, stingless, wingless, springless—utterly abandoned of air—choked and choking—mutually entangling and entangled—and mutually disgusting and disgusted—the last blistering ferment of incarnate filth working itself into one mass of oblivion in one bruised and battered sprawl of swipes and venom.

Hah! am I come to thee at last? Well, and, come to thee when I will, the sight of thy fist does me good! thou twenty times turn-coat—thou most wavering of weathercocks—thou boldest of bullies—thou rudest of ragamuffins—thou most downright of double-dealers—thou hero of humbug—thou prince of libellers, and King of Kensington—I love thee still—thou dear diabolical deceiver—I cling to thee still—thou art still COBBETT! Semper idem! ET *Cobbett*, ET *Diabolus!*

To speak rationally—I am one of the few, the very few people, who *never* put the least faith in Cobbett, and *never* ceased to be a reader of his writings. Of late he has been, comparatively speaking, a forgotten man, and it is not difficult to account for this. Having utterly ruined himself by his behaviour at the time when he left this country for America—he has in vain striven to recover himself ever since by a series of, I fear not to say, the most masterly exertions through which his great talents have at *any* period sustained him. He wrote a letter to Sir Francis Burdett, telling Sir F., to whom he owed a considerable sum of money, that he would not pay that money on setting off for America—not because he could not pay it, no—but because he could not pay it without some inconvenience to himself, and because, if I remember the thing correctly, he did not conceive himself *obliged* to pay ANY DEBT to a SUBJECT OF ENGLAND, in consequence of the way in which he had been treated by the ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.* Sir Francis's answer did him great honour. It was just what a

* We give these edifying letters from the Annual Register. They ought *not* to be forgotten—whatever else may be.

* "TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, Bart.

"*North Hampstead, Long Island, June* 20, 1817.

"Sir,—I inclose you the copy of a letter to Mr Tipper, which I beg you to have the goodness to read, and to consider the contents of it (as far as they relate to the liquidation of my debts generally) as addressed to yourself. In addition you will be pleased to understand, that, as to the debt due to you,

gentleman of his rank ought to have answered to such a person, in such a situation—nothing could be more cool than the scorn—more annihilating than the effect. The Radical Baronet extinguished for ever his Plebeian brother luminary—since that unfortunate day, William Cobbett has never held

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no pains shall be spared by me to obtain the means of paying it as soon as possible; and I beg that you will furnish Mr White, my attorney, with your charge against me, including interest, that he may transmit it to me.

"I now transmit to Mr White, *Wright's note of hand.* It must be *indorsed* by you before I can proceed against Wright. This rascal always contended that he borrowed the money on his *own account.* Your word was quite sufficient to prove the contrary; and though no part of it was ever made use of *for me*, and though the arbitrator determined against my being at all responsible, I thought myself, and still think myself, bound to pay you, you putting me in a condition to recover the money from him, which you can at once do by indorsing the note of hand. I am well aware the grounds of complaint and reproach to which debtors always expose themselves, and I am not vain enough to expect to escape consequences to which all others are liable; but if I finally pay to the last farthing, those grounds will be all swept away; and as I am in no doubt of being able, in a short space of time, to pay every one fully, I anticipate with great satisfaction the day of my deliverance from this sort of thraldom.—I am, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

"Wm. Cobbett.

"To Mr Tipper.

"*North Hampstead, Long Island, Nov.* 20. 1817.

"Mr Dear Sir,—First let me acknowledge my deep sense of the kind manner in which you have uniformly spoken to Mrs Cobbett with regard to me; and then, without further waste of that time of which I have so little to spare, let me come to business, and let me lay down, before I proceed to our own particular affair, some principles which I hold to be just to my conduct towards my creditors in general.

"If there be any man who can pretend, for one moment, that mine is an *ordinary case*, and that, not having enough to pay everybody, I ought to be regarded as an *insolvent debtor*, in the usual acceptation of the words; and if he does this after being apprised that the whole force of an infamous tyranny was embodied into the shape of despotic ordinances, intended for the sole purpose of taking from me the real, and certain, and increasing means of paying off every debt and mortgage in two years;—if there be any man whose prosperity and whose means of profitably employing his own industry have remained wholly untouched and unaffected by these despotic and sudden acts of the Government, and who is yet so insensible to all feelings of humanity, as well as so willingly blind to every principle of either moral or political justice;—if there be any man who, wholly absorbed in his attachment to his own immediate interest, is ready to cast blame on a debtor, who has had his means of paying cut off by an operation as decisive as that of an earthquake, which should sink into eternal nothing his lands, his houses, and his goods;—if there be any man, who, if he had been a creditor of Job, would have insisted that that celebrated object of malignant devils' wrath, which had swept away his flocks, his herds, his sons, and his daughters, was an insolvent debtor and a bankrupt, and ought to have been considered as such, spoken of as such, and as such proceeded against; if there be any such man as this, to whom I owe anything, to such man I first say, that I despise him from the bottom of my soul; and then I say, that if he dare meet me before the world in open and written charge, I pledge myself to cover him with as much shame and infamy as that world can be brought to deign to bestow upon so contemptible a being. For such occasions as the one here supposed, if such occasion should ever occur, I reserve the arguments and conclusion which the subject would naturally suggest. To you, I trust, no such arguments are necessary, and therefore I will now proceed to state explicitly my intentions with regard to what I shall endeavour to do in the way of paying off debts. I hold it to be perfectly just that I should never, in any way whatever, give up one single farthing of my future earnings to the payment of any debt in England.

"When the society is too weak or unwilling to defend the property, whether mental or of a more ordinary and vulgar species, and where there is not the will or the power in the society to yield him protection, he becomes clearly absolved of all his engagements of every sort, to that society; because in every bargain of every kind it is understood that both the parties are to continue to enjoy the protection of the laws of property.

"But from the great desire which I have, not only to return to my native country, but also to prevent the infamous acts levelled against me from injuring those persons with whom I have pecuniary engagements, and some of whom have become my creditors from feelings of friendship and a desire to serve me, I eagerly waive all claim to this principle, and I shall neglect no means within my power to pay and satisfy every demand, as far as that can be done consistently with that duty which calls on me to take care that my family have the means of fairly exerting their industry, and of leading that sort of life to which they have a just claim.

"It is clear, however, that to do *anything* in the way of paying off, must be a work of some little time. I place great dependance on the produce of some literary labours of great and general utility; and it is of these that I am now about more particularly to speak, and to make you, sir, a distinct proposition.

"First, I must beg you to read in a *Register*, which I now send home, a letter to a French scoundrel, whom the boroughmongers of England, by a robbery of us for the restoration of the Bourbons, have replaced in his title of *Count*.

"When you have read that letter, you will see a part of my designs, as to my present endeavours to pay my debts. 'The *Maître Anglois*' has long been the *sole* work of this kind in *vogue* on the continent of Europe, in England, and in America. It was the only book of the sort admitted into the Prytaneen Schools of Buonaparte, where it was adopted by a direct ordinance.

"You will see that it is sent from France to England, and in this country it is imported from France. Both editions (separate and coeval) are sold at New York, and in all the towns here. I have always been afraid to look into this book, from a consciousness of its imperfections, owing to the circumstance of haste under which it was originally written.

"You know as well as any man what the probable extent of sale and durable profit of the exclusive right to print such a book are. I am now engaged in making this book *quite complete*, under the title of 'The English Master, by William Cobbett, corrected, improved, and greatly enlarged, by the author himself.' If you understand French enough to read it with a perfect understanding of its meaning, you will, if you read this book, easily see the causes of its great celebrity.

"Its clearness, its simplicity, its wonderful aptitude to its purposes, its engaging and convincing properties, make it so unlike all the offspring of pedantry, that it is no wonder that it should have made its way in general esteem. I will make the new edition *supplant all the old ones immediately*; and to you I propose to confide the care of securing the copyright both in England and France. A second work, and one of still more importance as a source of profit, is also now under hand, namely, 'The

up his head as he had been used to do. He had undeceived every one that was capable of being undeceived at all—and it was high time he should quit England.

He quitted it. He remained for many months absent. He returned, and he has now for several years been a resident at Kensington. Both while in America and since his return, he

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French Master; or a Grammar to teach French to English Persons, by William Cobbett.' You will easily see, that if I could, 22 years ago, actually *write a book* in the French language to French persons, how able I must be to write a book in the English language to teach French. Indeed, my knowledge of the whole matter is so complete, that the thing, complicated and abstract as it is in its nature, is as easy to me as it is for me to walk or sit. This work, I will pledge my existence, will sweep away very speedily all competitors. My children (some of them) are now learning French by the principles and rules which will constitute this book, and this gives me every opportunity of perceiving and removing all sorts of impediments and embarrassments.

"My son William wrote French at twelve years old better than nine-tenths of the Frenchmen that I have ever known, or at least that I have ever seen write; and both John and he speak now French as well as the greater part of Frenchmen.

"I shall publish both these works, and secure the copyright of them, in America, where there is a great sale for books of this description; but from the great intercourse now existing between England and France, the sale will be much more considerable in those countries.

"In about two months, or less, I shall send to Mr White, to be delivered to you (if you will undertake the thing,) the matter for these two works. You can secure the copyrights *in England*, and also in France. It is impossible for me to say what will be their produce; and I know well that immediate produce is not to be expected; yet it would be irrational not to believe, that these works must in a short time begin to be a source of real and substantial profit, the proceeds of which I should devote to the liquidation of the debts due to you; and, if they exceeded that, to other purposes. In the meanwhile, there would be the foundation of profit, from the same source, laid in this country, from which, however, I should for some time not expect anything beyond what I should need here. I do not know that there would be any objection to the *selling* of this copyright in *France*; but I should not approve of this being done in *England*, because time may make them a source of great profit, and further, because I should not like for me or my sons to be precluded from future improvements of the works themselves. As to the particular application of the money that may arise from this fair and honourable source, after an equitable discharge of your demands on me; and as to the precise mode of proceeding in the business, these must be the subject of a letter to accompany the manuscripts, which you will understand are now in a state of great forwardness; so that, as time is valuable, I hope that you, who understand such matters so well, and who have so much activity and intelligence, will, upon the receipt of this letter, and upon the strength of what you will see addressed to the beggarly tool of a French blackguard rascally Noble *jean-foutre*, make some inquiry amongst the race who trade in the fruit of men's minds. You know them pretty well, and I have perfect reliance on your prudence, integrity, and industry.

"I am, you will perceive, getting ready a *Grammar of the English Language*. This, which is a work which I have always desired to perform, I have put into the shape of a series of letters, addressed to my beloved son James, as a mark of my approbation of his affectionate and dutiful conduct towards his mother during her absence from me.

"In this work, which I have all my life, since I was nineteen years old, had in my contemplation, I have assembled together the fruits of all my observations on the construction of the English language; and I have given them the form of a book, not merely with a view to profit, but with a view to fair fame, and with the still more agreeable view of instructing, in this foundation of all literary knowledge, the great body of my ill-treated, and unjustly-contemned countrymen.

"I believe it to be quite impossible that this work should not have a very extensive circulation in England and America, and that it should not be of many years' duration in point of profit. Whatever part of this profit can, without endangering the well-being of my beloved and exemplary, affectionate and virtuous family, be allotted to the discharge of my debts or encumbrances, shall, with scrupulous fidelity, be so allotted; but as to this particular object, and as to other sources of gain, I will first take care that the acts of tyrannical confiscation, which have been put in force against me, shall not deprive this family of the means, not only of comfortable existence, but that it shall not deprive this family of the means of seeking fair and honourable distinction in the world. It is impossible for me to say or to guess at what I may, with my constant bodily health, and with the aptitude and industry which are now become a part of me, be able to do in the way of literary works productive of gain; but I can with certainty declare, that, beyond the purposes of safety to my family, I will retain or expend nothing, until no man shall say of me that I owe him a farthing. With regard to any profits that may arise from the Register in England, I at present know scarcely anything; and I have not any time to digest any regular plan relative to that matter: I shall do this in the course of a short time.

"As I have fully apprised Mr White of the contents of this letter, I beg you to communicate with him on the subject, and to tell him very freely your opinion relative to the whole of its contents. I have, all circumstances considered, a very strong desire to retain my real property in that country, which I so ardently love, and to which I have preserved, through all circumstances, so invariable a fidelity; and though I would abandon that object rather than do any act of real injustice, I will never, while the present infamous abrogation of the laws of my forefathers exists, set my hand to any deed, or give, either expressly or tacitly, my sanction to so infamous a violation of my rights, as well as of the rights of all.

"We shall hardly be able to get the manuscript off before the month of January next; but, in the meanwhile, I shall be glad to hear from you, and to receive from you any suggestions that you may think useful.

"I have the pleasure to tell you that we all enjoy excellent health; and I assure you, that it will give us all great pleasure to have the same sort of account from yourself, Mrs T., and family.

"I am, my dear Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

"William Cobbett."

The reply of Sir Francis Burdett:—

"To Mr William Cobbett.

"*St James's Place, Jan. 31, 1818.*

"Sir,—I have just received yours of the 20th November, and carefully, and according to your desire, perused the inclosed to Mr Tipper.

"It is not my intention to enter into any controversy respecting the honesty or dishonesty of paying or not paying debts according to the convenience of the party owing. It seems that, if it should ever suit your convenience, and take nothing from the comforts and enjoyments of yourself and family, such comforts and enjoyments, and means too of distinguishing themselves, as you think they are entitled

has been indefatigable in writing.—Both from Long-Island and from Kensington, his Registers, and other works innumerable, have issued in regular succession. And what the result? Total apathy! complete neglect! not a soul to listen to him—nobody to buy his paper!—I speak, of course, comparatively. A considerable circulation, as compared with other weekly writers, he has all along maintained—but compared with what he himself was, or with what John Bull is—he is, and has long been, nothing, absolutely nothing. He has sunk, as to these matters, into the second, if not the third class—which, remembering what Cobbett used to be,—the high, haughty, and undisputed pre-eminence of his popularity, is certainly worse than ceasing to be altogether—at least I think so—and I suspect Cobbett in his own sulky inner soul agrees with me.

The pot-houses say he is bribed by the Ministry; of course, this is no more true of Cobbett than it is of John Bull. The present Ministry bribe no literary aides-de-camp—least of all such ones as Cobbett:—they well know, that whatever is the feeling of any considerable portion of the English population, will and must find a fitting organ of expression; and well knowing, as they would be fools if they did not know, that their cause is that of by far the greater proportion of the wealth, of the virtue, and of the talent of the empire; they, of course, can have no reason to doubt at any time, that their cause must be that also of the more respectable and influential portion of the press. It is their thorough reliance on this that accounts for the apparent apathy by which their general treatment of the press is characterized. They know that they have the stronger part of the press on their side, not because they, like the Whig Walpole, make bribery of pamphleteers a regular *sine-qua-non* in all their operations, but because they know and feel that they owe their own existence as Ministers to the universal predominance (in literature as in all other departments) of those very principles on which their policy has been built and established. Having this knowledge, it follows that they take no pains either about rewarding the Tory writers of this age, or punishing or repressing the press-gang of Whiggery. Why should they do either the one or the other? They know that literature is not *now* a thing to be managed, or even to be meddled with, in the old style. The days are gone by when L.30,000 was considered a sufficient sum to bribe all Scotland—and the days are equally gone when British Ministers of State used to consider the bribes of the gemmen of the press as necessary a part of the expenses of the year, as the pay of the army and navy. The truth is, that the press has become such a thing, that the Ministry, if they bribed at all, must bribe more than even England could afford. Only think for a moment—what sort of bribes *could* they offer to such literary men as they have the pride and glory of being supported by?

Mr Thomas Campbell is a person I have a most particular affection, as well as respect, for; but what does he mean by taunting Mr Wordsworth, in his last Magazine, with the possession of a little office in the Stamp-depart-

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to, all this being previously secured, then you think yourself bound to pay your debts; if, on the contrary, that cannot be effected without sacrifices on your and their part, in that case your creditors have no claim to prefer, and you no duty to perform. You then stand absolved, *rectus in foro conscientiæ*, and for this singular reason, because those who lent you their money when you were in difficulty and distress, in order to save you and your family from ruin, were and are unable to protect you either against your own fears, or the power of an arbitrary government, under which they have the misfortune to live, and to which they are equally exposed. These principles, which are laughable in theory, are detestable in practice. That you should not only entertain and act upon, but openly avow them, and blind your own understanding, or think to blind that of others, by such flimsy pretences, is one more melancholy proof of the facility with which self-interest can assume the mask of hypocrisy, and, by means of the weakest sophistry, overpower the strongest understanding. How true is our common law maxim, that no man is an upright judge in his own cause! how truly and prettily said by the French, '*La Nature se pipe;*' nor less truly, though more grossly, in English, 'Nature's her own bawd.'

"In expressing my abhorrence of the principles you lay down for your conduct, and concerning which you challenge my opinion a little unfairly, considering the ridicule with which you at the same time threaten to overwhelm the unfortunate wight who presumes to differ from them, I do not desire that you should act upon any other with regard to me; I should be sorry your family were put to any inconvenience on my account; should your circumstances ever prove so prosperous as to enable you to discharge your debts without infringing upon those new principles of moral obligation you have adopted, and which, for the first time since the commencement of the world, have, I believe, been, though frequently acted on, openly promulgated. As to complaint or reproach, they are the offspring of weakness and folly; disdain should stifle them; but nothing can or ought to stifle the expression of disgust every honest mind must feel at the want of integrity in the principles you proclaim, and of feeling and generosity in the sentiments you express.—I am, Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

"F. Burdett."

ment? What does Tom Campbell mean by treating Wordsworth at all in this strain? He is so absurd as to talk about Mr Wordsworth being "a clever man," and an "unpopular poet," &c. &c. I pitied Tom when I read the passage—I truly pitied him. I was sorry to see a true poet like him lending himself to a party so far as to abuse a POET, whom, in his secret heart, he must feel to be immeasurably his own superior. Campbell railing at Wordsworth! What would you think of Bion or Moschus turning up their noses at Æschylus or Plato? Besides, what was Tom thinking of? Wordsworth, after all, only succeeded to an office, an established and a necessary office, the duties of which, I suppose, nobody ever ventured to hint he is not most perfectly qualified to discharge; whereas—what think ye of the Whig plan?—when your friends were in, in 1806, Tom, a new office, and certainly not a *very* necessary one, was CREATED for the benefit of Mr Dugald Stewart—The office of Gazette-writer for Scotland—salary, I think, L.400 per annum. I mention the thing only to shew how little you Whigs are in the habit of looking to the beam in your own eye—not assuredly for the sake of taking a cut at Mr Stewart, whose genius and virtue well entitled him, if that had been all, to rewards infinitely above those which his party found, or, to speak more properly, formed, this opportunity of bestowing on him. I don't object to Mr Stewart's sinecure; I only say it is ridiculous in the Whigs to sneer, during his incumbency, at Mr Wordsworth's possession of an office, which, after all, is *not* a sinecure, seeing that it is an office which cannot be put into the hands of anybody but one capable of finding security to a most serious extent, and which, therefore, implies anxious superintendance of a public fund; while Mr Stewart's office is, as is notorious to all the world, as complete a sinecure as the recordership of the Duke of Sussex his *jeux d'esprit*—(if such a thing existed) could possibly be.

Cobbett, Canning, Campbell, Wordsworth, Dugald Stewart, and the Duke of Sussex! there is a pretty specimen of the art noble of digression! Return we, *suo periculo*, to the Sage of Kensington.

I called him, a little ago, "the Hero of Humbug;" and yet, in one view of the matter, there is, perhaps, less of humbug about William Cobbett, than about any one author of our time. He is, I rather suspect, the only one author who could stand up in any one given place, at any one given hour, with any one given production of his in his hand, and say, "here am I, and here is my production," without giving occasion to a horse-laugh—ay, and being ready to join in it himself. It is very true, that he has contradicted himself five thousand times over, and that five thousand times more grossly than any other writer in or out of existence: that is all true; but, laying consistency, and all that sort of thing, entirely out of view, and looking solely to the style and strain of the sentiment and expression of any given passage in all his voluminous works, is there one that his intellect could possibly hesitate about avowing for its progeny? "I was wrong when I wrote that—I was misinformed, I was mistaken; but it was I that wrote it—nobody else could have written it;—it is mine, and, passing the mistake, (or whatever you like to call it,) I glory in it." Such would be his language, and such it ought to be. Speaking of him morally and politically, he is the most inconsistent of all men; but, talking of intellect only, and of the general bearing and character of mind and expression, he is the most consistent. He is the greatest hero of humbug in the one view—its greatest enemy in the other. The massive weight of his weapon is ever the same—a perpetual contrast, and a perpetual reproach, to the unsteadiness of his purpose. Weathercock he is; but he is one molten in the days of the giants.

You ask what I mean by this assertion, that Cobbett is, in any sense whatever, the most consistent of all living writers of the English tongue. I illustrate by a query or two. Take Lord Byron with the grin of exulting satire on his lips—take him when he is just winding up one of his best stanzas in Beppo, and ask him, pointing to some lachrymose piece of fustian in Faliero, who wrote *that*? Would he not shrug up his shoulders, and beg pardon—beg you to spare him any farther interrogatories? Or take him in the other vein—take him at midnight, pacing his chamber, conceiving the Dream of

Sardanapalus, or the Apparition of the Witch of the Alps, or Lara's last Battle—take him then, and ask him who wrote such or such a vile, low, punning, sneering squib, about Mrs Coleridge or Mrs Southey—this *gentlemanlike* attack upon the personal appearance of an elegant and accomplished PRINCE,—or *that* heroic denunciation of a GOVERNESS—ask him such a question, at such a moment, and would he not, as Shakespeare words it, "blush to see a nobleman want manners?"

Take *Wordsworth*, in the act of writing his Laodamia, and ask him if it was he that indited such or such a frantic note about *Jeffrey!* Take Jeffrey himself, in the act of reading Laodamia, and ask him if it was he that wrote such or such a quiz upon "the Stamp-collector for Cumberland." Take anybody, but Cobbett—him you will never catch. Did he ever blush? did he ever confess repentance? Did he ever apologize to himself, or to anybody else? He would as soon think of apologizing for the dinner that he ate three days ago, as for the libel that he uttered three years ago. He, he alone, is, "*totus teres atque rotundus:*"—he rides through every storm with one "*Cobbettum vehis*" in his mouth;

"What cannoneer begat the unebbing blood?"

It is this, perhaps, that gives, more than any one particular besides, the distinct and peculiar character of Cobbett's genius. The thing, the very existence of the thing, implies the most absolute negation of all candour, decency, modesty, &c. &c. &c.; but it brings with it an ineffable air of power and determination, such as, considering things merely intellectually, adds prodigiously to the effect of his *genius*. Give him the moral qualities and feelings of other men, and double his genius, it is much to be doubted whether, on the whole, (still intellectually speaking, mind ye,) he would have any reason to thank you for the change.

It would be more than idiocy to address anybody about Cobbett, in any other character than his bare intellectual character. If there be anybody who puts the least faith in anything he says, merely because *he* says it, that body must be destitute of soul. He has contradicted in and in, until the breed of his assertions are known by him that runs for their rickety imbecility.—But although nobody believes anything because Cobbett says it, it by no means follows that things are not true although Cobbett says them. My reason for writing to you about Cobbett, in short, is just this—I think the neglect into which he has fallen deprives people in general of a vast deal of entertainment; and I would fain justify what I say by a few extracts from some of those recent productions of his, which, just because they bear his name, have been received with perfect apathy—in other words, have never sold at all among what you or I would call "the reading public"—although, had the tithe of the shrewdness, wit, and English, they contain, come forth under any other auspices, there can be no sort of doubt the attention of the reading public, in all its branches, must have been most effectually roused.*

The "Year's Residence in America" is a little duodecimo, and costs five shillings. It is mostly written in the form of a diary; and, I believe, may really be considered as furnishing a tolerably exact picture of Cobbett's life and thoughts during the first twelve months of his last Transatlantic sojourn. A short and casual notice in the Quarterly must have sufficiently informed your readers, that Cobbett violently attacks the Birkbeck plan of emigrating to the Prairies—and indeed the back settlements generally. He judges, and rightly judges, that native Americans are the proper pioneers of the wilderness, and that, if English people *will* emigrate, they ought to settle in those parts of the country where the least violence will be done to their old habits—where they can have cleared land to cultivate, tolerable houses to live in, and labour for the paying. I shall have occasion, perhaps, to quote some passages on those heads hereafter; but, in the

* We made inquiry to-day at the three chief club-houses here in Edinburgh, the New Club, the Albyn, and the "Little-go," or, "Six-and-eight-pence," as they call it, Queen Street, and Cobbet is not taken in at any of them. There is no politics in the choice of papers at these places, none whatever—so we must suppose the Register does not come north at all now-a-days.—[C. N.]

meantime, I wish just to turn over the leaves, and tell you what *bits* struck my fancy most, when I read the book with attention, and with a pencil in my hand, a few weeks ago.

First, then, I find a great + at this passage, which occurs in his notice for the 15th of January, 1818, he being then at Philadelphia, where, as all the world knows, he had, in former days, been no stranger. I positively know of nobody who can be more pathetic in a certain way, than William Cobbett, when it so pleases him. The passage, on re-reading it, really strikes me as most beautiful.

"Same weather. The question eagerly put to me by every one in Philadelphia is, 'Don't you think the city *greatly improved?*' They seem to me to confound *augmentation* with *improvement*. It always was a fine city, since I first knew it; and it is very greatly augmented. It has, I believe, nearly doubled its extent and number of houses since the year 1799. But, after being, for so long a time, familiar with London, every other place appears little. After *living* within a few hundreds of yards of Westminster-Hall and the Abbey Church and the Bridge, and looking from my own windows into St James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: the words *large* and *small* are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real *dimensions*. The idea, *such as it was received*, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England, in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it, of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so *small!* It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called *Rivers!* The Thames was but a '*Creek!*' But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to *Farnham*, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully *small!* I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot. Then, at the end of it, to mount a hill, called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learnt before, the death of my father and mother. There is a hill, not far from the town, called *Crooksbury Hill*, which rises up out of a flat, in the form of a *cone*, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. '*As high as Crooksbury Hill*' meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore, the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. *I could not believe my eyes!* Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick, a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me, in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious *sand hill*, where I had begun my gardening works. What a *nothing!* But now came rushing into my mind, all at once, my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer, I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, *what a change!* I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a Secretary of State's in company with *Mr Pitt*, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good, behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment (less than a month after my arrival in England) I resolved never to bend before them."

The following occurs almost immediately afterwards.

"18, 19, 20, and 21. Moderate frost. Fine clear sky. The Philadelphians are *cleanly*, a quality which they owe chiefly to the Quakers. But, after being long and recently familiar with the towns in Surrey and Hampshire, and especially with Guildford, Alton, and Southampton, no other towns appear clean and neat, not even Bath or Salisbury, which last is about much upon a par, in point of cleanliness, with Philadelphia; and Salisbury is deemed a very cleanly place. Blandford and Dorchester are clean; but I have never yet seen anything like the towns in Surrey and Hampshire. If a Frenchman, born and bred, could be taken up and carried blindfolded to Guildford, I wonder what his sensations would be, when he came to have the use of his sight! Everything near Guildford seems to have received an influence from the town. Hedges, gates, stiles, gardens, houses inside and out, and the dresses of the people. The market day at Guildford is a perfect *show* of cleanliness. Not even a carter without a clean smock-frock and closely-shaven and

clean-washed face. Well may Mr Birkbeck, who came from this very spot, think the people *dirty* in the western country! I'll engage he finds more dirt upon the necks and faces of one family of his present neighbours, than he left behind him upon the skins of all the people in the three parishes of Guildford. However, he would not have found this to be the case in Pennsylvania, and especially in those parts where the Quakers abound; and, I am told, that, in the New England States, the people are as cleanly and as neat as they are in England. The sweetest flowers, when they become putrid, stink the most; and a nasty woman is the nastiest thing in nature."

On the 11th of March, we find him travelling through New Jersey; and always himself.

"This part of Jersey is a sad spectacle, after leaving the brightest of all the bright parts of Pennsylvania. My driver, who is a tavern-keeper himself, would have been a very pleasant companion, if he had not drunk so much spirits on the road. This is the *great misfortune* of America! As we were going up a hill very slowly, I could perceive him looking very hard at my cheek for some time. At last, he said, 'I am wondering, sir, to see you look so *fresh* and so *young*, considering what you have gone through in the world;' though I cannot imagine *how* he had learnt who I was. 'I'll tell you,' said I, 'how I have contrived the thing. I rise early, go to bed early, eat sparingly, never drink anything stronger than small beer, shave once a day, and wash my hands and face clean three times a-day, at the very least.' He said, that was *too much* to think of doing."

Of the same sobriety he thus vaunts a hundred pages farther on, in the heat of July:—

"Since my turnips were sown, I have written great part of a Grammar, and have sent twenty Registers to England, besides writing letters amounting to a reasonable volume in bulk; the whole of which has made an average of *nine pages of common print a day*, Sundays included. And, besides this, I have been *twelve days* from home, on business, and about *five* on visits. Now, whatever may have been the *quality* of the writings; whether they demanded *mind* or not, is no matter; they demanded time for the *fingers* to move in, and yet, I have not written a hundred pages *by candle-light*. A man knows not what he can do 'till he *tries*. But, then, mind, I have always been up with the cocks and hens; and I have drunk nothing but milk and water. It is a saying, that '*wine* inspires *wit*;' and that in *wine* 'there is *truth*.' These sayings are the apologies of drinkers. Everything that produces *intoxication*, though in but the slightest degree, is injurious to the *mind*; whether it be such to the body or not, is a matter of far less consequence. My letter to Mr Tierney, on the state of the Paper-Money, has, I find, produced a great and general impression in England. The subject was of great importance, and the treating it involved much of that sort of reasoning which is the most difficult of execution. That Letter, consisting of *thirty-two full pages of print*, I wrote in one day, and that, too, on the 11th of July, the hottest day in the year. But, I never could have done this, if I had been guzzling wine, or grog, or beer, or cider, all the day. I hope the reader will excuse this digression; and, for my own part, I think nothing of the charge of *egotism*, if, by indulging in it, I produce a proof of the excellent effects of *sobriety*. It is not *drunkenness* that I cry out against; that is *beastly*, and beneath my notice. It is *drinking*: for a man may be a great *drinker*, and yet no *drunkard*. He may accustom himself to swallow, till his belly is a sort of tub. The Spaniards, who are a very sober people, call such a man a '*wine bag*,' it being the custom in that country to put wine into bags, made of *skins or hides*. And, indeed, *wine bag*, or *grog bag*, or *beer bag*, is the suitable appellation."

The critics of the last age used to talk of the "audacity of Dryden, for binding himself to write three plays perannum!" Alas! there was no Cobbetts, Southeys, Byrons, Great Unknowns, in these times! Hear him again in the dead of winter.

"There is one thing in the Americans, which, though its proper place was farther back, I have reserved, or rather *kept back*, till the last moment. It has presented itself several times; but I have turned from the thought, as men do from thinking of any mortal disease that is at work in their frame. It is covetousness; it is not niggardliness; it is not insincerity; it is not enviousness; it is not cowardice, above all things: it is DRINKING. Ay, and that too, amongst but too many men, who, one would think, would loathe it. You can go into hardly any man's house, without being asked to drink wine, or spirits, even *in the morning*. They are quick at meals, are little eaters, seem to care little about what they eat, and never talk about it. This, which arises out of the universal abundance of good and even fine eatables, is very amiable. You are here disgusted with none of those *eaters* by *reputation* that are found, especially amongst *the Parsons*, in England: fellows that *unbutton* at it. Nor do the Americans *sit and tope much after dinner*, and talk on till they get into nonsense and *smut*, which last is a sure mark of a silly,

and, pretty generally, even of a base mind. But, they *tipple*; and the infernal spirits they tipple too! The scenes that I witnessed at Harrisburgh I shall never forget. I almost wished (God forgive me!) that there were Boroughmongers here to *tax* these drinkers; they would soon reduce them to a moderate dose. Any nation that feels itself uneasy with its fulness of good things, has only to resort to an application of Boroughmongers."

We have all, one way or another, heard of Cobbett's *Potato-phobia*. From a furious diatribe against "the Lazy Root," he slides into the following exquisite *Squabash* of MILTON and SHAKESPEARE. Here is, indeed, the *ne-plus-ultra* of Cobbettism.

"I think it a subject of great importance; I regard the praises of this root, and the preference giving to it before corn, and even some other roots, to have arisen from a sort of monkey-like imitation. It has become, of late years, the *fashion* to extol the virtues of potatoes, as it has been to admire the writings of Milton and Shakespeare. God, *almighty* and all *fore-seeing*, first permitting his chief angel to be disposed to rebel against him; his permitting him to enlist whole squadrons of angels under his banners; his permitting this host to come and dispute with him the throne of heaven; his permitting the contest to be long, and, at one time, doubtful; his permitting the devils to bring cannon into this battle in the clouds; his permitting one devil, or angel, I forget which, to be split down the middle, from crown to crotch, as we split a pig; his permitting the two halves, intestines and all, to go slap, up together again, and become a perfect body; his then causing all the devil host to be tumbled head-long down into a place called Hell, of the local situation of which no man can have an idea; his causing gates, (iron gates too,) to be erected to keep the devil in; his permitting him to get out, nevertheless, and to come and destroy the peace and happiness of his new creation; his causing his son to take a *pair of compasses* out of *a drawer*, to trace the form of the earth; all this, and, indeed, the whole of Milton's poem, is such barbarous trash, so outrageously offensive to reason and to common sense, that one is naturally led to wonder how it can have been tolerated by a people, amongst whom astronomy, navigation, and chemistry, are understood. But, it is the *fashion* to turn up the eyes, when Paradise Lost is mentioned; and, if you fail herein, you want *taste*; you want *judgment* even, if you do not admire this absurd and ridiculous stuff, when, *if one of your relations were to write a letter in the same strain, you would send him to a mad-house, and take his estate*. It is the sacrificing *reason to fashion*. And as to the other 'Divine Bard,' the case is still more provoking. After his ghosts, witches, sorcerers, fairies, and monsters; after his bombast, and puns, and smut, which appear to have been not much relished by his comparatively rude contemporaries, had had their full swing; after hundreds of thousands of pounds had been expended upon embellishing his works; after numerous commentators, and engravers, and painters, and booksellers, had got fat upon the trade; after *jubilees* had been held in honour of his memory; at a time when there were men, otherwise of apparently good sense, who were what was aptly enough termed *Shakespeare-mad*. At this very moment an occurrence took place, which must have put an end, for ever, to this national folly, had it not been kept up by infatuation and obstinacy without parallel. Young IRELAND, I think his name was WILLIAM, no matter from what *motive*, though I never could see any harm in his motive, and have always thought him a man most unjustly and brutally used. No matter, however, what were the inducing circumstances, or the motives, he did write, and bring forth, as being Shakespeare's, some *plays*, *a prayer*, and *a love-letter*. The learned men of England, Ireland, and Scotland, met to examine these performances. Some *doubted*, a few *denied*; but, the far greater part, amongst whom were DR PARR, DR WHARTON, and MR GEORGE CHALMERS, declared, in the most positive terms, that *no man but Shakespeare* could have written those things. There was a *division*; but this division arose more from a suspicion of some trick, than from anything to be urged against the merit of the writings. The plays went so far as to be ACTED. Long lists of subscribers appeared to the work. And, in short, it was decided, in the most unequivocal manner, that this young man, of sixteen years of age, had written so *nearly like Shakespeare*, that a majority of the learned and critical classes of the nation most firmly believed the writings to be Shakespeare's; and, there cannot be a doubt, that, if Mr Ireland had been able to keep his secret, they would have passed for Shakespeare's till the time shall come when the whole heap of trash will, by the natural good sense of the nation, be consigned to everlasting oblivion; and, indeed, as folly ever doats on a darling, it is very likely, that these last found productions of '*our immortal bard*' would have been regarded as his *best*. Yet, in spite of all this; in spite of what one would have thought was sufficient to make blind people see, the fashion has been kept up; and, what excites something *more* than ridicule and contempt, Mr Ireland, whose writings had been taken for Shakespeare's, was, when he *made the discovery*, treated as an impostor and a *cheat*, and hunted down with as much ran-

cour as if he had written against the buying and selling of seats in Parliament. The *learned* men; the *sage critics*; the *Shakespeare-mad folks*; were all so *ashamed*, that they endeavoured to draw the public attention from themselves to the young man. It was of *his impositions* that they now talked, and not of their *own folly*. When the witty clown, mentioned in Don Quixote, put the nuncio's audience to shame by pulling the *real pig* out from under his cloak, we do not find that that audience were, like our *learned* men, so unjust as to pursue him with reproaches, and with every act that a vindictive mind can suggest. They perceived how foolish they had been, they hung down their heads in silence, and, I dare say, would not easily be led to admire the mountebank again.

"It is *fashion*, sir, to which, in these most striking instances, sense and reason have yielded; and it is to *fashion* that the potato owes its general cultivation and use. If you ask me, whether fashion can possibly make *a nation* prefer one sort of *diet* to another, I ask you, what is it that can make *a nation* admire Shakespeare? What is it that can make them call him a 'Divine Bard,' nine-tenths of whose works are made up of such trash as no decent man, now-a-days, would not be ashamed, and even afraid, to put his name to? What can make an audience in London sit and hear, and even applaud, under the name of Shakespeare, what they would hoot off the stage in a moment, if it came forth under any other name? When folly has once given the fashion, she is a very persevering dame. An American writer, whose name is George Dorsey, I believe, and who has recently published a pamphlet, called, "The United States and England, &c." being a reply to an attack on the morals and government and learning of the Americans, in the "Quarterly Review," states, as matter of *justification*, that the People of America sigh *with delight* to see the plays of Shakespeare, whom they claim as *their countryman*; an honour, if it be disputed, of which I will make any of them a voluntary surrender of my share. Now, sir, what can induce the American to sit and hear with delight the dialogues of Falstaff and Poins, and Dame Quickly and Doll Tearsheet? What can restrain them from pelting Parson Hugh, Justice Shallow, Bardolph, and the whole crew, off the stage? What can make them endure a ghost *cap-à-pie*—a prince, who, for *justice'* sake, pursues his uncle and his mother, and who stabs an old gentleman in sport, and cries out 'Dead for a ducat! dead!' What can they find to 'delight' them in punning clowns, in ranting heroes, in sorcerers, ghosts, witches, fairies, monsters, sooth-sayers, dreamers; in incidents out of nature, in scenes most unnecessarily bloody? How they must be delighted at the story of Lear putting the question to his daughters of *which loved him most*, and then dividing his kingdom among them, *according to their professions of love*; how delighted to see the fantastical disguise of Edgar, the *treading out* Gloucester's eyes, and the trick by which it was pretended he was made to believe, that he had actually fallen from the top of the cliff! How they must be delighted to see the stage filled with green boughs, like a coppice, as in Macbeth, or streaming like a slaughter-house, as in Titus Andronicus! How the young girls in America must be tickled with delight at the dialogues in Troilus and Cressida, and more especially at the pretty observations of the *Nurse*—I think it is in Romeo and Juliet! But, it is the same all through the work. I know of one other, and *only one other*, book, so *obscene* as this; and, if I were to judge from the high favour in which these two books seem to stand, I should conclude, that wild and improbable fiction, bad principles of morality and politics, obscurity of meaning, bombastical language, forced jokes, puns, and smut, were fitted to the minds of the people. But I do not thus judge. It is *fashion*. These books are in fashion. Every one is ashamed not to be in the fashion. It is the fashion to extol potatoes, and to eat potatoes. Every one joins in extolling potatoes, and all the world like potatoes, or pretend to like them, which is the same thing in effect."

Of course, our friend turned to a beautifully browned potato-pudding immediately after this—nor am I so uncharitable that I would not believe him to have read the Merry Wives of Windsor over the same evening, with a good can of ale at his elbow. These are all things of course. It is Cobbett we have to do with.

But time about is fair play—you shall not only admire the next extract—you shall agree with it. He is knocking down those fine-hearted folks who object to rural sports, on the score of cruelty.

"These gentlemen forget the operations performed upon calves, pigs, lambs, and sometimes on poultry. Sir Isaac Coffin prides himself upon teaching the English ladies how to make *turkey-capons!* Only think of the separation of calves, pigs, and lambs, at an early age, from their mothers! Go, you sentimental eaters of veal, sucking pig, and lamb, and hear the mournful lowings, whinings, and bleatings; observe the anxious listen, the wistful look, and the dropping tear, of the disconsolate dams; and, then, while you have the carcases of their young ones under your teeth, cry out, as soon as you can empty your mouths a

little, against the *cruelty* of hunting and shooting. Get up from dinner (but take care to stuff well first,) and go and drown the puppies of the bitch, and the kittens of the cat, lest they should share a little in what their mothers have guarded with so much fidelity; and, as good stuffing may tend to make you restless in the night, order the geese to be picked alive, that, however your consciences may feel, your bed, at least, may be easy and soft. Witness all this with your own eyes; and then go weeping to bed, at the possibility of a hare having been terribly frightened without being killed, or of a bird having been left in a thicket with a shot in its body, or a fracture in its wing. But, before you go up stairs, give your servants orders to be early at market for fish, fresh out of the water, that they may be *scaled*, or *skinned alive!* A truce with you, then, sentimental eaters of flesh; and here I propose the terms of a lasting compromise with you. We must, on each side, yield something. We sportsmen will content ourselves with merely *seeing the hares skip and the birds fly*; and you shall be content with the flesh and fish that come from cases of *natural death*, of which, I am sure, your compassionate disposition will not refuse us a trifling allowance.

"Nor have even the *Pythagoreans* a much better battery against us. Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS, who once rang a peal in my ears against shooting and hunting, does, indeed, eat neither *flesh*, *fish*, nor *fowl*. His abstinence surpasses that of a Carmelite, while his bulk would not disgrace a Benedictine Monk, or a Protestant Dean. But, he forgets, that his *shoes*, and *breeches*, and *gloves*, are made of the skins of animals. He forgets that he *writes*, and very eloquently too, (O, Cobbett, this is much even from you!) with what has been cruelly taken from a fowl; and that, in order to cover the *books* which he has had made and sold, hundreds of flocks and scores of droves must have perished: nay, that, to get him his *beaver-hat*, a beaver must have been *hunted* and killed, and, in the doing of which, many beavers have been *wounded*, and left to pine away the rest of their lives; and, perhaps, many little orphan beavers, left to lament the murder of their parents. BEN LEY was the only real and sincere Pythagorean of modern times that I ever heard of. He protested, not only against eating the flesh of animals, but also against robbing their backs; and, therefore, his dress consisted wholly of *flax*. But, even he, like Sir Richard Phillips, eat milk, butter, cheese, and eggs; though this was cruelly robbing the hens, cows, and calves; and, indeed, causing the murder of the calves. In addition, poor little BEN forgot the materials of *book-binding*; and, it was well he did; for else, his Bible would have gone into the fire!

"Taking it for granted, then, that sportsmen are as good as other folks on the score of *humanity*, the sports of the field, like everything else done in the fields, tend to produce, or preserve *health*. I prefer them to all other pastime, because they produce *early rising*; because they have no tendency to lead young men into vicious habits. It is where men *congregate* that the vices haunt. A hunter or a shooter may also be a gambler and a drinker; but he is *less likely* to be fond of the two latter, if he be fond of the former. Boys will take to *something* in the way of pastime; and it is better that they take to that which is innocent, healthy, and manly, than that which is vicious, unhealthy, and effeminate. Besides, the scenes of rural sport are necessarily at *a distance from cities and towns*. This is another great consideration; for though great talents are wanted to be *employed* in the *hives of men*, they are very rarely *acquired* in these hives; the surrounding objects are too numerous, too near the eye, too frequently under it, and too artificial.

"For these reasons I have always encouraged my sons to pursue these sports. They have, until the age of 14 or 15, spent their time, by day, chiefly amongst horses and dogs, and in the fields and farm-yard; and their candle-light has been spent chiefly in reading books about hunting and shooting, and about dogs and horses. I have supplied them plentifully with *books* and *prints* relating to these matters. They have *drawn* horses, dogs, and game themselves. These things, in which they took so deep an interest, not only engaged their attention, and wholly kept them from all taste for, and even all knowledge of, *cards* and other senseless amusements; but they led them *to read and write of their own accord*; and, *never in my life have I set them a copy in writing, nor attempted to teach them a word of reading*. They have learnt to read by looking into books about dogs and game; and they have learnt to write by imitating my writing, and by writing endless letters to me, when I have been from home, about their dogs and other rural concerns. While the Borough-tyrants had me in Newgate for two years, with a thousand pounds fine, for having expressed my indignation at their flogging of Englishmen, in the heart of England, under a guard of Hanoverian sabres, I received *volumes of letters* from my children; and, I have them now, from the *scrawl* of *three years*, to the neat and beautiful hand of thirteen. I never told them of any *errors* in their letters. All was well. The best evidence of the utility of their writing, and the strongest encouragement to write again, was *a very clear answer from me*, in a very precise hand, and upon very nice paper, which they never failed promptly to receive. They have all written to me *before they could form a single letter*. A

little bit of paper, with some ink-marks on it, folded up by themselves, and a wafer stuck in it, used to be sent to me, and it was *sure* to bring the writer a very, very kind answer. Thus have they gone on. So far from being a *trouble* to me, they have been all *pleasure* and *advantage*. For many years they have been so many *secretaries*. I have *dictated* scores of Registers to them, which have *gone to the press without my ever looking at them*. I dictated Registers to them at the age of *thirteen*, and even of *twelve*. They have, as to *trust-worthiness*, been grown persons, at eleven or twelve. I could leave my house and affairs, the paying of men, or the going from home on business, to them, at an age when boys in England, in general, want servants to watch them, to see that they do not kill chickens, torment kittens, or set the buildings on fire.

"Here is a good deal of *boasting*; but, it will not be denied, that I have *done a great deal* in a short public life, and I see no harm in telling my readers of any of the means that I have employed; especially as I know of few greater misfortunes than that of breeding up things to be *school-boys all their lives*. It is not, that I have so many wonders of the world: it is that I have pursued a rational plan of education, and one that any man may pursue, if he will, with similar effects. I remember, too, that I myself had had a sportsman-education. I ran after the hare-hounds at the age of *nine or ten*. I have many and many a day left the rooks to dig up the wheat and pease, while I followed the hounds; and have returned home at dark-night, with my legs full of thorns, and my belly empty, to go supperless to bed, and to congratulate myself if I escaped a flogging. I was *sure* of these consequences; but that had not the smallest effect in restraining me. All the lectures, all the threats, vanished from my mind in a moment upon hearing the first cry of the hounds, at which my heart used to be ready to bound out of my body. I *remembered* all this. I traced to this taste my contempt for card-playing, and for all childish and effeminate amusements. And, therefore, I resolved to leave the same course freely open to my sons. This is *my plan* of education; others may follow what plan they please."

The following is a capital specimen of the *sudden sarcasm* of Cobbett.

"An American counts the cost of powder and shot. If he is *deliberate* in everything else, this habit will hardly forsake him in the act of *shooting*. When the sentimental flesh-eaters hear the report of his gun, they may begin to pull out their white handkerchiefs; for death follows his pull of the trigger, with, perhaps, even more certainty than it used to follow the lancet of DOCTOR RUSH."

Of course, the reader is aware that Cobbett's original banishment from America was the consequence of a fine imposed upon him, for a gross libel upon the character of that truly eminent person, Dr Rush, of Philadelphia, father to the present minister at St James's—yet how good is the cut!

I had occasion to allude, on a former occasion, to part of what follows. It occurs in the midst of one of Cobbett's disquisitions on the political constitution of the United States.

"The *suffrage*, or *qualification of electors*, is very various. In some States, every free man, that is, every man who is not *bondman* or *slave*, has a vote. In others, the payment of *a tax* is required. In others, a man must be *worth a hundred pounds*. In Virginia a man must be a *freeholder*.

"This may serve to shew how little Mr JERRY BENTHAM, the new Mentor of the Westminster Telemachus, knows about the political part of the American governments. Jerry, whose great, and, indeed, *only* argument, in support of *annual parliaments* and *universal suffrage*, is, that *America* is so *happy* under *such a system*, has, if we were to *own him*, furnished our enemies with a complete answer; for they have, in order to silence him, only to refer to the *facts* of his argument of happy experience. By *silencing* him, however, I do not mean the stopping of his tongue, or pen; for nothing but mortality will ever do that. This everlasting babbler has aimed a sort of stiletto stroke at me; *for what*, God knows, except it be to act a consistent part, by endeavouring to murder the man whom he has so frequently robbed, and whose facts and thoughts, though disguised and disgraced by the robber's quaint phraseology, constitute the better part of his book. Jerry, who was made a Reformer by PITT'S *refusal to give him a contract to build a penitentiary, and to make him prime administrator of penance*, that is to say, Beggar-Whipper General, is a very proper person to be toasted by those who have plotted and conspired against Major Cartwright. Mr BROUGHAM *praises* Jerry; THAT IS ENOUGH!"

Hear also this truth—for truth it is, though Cobbett speaks.

"The *grand ideas* about the *extension of the empire* of the United States, are of very questionable soundness: and they become more questionable from being echoed by the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, a set of the meanest politicians that ever touched pen and paper. UPON ANY GREAT QUESTION THEY NEVER HAVE BEEN RIGHT, EVEN BY *accident*, WHICH IS VERY HARD!"

The following is a fair specimen of "*Cobbett merry*."

"I have sometimes been half tempted to believe, that the Magpie first suggested to tyrants the idea of having a tithe-eating Clergy. The Magpie devours the corn and grain; so does the Parson. The Magpie takes the wool from the sheep's backs; so does the Parson. The Magpie devours alike the young animals and the eggs; so does the Parson. The Magpie's clack is everlastingly going; so is the Parson's. The Magpie repeats by rote words that are taught it; so does the Parson. The Magpie is always skipping and hopping and peeping into other's nests; so is the Parson. The Magpie's colour is partly black and partly white; so is the Parson's. The Magpie's greediness, impudence, and cruelty, are proverbial; so are those of the Parson. I was saying to a farmer the other day, that if the Boroughmongers had a mind to ruin America, they would, another time, send over five or six good large flocks of Magpies, instead of five or six of their armies."

Take this for another specimen of his merriment!

"I am happy to tell you, that *Ellenborough* and *Gibbs* have *retired!* Ill health is the *pretence*. I never yet knew ill health induce such fellows to loosen their grasp of the public purse. But, be it so: then I feel pleasure on that account. To all the other pangs of body and mind, let them add that of knowing, that William Cobbett, whom they thought they had put down for ever, if not killed, lives to REJOICE AT THEIR PAINS AND THEIR DEATH, TO TRAMPLE ON THEIR GRAVES, AND TO HAND DOWN THEIR NAMES FOR THE JUST JUDGMENT OF POSTERITY."

Was there ever such a fiend! Well; but the fiend has at least the merit of *speaking out*.

So much for Cobbett's account of his year's residence in Long-Island. Another book of his, that I expected a great deal from, disappointed me sadly—his Sermons. I expected, I know not what; but I found nothing—not even wickedness enough to season their dulness: for they *are* dull.

I shall conclude, in fairness to Cobbett, with quoting from one of his late Registers, a part of a letter to Mr, or, as he calls him, "Parson," Malthus. Colonel David Stewart's account of ancient and modern Athol, in his History of the Highland Regiments, might furnish Cobbett with some very striking additional arguments. In point of fact, I have always thought that Cobbett has the better of Malthus in many parts of this controversy.

"When people see new houses, they are apt to think that they see signs of increase; and this they certainly do see, where they see the *boundaries* of towns and cities extend themselves; where they see whole towns rising up here and there as round this WEN.* But, to see new houses building in towns and villages, is no sign of increase, any more than it is to see wheat stacks building in a farm-yard. It is true, these are new stacks; but they only come to replace others that are just taken away. Houses are continually wearing out; and if, upon going through a town or a village, you do not see one new house; one house built this very year; one of these for every forty houses that the town or village contains; you may set down that town or village as being in a *state of decay*. In mere villages, where the houses are weak, there ought to be *one new one out of every twenty;* for these frail houses do not last, upon an average, above twenty years.

"Let any man take these observations for his guide; let him go through the country towns and villages, particularly those to the westward, once so populous. Let him take notice of the tumbling down houses; of the totally dismantled small farm-houses. Let him look at the little barns, and yards that were formerly homesteads, and that are now become mere cattle sheds. Let him look at that which was the farm-house, but which is now become the miserable abode of two or three labourers and their families, who are perishing with hunger, cold and nakedness, beneath that roof where ease and happiness dwelt, until the accursed paper-money system laid its fangs upon the country. All these small farm-houses have disappeared; and yet the villages have grown smaller and smaller. The accursed paper-money has drawn the wretched people into crowded masses. All the laws have had the same tendency. That mixture of agricultural with manufacturing pursuits, which was so favourable to the health and morals of the people, and to their ease and comfort, at the same time; this is gone from the villages and country towns; and the population is gone along with it; and gone, too, to become a sort of slaves, regularly drilled to their work, and kept at it very nearly literally under the lash.

"Accordingly, there is scarcely a village, at a distance from fundholders, manufacturing rendezvouses, watering-places, sea-ports, or barracks: there is scarcely a village at a distance from all these, which contains a *fourth part* of the people that it formerly contained. I have mentioned above twenty parishes by name. In most of these

* The name for London all through Cobbett's works.

parishes, two or three farmers have come and swallowed up farms, formerly occupied by probably fifty farmers. Nothing is more common than to see a man occupying land, which formed, not more than thirty, forty, or fifty years ago, *twenty farms*. Three, four, or five farms, made into one, is a thing to be seen everywhere. And yet, as I observed before, the population of the villages is decreased. In going through a village, in almost any part of the country, except where the funds or the manufacturing establishments have an influence, you are sure to see ten houses almost falling down, for every one that you see building. In numerous instances, I found, in my rides during the last fall, houses quitted, from the danger of their falling down; and I very seldom found that any new house was building in the stead. I went into scarcely any agricultural village, where I did not see the old bricks and other rubbish of a house or two, that had recently stood upon the spot where the rubbish now was. On the outskirts of almost all the villages, you find still remaining *small enclosures of land*, each of which has manifestly had its house formerly. They are generally in pasture at this time; but, if you look attentively at the ground, you will see unevennesses which shew you that here are the relics of the foundations of houses; while, if you look at the fences, you will see gooseberry, currant, or raspberry bushes, making their appearance here and there. In the middle of such little plots of ground, you frequently see old pear-trees or apple-trees, or the stumps of them, remaining. All these are so many proofs of a greatly diminished, and of a still diminishing, population.

"It is possible that as much human sustenance may be produced in these agricultural parishes as there used to be, though the number of hands may be much smaller. It is very well known, that horses and tackle now do, in many cases, what was formerly done by the hand of man. But that there was more land in cultivation formerly than there is now, nobody can doubt. They produce to us the long list of enclosure bills; but it is curious enough that they never tell us, that the far greater part of this land was cultivated formerly, without any enclosure bill at all. If the Parliament would lay out a few thousand pounds of our money, in order to ascertain how many hundreds of thousands of acres of land was in cultivation before the Revolution, more than is in cultivation now, I should not grudge that money, as I do the money laid out in Population Returns. However, the great proof, the *undeniable proof*, of depopulation, throughout a considerable part of the kingdom, is this fact —that there are nearly a third part of the whole of the churches, which, if the population were the same, when the churches were built, that it is now, those churches were built by crazy people. They were built without any reason for building them. Many of them stand within a mile of each other; and it frequently happens, that the two parishes do not now contain people enough, allowing for sick people, and little children, and for those that must stay at home to take care of the house or of the cattle—it frequently happens that the two parishes do not, if you make these allowances, contain people enough to fill one pew! It is monstrous, then, to suppose that these parishes have not, in a great measure, been depopulated. How are we to believe, that people could have built churches, unless there had been numbers sufficient to fill them! It is not in one, two, or three, but in *hundreds of instances*, that the churches are now *wholly gone*.***

"The *size*, the size of the churches—this alone would be enough to convince any man of sound judgment, that there has been a prodigious decrease in the population of a great part of the kingdom. The curious Return of which I have spoken above, professes to have in view to ascertain *how many people the several churches will hold*. So that one naturally is inclined to look, with a good deal of curiosity, to what is said upon this subject, in cases where the population is reduced to a mere nothing. Let us take a little list here. The parish of BREMHILLHAM contains *sixteen* persons altogether. The parish is a rectory. The parson is required to write down, 'number of persons they can contain;' that is to say, number of persons the churches can contain. Now, this parson of BREMHILLHAM states in his answer, that his church will contain '*the population*;' that is to say, his church is capable of holding *sixteen persons*, supposing the whole of the people of the parish to be at church at one time. Now, sixteen grown-up men can stand in a space *four feet square*. We know that six can sit in a stage-coach; and yet this parson tells us, that his church 'can contain the population' of his parish. What, then, is there a *double meaning* here? Is there a little bit of the Jesuit played off among us sincere Protestants? The church *can* contain the population; but the pious pastor does not say that it can contain *no more!* But this was not the question: the question was, *what number of persons they can contain*; that is to say, how many persons can your church contain? This is the amount of the question; and, notwithstanding this, it is stated, in this Return, that the church can contain '*the population*,' in the case of scores of parishes, where the population is *under forty*. Perhaps there is not a church in England, the porch of which would not hold twenty men. Certainly not one, the chancel of which would not hold a hundred men, standing upright; and, perhaps, there is not one that would not hold more than three hundred. We have seen above,

that there are *eight* people living in SHARNCUT, in the Return, the *rector* (for this is a rectorial living) says that *his church can hold eight people!* And this he signs with his name; and it is sent to the bishop; and the bishop sends it to the King in council; and the King in council lays it before Parliament. So that, here is the Parliament informed, and here is the nation taxed to pay for the printing of the information, that there is a church at SHARNCUT, in Wiltshire, that '*can contain*' eight living souls—a whole eight of them, at one and the same time. After this, it must be a pretty beastly people to be guided by these Returns. The thing to remark with regard to this Return, is the cavalier-like impudence of it. It is manifest that the question was intended to get an account of what number each church would contain, when it was sufficiently filled. There was no sense in the question if this was not the object of it; and yet, here is a man to take his pen and write down the figure eight, against this question, and send it off to the bishop without any ceremony. In all probability his church would contain *several hundreds* of persons. I never yet saw a church that would not. It is very seldom, indeed, that the meanest and most miserable country church is less, in the clear, than fifty feet long. Cut off a bit for a belfry, and leave a piece for the communion-table, and you have still a room thirty feet long, at least, and from fifteen to twenty feet wide. Two rows of people, sitting on benches up the middle of this room, will make three score. There are about fifteen or sixteen pews generally in such a place. It must be a miserable hole that has not a gallery to contain a hundred. Add a few cross benches here and there. But why need I make any such calculations, when it is notorious, that Methodist meeting-houses, not a quarter part so big as the smallest church in the kingdom, contain two or three hundred persons each."

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"The size of the churches is a thing of great consequence. We find them, throughout the agricultural part of the country, to be out of all reason too large. I have shewn that there are many hundreds of parishes, the whole population of each of which might be placed in the *porches* of the church. I have given instances of several parishes, the present population of each of which might be put into a stage-coach. I have given instances, or, at least, have stated, that there are hundreds and hundreds of parishes, the present population of each of which do not amount to a hundred; and that there are several thousands of parishes, the present population of which does not amount to two hundred. There were about ten thousand churches in England; and, at this very moment, the whole of the present population could, except in those parts where men have been drawn together by the paper-money, be not only accommodated with these churches, but, with the help of a little straw in each parish, actually hidden under the roofs of these churches.

"Back I come then, after exhibiting all these very suspicious circumstances relative to these Clerical Returns; back I come to inquire once more, what ground there can be for supposing that the population of England has increased? Here we have a whole list of parishes actually wasting away to nothing. This is a fact that it is impossible to deny; and yet you, and your patrons the boroughmongers, insist upon it that there is an increase of the population; and, what is more, a great part of the public believe you. This is one of those falsehoods that men tell till they believe it to be true themselves. There have been several of these great *national lies*."

I have omitted about as much more of abuse, as I have quoted of argument. Indeed, if Cobbett did not render it impossible for himself to be read by weighing his books down with unnecessary filth, who would be the fool to make extracts from such a writer as he is?

Before I leave him, I must not omit to take notice of the great service which he really appears to have been doing in the introduction of the platting of straw for hats. But as his Cottage Economy, in which this matter is abundantly explained, ought to be in every cottage in the empire,* I shall do no more than say, once for all, that for once Cobbett has had the merit of introducing a great good, unclogged with even the least of evil. I am heartily pleased to hear that the new manufacture is getting the name of "the Cobbett Platt." He deserves the compliment; and I should not be much surprised if this were to be the salvation of his NAME after all the books he has written are forgotten.

For forgotten they cannot fail to be! It is indeed a melancholy truth, that every author diminishes his chance of surviving in the ratio wherein he increases (after a certain limit, of course, I mean,) the bulk of his works. How little is this thought of in this thrice-bookish age! Had Swift concentrated all his wit in one volume, or in three volumes, would not his book have been

* Not until the blasphemy and sedition are erased from it, Mr Tickler. Even Brougham is much.—C. N.

in every man's, woman's and child's hand, wherever, and to whatever age, the English tongue is spoken! Instead of that, we have a book in twenty volumes, price five or six guineas! The same way with Dryden—the same way with Milton—the same way with Shakespeare himself to a certain extent—and, if Shakespeare had written two or three hundred plays, instead of two or three dozen, (which he would have done had his time been like ours,) what would have been the consequence? It is this that gives the ancient classics one of their great advantages. I can carry my Horace, my Sallust, my Virgil even, my whole Virgil, in my pocket. But Cobbett! there is, indeed, the depth of despair. His good things lie scattered over such a surface—to speak in his own way, there is such a wilderness about every settlement, that I fear there is but a slender chance of future times doing any measure of justice to one, who, with all his faults, has the intellect and the language of an English classic.

That poor devil, Fearon, (in his Sketches,) gives, on the whole, a fair account of Cobbett's exterior, and, I should think, even of his manner—although I by no means take his word for anything beyond this: indeed Cobbet's book has completely negatived him *quoad alia*. I myself never saw this extraordinary character but once—It was at a county meeting in Hampshire, in the days of poor Lord Cochrane. He is perhaps the very man whom I would select from all I have ever seen if I wished to shew a foreigner the beau ideal of an English yeoman. He was then, I should suppose, at least fifty years of age; but plump, and as fresh as possible. His hair was worn smooth on his forehead, and displayed a few curls, nut-brown then, but probably greyish by this time, about his ears. There is something very firm and stately in his step and port—at least there was so in those days. You could see the serjeant blended with the farmer in every motion of his body. His eye is small, grey, quiet, and good-tempered—perfectly mild—You would say, "there is a sweet old boy—butter would not melt in his mouth." He was dressed the day I saw him, in brown coat, waistcoat, and breeches, all of the same piece—a scarlet under-waistcoat, a drab great-coat hanging wide, and fastened before by a "flying strap," top-boots of a true work-like pattern, and not new, but well cleaned (another relic probably of his camp-habits,)—he had strong grey worsted gloves, and a stout ash plant in his hand. If he had not been pointed out to me by one who knew him, I should probably have passed him over as one of the innocent bacon-eaters of the New forest; but when I knew that it was Cobbett, you may believe I did not allow his placid easy eye and smile to take me in.

I was excessively sorry, that, being entangled with a party of young squires and parsons, I could have no chance of getting into Cobbett's company. I am no beer-drinker; but if Cobbett *will* drink nothing else, I should certainly be most happy to crack a pot with him. They say he is coming to Scotland soon; and I hope, as Messrs Brougham and Denman are to have a public dinner, he may not want the same compliment. Yours,

T. T.

Southside, Sept. 10, 1823.

P. S.—I forgot to say at the proper place, that I don't believe one syllable of Cobbett's story about his own pecuniary distresses, &c. &c. How should he have fallen into poverty? For many years, as it was proved upon one of his trials for libel, he was in the receipt of L.60 a-week, as editor of his Register. He was all the while a farmer too, and, according to himself, a skilful and a successful one. Where did all the money go to? I have, in short, no sort of doubt that Cobbett's nest is very comfortably feathered.

What is this story of Cobbett's going to settle in France? I can't believe a word of it. He may take a run thither for a few weeks; and, indeed, his recent praises of the Bourbons, and of catholicism, look very like as if he had some such matter in his head: But quit old England for good and all? give up the Register? cease from writing and abusing? I cannot believe any such miracles—they would beat Prince Humbughohe all to nothing.

And yet, good gracious! if it should be so in right earnest—if William Cobbett should really become a member of the holy Roman Church, and a French *proprietaire*—Imagine that termination to that career! Monsieur le Compte de Cobbette! or M. le Marquis, maybe! Sir Gregor Macgregor's Serene Highness-ship was nothing to this *Signiory*.

ON THE PLUCKLESS SCHOOL OF POLITICS.

No II.

Letter to the Editor, from Andrew Ardent, Esq.

My dear Christopher,

I never was more surprised and displeased in my life, than, upon the receipt of your last Magazine, to find no notice taken in it of the anniversary of the King's visit to Scotland. I verily and truly thought that the new Baronet, your Provost, would have given an entertainment on the occasion; that the Corporation would have made it a matter of conscience to dine publicly and together on that day; or, at least, that you yourself would have had a snug party at Ambrose's,—to all, or some one of which I expected to be invited, and had actually engaged a post-chaise that I might not disappoint you, my friend Sir William, or myself. But the day approached, letter after letter arrived, in course of post as they say, but no invitation, or the semblance of one, reached my quarters. It then struck me that some subscription business would take place at Oman's, to which you did not think it worth while for me to come so far; but no such thing, as far as I understand, was ever agitated.

This is passing strange, Christopher. Have the bailies, old and new, lost their stomachs—the trades and merchant counsellors the faculty of deglutition—or the deacons of the incorporated trades the power of mastication? And was there no patriotic butcher, vintner, or dealer in wines, in the council, to whom a dinner might have been an acceptable job? Are the Magistrates of our loyal city turned Whigs all at once? And will posterity believe that a civilized corporation could solace their stomachs with Crawley spring water on such a day, and let so fair an opportunity pass without a jollification? Is there no loyalty but in Leith—no public spirit but with the unpoetical names of Macfie and Reoch?

My dear Christopher, it is a perfect disgrace to the intellectual city—a stain not to be wiped away from Edinburgh for a century at least. On the 15th of August the King landed upon your shores—held courts at your ancient palace of Holyrood-House—made your provost a baronet—shook hands with yourself—was kind to every one—and you, with your Athenian pretensions and your Parthenons, to allow the merchants of your sea-port, the men of tar, potashes, molasses, rum, sugar, hemp, and tallow, to run before you in the road of loyalty, and read you a lesson in the bienseances of civilized life! You don't deserve a King; and I am almost ashamed to call you Scotsmen. The Whigs were, no doubt, glad at this want of respect in our city rulers. Joseph Hume and the Stot may even praise them for abstinence; and the King himself, God bless him, who thinks ill of nobody, may not much mind the, I hope, unintentional neglect. But will you, Christopher, the champion of loyalty—the pillar of the church—and the friend of all that is great and good in human nature—will you, my dear friend, ever forgive yourself, for not stepping forward and putting your public in mind of their duty,—or, at least, setting the example in Ambrose's, of joyous loyalty, by a commemoration banquet among the intellectual censors of public opinion and public morals?

I should not have minded though I was not there, if you or Sir William had held a chapter of good fellows. My not receiving an invitation would only have saved me eighty miles posting, and the loss of a week's recreation; and I expect to see, in the forthcoming Maga, notwithstanding all I have said of you personally, that in defiance of my supicions, you were as happy on the 15th as good meat, good drink, good appetites, and loyalty, could make you. But tell your provost and bailies that they ought either to have given or patronised a royal, jovial public dinner. Your town ought to have been illuminated, and all the bells set a ringing. The population should have been regaled with oxen roasted whole, and good beer, in the King's Park; and Mr Murray should have opened the doors of the Theatre gratis, and given all poor devils, who can't afford to pay for it, the sight of a good play, and regaled them with "God save the King."

Contrast your conduct, my dear fellow, with the Whigs, whom you and I despise. I see by the newspapers,

that the Ex-Attorney-General and the Ex-Solicitor-General of the late Queen, insignificant though they be in any view, are getting dinners from the small remnant of ultra-Whigs. Joseph Hume, himself, got a seven-and-sixpence patch up, if I am not mistaken, at Aberdeen, last year; and it is reported the whiglings of Glasgow meditate, (at least so the newspapers say,) giving Messrs Brougham and Denman a charity sort of half-guinea blow-out, at some of the public taverns, where all the grievances of being out of place, and not in high esteem, will no doubt be detailed with lugubrious loquacity; the pressure of taxes, and the extravagance of government, will, as usual, be dilated upon; the pusillanimity of ministers, for not dragging their country into war, in which they can have no interest, and passing new taxes for its support, will afford a fine subject for tavern eloquence; and the company, neither drunk nor sober, shall depart precisely at twelve o'clock, with the pleasant feeling, in spite of the evidence of their own senses, that the country is ruined beyond redemption, unless the weight of the government were really and truly laid upon the little shoulders of the Whig barristers and their associates, to whom place, upon any conditions, would, I have no doubt, be very acceptable.

I say, Christopher, unless I find you have had a party at Ambrose's or elsewhere, in honour of the King's visit to Scotland, I shall never write another line in your Magazine.—I shall not even enter the modern Athens, as your Gutterbloods choose to call it, but take lodgings at loyal Leith, and start a Royal Visit Club, under the patronage of Messrs Reoch and Macfie.

For my own part, seeing nothing better to be done, I set myself down in the parlour of an inn to a leg of mutton, a bottle of claret, and a jug of good toddy—got a bonfire of old thatch lighted before my window; and knocked up a kind of ball with "buirdly chiels and sturdy hizzies," collected by the piper in the neighbouring glen, which was opened by myself and the matron of the party, Mrs Macintyre, my landlord and his wife, in a Highland reel, and which was kept up with a great fund of animal spirits, supported by suitable quantities of mountain dew, judiciously administered, till day-break on the 16th.

I am, my dear Christopher,
Yours ever faithfully,
ANDREW ARDENT.

KILLIN, *Sept.* 5, 1823.

ANSWER,

Extracted from Mr North's Letter-Book.

THIS is all very pretty and very peppery, Mr Andrew. So you really blame us for the deficiencies of our friends the Pluckless—so you really imagine we had no Ambrosial Feed on the 15th, and you will never write another line in Maga for it! We have a huge fancy to put the veto upon your communication, for the bare supposition, and for the further offence of non-compearance. Why, man, we did not even suppose that the Pluckless themselves needed a jog upon such an occasion. When we recollect how they were all figged out last year, performing the part of savages or mountebanks, or attempting that of court-gallants—all plastering on their loyalty a foot thick—how could we imagine that their patriotism or their gratitude required the stimulus of a present Sovereign? But you! in truth, it well becomes you to find fault with others—Suffice it to say, that when ODoherty was making the punch in the morning, preparatory to its being put in ice, he gave one extra lemon to the sherbet, exclaiming, "Here goes a cooler for Ardent!" that a chair, plate, knife and fork, spoon and napkin, tumbler, porter-swigger, sherry-bibber, and whisky-sipper, were all duly placed for you, the plate being turned up, and marked double A, between those of the Adjutant and Tickler; and that a spit was prepared, and a large dish warmed, for four brace of grouse, which we expected you to bring along with you. And lo! he came not!—Well, you

were the sufferer; and you are still to suffer for your affectation, in expecting an invitation; and the Pluckless are to suffer, for not promoting a great public dinner; and the public itself shall suffer, for not being loyal spontaneously, and without either jog from Maga or pluckless patronage. No, no! We shall not let you all be loyal *ex post facto* at our expense; and the record of that dinner shall ever remain deeply impressed on the memories of those who ate it—but there alone shall it be treasured, a precious deposit, a reward for their meritorious forwardness in the good cause, and a subject for pleasing and lasting reflection and endless triumph.

You, however, (although you have committed the pluckless vice of blaming others, while not fully doing your own duty,) shall next year, on the KING'S DAY, hear some particulars in private, in consideration of the remains of good feeling indicated in your mode of spending the day, and upon your paying certain penalties. Even the public may, at some future day, be admitted to a partial knowledge of the events of that merryfication. But this must be when the Pluckless are no more—a consummation devoutly to be wished—a period which shall soon arrive—viz. before the publication of No. VI. of this series of papers.—C. N.

THE GENERAL QUESTION.

No. I.

Mr President,

The Liberal is dished. The Cockneys have proved themselves more intense idiots than knaves generally are, and are now dumb in their impotence. There is much wickedness in and about London, and elsewhere; a gross appetite for slander and indecency is craving and aching to be fed, and yet these caterers have been incapable of supplying garbage. All that was necessary for their work was a slight smattering of erroneous information, as much cleverness as belongs to a second-rate bagman, the liveliness of an under-waiter in a suburban tavern, the grace of a street-walker, not yet utterly battered, the philosophy of an itinerant lecturer on Reform, the eloquence of an unemployed barrister's clerk, the wit of an editor of the fiftieth Incarnation of Joe, the manners of a run-away London tailor's apprentice, and the morals of a retired bagnio-keeper, ruralizing beyond East-end—Yet in all these qualifications have they been found wanting; and unable to pick up a dishonest subsistence, they are now starving on unpaid small-beer, and parsnips taken on tick. It is a sad business, indeed, to be preyed upon by a longing desire for all sorts of low and dirty wickedness, and yet to find, although the spirit is willing, that the flesh is weak; to be hooted at in the impotent perpetration of despicable vice; to be ducked in the slough of despond by the base crew you have been trying to exasperate against an honest householder; to be put into the stocks by the very profligates to whom you have been offering cheap, irreligious, and obscene tracts; to be hauled down from the barrel-head on which you have been playing your mountebank tricks before "the low earth," and elevated to the pillory by the gang you have sickened at the picture of their own corruption; to be sent into solitary confinement, lest you should pollute the operation of the tread-mill; and finally, admitted, with a hesitating hand, to the rites of burial in the vaults of the Pozzi, among the very scum and refuse and excrements of mortality.

We are decided enemies to everything bordering upon exaggeration; so that the above will no doubt appear to many but a feeble sketch of the character and catastrophe of the Liberal. Two or three dozen men and women laid their heads together to produce an effect—a sensation—to make hits—to kick up a row—to startle the cits—to set the gutters on fire—to pull old orthodox gentlemen by their pig-tails—to laugh outright in the faces of mo-

dest females, and whisper indecencies into their ears, as they walked in family parties to church—to grimace the parsons—to patronize prostitutes, and to employ the Sabbath-day in penning panegyrics on vices which occupied them during the whole week. The devil is in it, thought they, if we do not become distinguished characters. "There goes a Liberal," will every voice exclaim; "how beautiful his yellow breeches!"—"Behold Apollar!" But, O Gemini, what is this? A madness has seized upon the people. Spitting, hissing, hooting, cursing, cuffing, kicking, are the order of the day. King, Condé, and Grandee, are hauled to the horse-pond—goose and gander stand aloof on the green in breathless astonishment, as splash after splash, squash after squash, goes Cockney upon Cockney into the liquid element. Peter Bell's ass, now the property of a Hampstead huckster, brays forth Balaam; a huge Newfoundland dog leaps into the pool with suspicious humanity, and brings out Tims by the nape of the neck, who is instanter spun back by a tall man in the crowd, recognized to be O'Doherty. Pygmalion having crawled to the bank, is betrayed by the pimple of his nose, just peering through the mud, to the vengeance of that much-injured tailor, and gets forthwith measured for a suit of mourning. King Leigh is drooping like a water-lily, and weeping like a crocodile, with his hands in the pockets of his yellow-breeches. The inferior rout keep puddling to and fro, undistinguishable from frogs and pow-heads; and from shore to shore of that small Mediterranean is heard a gurgling croak, that says, or seems to say, "The kingdom of Cockaigne is sunk into the bosom of the mighty deep!"

But, Mr President, to lay aside figure and allegory, I ask you, a well-informed, tolerably well-behaved member of a Christian community, if ever, throughout the experience of a life, now apparently, from the cut of your jib, verging on threescore, you read, or heard, or dreamt of such an utter and inutterable set of blockheads as these Liberals? Why, at first, they proclaimed of themselves, that they had made up their minds to behave like so many bulls in a china-shop. A stramash was expected. But instead of the Bulls of Bashan, who should make their appearance but a quantity of apes, moping and mowing, each pushing on the other with his paw on posterior, and the whole array at their wits' end at the novelty of their situation. Instead of going to work forthwith among the porcelain, the apery betook itself to plunder. Hop goes one little bleareyed hero, with scurvy and excoriated hips, and the manifest mark of the chain encircling his neck in blue ruin, into a vase, in search of cheese or a bag of nuts, every now and then grinning over the rim, disappointed in his scrutiny, but delighted, nevertheless, with the originality of his own inventive genius. A bolder baboon, mounting a tripod, clutches a china shepherdess from a shelf, and mumbles her all over with the loathsome slime and slaver of his hideous brute-endearment. The hard-bosomed nymph resists, and the hairy sibyl letting her drop on the floor, hurkles round and round the shivered fragments of his love, in the blind rage of his animal desire, and the dim perplexity of a nature unassisted by reason to distinguish living flesh from the potter's clay. A merrier monkey—a fellow of most rare wit and infinite fancy, rises with a chance looking-glass, and, like Narcissus of old, is desperately enamoured of his own fair proportions. The lovesick youth hangs his head considerably to the one side like a puppy weighed down by the dew, and acts in a manner to attract the decided disapprobation of the secretary to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, accidentally taking a peep into the window. An ouran-outang addicts himself to study, and sits as solemn as Solomon at the Ledger, chewing a piece of Indian-rubber, and tasting a little of the ink, as a liquor hitherto unknown. Meanwhile the main body and both wings are filching—when Messrs English and Co. coming into their shop, employ the moments immediately succeeding their first surprise, in securing Pan, Narcissus, and Solomon. A general hullybaloo pursues the scampering imitation-men on their retreat, most of whom are taken prisoners. Some are sent to Pidcock—a score or two are distributed among the small travelling bear-proprietors—a few fall into the service of elderly virgins at Bath and Cheltenham,—and perhaps from a dozen to twenty go stuffed to the British Museum and Private Collections.

Why, my good sir, it is not the blackguardism of the Cockney-writers that is most offensive to the present, and also every absent company. —I mean, sir, to say, that blackguardism, quâ blackguardism, may not only be tolerated, but enjoyed,—witness the former extensive circulation of the Edinburgh Review, and the present popularity of the preaching of the Reverend Edward Irving. But on being introduced to a blackguard, you surely never expect to see him sitting in a small and rather tidy parlour, on a settee, with pastoral imagery darned all over the back, with yellow cuisses on his thighs, smelling at a nosegay, and perhaps reading at Petrarch. You were not prepared for a display of Miss-Molly-ism, in an advocate for the abolition of the Slave Trade, known by the name of Marriage; a demand for universal suffrage should not be effeminately lisped out with uncertain aspirates; you are unreasonable enough to expect that he who would abolish all public grievances shall not include grammar in the number; in short, you will on no account whatever permit one and the same individual to be at once blackguard and blockhead, a "ne'er-do-weel" and a ninny; bad qualities must not be joined with false quantities; a hardened heart and a soft head are unpardonable; and it is not to be endured to see a Cockney picking his steps to eternal perdition, just as if he were merely going to eat hot muffins at Mother Red-cap's. He who would brave the devil, should not fear to soil his yellow breeches; and we lose all patience with a dapper deist, who talks of Ell as if he had just come out of a bandbox, who, were he ever to go thither, would be as perfectly unintelligible to well-educated people as he had been on earth, and calculated to throw an air of absurdity over the regions of despair. Yes, Mr President, I vow and protest that I am ready, this blessed moment, to pardon, forgive, overlook, all the wickedness of the Cockneys. I think nothing of it. But never, never can I pardon their monstrous and unnatural stupidity. If they could do any one thing well, confound me but I would ask North to give them a farewell kick or two, and leave them to their own paltry passions. But nothing but bungling! Take a Cockney and start him upon a sonnet. The pursy fellow has not run three lines, till there he is at a full stop, blowing like a nag in the farcy. Try his rhymes, and he does not know a vowel from a consonant, although surely no two things can be more unlike; watch him narrowly, and you detect his hand in another man's pocket, uniformly stealing trash, and knowing no difference between a grape and a grozet; pale, puffing, swinkt, sweating, sick even to vomiting with hobbling over the flat, he is as badly off at the fag-end of his sonnet, as if he had just descended from an hour at the Tread-mill. Now, Mr President, I maintain that this be a true bill, and that no Cockney can be produced to do a sonnet, which seems to me rarely to exceed fourteen lines, and which, in his case, I am perfectly willing to reduce to eleven, in four hours and a half, with refreshments, allowing a reasonable latitude in rhymes, and not being too severe upon him on the score of grammar, syntax, and so forth, which would prove encumbrances to his speed. I bet Glengarry's kilt to Leigh Hunt's yellow breeches, (the long odds) that such a feat shall not be performed by any native of Cockaigne before the next meeting of Parliament.

Mr President, I am sorry to interrupt you; but, sir, you are fast asleep. Sir, I was observing, that, after all the efforts of the Radicals, of all descriptions, to work mischief, little or none has been done. The people of Great Britain are really most excellent people indeed, and know whom and what to despise. They do not, by any means, like to hear religion abused or sneered at; and all those jokes against persons, which make the round of the Whig periodical press, laughed at, perhaps, as something very funny, over a horn of ale, leave no favourable impression on the minds of village topers, with regard to the character of the wits. At their own firesides, when their comely wives and their chubby children are by, and the door locked for the night, their thoughts and feelings take another turn; the better part of their nature has the ascendancy, and they look forward to the coming Sabbath with satisfaction. They are uncorrupted by the poison that is worked off with the malt; and if asked their real, sober, serious opinion of the press-gang, they would tell you,

that they were a set of heartless scamps altogether, and strove to cheat poverty out of its contentment. They would rather have a kind visit from their "Parson," than make part of a deputation to wait on some factious free-thinker; and if they had a daughter to send out to service, they would rather see her drowned or dead in any honest fashion, than exposed to seduction and desertion in the house of a Patriot and Friend of the people. When they hear that Mr Such-a-one has been hanged, after all his fine harangues, they are noways surprised, but seem prepared for the event, and chuckle at the idea of his execution more heartily than they ever did at his keenest jokes. They know better than any demagogue can tell them what are the real hardships and evils of their condition, and they also know that the power by which they must be endured lies in their own souls. The utter baseness and helpless debility of character exhibited at all times by those who set themselves against religion and social order, escape not their notice; comfort, and quiet, and peace, do, on the whole, fall to the lot of the loyal citizen, while a ragged offspring, a cold hearth, and a famished board, are the concomitants of disaffection and turbulence. No fire makes the pot boil so well as one stirred by the hand of content; and a mechanic will think that fare a luxury which he eats after six hours' labour at the loom, while the reformer growls over his mess of pottage with an appetite poisoned by anger, and forgetful of the hand that feeds him. But, thank God, all is yet sound at the core of the English heart: and the great body of the people know who are their friends and who are their enemies. There is not one man in Britain who does not know that Bristol Hunt is a despicable scoundrel, or would hold a hot potato one moment from his mouth, on receiving sudden intelligence of his being found dead in a jakes.

Now, Mr President, I cannot see much sense in those fine disquisitions which have been served up so plentifully to us of late in magazines, reviews, &c. on the great superiority of the ancient over the modern drama. Put Shakspeare aside, and who are the great old dramatists of this country? Very imperfect workmen, I can assure you. Not one of them all has drawn a single natural character. The plots of their plays are rarely, if ever, interesting, and no great moral is left stamped upon the heart. They give us bursts of passion, and that is all,—bright images now and then, and occasionally charming versification. But the texture of their works is miserable patch-work; their bombast, fustian, extravagance, exaggeration, and violation of nature, is beyond all bounds—and what is the consequence? Why, that not one of them all, in spite of new editions, dissertations, essays, and critiques, has taken any hold on the English mind. They never had any strong hold upon it, and never will have; for our poetry is now diviner, deeper far; and a play no better than one of Massinger's or Ford's would damn an author for ever to the middle order.

But, Mr President, few subjects are of more importance than the choice of a profession. Shall I make my son a Scotch minister? He is a preacher; and hangs on from year to year, in hopes of a manse. He is thirty-five years of age, but still he has no manse. At last he is offered a kirk, in a remote, cold, moorish part of the world, with a mean name, as bare of all associations as the pavement of a sunk flat. Stipend small; manse indifferent; glebe scranky; only one gentleman's house in the parish, and that uninhabited. Our Sandy accepts; marries Miss Susie Simpson, somewhere about the middle of seven sisters. Susie, being come of a prolific family, breeds yearly, and even produces twins—gets fat, lazy, and both red and broad in the face, but dresses well, and likes a how-towdy. Now and then a cow dies, and the sheep take the sturdy. Meal is a drug, and the flars sink like quicksilver in rainy weather. Sons and daughters must be clothed and educated—and fed; perhaps about a dozen, and the question is, How is all that to be accomplished? Now, Mr President, considering the very narrow income of the Scottish clergy, do not you think that they should be brought back to celibacy? A bachelor might live and grow fat on a stipend that at present keeps a large family in starvation. I never could see any hardship in celibacy. Take bachelors and married men by the lump, and I verily believe that the former are much better for clergymen, in a country where there are no rich endowments. If young men think it hard to be pre-

vented from marrying, let them go into the army, and enjoy the luxury of a wife and four children, attached to a marching regiment; or let the rampant young gentleman go to the bar, and support a family on the salary of a sheriffship, or on the princely income of an advocate-depute. A clergyman should have nothing to do but attend to his flock; no married man can do that so regularly and rigorously as a Cœlebs. I defy him—and that is the point at issue. A married clergyman, on a scanty income, may be a good family-man, notwithstanding his many discomforts; but I say that I defy him to write such good sermons as a bachelor, *ceteris paribus;* he will not even be able to deliver them so well; for who can commit to memory in a manse crawling with children?

Pardon such light remarks, my dear President, on a serious subject. Sure I am, that they would be taken in good part at a Presbytery dinner, and would give no offence to the excellent and admirable clergy of Scotland. Excellent and admirable clergy indeed; and since my plan is not perhaps soon to be adopted, may their Manse meanwhile swarm with offspring, and the honest howdy be familiar with its white-painted gate. Our ministers are indeed the guardians of national character. Themselves frequently the sons of peasants, they know well the annals of the poor; and methinks that the doctrines of Christianity come with a peculiar grace from the lips of men, who, in their youth, slept in lowly huts, and who, in after life, are separated, even in condition, by no high barriers from the humble ones of the earth. They know more than their brethren around; they have seen something of the character and spirit of stirring life, without having their feelings deadened, or hardened, or frittered away by much participation in its ambitious concerns. The meek and simple religion which they teach, brings them back willingly, and with pleasure, to the joys and sorrows of the poor man's lot; and from the pulpit they see the narrow pew in which they sat when children; and now and then have a vision of the grey head, gone down into the grave, that used, in other days, to be turned reverentially towards the preacher of the word. Their ordinary pursuits in the week-day world, partake of the quiet and contented spirit, that, with such limitation as human infirmities impose, prevails over the peasantry of our land. Blameless mirth, wit without gall, fancy that sheds a cheerful light over meetings assembled even for sacred purposes, humour that plays and dallies with the harmless oddities and contrasted temperaments of men all zealous in the good cause; the joke, the jest, and the jibe, free from all ribaldry, and the pungent anecdote that will bear repetition a thousand times, because speaking to the experience and illustrative of the heart. Where can all these be found more fresh, vigorous, and racy, than among the ministers of our establishment?

It has been asked, what they have done in science, in philosophy, in history, in poetry? Much in all. But it is not their business—it is not their duty to strive or to excel in such things. Let each clergyman take care of his parish; and if he does so, it is all that man can require of him, or need be recorded on his tomb-stone. Eminent, distinguished, illustrious, immortal names, according to the judgment of this world, are not wanting in the annals of the Scottish church; but hundreds of men, greater than they, have gone to their graves with perishable and forgotten names, although their voices were heard only by a small congregation, and the sphere of their usefulness was but a parish with two or three glens and pastoral hill-sides, that shone at night with cottage-hearths like a few sprinkled stars. Let the sense, the moderation, the intelligence, and the piety of our peasantry, speak for their pastors, both the dead and the living, and let those who may be disposed to overrate both the magnitude and the influence of their own attainments in the various departments of human knowledge, consider what would have been the country which they now dignify and adorn, without the men who, for centuries, have ministered at the humble altars of our national faith, and have so long preserved, by doctrine, precept, and example, that moral and religious spirit, without which the prosperity of a country is hollow, and all her knowledge unable either to enlighten or elevate. Religion, not philosophy, has made us, as a people, what we are; and, with all our defects, faults, vices, and sins, we possess much that true science could not give, nor false take away; something too high for the

mere worldly mind to understand; and that has preserved the hearts of our people sound at the core, when there were outward appearances of rottenness and corruption.

Mr President, if I were writing an article for Blackwood's Magazine, I could not indulge in a more digressive, excursive, and occasionally rotatory style, than that along whose involutions and gyrations I have for half an hour past been carried. Where's the harm? Palling long faces for any length of time, can do little good either to individuals or nations. The human mind, I maintain, is made capable of adapting itself, without moral or intellectual injury, to the most opposite moods most suddenly brought on; and genuine mirth may all at once wipe up the tears of too true misery. Unbecoming levity is not seen in the transition from one thought or feeling to another, but in the thought or feeling itself; and the merriment that reason allows, may often delight to assume the quaintest and most fantastic garb, and even wear "motley" in the masquerade that at midnight dissolves away into real life. It is for this that I love your Magazine, sir; and, with your permission, I shall give you my opinion of the last Number.

Sir, your last Number is inimitable. Buoyant as a balloon, deep as a diving-bell. Had I ever written a single syllable in the great periodical, modesty had made me mum, but silence becomes not a subscriber. A gib-cat, Shakespeare says, is the most melancholy of animals; but he could not, were he able to read, get through a page of Number 79, without feeling his gravity relax into a smile. My mother is a very grave woman, and, somehow or other, has long had a notion that Ebony is not the thing; but one evening last week, at tea, her sides began to shake, and her face to assume an expression altogether unaccountable. I thought, Mr President, that some crumbs of the short-bread had gone down her wrong throat, and threatened to cut short her days. All at once she burst out into a giggle, like a girl of sixteen; and then into a compressed gruff cough, and a continued succession of snorts, like an old horse of sixty, to the great alarm of me, her dutiful and affectionate son. "Oh! that Magazine will be the death of me, Michy!" And therewith she released Ebony from his concealment, having, during three cups, sat upon him, till George Buchanan was black in the face, and staring like a Turk. On went her spectacles; and Blackwood, like a banner, was unfurled before the steam of the kettle. Her sharp, forward, acute, hook-nosed, covenanting countenance, fixed with a sort of slightly self-upbraiding smile of wonderment and delight, not free from a spice of devilry, on the wicked but cunning Maga—for so she considered La Pucelle—inspired me with emotions of the deepest filial reverence for my aged and honoured parent, and would make an excellent print. It is thus, Mr President, that the Magazine calls forth the best emotions of our nature, strengthens the domestic affections, and thereby the stability of the state.

Hoping, and indeed not doubting, that you will pardon this little fire-side picture, I proceed to give you my free and unbiassed opinion of No. 79. With the exception of the Royal Number, it is the best of any Magazine that has appeared since the invention of printing. What means that ingenuous blush of "maidenly shamefacedness" on the cheek of my beloved Christopher? Well, then, here is Taylor and Hessey, and I will sport Candide upon that Miscellany.

This, with some gentle violence done to the genius of the English language, may be called a respectable Magazine. Pygmalion calls it the "cream of periodical literature;" may I, without offence, call it the "milk and water?" Now, sir, milk and water is by no means a bad thing, except when on the turn, that is, sourish; and this, methinks, is rather sugary. I know little or nothing about the contributors, which I regret, as otherwise I might indulge in a little innocent personality. There seem to be a quorum of Cockneys among them, and that leavens the whole mass. They know little, and care less, about what is going on in the world, and keep chattering away fluently enough about various small matters, "great to little men," and sometimes in no disagreeable vein. The criticism of this Magazine is not below contempt, but exactly on a level with it; and its attempts to delineate manners, and so forth, most abortive. The writers seem all to have lived in lodgings, and to be distinguished rather by the smoothness, than the variety of their wear-

ing apparel. They sneer in an under tone at good society, yet without much bitterness, more like persons who have never been in it, than often kicked out of it, although symptoms of the latter predicament might be selected. A bang-up contributor or two, peradventure, figures away in white upper toggery and Belcher handkerchief, and throws his hat into the ring. But they are palpable pretenders; and must be the derision of Pierce Egan and Josh. Hudson. They talk about theatres, and are witty upon Liston's face; admire Miss Tree's singing, and analyze farces. Of general literature (with the exception of the Doctor) they know nothing, and all classical acquirements they despise. Few of them have been at a University, except on the top of a coach; and of those few, more than one, we believe, were *plucked*. Not unfrequently an ingenious, or at least smartish essay, is somehow or other got up, and we think that we remember having seen not a bad tale or two of the picturesque and pathetic. Puns prevail, but all poorish; and the play upon words is seldom happy. We suspect most of the contributors are costive from sedentary habits; and as it is well known, that derangements in the stomach and bowels deaden merriment; the dulness of their convivial merriment, although great, is not extraordinary. They are by no means a bad set of fellows in their way, yet we are not over-anxious for a letter of introduction to any of them; and if their Magazine be but so so, yet, all things considered, they deserve some credit for even their very indifferent success in a work so uncongenial with their usual habits and pursuits, the contributors being, as they inform us, young attorneys, solicitors, half-pay officers, quondam pedagogues, young men of genius of no profession, and anonymous correspondents in county-towns, such as Verax, Antipater, Vox et Preterea, Bow-wow, and Louisa Mildmay.

Their September Number, sir, is pretty fairish; some of your worst have not been ten times better. "*Sea Roamers, Old Johnny Wolgar,*" is written in a strain of unfortunate exaggeration, but is a vivid picturesque description, and manifestly the work of a man of no mean talents. It is a great deal too long; but R. A. is one of their best men; and should he ever quarrel with them, which is probable, he would be no disgrace to your own Invincibles. *Nugæ Criticæ, No. I.*, is by the ingenious Elia, but is no great shaker. It contains one choice passage. "I have dwelt longer upon what I conceive the merits of these poems, because I have been hurt by the wantonness, (I wish I could call it by a gentler name,) with which a favourite critic of our day takes every occasion of insulting *the memory of Sir Philip Sydney.*" Hazlitt and Sir Philip Sydney, Moll of Wapping and Mary Queen of Scots! Pygmalion can by no means allow that Sir Philip was a gentleman. Admirable judge of manners and morals! "I cannot think, (says simple Elia,) with Mr Hazlitt, that Sir Philip Sydney was that *opprobrious thing*," &c. The age is not yet ripe for a defence of Sir Philip Sydney by Charles Lamb, of the India-House, against William Hazlitt, "the gallant of South-ampton-row." "*Walking Stewart,*" *by the late Opium-eater!* Mercy on us! is the English opium-eater dead? We take it much amiss that he never told us of his illness. We are equally at a loss to conjecture why his friends did not invite us to his funeral. The air of Cockaigne must have killed him, accustomed to breathe a purer atmosphere on the mountains. It was always distressing to us to think of that swan surrounded by geese, and we are happy that he is dead. May we meet in another and a better Magazine. The smallest article belonging to the deceased, is valuable to those who knew his fine and powerful genius; he lived upon ether and opium, while his new friends got stupified on tobacco and beer.

The three next articles—nihil—nothing.

A third Letter to the Dramatists of the Day. We lay the lives of a cat against that of a butterfly, that this German is a Paddy. Had ODoherty not lived, John Lacy had never been born. We do not mean to insinuate that the Adjutant begot him; for this is clearly the older man of the two; but Morgan made him a Magazine, and John would fain be six feet high. It won't do—it won't indeed. Mr Lacy is not a member of the Free and Easy. If his breeches don't sit easier than his banter, ye gods, how he must straddle!

Sir Henry Heron, BY NALLA. Allan Cunnyngham is a man of genius, and,

what is better still, an honest, independent man. May he prosper in all his undertakings. All his Tales have great merit; most of them are too long. This one begins beautifully, but there is no end to it; and unless he corrects this fault of prolixity, we shall really begin to get angry with him. He writes as if anxious to make out a sheet. Messrs Taylor and Hessey can easily remedy this. Pay him more for half a sheet than a whole one, and Allan will delight all his readers that have either heart, soul, or imagination. His fine, wild, rich, imaginative stories, full of rivers, and glens, and all the emblazonry of Scotland, have indeed fallen into strange neighbourhood; and we would rather than a hundred oysters hear one of them read aloud by a Cockney *ore rotundo*. Allan is a monster in this Magazine, and must be stared at as a strange fowl by the Tomtits.

Charles Duke of Orleans. Early French Poets. This belongs to a series of articles, all of them curious and interesting. The translations are remarkable for elegance and fidelity.

"*The Doomed Man,*" is a long, and, in some parts, impressive sea-story.

The Report of Music, nobody ever read; and the "Drama" is done by a pert dunce, who considers admittance to the green-room the highest human honour, and writes like a person that would marry an inferior actress.

Such, sir, are the contents of Taylor and Hessey for September. You seem drowsy, Mr President; but make no painful efforts to keep your eyes open; for I love to harangue before you when you are in a state of repose. The politics of this Magazine are most contemptible—not that the summary of events is badly written—on the contrary, the compiler is an able man. But I speak of the spirit that runs through the whole concern. The writers are, with rare exceptions, low-born, underbred radicals, who feel awkward at the existence of gentlemen, persons of any condition, lords, ladies, and so forth. A "House of Lords," a building absolutely full of nobles, is not to be got over at all; and, in short, a dull disconcerted Whiggism whines and whimpers through the work, afraid to speak out, yet muttering against ministers, either for doing or not doing something or other, God knows what—so that we often long to lug the disloyal lout from his lair, shake him by the neck, and ask him either to tell us what he means in the English or Cockney tongue, or to keep his mouth shut for a twelvemonth. This sulky, sneaking, snivelling style of political discussion, is more than people of any party can well put up with in a free country. There were never before known such ambiguous fellows; and it looks as if they had not courage to bray aloud their political Balaam, lest they might thereby incur the risk of offending half a score of Tory subscribers, for whose sakes alone they preserve a semblance of respect for the old sacred institutions of the land. From anything that ever appeared in the Magazine, there would be no ground for concluding, that the Christian religion is the religion of England, or that she possesses an established church.

Mr President, you have been told, sir, I presume, that the ancient cry "personality," is still kept up against us, and we are called upon to deny it. We shall do no such thing. But, on the contrary, we shall take and tear into pieces, with the most unrelenting personality, every scamp that attacks church, king, or ourselves. None of your mean, malicious, cowardly, obscure hints, in this Magazine—God forbid!—but the open, plain charge, which he who runs may read; and proof accumulated on proof, till the culprit is buried under a mass of evidence. No honest man shall ever be so much as laughed at by us, if we see reason to think that our ridicule annoys him; and as a proof of our sincerity, we request any such, whom we may have occasionally quizzed, just to write us a letter to that effect, and never more shall they be named in Maga. But there are some few score scribbling scoundrels in this world, whom we shall yet farther scarify. Nothing will it avail them, when bound and bleeding, to cry out to the crowd, "Did you ever see such personality?" The crowd will perfectly agree with their view of the case, and sooth them by loudly declaring, at each whack of the thong, that the punishment is personal. But who will attempt a rescue? Not a soul. A few skulking accomplices may scowl among the crowd, bite the thumb like assassins, and in pot-houses plot and plan revenge; but the boldest among them is no match

for the most diminutive of our printer's devils.

But, sir, after all, we are the idols of a people's love. The great difficulty with us is to prevent the nation at large from falling down and worshipping us, who are but mortal like itself. We are far from wishing to see anything of the sort; such enthusiasm may be carried beyond the bounds of propriety and good taste; and I am sure, Mr North, that you are the last man in the world to encourage such excesses, which are indeed inconsistent with the sound sense and strong passion of the British character.

Mr President, Sir John Cox Hippesley and Dr Mason Good (the translator of Lucretius?) have been lately attacking the tread-mills; and *John Bull* has joined his forces. Do not you agree with these three distinguished philanthropists, that men should not use women with cruelty, if they can prevent it? Let the males tread away —but find a gentler exercise for the females. No strong or weak-bodied he-fellow of a pickpocket or purloiner is a proper object of compassion, except just as he is going to be hanged; and if he sweat on the tread-mill to the utmost wish of Hamlet himself, wrench his instep, sprain his ankle, dislocate his knee, and bring his back to the lumbago, there can be no question whatever, that

> "A wiser and a better man,
> He'll rise to-morrow morn."

But even although no amendment in his morals be visible, is there not a satisfaction in knowing that he is on the Tread-Mill, battered and blistered to a most painful degree, and ineffectually damning the keeper of the Brixton, and the inventive spirit of the age? But this argument does not apply to females; anything like needless cruelty to any woman is too shocking and abhorrent from every British feeling, to be long practised in the shape of a legal enactment; and if the cruelty be accompanied (as in this case it is) with indecent, disgusting, and degrading circumstances, it is still more odious.

Mr President, Poetry is a drug. Were we ourselves poets, we should see the Public at the devil, rather than see her tossing aside a volume of ours, as if it were a last year's newspaper, or a Number of the Liberal. No doubt, our poetry would be most excellent, at once amusing and instructive; but the great gaping wide-mouthed reading public, will not suffer a man of the brightest parts to cram down her throat an epic, dramatic, or didactic poem. She will not bolt it; it is known she won't; and when the old lady gets obstinate, rather than attempt to lead or drive her, it is wisdom to dislodge an ass from a chosen position, or persuade a porker to trip along with alacrity to the scalding-tub. Sometimes, to be sure, she relaxes her muscles as if about to swallow, and approaches a quarto with the apparent purpose of pawing it; but no—more prim than the primrose, our Dowager recovers her self-possession, and purses up her mouth as if you were about unwarrantably to salute her, and, retrograding to an ottoman, returns to the perusal of Quentin Durward, or the Cook's Oracle.

Perhaps our living poets are on an average gainers by this universal rejection of their addresses. No man can now laugh at his rival. Envy, jealousy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, are or ought to be extinct among the sons of song. There is no spoiled child in the family; and the austere mother turns as deaf a brace of ears to William Wordsworth, as to Leigh Hunt. Bards may continue to count their fingers, but there is no use in tagging syllables to their tips; and what was formerly called inspiration, passes now for impertinence, idiotism, or a blameable ignorance of the world in a grown-up man. There are still many crimes which may be committed with impunity, and even with eclat; but the highest character for abilities and integrity, will not avail a man now-a-days against a volume of verses clearly brought home to him; and should he be an incorrigible offender, he must expect to lose caste, and become Cockney.

Things going on at this rate will soon be as they should be, for although we are advocates for the mitigation of punishment in most criminal cases, yet the utmost extremity of the law should occasionally be enforced; and there are enormities on which even the benevolent Mrs Fry would wish to see inflicted banishment to Cockaigne, a punishment infinitely worse than death. It is certainly rather disreputable to be a poet, and we have

long observed, that to be taxed with so being, in company, is an insult which few tempers can stomach. "I a poet, sir! *I rise to say it is false!*" And on such occasions, unless a man be as meek as Mr Brougham himself, nothing seems left for it but an appeal to arms. If the party accused be merely a bachelor, it matters little; but if he have a spouse and progeny, it is melancholy to think how an imputation made, perhaps, in a moment of unguarded hilarity, may render the one a widow, and the others orphans.

Indeed, people should consider well before they bring any such serious accusation against the character of any man living under the same government and the same laws, children too of the same native soil. To a rich man, or even a poor one who has good connections, the charge may prove innocuous; but what if it go forth against the fifth son of a small landed proprietor, who has his bread to bake and his beer to brew? Why, the young man is ruined at the very outset of life, and years, ay, long wretched years, may crawl along over his head, before he is cautiously admitted into some honest employment. God knows, Mr President, that no such young man can lay his ruin at your door. On the contrary, have you not, often and often again, stept between them and destruction, assured the jealous old Public that no poets were they,—convinced her that she was grievously mistaken in the character of the writings laid before her, that they were surely prose, and that these sons of honest men were no shame to their parentage, and guiltless of that offence, as the babe unborn. Depend upon it, my dear sir, that humanity is one of the brightest jewels in your crown, and that, when all the rancour of party is buried, ample justice will be done to that rare union of tenderness and determination, of softness and severity successfully exerted, which class you among the greatest benefactors of your species, Numa, Draco, Lycurgus, Alfred, and Jeremy Bentham.

Mr President, we have our enemies, and we rejoice in it. Were the English language more numerous a thousand-fold than it absolutely is, were there a hundred adjectives for one, and no such thing as a feeble expletive in the vast vocabulary, words would still be wanting to express the exultation which I feel at this moment in the hatred of the enemies of Blackwood's Magazine. From pallid and quivering lips yell forth your curses; let execrations gurgle in your gullets, distended with the rising gorge of your blackest bile; belch out your bitter blackguardism lest you burst; clench your fists till your fretted palms are pierced with the jagged edge of nails bitten in impotent desperation; stamp unclean beasts with cloven feet on the fetid flags of your sty till the mire mounts to your mouths; fall down fainting in foamy fury, and with horrible distortion of features, that render your faces hideous as your hearts, mumble maledictions upon us, ye evil epileptics! Our feet is upon your necks; you may howl, but rise shall you never; your fangs shall not pierce the leather of our shoe. Why that mad brandishing of tails, ye serpent-crew, against fetters of fire? O sinful idiots! Beelzebub was a Cockney, and Moloch was a radical; but what are ye but a small, pitiful fry of fiends, shrimps in iniquity, mere adderlings, cockney-cockatrices, of whom a million would not make one great boa constrictor!

O North, North—for I can call you by the cold name of Mr President no more—let us indulge with gusto in one gaffaw—HA—HA—HA—HA—HA—HA—HA!!!!!!! A mighty army approach against us! Music! Why, each regiment must have a band. Marrow-bones and cleavers, by all that is crashing and sonorous! Hark the hurdy-gurdies! Lo! the advanced guard! By the immortal spirit of John Gilpin, there comes the cavalry! If the riders give point with their swords as they do with their toes, how irresistible the onset! These are the Hampstead Heavy Dragoons, headed by Hunt. You may ken Yellow-Breeches by the tail-feather of the cock-pheasant sticking in his bonnet. See how he is rising in his profession! Daylight gleams between the saddle and his bounding bottom.

Wave, Cockaigne, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Now, North, let us give the Nelson war-cry—"Death or Westminster Abbey!" Up with your crutch, on your shelty; let me up behind you, for he carries double; and, if you can cut off Yellow-Breeches from the main body, the day's our own.

Hurra! old blade, we ride apace—
Dost fear to ride with me?

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.—VIRGIL.

We have cut them off with a shilling; now summon them all to surrender. "Gentlemen, you are taken prisoners, dismount and pile arms." (Tims would fain treat upon terms)—"No—surrender at discretion, on pain of instant death!"—"That we will never do wile our orses can obble."

At that moment the enemy's magazine blew up; the route became general; and being now somewhat thirsty with my oration, I beg leave to sit down, with the most perfect contempt for the Reverend Edward Irving, and admiration of Patrick Robertson.

Mr Ambrose, a pot of porter—From the fresh tap, sir—"swifter than meditation on the wings of love."

THE GENERAL QUESTION, No. II., WILL BE PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER.

BITS. BY THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL.

PAINTERS seem to infest periodical literature at present, and the public is bored with long accounts of picture-galleries, which it may be very pleasant and delightful to visit, but rather a dry lounge to read about, especially to those who have never been there. Now, here are two children's books full of pictures, one entitled "Scenes in Africa," and the other "Scenes in England," by the Rev. Isaac Taylor. Let us see if the pictures in them will not describe just as well as those in the gallery at Petworth.

No. 14. *Druidical Rocking Stones.*—A ghastly light, that seems to come neither from heaven, earth, nor hell, flickers over a pile of loose hanging rocks, that might have been flung into their present form in the battle of the Titans. The pile is crested by a grotesque and grim block of granite, in the shape of a cocked hat, but without a feather—for all is bare, blasted, and herbless. "Not even a vernal bee is heard to murmur there." Behind is the sullen sea—without a sail—not a flying fish skims its surface. There is a mortal *deadness*—a putrefaction in spite of salt—a depth beyond reach of plummet—"of the old sea a reverential fear"—a something profounder than the ocean of Byron or Barry Cornwall. Was there ever such a sea—such a sky—such an earth! Terrific union of the three kingdoms of the universe! A large flat stone is lying on the foreground—the stone of sacrifice—incarnadined and encrusted with the blood of victims, ghastly as a cloud in a stormy sunset—a gore-stone—a blood-petrifaction—a hebetated horror—a piece of the masonry of murder—a chip of the old block on which Abel fell,

"Beneath the spirit of the first-born Cain."

What a knife! tempered in Tartarus—hafted in hell—steeped in Styx—whetted on the stony heart of despair. And there is the victim—cowed, convulsed, contracted into a shivering and shuddering lump of inanition. He sees, hears, tastes, smells, touches nothing, yet all things—a death-in-life! a kneeling swoon! a conscious curse! a ghost at the hither end of the dark passage of eternity! a spectre that has swindled the swathing-sheet of its horror, and antedated the moment of its own doom, rendering the brink of the grave more horrible than the bottom, and shewing the triumph of the bloodless living carcase, in the struggle for mastery of hideousness over the worm-eaten bones and fleshless stink of a buried anatomy! There stands the Druid, with a beard like a comet—Saturn seems, in comparison, a smooth-chinned younker. Time flows down the "hoar antiquity," as if it were a river. What a cataract of old old hair! A silent Niagara, streaming for ever and ever from that broad, still, deep lake—his face! The Misletoe!—but go, go to the picture—gaze upon it morning, noon, and night, "from morn to dewy eve;" dream of it—ay, dream of it, if you dare; and then you will be as wise as I am—and that's "stark nought;" for the world is revolving on its own axis, and

"They that creep and they that fly
Just end where they began."

No. 78. *Skiddaw.*—The power of this picture cannot be fully felt under

the half-hour. It deepens upon the eye of the soul like the hush of evening. We stand on the mountain-top. It is indeed an imaginative length. The idea of the possibility of a level fades away, and is lost in the intensity of the feeling of everlasting ascension and declension.

"Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down,
And there we go round about, round about,"
&c.;

but never on a level—clouds, rack, mist! the only perpetual motion, the eternal turmoil, the commonwealth of chaos, where Ruin has himself been dethroned, and brought to the block by chimeras, his subjects; no prospect for the *legitimates:* here a restoration could not be. This is your true Unholy Alliance. Talk of divine right here, and a blast from the dreadful NOWHERE sends you howling.

"Oh! 'tis a passionate work!" Yonder eagle is like a condor—a roc—for all is mighty, monstrous, vast, immeasurable, infinite, eternal. The ark might rest between the wings of the bird, safe as on Mount Ararat. As he sails on the roaring ocean of heaven, he makes the largest ship in the British navy contemptible as a cock-boat dredging for oysters. He is not a bird of prey—not he indeed—only a bird of flight. There he goes—sugh—sugh—sugh—ventilating the universe, winnowing space, and driving on before his wings the current of time into the frozen sea of eternity. My friend Daw painted a picture, where an eagle was carrying off a child, and its mother scaling the cliff to storm his eyry. Why, this here eagle would, at "one fell swoop," brush down a regiment of cavalry, like nine-pins; nor so much as feel the standard of England among his talons. Ay, such a bird does indeed dignify ornithology. But were he shot by heaven's artillery—struck down by the thunder-stone—shivered by the forked lightning—where is the man to stuff him? where the glass-case big enough to hold him? and in what museum could the "secular bird of ages" be entombed?

* * * * *

Scenes in Africa.—No. 26. Mumbo-Jumbo.

No. 59. *Alligator swallowing a Buffalo.*

The History of African Superstition is——(We beg your pardon, Pygmalion—but we can stand this no longer.)

PRIZE DISSERTATION ON THE AGE OF HOMER, &c.*

WE are right simple people, and liable to be imposed upon, but we hope to get wiser as we grow older, and escape being quizzed during the closing years of life. If this humbug about Homer be intended seriously, and if the Royal Society of Literature did award to the author his Majesty's premium of one hundred guineas, then we just venture to hint, with all the humility in the world, that a set of more egregious idiots are not at present extant in the dominions of our gracious Sovereign George the King, than the highly respectable gentlemen whose names we some time ago read in the newspapers as forming the Council, and so forth, of the Society. The deplorable dunce of the Dissertation deserved to be set in a corner with a paper cap on his numskull, instead of being presented with a hundred gold guineas. Why, a hundred gold guineas will purchase him a house in Grub-Street, with all the old furniture, a wife, donkey-cart and donkey, and several complete suits of "old cloes." He is absolutely set up in life for all the rest of his days, and unless, in the pride of wayward genius, he launch out into all manner of extravagance, he will never be able to run through his fortune. How unequally are the good things in this world distributed! Here is one of the weakest and most unproductive of mankind suddenly raised to affluence by a single Essay; and yet we remember seeing a great agriculturist, at a public meeting, reward a man and his wife with thirty shillings, for having respectably brought up, without parish assistance, eleven

* A Dissertation on the Age of Homer, his Writings and Genius; and on the State of Religion, Society, Learning, and the Arts, during that period. Being the Prize Question proposed by the Royal Society of Literature, for his Majesty's Premium of One Hundred Guineas, for the best Dissertation on the above Subject. London: G. and W. B. Whittaker. 1823.

children. Why, a hundred guineas, in the hands of a man of judgment, would purchase a sufficient quantity of pickled pork to feed and fatten the families of a hundred paupers for a whole Anno Domini. A hundred guineas is as much as was ever paid for any one single article in Blackwood's Magazine. It is seldom that more than a reward of hundred guineas is offered for the apprehension of a murderer. Give us a hundred guineas, and we will publish the name of the writer of the Chaldee MS.

The ninny in hand holds Homer and Moses to be one flesh. Part of his proof may be given.

"One of the great beauties ascribed to the Homer by his critics and historians, is, the keeping, or classical exactness of his descriptions of the customs supposed to be in use at the epoch of the Trojan war. I would ask those critics or historians from whence could they judge of his being correct, unless they drew their knowledge of his correctness from the writings of Moses, there being no heathen author anterior to the Homer: and the earliest after him is Herodotus, of whom Wakefield says, 'We find from Herodotus, the first Greek historian, that no more was known of this Homer or Homerus, nor so much in his day, which might be (2-3-4-500) years after the event, as in our own.'

"I now select a passage from Rollin's Ancient History, which I think applicable to this subject. 'When Esdras was in power, as his chief view was to restore religion to its ancient purity, he disposed the books of Scripture into their proper order, revised them all very carefully, and collected the incidents relating to the people of God in ancient times, in order to compose out of them the two books of Chronicles, to which he added the history of his own times, which was finished by Nehemiah. It is their books which end the long history which Moses had begun, and which the writers who came after them continued in a direct series, till the repairing of Jerusalem. The rest of the sacred History is not written in that uninterrupted order. Whilst Esdras and Nehemiah were compiling the latter part of that great work, Herodotus, whom profane authors call the father of history, began to write. Thus, we find that the latest authors of the books of Scripture flourished about the same time with the first authors of the Grecian history; and when it began, that of God's people, to compute only from Abraham, included already fifteen centuries. Herodotus made no mention of the Jews in his history; for the Greeks desired to be informed of such nations only as were famous for their wars, their commerce, and grandeur, so that as Judea was then but just rising from its ruins, it did not excite the attention of that people.'

"From this passage in Rollin, I would infer that the Greeks could not at that period relate anything new of the Jews, as they would well know that under their own wonderful allegories, the Iliad and Odyssey, they possessed a most surprising antitype of Jewish history and customs; in fact, they seem to have compiled a complete heathen Scripture (if I may be allowed the term) out of the sacred inspired writings; and the very silence of Herodotus upon the Jewish history confirms me in my opinion.

"Now, as it is very evident the Greeks either could not or would not elucidate their poet and his works, how can a modern critic do it by referring to them? It is impossible! I therefore repeat again, there is no prototype for those Grecian poems but the sacred writings; and it will be most flattering to the Author of this Essay, if, at any subsequent period, the hypothesis advanced in it should be found worthy of further investigation."

Many other circumstances, however, shew Homer to have been the Jewish lawgiver. Jacob's daughter, Dinah, was carried off while he was sojourning in Shalem in the land of Canaan; and Helen was carried off by Theseus. Simeon and Levi, Dinah's brothers, were particularly active in the war against Hamor and Shechem, and Castor and Pollux rescued their sister from Theseus and his party, as is well known to most classical Cockneys. The next prominent event in the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, and his withdrawing himself from the Grecian army. In like manner, David withdrew from the army and the presence of Saul.

"I shall not touch upon his justifiable provocation, that is not needful here; but I beg to observe, David had his followers, who are thus described:—

"'And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them; and there were with him about four hundred men.'

"I do not think, when it is considered of what David's followers were composed, that it derogates from their respectability

to say they have a parody in the myrmidons of Achilles, who are thus described:—

"'Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy myrmidons to blood and arms;
All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band,
Grim as voracious wolves that seek the springs,
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings.'"

Jonathan, Saul's son, and David's friend, is killed in battle, and passionately lamented. Achilles has his friend Patroclus, loses him in battle, and indulges in unbounded grief.

"I will instance another point of resemblance in the characters of David and Achilles.

"It appears derogatory to the spirited high-wrought character of Achilles, that he should be found by the ambassadors of Agamemnon playing the harp; David played the harp—there is the coincidence; but what, in the inspired royal Psalmist, strikes as sublime, in the heathen general appears trivial and effeminate.

"Paris touching the lyre, is classical, as being the Grecian instrument; but Achilles at the harp can only be accounted for as a copy of David.

"The horses of the heroes of the Iliad are variously described: Achilles's, as being fleet as the winds; but Job's warhorse, which is the poetry of Moses, is certainly superior. Achilles's horse Xanthus spoke; Balaam's ass spoke, and no doubt was its prototype."

We can afford, as Mr Jeffrey says, one other quotation.

"The second subject is the classing of the army and ships; in the Iliad it is quite in the style of the counting over the twelve tribes of Israel. And if I inquire no further than the song of Deborah, the words are—'Why did Dan remain in ships? Asher continued on the sea-shore.' In this beautiful song of Deborah's, I also find allusion to a custom similar to that which caused the anger of Achilles: it is in those verses supposed to be uttered by the mother of Sisera, when she expects her son from the battle:—'Have they not divided the prey, to every one a damsel or two!'

"The third and last subject I shall select for elucidation, is the shield of Achilles, the description of which has been the wonder of all commentators; and yet it assuredly has its prototype in the sacred writings. Where the account is given of the casting of Solomon's molten sea, we are told that King Solomon sent for Hiram out of Tyre, a worker of brass, a man filled with wisdom, and understanding, and cunning, to work in all works of brass.' There also is the King of Tyre's letter to Solomon, wherein he particularizes that 'Hiram was skilful to work in gold and in silver, in brass, in iron,' &c. The molten sea is described to be round; the words are, 'round all about.' Farther, it stood upon twelve oxen, 'three looking towards the north, three towards the west, three towards the south, and three towards the east.' Achilles's shield is described round, supposed to represent the world; it is surmounted with twelve compartments, representing cities in different situations of civilization—some in peace, others in war.

"The description of those twelve cities appear to me to bear strong resemblance to various situations the twelve tribes of Israel were in during their progress to the promised land. I will select such as appear most prominent. In the third compartment of the shield, mention is made of two judges, and two talents of gold; those two judges, or elders, I think may be taken for Moses and Aaron, and the two talents of gold is certainly applicable to the Israelites; as rating gold by talents was peculiar to them. The fourth and fifth compartments are very descriptive of the advance of the Israelites; more particularly the fifth, in which the account of the two spies bears strongly upon the description of the two spies sent out by Joshua, before the taking of Jericho. If we select the eighth compartment, we there find a perfect representation of Boaz and his reapers; and in the ninth, the vintage, which may be traced to the account of the Syrian vine, with its cluster, which was cut down by the men sent out by Moses to view the promised land.

"It may be suggested that this shield could bear no resemblance to Solomon's molten sea, inasmuch, that the centre of the shield displayed earth, sea, and heaven. I do not advance it as a counterpart, but to take the account of the cunning workman, Hiram: he has much consequence given to him as an artist in the sacred books; and Vulcan being called forth by Thetis, for a work of wonder, appears an exact imitation of the Tyrian workman.

"The twelve cities upon the shield agrees with the number of oxen upon which the sea rests. The display of the heavenly bodies upon the shield has been held forth as a wonder that the Grecian poem should give such an early knowledge of astronomy, but, in the Book of Job, we have the names given of the same constellations.

"I find in Josephus this superb piece of workmanship, the molten sea, described thus: 'And its figure that of an hemisphere.' Josephus remarks, that Solomon did not well in the ornaments he put on and about this sea, for there were figures not exactly agreeing with the law; a similitude of it would therefore be easily adapted by the Grecian rhapsodists."

Thus far had we proceeded in getting up a slight flimsy article for Ebony, on a classical subject, when suddenly the scales fell from our eyes, and we saw into the very heart of a pound of butter at that moment lying before us on the breakfast-table. "The burden of the mystery of all this unintelligible world," (see Wordsworth,) was lightened; we understood everything in a trice; difficulties were seen taking wing, and disappearing beyond the horizon; we found in our breeches-pocket a key to all the hieroglyphics of nature; the secrets of the universe were imparted to us in confidence; hoaxing, and humbugging, and trotting, stood displayed in their native colours; and we said to ourselves in a smile and a soliloquy, "WE HAVE BEEN BAMMED."

HEAVEN AND HELL.

BY THE REVEREND EDWARD IRVING.

WE laid before our readers ample extracts from Lord Byron's Heaven and Earth, Mr Southey's Vision of Judgment, and Mr Thomas Moore's Loves of the Angels, with suitable observations on their "scope and tendency:" for we presume they have a "scope and tendency," as well as the works of Lord Bacon, and that we understand them nearly as distinctly as Macvey Napier understands the Inductive Philosophy. "Heaven and Hell" is a taking title, and terrifically intellectual. Earth has a dull, cold, insipid sound, after that formidable monosyllable. Mr Irving does not call his work "Judgment to Come," a Poem, but an Argument, and, consequently, does not divide it into scenes, acts, cantos, titles, or even portions, but, simply, into parts. An analysis, and a few extracts from Part VII., will enable our readers to compare the genius of the minister of the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden, with that of the wayward Childe, the worthy Laureate, and the English Anacreon.

The poet, or orator, (call him which you will,) is impressed with a due sense of the awful character of his theme, and pauses at the threshold, to take breath, and screw his courage to the sticking-place. Compare the following exordium, or invocation, with the commencement of Paradise Lost, should you not immediately recollect anything similar to it in Byron or Tommy Moore.

"I enter, therefore, into the unseen worlds which shall be built up for the habitations of the righteous and the wicked, in a cool reasonable spirit, invoking the help of God to guide my steps; and whosoever will accompany me, I pray to do the same, and not to resign himself to the guidance of my judgment, which is hardly able to guide myself. Upon the nature of these two several estates it is not easy to speak correctly; and a great deal of mischief has arisen from inconsiderate interpretations of the language of Scripture. Of how many light-witted men, unto this day, is the constant psalm-sinking of heaven a theme of scorn; the fire and brimstone of hell, a theme of derision! And on the other hand, by how many zealous but injudicious ministers of the Gospel are they the themes of rhapsodies, which end in nothing but the tedium and disgust of those who hear!"

Put this into verse—and what better commencement could you have of an Excursion—thus:

I enter, therefore, into the unseen worlds,
Which for the habitations shall be built
Of righteous and wicked, in a cool
And reasonable spirit—the help of God
To guide my steps invoking; and whoe'er
Accompanies me, I pray him do the same,
And not resign himself unto the guidance
Of my poor judgment, which is hardly able
To guide myself. It is no easy matter
Upon the nature of these two estates
To speak correctly, and much mischief oft,
From inconsiderate interpretation
Of Scriptural language, has arisen to them
Oh! of how many vain light-witted men
Is the perpetual psalm-singing of Heaven
A theme of scorn unto this very day;
Derision's theme, brimstone and fire of hell!
And, on the other hand, how are they made,
By injudicious gospel-ministers,
Yet zealous, but the themes of rhapsodies,
Ending in nothing, but, of those who hear,
The tedium and disgust, &c.

The preacher (beg his pardon, the poet) then describes his Heaven. This falls into verse almost of its own accord.

"Glorious bodies are not restored to the righteous only to strike a harp, nor imperishable bodies to the wicked only to suffer and not die. To the righteous they are given to renew the connexion between spirit and matter, which is productive even in this fallen world of such exquisite delight; and in order to meet the nicer capacities of these new-formed organs, a new world is created, fair as the sun, beautiful as the moon, fresh and verdant as the garden of Eden."

Yet not unto the righteous are restored
Such glorious bodies, but to strike a harp,
Nor to the bad, bodies imperishable
To suffer and not die. No—they are given
Unto the righteous, that may be renewed
That union between matter and the spirit,
Productive, even in this fallen world,
Of exquisite delight; and then to meet
These new-form'd organs' nice capacities,
Fair as the sun, as the moon beautiful,
As fresh and verdant as was Eden's garden—
Lo! a new world created!

The imagination of the new poet of Heaven and Hell now brightens and expands, and yet exhibits proofs "of a cool and reasonable spirit."

"Who knows what new enchantment of melody, what new witchery of speech, what poetry of conception, what variety of design, and what brilliancy of execution, he may endow the human faculties withal—in what new graces he may clothe nature, with such various enchantment of hill and dale, woodland, rushing streams, and living fountains; with bowers of bliss and sabbath-scenes of peace, and a thousand forms of disporting creatures, so as to make all the world hath beheld, to seem like the gross picture with which you catch infants; and to make the eastern tale of romances, and the most rapt imagination of eastern poets, like the ignorant prattle and rude structures which first delight the nursery, and afterwards ashame our riper years."

Why was this done back into prose? Surely in the original it will be found thus written.

Who knows what new enchanting melody,
New witchery of speech, what poetry
Of new conception, what variety
Of new design, and oh! what brilliancy
Of execution, new, he may endow
The human faculties withal—in what new graces
He may clothe nature; with what new enchantment,
Various, of hill and dale, woodland and streams
Rushing, and living fountains; with what bowers
Of bliss, and Sabbath scenes of peace! disporting
A thousand forms of creatures, such as make
All that the world hath witnessed seem like pictures
Drawn gross, to catch the infant's roving eyes!
And the most rapt imagination
Of Eastern poets, all the eastern tale
Romantic, like the ignorant prattle vain,
And those rude structures which at first delight
The nursery, and then ashame our riper years.

Mr Irving then draws an animated picture of those exquisite enjoyments which will spring in the new "Establishment," from the heavenly loves and friendships of domestic life.

"The tongue shall be eloquent to disclose all its burning emotions, no longer labouring and panting for utterance. And a new organization of body for joining and mixing affections may be invented, more quiet homes for partaking it undisturbed, and more sequestered retreats for barring out the invasion of other affairs."

Then shall the tongue, no longer labouring,
Panting for utterance, eloquent be to speak
All its emotions burning; then a new
Organization of the bodily frame
For joining and for mixing the affections
May be invented;—homes more quiet far,
For undisturb'd partaking of the mixture,
Retreats far more sequester'd, to bar out
The invasion of all different affairs.

The Poetical Preacher then attacks all those persons who, from that depraved taste in human nature which delights in strife and struggle, "cannot look upon innocent peace without a smile of scorn, or a ravenous lust to mar it;" and who, out of this "fund of bitterness," pour forth epithets of derision upon the innocent images of heaven. He observes, that "these light and ignorant wits" laugh likewise at the pastoral simplicity of heaven, "and strive to be severe on the indolence of the bowers of bliss." Mr Irving meets these gentry boldly.

"But that with all these accompaniments it will be a scene of activity, I have no doubt. Activity both of body and of mind; that sensual and physical enjoyments will be multiplied manifold; that affectionate attachments will yield a thousand times more enjoyment; that schemes of future good will occupy our thoughts,

and enterprizes of higher attainments urge our being forward. Then will be the pleasure of the eye, but none of the weariness; the glow and glory of life, but not its pride; the thrilling joys of flesh and blood, but none of their odious lusts."

And yet, that with all these accompaniments
'Twill be a stirring and an active scene,
I have no doubt; a great activity
Of body and of mind. I have no doubt
That in the Heaven of the Christian's God,
Both sensual and physical enjoyments
Are multiplied, for ever manifold!
Affectionate attachments then will yield
Thousand times more enjoyment; then will schemes
Of future good more occupy our thoughts;
Then enterprizes of more pith and moment
Will urge our being forward. Then will be
The pleasure of the eye, but all without
Its weariness; life's glow and glory,
Without its pride—then all the thrilling joys
Of flesh and blood, without their odious lusts.

There does not appear to us to be any want of warmth in such delineations; nothing particularly frosty, yet, certainly, nothing that is not sound and orthodox, and agreeable to the tenets of the Presbyterian Church. Yet Mr Irving himself, although "he has no doubt" that heaven will be precisely as he has described it, seems to have been uneasy lest his fair hearers should accuse him of not handling the subject *con amore*, and makes something like an apology, which, doubtless, was accompanied in the pulpit with a suitable bow.

"Thus coolly do I prosecute a subject which would sustain the loftiest flights, and call into action the strongest enthusiasm of the mind, because I would justify these great truths of our religion by an appeal to the cool reason and correct feelings of human nature, not by high-wrought eloquence, or picturesque delineation. And I would now meditate with the same calmness and collectedness the dark side of futurity, praying you to suppress your fears, and listen with your reason and judgment alone, which are the only faculties of your minds, from which these several discourses of Judgment have asked a verdict."

Thus coolly do I prosecute a subject
Which might the loftiest flights sustain, and rouse
The enthusiastic powers of all the mind,
Because that I do wish to justify
The primal truths of Christianity,
By an appeal to reason calm and cool,
To human nature's most correct emotions,
And not at all by high-wrought eloquence,
Or by delineations picturesque.
And now, my brethren, I would meditate
With the same calmness and collectedness
Upon the dark side of futurity,
Praying you to suppress your idle fears,
And listen with your reason and your judgment
Alone! which are the only faculties
Within your minds, I do assure you all,
From which each several Discourse of Judgment
Hath asked a verdict.

Mr Irving now goes to hell, "in the same cool and reasonable spirit" in which he entered heaven.

"It is most manifest to any one coolly considering his own bosom, that if it were to give a licence to the evil that is within him, to the suggestions of malice and lust and passion, he would become hateful to himself and horrible to all around. If the fear of God were cast away, and the fear of man; if the rewards that attend honesty and chastity and peace were no longer known; if one, in short, had nothing to lose in life, no death, and no retribution after death staring him in the face, the lengths to which he would proceed are shocking to reflect upon.

"Now this is precisely the state of things in the nether world. There is no hope, there is no end, there are no good beings to hold the balance against evil, and there is no restraining providence of God. Were there nothing more, I hold this to be enough to constitute the hottest, cruelest hell. I ask no elemental fire, no furnace of living flames, no tormenting demons, nothing but a congregation of the wicked, in the wicked state in which they died and appeared at the tribunal, driven together into one settlement, to make the best or the worst of it they can. Let every man arise in his proper likeness, clothed in his proper nature, which he did not choose to put off, but to die with; let beauty arise with the same pure tints which death did nip, and wit with all its flashes and knowledge, with all its powers and policy, with all its address; let the generations of the unrighteous gather together;—and because of their possessing none of the qualities which God approves in his volume, nor caring to possess them, let them be shipped across the impassable gulf to some planet of their own, to carry on their several intrigues and indulgences for ever;—then here were a hell, which neither fire nor brimstone, nor gnawing worm, are able to represent."

To any one, coolly considering
His proper bosom, 'tis most manifest,
That were he to give licence to the evil
That is within him, and to the suggestions
Of malice, lust, and passion, he would be
To himself hateful, horrible to all.
If both the fear of God and fear of man
Were cast away; rewards of honesty,
Of charity and peace, no longer known:

If one, in short, had nought to lose but life,
No death, no retribution after death
Staring him in the face, the lengths that he would go
Are shocking to reflect on.
Now, my friends,
This most precisely is the state of things
In the nether world. For there there is no hope,
There is no end, nor no good beings there
To hold the balance against evil, and there
Is no restraining providence of God.
Now, were there nothing more, my Christian Friends,
I hold that even this is quite sufficient
To constitute the hottest, cruelest hell.
Observe—I ask no elemental fire,
No furnace heated with the living flames,
Not even tormenting demons! All I ask
Is but a congregation of the wicked,
In the same wicked state in which they died
And stood at the tribunal, driven together
Into one settlement, to make the best
Or worst of it they can. Let every man
Rise in his proper likeness, and be clothed
In his proper nature, which he did not choose
To put off, but to die with. Let arise
Beauty, with all the self-same tints so pure
That Death did nip; and Wit, with all its flashes;
Knowledge, with all its powers; and Policy,
With its addresses all; the generations
Of the unrighteous gather all together,
And because they possess no single quality
That in his volume God approves, nor care
About possessing them, then let them all
BE SHIPPED ACROSS THE GULPH IMPASSABLE,
To planet of their own; to carry on
Their several intrigues, indulgences
For ever! Oh! my Christian Brethren,
Here were indeed a hell, which neither fire,
Nor brimstone,—no, nor yet the gnawing worm,
Can represent!

Dante! What is Dante, after that? Tasso is tame—Byron blank as a cypher—and the "Pilgrimage to Kirk-of-Shotts," an expedition to Paradise.

The minister of the Caledonian Church, Hatton-Garden, follows out his view of hell in the same "cool and reasonable spirit;" and although we must all agree with him in thinking, "that upon the nature of these two several estates, it is not easy to speak correctly," still we conceive the above passage, which we have, by a gentle process, reduced to the original verse, to be about as correct, and as spirited too, as the common run of the Recluse being a portion of the Excursion, a poem, by William Wordsworth, who, Mr Irving says, leads a "god-like life" among the mountains of Westmoreland, as distributor of stamps for that county.

For our own parts, we were quite satisfied with the above, and really wished that the preacher would not push the matter any farther. But he despises that vain injunction, "never mention hell 'fore ears polite;" and, to use his own language elsewhere, (the language, too, of Dr Kitchiner, and Mesdames Glasse and Rundle,) being determined "not to mince the matter," he unfurls over the front of his pulpit, that all the spectators may have a full view, quite a new scene, painted for the occasion, a "Panoramic View of Hell." Exultingly he exclaims—

"Here, then, I say, is hell enough out of the natural workings of such a population, without one interference of Almighty God. With what full swing power will rage and havoc! with what fell swoop the arm of revenge will bring its bloody stroke! Hosts encountering hosts in dubious battle, wounds and bloodshed and agony, and no relief of death! Knowledge will invent systems of slavery and arts of cruelty; and inventions for accomplishing the ends of wickedness, beyond aught recorded of in history, will come forth from thoughtful and malicious brains. All the cruel acts of man will be played off remorseless; inquisitionary dungeons will arise anew, and racks and torments for the body of men will ply their ancient work. The ferocity of Carribs and the dark cruelty of Malays, and the torturing of American savages, and Sodom's lustfulness, and Carthaginian fraud, and Rome's tyrant grasp, will all revive. And beauty will be there to light the cruel fires of jealousy, and arm nation against nation as heretofore. And poetry will be there to compose the war-song. And ambition to league revolts; and civil warfare, with every form of mischief this earth hath groaned beneath, all embittered and exasperated manifold.

"Now, tell me, brethren, could you endure such anarchy and confusion for a life long—could you endure it for ever? this carnival of every lust, and revelry of every passion."

HERE, THEN, I SAY, IS HELL ENOUGH, MY BRETHREN,
OUT OF THE NATURAL WORKINGS OF ITS PEOPLE,
AND ALL WITHOUT ONE SINGLE INTERFERENCE
OF THE ALMIGHTY GOD. With what fell swung

Power here will rage and havoc! with what fell sweep
Revenge's arm will bring its bloody stroke!
Brethren! behold here hosts encountering hosts
In dubious battle, blood and wounds and agony,
And no relief of death. Knowledge here
Will frame new slaveries, and cruel arts;
Inventions for the ends of wickedness,
Beyond the records of old history,
Come forth from thoughtful and malicious brains.
All cruel arts of man will be played off
Remorseless; dungeons inquisitionary
Will rise anew, and for the bodies of men
Will racks and torments ply their ancient work.
There will the Carrib's wild ferocity
Meet the dark cruelty of the Malay,
And savage tortures of America;
There Sodom's lustfulness, the fraud of Carthage,
And tyrant grasp of Rome, will all revive;
And Beauty will be there to light the fire
Of Jealousy, and arm, as heretofore,
Nation against nation. Poetry, (alas!
Divine no more) the war-song will compose,
Ambition will be there to league revolts,
And Civil War, with every form of mischief
'Neath which this miserable earth hath grieved,
Embittered and exasperate manifold.
NOW, TELL ME, BRETHREN, IF YOU COULD ENDURE
SUCH ANARCHY AND SUCH CONFUSION
FOR A LIFE LONG? COULD YOU ENDURE'T FOR EVER?
ENDURE THIS CARNIVAL OF EVERY LUST, &c.

We take upon us to assert, that Mr Irving's congregation, in the Caledonian Church, Hatton-Garden, would, if allowed to speak out, have answered this question in the negative, with one universal groan.

But hitherto Mr Irving has "supposed things no otherwise conditioned than they are here on earth." The reader, therefore, who shall stop short here, must be contented with a most imperfect and inadequate idea of hell. So let him read on, for entire satisfaction.

"Hitherto I have supposed things no otherwise conditioned than they are here on earth. But what, if the ground should be doubly accursed for their sakes? What, if the body should be liable to tenfold racking pains; what, if the eye should look only upon unsightly things, and the ear should lose its faculty of tasting melody—or, perceiving it, should be invaded with restless, dunning noises; what, if the sun should smite with tropic fires, and suffocating winds whirl the miserable natives to and fro; what, if the realities of all that is threatened should come to pass, and the mighty devils become our masters, and we their thralls, to be used and misused as their beasts of labour; what, if God should put forth his power, and give the wicked, who set him at naught, their habitation upon some burning star or fiery comet, to live like the salamander in everlasting fire? —What, if all that Dante and Milton and Tasso have imagined in their several hells —the physical torments of the one, the mental anguish of the other, the deformed, filthy, obscene forms of the third—should concur; and the imagined picture of Belial be realized!

Thus far, my friends, I have supposed things
No otherwise conditioned than on earth.
But if the ground should doubly be accursed
Even for their sakes, brethren! I ask,
WHAT THEN?
What, if the body should be liable
To tenfold racking pains; what, if the eye
Should only look upon unsightly things;
What, if the ear should lose its faculty
Of tasting melody, or, tasting still,
Should be invaded with strange dunning noises;
What, if the sun should strike with tropic fires,
And suffocating winds whirl to and fro
The miserable natives; what, if all
That ever has been threatened, come to pass,
And the all-mighty devils be our masters,
And we their thralls, ay, or their beasts of labour,
To be used and misused? Say what, if God
Should put forth all his power, and give the wicked
Who set thus at naught their habitation
Upon some burning star, or fiery comet,
Like salamanders in eternal fire?
SAY WHAT, IF ALL THAT MILTON, DANTE, TASSO,
Have all imagined in their several hells,
All, all the physical torments of the one,
All, all the mental anguish of the other,
And of the third, the obscene filthy forms
Deformed, should all concur—and the imagined picture
Of Belial be realized, &c.

"But of these things—coolly, correctly, and reasonably," says our Preacher and Poet, "I make no handle; wishing to address myself to imagination no farther than is necessary to embody the thing for the consideration of reason."

The "judicious Irving," (that epithet should no longer be applied to Hooker) says that "we *very much take the thing for granted*, when we fancy the wicked creatures *pinched and scorched alive by active ministers of God.*" His system, and we presume, as he is a philosopher, that it is built on a vast number of facts, carefully ascertained by induction—is thus decidedly stated:—

"Their torture is the absence of the ministry of God. God comes not to their quarters, and therefore their quarters are so hot; for, where God is, there is peace and love, and where he is not, there is confusion and every evil work. Alas! there come no warning prophet nor ministering priest; no reformer, nor Saviour, to their world. It floats far remote from the habitations of holiness, and no emanations of the divine Spirit shall visit it any more. They range the wastes and wildernesses of sin, and build the fabrics of iniquity, and work the works of darkness, and travel in the ways of cruelty and wickedness. The murderous devil is their master, his emanations inspire them, his powers of darkness rule them. They aye toil like Vulcan and his slaves, manufacturing thunderbolts for this their cruel Jove, to overwhelm themselves withal; and, as Etna, the fabled residence of these workers in fire, conceives in her bowels that flame and smoke which she afterwards vomits to scorch the vegetation up, which else would beautify her woody and verdant sides—so these wretched men will aye conceive within their soul malicious, fiendish imaginations and purposes, which, being brought forth, will destroy all the good which else might flourish in their clime. Who knows but there may be evidences, even there, of a good God,—incitements to meditation upon all the better alternatives of being,—which, by reason of abounding wickedness, are frustrated, and the people tantalized with the sight and thought of good, which their own crazed and disjointed frames did aye hinder them from realizing."

As our readers must by this time have formed their opinion on Mr Irving's versification, we shall not quote this passage in the original, and perhaps this article may be allowed to draw towards a close. Mr Irving is much more unwilling to turn his back on the infernal regions, than we are; and on this fine day, (one of the very few really *delightful* days we have had this season,) we wish to take a stroll round by Duddingstone, to get an appetite for dinner, and enjoy the beauties of external nature. Whether such a stroll, in company with Δ or ODoherty, (or, if they be both engaged, *solus cum solo*,) or this long and elaborate description of hell from the Bramah-pen of Mr Irving, be most conducive to health of body and soul, we leave to the Christian world at large to determine, and to this decision we shall bow. However, the two are not incompatible; and, therefore, we shall quote and cavil at one paragraph more from this powerful Preacher—and then

"Shoulder our crutch, and shew how fields are won."

"Oh! when I think how near every man verges upon the confines of madness and misery, and how the least shift in the fabric of our minds would send heavenly reason into howling madness—I see, I fancy a thousand powers resident in God, by the smallest expense of means, to make a hell such as no earthly science or earthly language is able to represent. Bring me all the classes of men upon the earth, and let me have the sorting and the placing of them upon this earth, and I shall make hells for each one of them without further ado. I would send the poets to bear burdens, and the porters to indite tuneful songs. The musicians I would appoint over the kennels, and the roving libertines I would station over the watch and ward of streets. I would banish the sentimentalists to the fens, and send the rustic labourers to seek their food among the mountains; each wily politician I would transplant into a colony of honest men, and your stupid clown I would set at the helm of state. But, lest it may be thought I sport with a subject which I strive to make plain, I shall stop short and give no further proof of this wicked ingenuity; for, sure I am, I could set society into such a hot warfare and confusion, as should in one day make half the world slay themselves, or slay each other, and the other half run up and down in wild distraction."

In this passage, Mr Irving does his very best; he has put forth all his power in it; and it is meant to be, as he himself might say, "A clencher." He attempts no greater effort—the subject is exhausted—so, it may be reasonably supposed, is the Preacher, and so, too, without rudeness be it spoken, the audience in Hatton-Garden Caledonian Church. This passage, therefore, may be taken as a text by which to try the utmost of this Preacher's power. Is it then a strong passage? Is the spirit proof, above or below it? How many beads will it sink? Would the members of the Celtic Society declare it "a dram?" Could it be prescribed as a "morning?" Is it pro-

ducible as a stirrup-glass? Would it make "Athole Brose?" Is it "sma' still?" Would Dr M. or Lord Norbury dignify it with the name of "Potheen?" Say boldly at once, in hot-toddy, how many waters will it bear, "porco judice Jacobo Hogg?"

All classes of men upon the earth are to be brought to Mr Irving, (he has rung the bell for them to be shewn up,) he is to have the "sorting and placing of them," for the express purpose of "making hells for each of them without more ado." A pretty pastime, no doubt, for an idle man on a cold day in winter, when the fire is low in the grate. Mr Irving, however, warns us against forming too high expectations of his hells. For he says, before lighting them, or indeed sending coals to Newcastle, that he sees "a thousand powers resident in God, *by the smallest expense of means*, to make a hell such as *no earthly science or earthly language is able to represent.*" Although, therefore, Mr Irving be as well acquainted with the modern chemistry as Professor Thomson himself, and skilled in all "earthly languages," we must not expect from him a hell that can stand on eternity's comparison, with that which, "at the smallest expense of means," can be created by Omnipotence. All this is very modest in Mr Irving—very decorous—very pious—very reverential. Well, then, he gives us his "ideal of hell"—and if that be all, we do not see why, for a reasonable sum of money, any man in tolerable health, and with such nerves as generally accompany an underanged stomach-apparatus, might not undertake to pass a year or two there by no means uncomfortably, and afterwards return to live with his wife and family as snugly as an annuitant. For suppose the gentleman who took the wager, and offered to perform the exploit, were a poet. In that case, according to the "judicious," and also "imaginative" Irving, he is to "bear burdens." That is all—he is only to be a porter. Now, suppose Burns to have been the poet to perform. The burden he bore in life was a pretty heavy one—and fully more than his poor shoulders could bear. Take Allan Cunninghame—Many a ponderous weight has he uplifted, when a stone-mason in Nithsdale—and not a few must he uplift now without a murmur—freestone being changed to marble. Allan, too, would carry broad and strong shoulders to his year's probation. In short, take good poets in general, and you find them able-bodied men enough: and as accustomed to bear burdens as men of other professions. Mr Irving, therefore, shews a wonderful meagreness of imagination in his punishment of poets in hell. But, quoth he, "I would send the porters to indite tuneful songs." Why, my good sir, this is what many of them are doing every day in their lives on earth. A warehouse porter is the Apollo of one of our most celebrated Magazines. Our own John Leslie writes a fair song; and Dugald M'Glashan of the Tron-Kirk, a peerless porter, is also a very pretty poet. If this were all they had to dread, not a caddy in Edinburgh who would not go to Mr Irving's "soirèe," for sixpence and a bumper of Farintosh. "The musicians," says Mr Irving, "I would appoint over the kennels." Does he mean "kennels" of fox-hounds or harriers? If so, nothing they would like better; the voices of Towler and Jowler being at times most harmonious. "The roving libertines, I would station over the watch and ward of streets." A pretty system of civic economy it would be, and wholly inconsistent with the principles of Dr Chalmers;—but still "roving libertines" would find amusement in such occupation, and if allowed the same occasional indulgence as other watchmen and warders, (which is necessary to his argument,) such as a glass of blue ruin now and then of a frosty night, and an hour's nap in the box, when the Toms and Jerrys of the rueful city had gone to roost, to say nothing of sleeping all day, they would not be so much to be pitied. "I would banish the sentimentalists to the Fens, and send the rustic labourers to seek their food among the mountains." Why, surely, you cannot call this sending a man to hell "without farther ado?" There is positively not a more sentimental spot in all England than the Fens of Lincolnshire, unless it be the Isle of Ely; and as to the difficulty of finding food among mountains, that surely would not be a hopeless case to any rustic labourer, who could either beg, borrow, or steal. Suppose the scene laid in the Highlands of Scotland, the rustic labourer would have crowdy and sheep's-head and trotters at the worst, fish in their season, black game, grouse, and ptarmigan, (for we presume he is to be allowed to

shoot all and sundry without a licence; and in any part of the Thane's estates, roe and red-deer. "Each wily politician, I would transplant into a colony of honest men, and your stupid clown I would set at the helm of state." Now, did not Mr Francis Jeffrey, a wily politician, visit America, which was originally colonized by honest men from this country, and who more facetious and happy than he? A stupid clown at the helm of state, would sit there quite contented, however unpopular he might be as a minister; even although constantly outvoted, he could keep his place; and if, contrary to the principles of the constitution of the kingdom, he were, after a few centuries, allowed to resign, the great chuckle-headed ex-premier would put his tongue in his cheek, and laugh at the "judicious Irving," as he retired with a pension in perpetuity of 5000*l.* a-year, a sentimentalist to the Fens.

None of our readers can possibly mistake our object in this article—nor fail to see that it is a good one. We leave Mr Irving (for a little while) to the judgment of all mankind, to whom his Orations and Arguments are addressed;—and as our ivory-pillared time-piece has struck one, we are off to Arthur's Seat.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

> Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
> His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

SWEET, simple Poet, thou art gone!
And shall no parting tear be shed
By those to whom thy name was known,
Above thy low and lonely bed?
Shall not a pilgrim, lingering by,
Gaze on thy turf, and heave a sigh?

Yes! many, many! for thy heart
Was humble as the violet low,
That, shelter'd in some shady part,
We only by its perfume know;
Yet genius pure, which God had given,
Shone o'er thy path—a light from heaven!

'Mid poverty it cheer'd thy lot,
'Mid darkness it illumed thine eyes,
And shed on earth's most dreary spot
A glory borrow'd from the skies:
Thine were the shows of earth and air,
Of Winter dark, and Summer fair.

Before thee spread was Nature's book,
And, with a bard's enraptured glance,
By thee were seen, in glen and brook,
A limitless inheritance:
Thy ripening boyhood look'd abroad,
And saw how grand was man's abode.

Expanding with thine added days,
Thy feelings ripen'd and refined,
Though none were near thy views to raise,
Or train to fruit the budding mind;
As grows the flower amid the wild,
Such was thy fortune—Nature's child!

No pompous learning—no parade
Of pedantry, and cumbrous lore,
On thy elastic bosom weigh'd;
Instead, were thine a mazy store
Of feelings delicately wrought,
And treasures gleam'd by silent thought.

Obscurity, and low-born Care,
Labour, and Want—all adverse things
Combined to bow thee to despair;
And of her young untutor'd wings
To rob thy genius—'Twas in vain;
With one proud soar she burst her chain.

The beauties of the budding Spring;
The glories of the Summer's reign;
The russet Autumn triumphing
In ripen'd fruits and golden grain;
Winter with storms around his shrine;
Each in their turns, were themes of thine.

And lowly life, the peasant's lot,
Its humble hopes, and simple joys;
By mountain-stream the shepherd's cot;
And what the rustic hour employs;
White flocks on Nature's carpet spread;
Birds blythely carolling over-head.

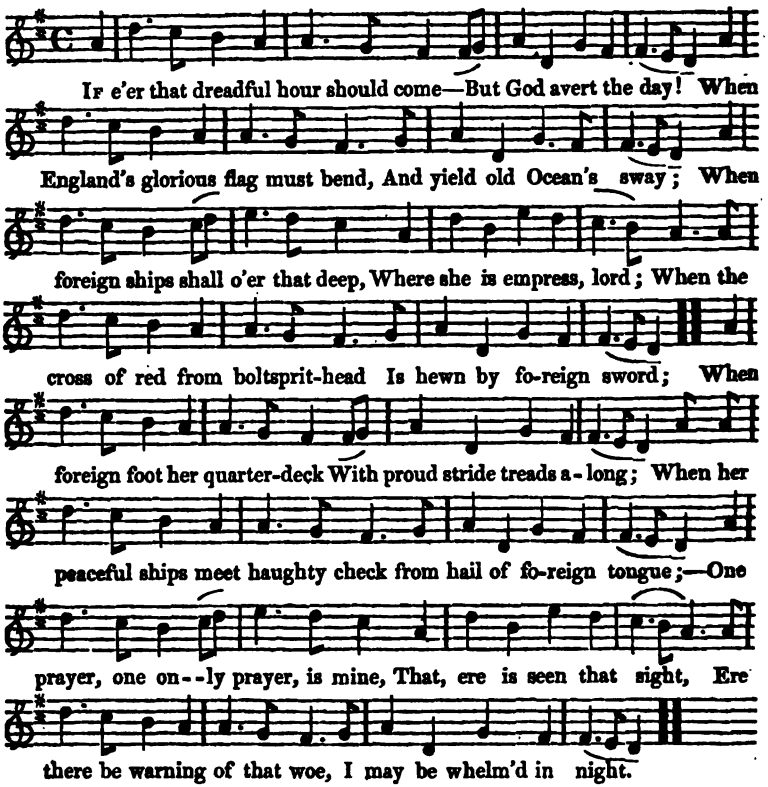
These were thy themes, and thou wert blest;
Yes! blest beyond the wealth of kings;
Calm joy is seated in the breast
Of the rapt poet as he sings;
And all that Truth or Hope can bring
Of beauty gilds the Muse's wing.

And, Bloomfield, thine were blissful days,
(If flowers of bliss may thrive on earth;)
Thine was the glory and the praise
Of genius link'd with modest worth;
To Wisdom wed, remote from strife,
Calmly pass'd o'er thy stormless life.

And thou art dead—no more, no more
To charm the land with sylvan strain;
Thy harp is hush'd, thy song is o'er,
But what is sung shall long remain,
When cold this hand, and lost this verse,
Now hung in reverence on thy hearse!

SONG OCCASIONED BY SEEING, IN THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, SOME GLOOMY ANTICIPATIONS OF THE EFFECTS OF THE CHANGE IN THE NAVIGATION CODE.

"Woe to us when we lose the watery wall!"—TIMOTHY TICKLER.



If ever other prince than ours wield sceptre o'er that main,
Where Howard, Blake, and Frobisher, the Armada smote of Spain;
Where Blake, in Cromwell's iron sway, swept tempest-like the seas,
From North to South, from East to West, resistless as the breeze;
Where Russell bent great Louis' power, which bent before to none,
And crush'd his arm of naval strength, and dimm'd his Rising Sun—
One prayer, one only prayer is mine—that, ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelm'd in night!

If ever other keel than ours triumphant plough that brine,
Where Rodney met the Count De Grasse, and broke the Frenchman's line,
Where Howe, upon the first of June, met the Jacobins in fight,
And with Old England's loud huzzas broke down their godless might;
Where Jervis at St Vincent's fell'd the Spaniards' lofty tiers,
Where Duncan won at Camperdown, and Exmouth at Algiers—
One prayer, one only prayer, is mine—that, ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelm'd in night!

But oh! what agony it were, when we should think on thee,
The flower of all the Admirals that ever trod the sea!
I shall not name thy honoured name—but if the white-cliff'd Isle
Which rear'd the Lion of the deep, the Hero of the Nile,
Him who, 'neath Copenhagen's self, o'erthrew the faithless Dane,
Who died at glorious Trafalgar, o'er-vanquished France and Spain,
Should yield her power, one prayer is mine—that, ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelm'd in night!

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

THE Character of the Russians; with a detailed History of Moscow. By Robert Lyall, M.D. Member of the Imperial Societies of Agriculture and Natural History, and of the Physico-Medical Society at Moscow; and of several Societies in Great Britain. Handsomely printed in quarto, and illustrated with numerous Engravings.

An Essay on Human Liberty. By the late very Reverend Isaac Milner, D.D. Dean of Carlisle.

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The Archbishop of Dublin (Dr Magee) is preparing a New Edition of his valuable work on the Atonement.

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N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

July.

		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
July 1	M.	M.41	29.699	M.61	E.	Morn. foggy.
	A.	A. 56	.571	A. 65		midday hot.
2	M.	M.46	.79[illegible]	M.60	NE.	Foren. suns.
	A.	A. 55	.799	A. 62		aftern. shrs.
3	M.	M.42	.895	M.61	W.	Frost morn.
	A.	A. 57	.827	A. 62		foren. sunsh.
4	M.	M.44	.732	M.60	Cble.	Rain morn.
	A.	A. 53	.731	A. 60		day dull.
5	M.	M.46	.516	M.63	SW.	Rain midday
	A.	A. 61	.201	A. 63		fair even.
6	M.	M.49	.120	M.62	W.	Sunshine,
	A.	A. 57	28.993	A. 60		with shrs.
7	M.	M.40	29.242	M.57	NW.	Dull, cold,
	A.	A. 52	.242	A. 57		shrs. rain.
8	M.	M.43	.363	M.60	Cble.	Very warm,
	A.	A. 56	.506	A. 60		and dull.
9	M.	M.45	.633	M.64	Cble.	Foren. suns.
	A.	A. 58	.710	A. 65		dull aftern.
10	M.	M.43	.720	M.65	Cble.	Foren. warm
	A.	A. 59	.586	A. 65		aftern. shry.
11	M.	M.50	.227	M.65	Cble.	Dull, with
	A.	A. 60	28.998	A. 63		showers.
12	M.	M.50	.986	M.63	SW.	Foren. shrs.
	A.	A. 57	29.101	A. 63		aftern. suns.
13	M.	M.50½	.18[illegible]	M.62	SW.	Rain morn.
	A.	A. 60	.136	A. 62		sunsh. aft.
14	M.	M.46½	.152	M.60	SW.	Dull, with
	A.	A. 56	.214	A. 61		showers.
15	M.	M.45	.106	M.58	Cble.	Heavy rain
	A.	A. 56	.125	A. 56		most of day.
16	M.	M.42	.186	M.54	SW.	Foren. rain,
	A.	A. 49	.406	A. 53		aftern. fair.
July 17	M.	M.42½	29.550	M.58	NW.	Fair, but
	A.	A. 54	.552	A. 59		dull, cold.
18	M.	M.43	.525	M.60	W.	Fair, but
	A.	A. 56	.559	A. 62		dull.
19	M.	M.44	.412	M.58	NW.	Dull, with
	A.	A. 55	.232	A. 60		showers rain.
20	M.	M.44	.376	M.63	Cble.	Rain most of
	A.	A. 60	.170	A. 62		day.
21	M.	M.51	.255	M.61	W.	Foren. dull,
	A.	A. 58	.255	A. 62		showers aft.
22	M.	M.52	.550	M.62	Cble.	Very change.
	A.	A. 58	.596	A. 61		with shrs.
23	M.	M.47	.204	M.59	E.	Rain for the
	A.	A. 55	28.999	A. 54		day.
24	M.	M.45	29.380	M.58	NW.	Dull morn.
	A.	A. 53	.454	A. 57		sunsh. day.
25	M.	M.42½	.412	M. 57	Cble.	Dull foren.
	A.	A. 51	.350	A. 57		rain aftern.
26	M.	M.46½	.455	M.55	Cble.	Rain morn.
	A.	A. 55	.491	A. 56		and aftern.
27	M.	M.42½	.658	M.59	Cble.	Day, dull, f.
	A.	A. 60	.540	A. 58		rain, night.
28	M.	M.41	.589	M.61	SW.	Fair, but dull
	A.	A. 58	.589	A. 60		and warm.
29	M.	M.47	.594	M.61	SW.	Dull, with
	A.	A. 57	.585	A. 60		showers rain.
30	M.	M.45½	.599	M.61	W.	Foren. suns.
	A.	A. 57	.485	A. 59		rain aftern.
31	M.	M.45	.548	M.62	Cble.	Foren. warm
	A.	A. 57	.582	A. 60		aft. th. & l.

Average of Rain, 3.115 inches.

August.

		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Aug. 1	M.	M.47	29.640	M.58	SW.	Rain foren.
	A.	A. 55	.540	A. 59		fair aftern.
2	M.	M.48	.578	M.61	W.	Dull, with
	A.	A. 58	.559	A. 63		slight showrs
3	M.	M.49	.488	M.65	NW.	Fair day,
	A.	A. 59	.205	A. 60		h.rain night.
4	M.	M.45	.102	M.58	NW.	Rain morn.
	A.	A. 51	.375	A. 59		fair day.
5	M.	M.43	.344	M.60	N.	Showry with
	A.	A. 53	.344	A. 59		sunsh. cold.
6	M.	M.44	.388	M.60	N.W	Dull & cold,
	A.	A. 54	.339	A. 61		with showers
7	M.	M.45	.315	M.58	NW.	Morn. cold,
	A.	A. 53	.350	A. 59		showery day.
8	M.	M.43	.338	M.60	NW.	Morn. cold,
	A.	A. 55	.402	A. 59		dull aftern.
9	M.	M.45	.626	M.58	W.	Rain morn.
	A.	A. 55	.731	A. 63		sunsh. day.
10	M.	M.45½	.610	M.59	SW.	Rain morn.
	A.	A. 57	.564	A. 62		and evening.
11	M.	M.51	.525	M.64	W.	Rain most
	A.	A. 64	.324	A. 62		of day.
12	M.	M.54	.225	M.64	W.	Morn. h.rain
	A.	A. 58	.644	A. 62		aftwds fair.
13	M.	M.48	.525	M.59	Cble.	Heavy rain
	A.	A. 53	.408	A. 57		most of day.
14	M.	M.45½	.292	M.55	Cble.	Foren.h.rain
	A.	A. 50	.408	A. 55		fair aftern.
15	M.	M.41½	.325	M.57	Cble	Rain most
	A.	A. 56	.230	A. 56		of day.
16	M.	M.43	.119	M.54	Cble.	Rain foren.
	A.	A. 50	.150	A. 56		fair aftern.
Aug. 17	M.	M.42	29.445	M.56	W.	Foren. fair,
	A.	A. 52	.596	A. 58		aft. showery.
18	M.	M.38	.640	M.60	Cble.	Fair foren.
	A.	A. 55	.388	A. 63		rain evening.
19	M.	M.49	.279	M.63	W.	Morn. & aft.
	A.	A. 59	.334	A. 62		h. shrs rain.
20	M.	M.45	.350	M.61	W.	Foren. fair,
	A.	A. 55	.392	A. 60		shower after.
21	M.	M.44½	.396	M.61	W.	Fair, with
	A.	A. 51	.465	A. 58		sunshine.
22	M.	M.45½	.496	M.60	W.	Ditto.
	A.	A. 54	.479	A. 59		
23	M.	M.42	.491	M.57	W.	Frost morn.
	A.	A. 51	.551	A. 60		fair. sunsh.
24	M.	M.44	.646	M.60	Cble.	Dull, but
	A.	A. 55	.644	A. 61		fair.
25	M.	M.48	.475	M.58	Cble.	Morn. rain,
	A.	A. 54	.613	A. 59		day foggy.
26	M.	M.48	.792	M.58	W.	Fair, with
	A.	A. 59	.834	A. 58		sunshine.
27	M.	M.47½	.793	M.60	Cble.	Foren.sunsh.
	A.	A. 59	.765	A. 59		aftern. dull.
28	M.	M.47	.789	M.63	W.	Dull, but
	A.	A. 56	.704	A. 60		warm.
29	M.	M.48	.640	M.60	Cble.	Rain most
	A.	A. 56	.625	A. 60		of day.
30	M.	M.45	.672	M.60	Cble.	Rain morn.
	A.	A. 54	.718	A. 60		fair day.
31	M.	M.45½	.825	M.60	W.	Dull, with
	A.	A. 60	.840	A. 58		showers rain.

Average of Rain, 3.673 inches.

EDINBURGH.—*Sept.* 17.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.. 37s. 6d.	1st,...26s. 6d.	1st,.....23s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 6d.
2d, ...31s. 0d.	2d, ...24s. 6d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....21s. 6d.
3d, ...26s. 0d.	3d, ...21s. 6d.	3d,.....21s. 6d.	3d, ...20s. 0d.

Average, £1, 11s. 8d. 10-12ths.

Tuesday, Sept. 16.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 3d. to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 9d. to 0s. 10d.
Mutton	0s. 3d. to 0s. 6d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	0s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone .	7s. 0d. to 8s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*Sept.* 12.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...35s. 0d.	1st, ...30s. 0d.	1st; ...23s. 6d.	1st, ... 24s. 0d.	1st, '... 22s. 0d.
2d, ...31s. 0d.	2d, ... 0s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d, ... 22s. 0d.	2d, ... 20s. 0d.
3d, ...30s. 0d.	3d, ... 0s. 0d.	3d, ...19s. 0d.	3d, ... 20s. 0d.	3d, ... 18s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 10s. 3d.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended Sept. 6.

Wheat, 58s. 6d.—Barley, 33s. 10d.—Oats, 26s. 4d.—Rye, 38s. 5d.—Beans, 37s. 6d.—Pease, 35s. 10d.

London, Corn Exchange, Sept. 8.

	s. s.		s. s.
Wheat, red, old	40 to 54	Maple, new	— to —
Fine ditto . .	42 to 46	White pease .	32 to 34
Superfine ditto	48 to 52	Ditto, boilers .	36 to 39
Ditto, new . .	34 to 40	Small Beans, new	34 to 38
White, old .	48 to 60	Ditto, old . .	36 to 39
Fine ditto . .	48 to 52	Tick ditto, new	31 to 35
Superfine ditto	53 to 55	Ditto, old . .	33 to 36
Ditto, new . .	36 to 46	Feed oats . .	18 to 23
Rye	30 to 34	Fine ditto . .	22 to 24
Barley, new .	29 to 32	Poland ditto .	21 to 25
Fine ditto . .	33 to 34	Fine ditto . .	25 to 26
Superfine ditto	35 to 36	Potato ditto .	23 to 25
Malt	50 to 54	Fine ditto . .	26 to 27
Fine	55 to 60	Scotch . . .	29 to 30
Hog Pease .	34 to 36	Flour, per sack	50 to 55
Maple . . .	37 to 39	Ditto, seconds	44 to 50

Seeds, &c.

	s. s. d.		s. s. d.
Must. White, .	8 to 10 0	Hempseed .	40 to 44 0
— Brown, new	8 to 14 0	Linseed, crush.	36 to 45 0
Tares, per bsh.	5 to 8 0	— Fine . .	44 to 52 0
Sanfoin, per qr.	28 to 36 0	Rye Grass, .	16 to 32 0
Turnips, bsh.	10 to 12 0	Ribgrass, . .	15 to 34 0
— Red & green	10 to 14 0	Clover, red cwt.	58 to 80 0
— Yellow,	9 to 11 0	— White . . .	60 to 86 0
Caraway, cwt.	44 to 48 0	Coriander . .	10 to 13 0
Canary, per qr.	38 to 40 0	Trefoil	12 to 30 0

Rape Seed, per last, £26 to £30.

Liverpool, Sept. 9.

	s. d. s. d.		s. d. s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.		Amer. p. 196 lb.	
Eng. Old 7	9 to 8 9	Sweet, U.S. 30	0 to 32 0
New . —	0 to — 0	Do. inbound —	0 to — 0
Foreign . 4	6 to 5 0	Sour do. . 30	0 to 33 0
Waterford 5	9 to 6 6	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	
Limerick —	0 to — 0	English 26	0 to 29 0
Drogheda 6	9 to 7 0	Scotch . . 22	0 to 25 0
Dublin 6	0 to 6 8	Irish . . . 22	0 to 25 0
Scotch . 7	6 to 8 6	Bran, p. 24 lb. 1	0 to 1 1
Irish Old . 5	6 to 6 3		
Barley, per 60 lbs.		*Butter, Beef, &c.*	
Eng. . . . 4	1 to 5 6	Butter, p. cwt. s. d.	s. d.
Scotch . . 4	4 to 4 6	Belfast, new 81	0 to 82 0
Irish . . 4	4 to 4 6	Newry . 79	0 to 80 0
Oats, per 45 lb.		Waterford . 73	0 to 74 0
Eng. new 3	0 to 3 2	Cork, pic. 2d, 72	0 to 73 0
Irish do. . 2	11 to 3 0	3d dry 65	0 to — 0
Scotch do. 3	1 to 3 2	Beef, p. tierce.	
Rye, per qr. 36	0 to 38 0	— Mess 82	0 to 88 0
Malt per b. 8	4 to 9 0	— p. barrel 55	0 to 60 0
—Middling 7	6 to 8 0	Pork, p. bl. —	0 to — 0
Beans, per q.		— Mess . 60	0 to 62 0
English . 36	0 to 38 0	— Middl. . 56	0 to 58 0
Irish . . 35	0 to 35 0	Bacon, p. cwt.	
Rapeseed, p.l.	£25 to 26 0	Short mids. 46	0 to 47 0
Pease, grey 30	0 to 36 0	Sides . . 40	0 to 42 0
—White . 46	0 to 50 0	Hams, dry, 44	0 to — 0
Flour, English,		Green . . —	0 to — 0
p. 240 lb. fine 38	0 to 47 0	Lard, rd. p.c. 41	0 to 44 0
Irish, 2ds 36	0 to 47 0	Tongue, p. fir. —	0 to — 0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d August 1823.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	222½	225¾	224¾	226
3 per cent. reduced,	81¾ 2⅛	83¼ ⅛	83¼ 2⅞	83⅛ ⅛
3 per cent. consols,	80⅞ 1½	82⅛ ⅛	82⅛ ⅛	82⅜ ⅛
3½ per cent. consols,	94¾	96⅛	95⅞	96⅛
4 per cent. consols,	99¾ ⅛	100⅛ ¼	100⅛	100⅛ ⅜
New 4 per cent. consols,	100⅞	101⅜	101⅛	101¾
Imper. 3 per cent.	81	82¼	82	82⅞
India stock,	——	259½	260⅜	——
—— bonds,	55 p.	68 p.	57 p.	58 p.
Long Annuities,	21	21¼	21⅛	21¼
Exchequer bills,	26 28 p.	31 29 p.	30 28 p.	29 31 p.
Exchequer bills, sm.	26 28 p.	32 29 p.	28 31 p.	30 32 p.
Consols for acc.	81½ ⅜ ¼	82¾ ¾ ½	82¼ ⅛ ¼	82¾ ⅛
French 5 per cents.	91f. 60c.	92f. 35c.	93f. 60c.	92f. 90c.

Course of Exchange, Sept. 9.—Amsterdam, 12 : 10. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 8. Rotterdam, 12 : 11. Antwerp, 12 : 9. Hamburgh, 38 : 2. Altona, 38 : 3. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 85. Ditto 26 : 5. Bourdeaux, 26 : 5. Frankfort on the Maine, 159. Petersburgh, per rble. 8¾ : 3. *Us.* Berlin, 7 : 10. Vienna, 10 : 26 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 26 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Bilboa, 36¼. Barcelona, 35¼. Seville, 35¼. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 28 : 10. Malta, 45. Naples, 39½. Palermo, 117. Lisbon, 52¼. Oporto, 52¼. Rio Janeiro, 48. Bahia, 46. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. New Doubloons, £3 : 15 : 6d. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11d.

PRICES CURRENT, *Sept.* 6.—London, 9.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Muse.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57 to	59	54	57	49	50	55	57
Mid. good, and fine mid.	62	64	57	66	57	67	59	69
Fine and very fine, . .	74	80	—	—	66	74	—	—
Refined Doub. Loaves, ..	112	125	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto, . .	100	110	—	—	—	—	104	115
Single ditto, . .	92	104	91	100	—	—	82	95
Small Lumps, . . .	90	98	86	90	—	—	76	88
Large ditto, ...	88	90	78	84	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . .	35	52	80	86	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	30	31	27 6	28	—	—	27	29
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	90	110	—	—	80	96	76	96
Mid. good, and fine mid.	120	130	—	—	98	112	122	126
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	50	80	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	98	108	84	97	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	108	112	100	112	—	—
St Domingo, ...	122	126	—	—	87	90	—	—
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	9	10	8½	9	8½	8¾	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 3d	2s 4d	1s 6d	1s 10d	1s 11d	2s 2d	1s 8d	2s 0d
Brandy, ...	3 4	3 6	—	—	—	—	2 4	3 7
Geneva, ...	2 3	2 5	—	—	—	—	1 6	2 2
Grain Whisky, . .	6 7	6 10	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£25	£50
Portugal Red, pipe.	32	44	—	—	—	—	42	46
Spanish White, butt.	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	27	29	—	—	—	—	22	28
Madeira, ...	40	0	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£10	0	7 10	7 15	£8 10	8 15	£8 10	9 0
Honduras, ...	—	—	—	—	8 10	9 0	9 0	9 10
Campeachy, ...	8	—	—	—	9 10	0 0	0 0	0 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7	8	—	—	9 0	0 0	9 0	10 0
Cuba, ...	9	11	—	—	10 0	0 0	11 0	15 10
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	10s	11s 6	—	—	9 0	10 6	10 9	11 3
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 0	2 4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0	1 6	1 3	1 4	0 11	1 0	0 9	1 1
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6	2 8	1 6	3 0	1 7	1 11	1 6	1 10
TAR, American, brl.	19	20	—	—	14 0	16 0	16 6	0 0
Archangel, ...	15	17	—	—	—	—	17 0	18 0
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	8 0	0 0
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	38	39	36	38	39	—	37 0	38
Home melted, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	34 0	0 0
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton.	43	44	—	—	—	—	£42	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	38	—	38	39	40	44	—	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	60	—	—	—	—	—	£65	—
Dutch, ...	55	92	—	—	—	—	50	65
Irish, . . .	48	57	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	90	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	17	—	—	42	—	15 10	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	41	42	—	—	—	—	40	46
Montreal, ditto, . .	43	44	41	42	40	—	45	—
Pot, . .	44	45	42	43	42	—	40	—
OIL, Whale, . tun.	—	25	26	—	—	—	23	—
Cod, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	21 10	21 15
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7	7½	7¾	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 5½	6¾
Middling, ...	5½	6½	5½	6¾	0 3¾	0 5½	0 4½	5½
Inferior, ...	4	5	4½	4	0 2	0 2¾	0 2½	3
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 8½	0 11	0 8	0 10	8½	9½
Sea Island, fine, .	—	—	1 5	1 7	1 5	1 7	1 1½	1 9
Good, . .	—	—	1 3	1 5	1 2	1 4	—	—
Middling, . .	—	—	1 1	1 2	1 2	1 4	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	0 11½	1 0	0 11	1 1	0 11	1 0½
West India, . .	—	—	0 9	0 10	0 9	0 11	1 0	1 0½
Pernambuco, . .	—	—	1 1	1 1½	1 0	1 1	0 11½	0 0
Maranham,	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 11½	1 0½	—	—

Alphabetical List of English Bankruptcies, announced between the 20th of June, and the 20th of August, 1823, extracted from the London Gazette.

Adams, J. Union-street, Southwark, oilman.
Alderson, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, surgeon.
Armand, C. P. and A. Solari, Battersea, vitriol-manufacturers.
Astor, W. H. Sun-street, Bishopsgate-street, musical instrument maker.
Austin, J. Little St Thomas Apostle, Cheapside, warehouseman.
Awty, R. H. Liverpool, dealer and chapman.
Baker, T. W. Foley-street, tallow-chandler.
Baker, W. Walcot, near Bath, carpenter.
Beart, J. Limehouse, timber-merchant.
Beaumont, J. Wheathouse, Yorkshire, merchant.
Bond, J. Cawston, Norfolk, farmer.
Bristow, J. Bristol, ironmonger.
Broadhead, W. H. and T. Artillery-court, Chiswell-street, printers.
Bunker, T. Church-street, Deptford, timber-merchant.
Butcher, T. Holborn, victualler.
Butler, J. Whitchurch, Shropshire, innkeeper.
Carter, S. Stratford, cheesemonger.
Cleney, J. York, tailor.
Clarke, J. L. Honiton, Devonshire, saddle-maker.
Cocker, G. H. Grenville-street, Brunswick-square, bill-broker.
Coles, S. Exeter, innkeeper.
Consitt, R. and R. Lee, Hull, merchants.
Copp, J. High-street, Bloomsbury, draper.
Crabb, W. Tellisford, Somersetshire, fuller.
Crisp, C. and J. Harris, Bristol, shoe-makers.
Crowther, W. L. Green-street, Grosvenor-square, milliner.
Crutchley, H. Warwick and Coventry, linen-draper.
Daniels, A. Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields, diamond-merchant.
Davies, M. Bodynfol, Montgomeryshire, farmer.
Dawson, H. Leeds, silk-mercer.
Diess, J. Holywell, Flintshire, corn-dealer.
Dobson, W. Gateshead, Durham, chemist.
Dods, R. High-street, Southwark, linen-draper.
Drummond, W. Hull, draper.
Dunsley, W. Pudsey, Yorkshire, clothier.
Evans, D. Swansea, draper.
Evans, E. Bollingbrooke-row, Walworth, baker.
Forbes, W. Gateshead, Durham, nurseryman.
Gaisford, R. Bristol, baker and mealman.
Glandfield, J. Strand, wine-merchant.
Gooden, J. Chiswell-street, victualler.
Graves, J. and H. S. Langbourn Chambers, merchants.
Green, G. York-street, Covent-garden, woollen-draper.
Green, J. White-horse Terrace, Stepney, coal-merchant.
Hague, G. Hull, haberdasher.
Harkness, J. Chapel-place, Long-lane, Southwark, timber-merchant.
Harris, J. Llandarrog, Carmarthenshire, cattle-dealer.
Hasselden, J. Grub-street, horse-dealer.
Hastings, E. Lower Smith-street, Northampton-square, milkman.
Hawkins, J. U. Star Corner, Bermondsey, carpenter
Hobbs, T. Westminster-road, victualler.
Holroyd, W. Leadenhall-street, machine-maker.
Hopwood, J. Chancery-lane, bill-broker.
Humphreys, H. and W. Lacon, Liverpool, iron-founders.
Hyams, J. Coventry-street, Haymarket, jeweller.
Illingworth, J. and J. Knowles, Leeds, merchants.
James, W. West, Bromwich, coal-master.
Jones, J. Brecon, maltster.
Jones, T. St John's-street, West Smithfield, stationer.
Kaines, H. Manstone, Dorsetshire, cattle-dealer.
Kenning, G. Church-street, Spitalfields, silk-man.
Kenton, J. Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire, draper.
King, J. Ipswich, ironmonger.
Kirby, T. Bethnal-green road, draper.
Lancaster, J. Jun. Bethnal-green road, butcher.
Ladd, Sir J. Cornhill, watch-maker and jeweller.
Lean, T. Liverpool, coach-maker.
Longworth, J. Liverpool, builder.
Lucas, J. Weymouth-terrace, Hackney-road, musical instrument maker.
Lucas, E. Shepherd's Market, Hanover-square, milk-man.
M'Turk, R. Hull, grocer.
M'Allis, J. Liverpool, tailor.
Mandate, E. Sebergham, Cumberland, lime-burner.
Martyn, E. Taunton, druggist.
Mawe, H. M. Loughborough, coach-proprietor.
Mawley, J. New-street, Covent-garden, boot and shoe-maker.
Middleton, R. King-street, Rotherhithe, merchant.
Moorhouse, J. Eastworth, Yorkshire, clothier.
Mortimer, W. Manchester, joiner.
Morton, R. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, paper-hanger.
Munton, J. Highgate, corn-chandler.
Nettleton, J. Sloane-square, ironmonger.
Nichols, E. John's Mews, Bedford-row, cow-keeper.
Noad, J. Clifford Mill, Somersetshire, fuller.
Owen, W. Islington, stage-master.
Phillips, W. Bristol, linen-draper.
Piercy, J. and R. Saunders, Birmingham, edge-tool makers.
Purdie, J. Sise-lane, merchant.
Ramsden, H. Walworth, coach-master.
Reed, T. High Holborn, linen-draper.
Read, J. and J. Jacob, Love-lane, cloth-workers.
Reynolds, T. Westbury, Wilts, clothier.
Righton, J. Bristol, haberdasher.
Roberts, C. Aldermaston, Berkshire, maltster.
Robinson, F. New Malton, Yorkshire, spirit-merchant.
Rogers, R. Piddle Hinton, Dorsetshire, farmer.
Rothwell, P. Runcorn, Cheshire, corn-dealer.
Saffery, E. Downham, Norfolk, farmer.
Sciaccalaga, J. Old Bailey, merchant.
Shorthose, J. Hanley, Staffordshire, earthenware-manufacturer.
Simpson, R. Watling-street, warehouseman.
Smith, J. Bradninch, Devonshire, paper-maker.
Smith, W. B. Bristol, innholder.
Smith, J. Camomile-street, tailor.
Smith, W. T. E. Kenton-street, Brunswick-square, carpenter.
Squires, T. St Albans, saddler.
Stephens, R. Goswell-street, saddler.
Stevens, J. Harrington Foxteth-park, near Liverpool, joiner.
Steward, M. H. Long-lane, Bermondsey, pump-maker.
Stilborn, J. sen. Bishop Wilton, Yorkshire, butcher.
Sykes, T. Bath Easton, Somersetshire, clothier.
Symes, K. Kingswood, Wilts, clothier.
Tabberer, B. Monmouth, currier.
Thornton, H. Thayer-street, oilman.
Thorpe, M. Worksop, Nottinghamshire, maltster.
Tribaudino, C. J. Cleveland-street, Mile End, silk-dyer.
Truelove, W. Dunchurch, Warwickshire, farmer.
Warr, J. W. Davies, and T. Matthews, Tipton, Staffordshire, iron-masters.
Watts, E. Yeovil, Somersetshire, butcher.
Weicker, M. and J. F. Leicester-square, tailors.
Welton, N. Bredfield, Suffolk, horse-dealer.
Wibberley, G. Liverpool, merchant.
Widger, A. Buckfastleigh, Devonshire, woollen-draper.
Williamson, J. Withington, Lancashire.
Wilson, T. Carlisle, coach-master.
Wood, T. Lane-end, Staffordshire, currier.

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st July and 31st August, 1823, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Aitken, James, merchant and warehouseman in Glasgow.
Baillie, Daniel, tenant in Parkhead of Daisel, and Hugh Baillie, residing there, grain-merchants.
Colville, Alexander, printer in Dundee.
Ewing, Miller, and Co. merchants, Greenock.
Galletly, David, brewer and innkeeper in Perth.
Gardner, Andrew, merchant in Edinburgh.
Geddes, Wm. vintner in Inverness.
Johnstone, Alexander, merchant, North Bridge, Edinburgh.
Kemp, David, merchant in Edinburgh.
Kerr, Robert, grocer and spirit-dealer, Stirling.
Lindsay, Walter, grocer in Port-Glasgow.
Macarthur, Peter, merchant in Inverary.
Macintyre, Peter, shoemaker and leather-merchant in Glasgow.
Mackintosh and Bell, merchants in Glasgow.
Mackintosh, Daniel, merchant, Glasgow.
M'Neill, James, and Co. manufacturers in Glasgow.
Matheson, John, some time tanner in Inverness, now tacksman in Dryma.
Mawson, Samuel Moses, haberdasher in Edinburgh.
Moffat, Alexander, merchant in Airdrie.
Neilson, George, merchant and spirit-dealer in Airdrie.
Rae, John, candlemaker in Edinburgh.
Russel, Thomas, plasterer in Glasgow.
Singer, Adam, grocer in Aberdeen.
Sloan, Anthony, cloth-merchant in Wigton.
Stevenson, John, and Co. dyers, printers, and merchants in Glasgow.
Strachan, James, grocer, Inverkeithing.
Tod, James and Andrew, and Co. merchants, Borrowstounness.
Walker, Alexander, merchant, formerly in Arbroath, now in Pathhead.
Young, Alexander, ship-owner and merchant in Perth.

DIVIDENDS.

Bowzie, John, merchant in Crail; a dividend on 8th September.
Caswell, Walter and George, and Caswell, Robert, and Co. manufacturers in Paisley; a first dividend after 15th August.
Clark, John, junior, merchant in Inverness; a first dividend after 14th August.
Currie, Hugh, salt-merchant and dealer in salt, Saltcoats; a first and final dividend 31st July.
Cushney, Wm. merchant, Aberdeen; a dividend of 7s. per pound on 15th August.
Douglas, John, draper, Dumfries; a second and final dividend after 8th August.
Duguid, William, jun. merchant in Aberdeen; a dividend after 14th September.
Gordon, James, in Overlaw, and Gordon, Matthew, in Kirkland, drovers and cattle-dealers in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright; a dividend on 18th August.
M'Arthur, George, grocer in Glasgow; a dividend on 20th September.
M'Caul and Sons, merchants in Glasgow; a dividend after 7th October.
M'Donald, Wm. and Alex. merchants, Edinburgh; a dividend after 14th August.
M'Leod, John, the Reverend, minister of the gospel and builder in Glasgow; a first dividend after 20th September.
Mutter, William, merchant and haberdasher, South Bridge, Edinburgh; a final dividend after 7th October.
Newlands, James and Luke Fraser, jewellers and watchmakers, Glasgow; a first dividend 29th July.
Pearson, John, late woollen-draper and haberdasher in Perth; a first and final dividend after 2d September.
Pringle, James, tanner in Haddington; a second and final dividend after 3d September.
Rowley, Josiah, china-ware merchant, Glasgow; a first dividend 28th July.
Sorley, John, junior, ironmonger in Glasgow; a 2d dividend on 17th September.
Tennant and Co. merchants in Edinburgh; a final dividend on 2d September.
Thomson, Andrew, ship-owner, West Wemyss; a division of the funds on 1st October.
Turner, James, hosier and draper, Dumfries; a dividend after 18th September.
Watt, junior, late merchant in Edinburgh; a dividend after 9th August.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet — Major Macneil, 2 Life Gds. Lt.-Col. in the Army 25 Jan. 1822.
—— Oakes, 1 Life Gds. Lt.-Col. in the Army 25 Jan. 1823.
—— Major H. *Earl of* Uxbridge, 1 Life Gds. Lt.-Col. in the Army 5 Aug.
H. Mahon, late Serj. Major, 67 F. to have rank as Ens. 2 Dec. 1818.
Major Aubrey, h. p. Indep. Lieut.-Col. in the Army 1 Jan. 1798.
Capt. Cane, 65 F. Maj. in the Army 12 Aug. 1819.
—— Grant, R. Art. do. 12 July 1821.
—— Coffin, R. Art. do. do.
—— Wilford, R. Art. do. do.

1 Life Gds. — Capt. H. *Earl of* Uxbridge, Maj. by purch. vice Oakes, prom. 17 June
Lt. Newburgh, Capt. by purch. do.
Cor. and Sub. Lt. Sydney, Lieut. by purch. do.
H. Every, Cor. and Sub. Lieut. by purch. do.

2 — Lt. and Adj. Smith, Capt. by purch. vice *Visc.* Barnard, prom. 2 Ceylon Regt. 14 July
Ens. Dallas, from 71 F. Cor. and Sub. Lieut. by purch. vice *Lord* Muncaster, ret. 24 June

R. H. Gds. — Bt. Lt.-Col. C. Hill, Lt.-Col. by purch. vice *Sir* R. Hill, ret. 24 July, 1823.
Capt. Richardson, Maj. and Lt.-Col. by purch. do.
Lt. Heathcote, Capt. by purch. do.
Cor. Pigott, Lt. by purch. do.
Ens. *Lord* A. Conyngham, from 57 F. Cor. by purch. do.
Corporal R. Cust, Qua. Mast. vice Perry, h. p. 7 Aug.

2 Dr. Gds. — W. D. Davies, Cor. by purch. vice Baird, 48 F. 3 July

5 — P. Dundas, Cor. by purch. vice Todd, 8 Dr. 24 July.

4 — Lt. Makepeace, Capt. by purch. vice Dougan, ret. do
Cor. Armit, Lt. by purch. do.
F. Barne, Cor. by purch. do.
Serj. Maj. Lawless, Qua. Mast. vice Jolly, dead 31 do.

5 — Capt. Walker, Major by purch vice Irving, ret. 24 do.
Lt. Hunter, Capt. by purch. do.
Cor. Ramsay, Lt. by purch. do.
J. Brymer, Cor. by purch. do.

7 — Ens. Lawrence, fm h. p. 55 F. Paym. vice Perry, h. p. 23 Dr. 19 June

3 Dr. — Capt. Sitwell, Maj. vice Hutchins, dead 10 July

3 Dr Lieut. Manful, Capt. 10 July
Mich. Jas. Rob. Dillon (*claiming the title of Earl of Roscommon*) do.
7 Cor. Phillipps, Lieut. by purch. vice *Lord* Belfast, prom. Cape Corps 17 do.
Cor. Wathen, Lieut. by purch. vice Robison, prom. 1 W. I. R. 24 June
W. Lyon, Cor. by purch. 17 July
8 Lt. Hayman, Capt. by purch. vice Harrington, ret. do.
Cor. Todd, from 3 Dr. Gds. Lt. by purch. do.
Cor. Hodges, Lieut. by purch. vice Wharton, ret. 14 Aug.
C. Ponsonby, Cor. by purch. do.
9 Cor. *Hon.* G. Vaughan, Lt. by purch. vice Knight, prom. do.
Ens. Knox, from 65 F. Cor. by purch. do.
15 Lt. Studd, Capt. by purch. vice Carpenter, ret. 7 do.
Lt. Hume, Lt. by purch. do.
G. Musgrave, Cor. by purch. do.
17 Cor. Moore, from 16 Dr. Lt. by pur. vice *Lord* F. Conyngham prom. do.
1 Ft. Gds. Lt. Stanhope, Lt. and Capt. by purch. v. Bathurst, prom. Cape Corps, do.
G. E. Nugent, Ens. and Lt. by purch. do.
3 Ens. Clayton, late of 36 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Montagu, prom. 19 June
2 F. Capt. Williams, Maj. by purch. vice Gordon, ret. 31 July
Lt. Hunt, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Dalway, Lt. by purch. do.
H. F. Kennedy, Ens. by purch. do.
6 Lt. Eden, Capt. by purch. vice Clarke, ret. do.
Ens. Holyoake, Lt. by purch. do.
R. Curteis, Ens. by purch. do.
7 Bt. Lt.-Col. Wylley, Maj. by purch. vice Beatty, ret. 26 do.
Lt. Heally, Capt. by purch. do.
Hon. G. Liddell, Lt. by purch. do.
10 Ens. Birch, Lieut. by purch. vice Molyneux, prom. 2 Ceylon R. do.
H. A. Hankey, Ens. by purch. do.
Capt. Rudsdell, Maj. by purch. vice Payler, prom. do.
11 Lt.-Gen. *Sir* H. T. Montresor, *K.C.B.* and *G.C.H.*, Col. vice Gen. *Sir* C. Asgill, *Bt.* dead 24 do.
Ens. Doyle, Adj. vice Haggup, resign. Adj. only 17 July
12 Lieut. Cruise, Capt. by purch. vice Bertridge, ret. 19 June
Ens. Borthwick, Lt. by purch. do.
E. Bayly, Ens. by purch. do.
Lt. Lawson, Capt. vice Jenkins, dead 31 do.
Ens. Williams, Lt. do.
H. W. Adams, Ens. do.
14 Lt. Mackenzie, Capt. vice Rawlins, dead 27 Jan.
Ens. Ormsby, Lt. do.
B. V. Layard, Ens. 24 July
17 Lieut. Yorke, Capt. by purch. vice Gladwin, ret. 10 July
2d Lt. Clinton, from Rifle Br. Lt. by purch. vice Yorke, prom. 31 do.
Serj. Maj. Sansons, Qua. Mast. vice Kitsell, h. p. 14 Aug.
20 Ens. Eyre, Lt. vice Gilbert, dead 18 Jan.
S. W. Wybrants, Ens. 24 July
22 R. S. Streatfield, Ens. by purch. vice Martin, 85 F. 17 do.
Capt. Fleming, Maj. by purch. vice Hewett, prom. 26 June
Lt. Stewart, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Butler, Lt. by purch. do.
R. F. Martin, Ens. by purch. do.
24 Lt. Child, Adj. vice Smith, res. Adj. only 7 Aug.
28 Lt. Dalgleish, Capt. by purch. vice Arbuthnot, prom. 3 July
Ens. Messiter, Lt. by purch. do.
W. J. J. Irving, Ens. by purch. do.
33 Capt. Tench, from h. p. 10 F. Capt. vice Hewett, Rifle Br. 14 do.
38 Ens. Trant, Lt. vice Hutson, dead 9 Feb.
Gent. Cadet, H. B. Stokes, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 24 July
42 A. L. Macleod, Ens. vice N. L. Macleod, canc. 12 Dec. 1822
43 Lt. Minter, from h. p. Lt. vice Marsh, dead do.
Serj. Maj. Wallis, Quart. Mast. vice Walsh, dead 1 Feb. 1823
47 Capt. Ramsay, Maj. by purch. vice Stanhope, prom. 3 July
Lt. Keays, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Mair, from 68 F. Lt. by purch. do.
48 Lt. Weston, Adj. vice Wild, resign. Adj. only 25 Sept. 1822
Cor. Baird, from 2 Dr. Gds. Lieut. by purch. vice Bloomfield, ret. 2 July 1823
Ens. Bouverie, from 86 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Close, ret. 3 do.
57 Gent. Cadet T. S. Beckwith, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice *Lord* A. Conyngham, Ho. Gds. do.
Gent. Cadet H. Hill, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Beckwith, Rifle Br. 31 do.
61 Lieut. Gaynor, Capt. by purch. vice Annesley, prom. 12 June
Ens. Parke, Lt. by purch. do.
St J. Dent, Ens. by purch. do.
62 Q. Mast. Serj. Edgar, Q. Mast. vice Robertson, h. p. 26 do.
65 *Hon.* S. Hawke, Ens. vice Knox, 9 Dr. 17 July
67 Capt. Algeo, Maj. by purch. vice Wyndham, prom. 26 June
Lt. Harrison, Capt. by purch. 3 July
Ens. Tinling, from 76 F. Lieut. by purch. do.
68 H. Smyth, Ens. by purch. vice Mair, 47 F. 10 do.
69 Ens. Stewart, Lt. vice Windsor, dead do.
J. J. Hamilton, Ens. do.
70 Capt. Johnstone, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. Paym. vice Scott, dead 17 do.
Bt. Lt.-Col. MacGrigor, Lt.-Col. by purch. vice Col. Ottley, ret. 14 Aug.
Bt. Maj. Greene, Maj. by purch. do.
Lt. Hunter, Capt. by purch. do.
71 *Lord* Arth. Lennox, Ens. vice Dallas, 2 Life Gds. 24 June
72 Capt. Drummond, Major by purch. vice Rolt, prom. 24 July
Lt. Maclean, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Blair, Lt. by purch. do.
J. Garthshore, Ens. by purch. do.
77 R. Shepperd, Ens. by purch. vice Tinling, 67 F. 10 July
78 Bt. Maj. Falconer, Maj. by purch. vice Bethune, ret. 26 June
Lt. Lindsay, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Price, Lt. by purch. do.
J. J. Hamilton, Ens. by purch. do.
H. Holyoake, Ens. by purch. vice Hamilton, cancelled 10 July
83 A. Watson, Ens. vice Geddes, dead 17 do.
84 Lieut. Ingilby, Capt. by purch. vice Bernard, senior, ret. do.
Ens. Clarke, Lt. by purch. do.
C. Franklyn, Ens. by purch. do.
Lt. Gen. *Sir* F. G. Maclean, *Bt.* Col. vice M. Gen. *Sir* D. Pack, dead 28 do.
85 Capt. Fairfax, Maj. by purch. vice Brown, prom. 17 do.
Lt. Charlton, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Wynyard, Lt. by purch. do.
—— Martin, from 22d F. Ensign by purch. do.
86 E. Jekyll, Ens. by purch. vice Bouverie, 48 F. 10 do.
93 J. Crowe, Ens. by purch. vice Hume, ret. do.
Rifle Brig. 2d Lt. Woodford, 1st Lt. vice Cochrane, dead 17 do.
Ens. Beckwith, from 57 F. 2d Lt. vice Woodford, prom. 31 do.

Capt. Hewett, from 33 F. Capt. vice Eaton, h. p. 10 F. 14 Aug.
Ens. Hamilton, from 69 F. 2d Lt. by purch. vice Clinton, 17 F. do.
R. Afr. Col. Corps Ens. Mahon. Qua. Mast. 7 do.
1 W. I. R. Lt. Robison, from 8 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Broke, prom. Cape C. 19 June
2 Ens. Spence, Lt. vice Maclean, dead 10 July
J. Hanna, Ens. do.
Ceyl. R. 1st Lt. Crofton, Capt. vice Blankenberg, dead 15 Dec. 1822
2d Lt. Reyne, 1st Lt. do.
E. A. Turnour, 2d Lt. 17 July, 1823
Lt. *Hon.* H. R. Molyneaux, from 10 F. Capt. by purch. vice Hunter, ret. 9 May
Capt. H. *Visc.* Barnard, from 2d Life Gds. Maj. by purch. vice Spawforth, ret. 3 July
Cape C. Inf. Bt. Lt.-Col. O'Malley, from h. p. 60 F. Maj. vice Broke, Perm. Assist. Qua. Mast. Gen. do.
Capt. *Hon.* T. S. Bathurst, from 1 F. Gds. Maj. by purch. vice O'Malley, prom. 17 do.
Gent. Cadet J. W. Dalgety, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. vice Watt, dead 26 June
3 R. Vet. Bn. Capt. Martin, from h. p. 82 F. Capt. vice Young, ret. list 3 July
Capt. Carey, from h. p. 60 F. Capt. vice Courtenay, ret. list. 31 July

Unattached.

Bt. Lt.-Col. Stanhope, from 47 F. Lt.-Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Col. Waller, R. Art. ret. 26 June
Major Hewett, from 22 F. Lt.-Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lt.-Col. Scott, R. Art. ret. do.
Major Wyndham, from 67 F. Lt.-Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lt.-Col. Owen, R. Art. ret. do.
Bt. Lt.-Col. O'Malley, from Cape C. Lt.-Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lt.-Col. Leake, R. Art. ret. 17 July
Capt. Arbuthnot, from 28 F. Maj. of Inf. by purch. vice Lieut.-Col. F. Power, R. Art. ret. 5 do.
Lt. *Lord* Fra. Conyngham, from 17 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Major *Hon.* H. Gardner, R. Art. ret. do.
Lt. Knight, from 9 Dr. Capt. by pur. vice Bt. Maj. Light, R. Art. ret. 17 July
Bt. Lt.-Col. Brown, from 85 F. Lt.-Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lt.-Col. Boger, R. Art. ret. 17 do.
——— Rolt, from 72 F. Lt.-Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lt.-Col. Vivion, R. Art. ret. 24 do.
Maj. Payler, from 10 F. Lt.-Col. of Inf. by purch. vice M. Gen. M. C. D. Griffith, ret. 31 do.

Staff.

Col. Marlay, Perm. Ass. Qua. Mast. Gen. Dep. Qua. Mast. Gen. East Indies, vice Stanhope, res. 5 do.
Bt. Lt.-Col. Riddell, Perm. Ass. Qua. Mast. Gen. and Lieut.-Col. vice Marley do.
Bt. Lt.-Col. Warre, from h. p. 23 Dr. Perm. Ass. Qua. Mas. Gen. & Maj. vice Riddell do.
Maj. Broke, from Cape C. Perm. Ass. Qua. Mas. Gen. and Maj. vice Lt. Col. Vere, h. p. 60 F. 4 do.

Commissary Department.

Comm. Clerk C. Borret, Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. 25 Nov. 1822

Hospital Staff.

Staff Surg. Clarke, Physician vice O'Leary, dead 3 July
Ass. Surg. Teevan, from 34 F. Assist. Surg. vice Twining, East Indies 25 June
——— Wyer, from h. p. 81 F. Ass. Surg. 25 June
——— Finlayson, from 8 Dr. Sup. Ass. Surg. in East Indies, vice J. Campbell, 30 F. 19 do.
Staff Surgeon Schetky, Dep. Insp. of Hosp. in Africa only, vice Dr Nicoll, dead 7 Aug. 1823
J. Young, Hosp. Ass. vice Donaldson, dead do.

Ordnance Department.

Royal Art. Maj. and Bt. Lt.-Col. Cary, Lt.-Col. vice Waller, ret. 26 June, 1823
Maj. Payne, Lt.-Col. vice Scott, ret. do.
—— Forster, do. vice Owen, ret. do.
Capt. and Bt. Maj. Younghusband, Maj. vice Cary do.
——— Crawford, Maj. vice Payne do.
Capt. and Bt. Lt.-Col. *Sir* A. Dickson, *K.C.B. & K.C.H.* Maj. vice Forster, do.
——— Bull, Maj. vice F. Power, ret. 5 July
Capt. and Bt. Maj. Coffin, from h. p. Capt. vice Younghusband 26 June
——— Wilford, from h.p. Capt. vice Crawford do.
Capt. Greatley, from h. p. Capt. vice Dickson do.
—— Bastard, from h. p. Capt. vice Bull 5 July
1st Lt. Baynes, 2d Capt. 26 June
——— Torriano, do. do.
——— Mainwarring, do. do.
——— Dalzell, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Sharpin, h. p. 1 July
Qua. Mast. Gates, from h. p. Qua. Mast. vice Elliot, ret. 25 June
Royal Eng. 1st Lt. Boldero, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Elton, dead 25 May, 1823
2d Lt. Forbes, 1st Lt. do.
Maj. Farrington, Lt.-Col. vice Boger, ret. 17 do.
Capt. and Bt. Maj. Egan, Maj. do.
Capt. Bridge, from h. p. Capt. do.
1st Lt. Hanwell, 2d Capt. do.
Maj. Brome, Lt.-Col. vice Vivion, ret. 24 do.
Capt. and Bt. Maj. Hickman, Maj. do.
2d Capt. and Bt. Maj. Baynes, Capt. do.

Chaplains.

Rev. T. Ireland, from h. p. Chaplain to the Forces 9 July, 1823

Exchanges.

Col. Marlay, from Staff Corps, with Col. *Lord* Greenock, Perm. Ass. Quar. Mas. Gen.
Lieut.-Col. Brereton, from 49 F. with Lieut.-Col. Daniell, Insp. Field Officer, Recr. Dist.
Bt. Maj. Smith, from 45 F. with Capt. Hamilton, Ceylon Regt.
——— Macdonald, from 1 F. with Bt. Maj. Mitchell, h. p. 49 F.
Capt. Warrington, from 8 Dr. rec. diff. between a full pay Troop and Com. with Capt. Cartwright, h. p. 76 F.
—— Johnson, from 8 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Campbell, h. p. 63 F.
—— Chancellor, from 61 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Wolfe, h. p.
—— L'Estrange, from 66 F. with Capt. Hamill, 2 W. I. Regt.
—— Cooper, from Ceyl. Reg. with Capt. Taree, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.
Lieut. Willey, from 3 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lt. Lt. Mecham, h. p. 19 Dr.
——— Robbins, from 4 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Robinson, h. p. 8 Dr.
——— Rowe, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Marshall, h. p. 7 F.
——— Burleigh, from 83 F. with Lt. Somerfield, h. p. 2 Ceylon Regt.
——— Nunn, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Cornet Allan, h. p. 18 Dr.

Lt. & Adj. M'Kenzie, from 66 F. with Lt. & Adj. Nowlan, h. p. Nov. Scotia Fenc.
Ens. & Lt. Berkley, from Coldst. Gds. with Ens. Dent, 61 F.
Corn. Macmurdo, from 8 Dr. rec. diff. with Corn. Mallet, h. p. 21 Dr.
—— *Sir* T. W. White, *Bart.* from 3 Dr. rec. diff. with Corn. Phillipps, h. p. 10 Dr.
Ensign Ramsden, from 77 F. with 2d Lt. Kellett, Rifle Brig.
—— England, fm. 5 F. with Ens. Derinsy, 11 F.
Paym. Darby, from 8 Dr. with Paym. Whitaker, h. p. 21 Dr.
—— Bourke, fm. 17 F. with Paym. Alsop, 44 F.
Lt.-Col. Jordan, from 2 F. with Lt.-Col. Rolt, h. p.
Bt. Lt.-Col. Thorn, from 3 F. with Capt. Foley, h. p. Portugu. Serv.
Bt. Maj. Byne, from 17 Dr. with Captain Scott, 4 Dr.
Capt. Stewart, from 91 F. with Bt. Maj. Creighton, h. p. 55 F.
—— Booth, from 8 F. with Capt. Hailes, 41 F.
—— Hall, from 31 F. with Capt. Shaw, h. p. 25 Dr.
—— Maclean, from 40 F. with Capt. Montagu, 81 F.
—— Butler, from 54 F. with Capt. Walsh, 80. F.
—— Gunn, from 93 F. with Capt. Fraser, h. p. 71 F.
—— Nosworthy, from 2 W. I. R. with Capt. Wilson, h. p. 91 F.
Lieut. Macbean, from 6 F. with Lieut. Hohne, 64 F.
—— Evans, from 17 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Nagel, h. p.
—— Congreve from 20 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Macalester, h. p. 35 F.
—— Rhodes, from 38 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Bouverie, h. p. 49 F.
—— Campbell, from 52 F. with Lieut. Hill, h. p. 49 F.
—— Keating, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Gray, W. I. Ran.
—— Rose from 93 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Wilson, h. p.
Ensign Nicolls, from 72 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Stewart, h. p. 39. F.
—— Magee, from I. W. R. rec. diff. with Ensign Boyd, h. p. 5 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major Gen. Griffith, late of Gren. Gds.
Colonel Waller, R. Art.
—— *Sir* Robert Hill, Royal Ho. Gds.
—— Ottley, 70 F.
Lieut.-Col. Beatty, 7 F.
—— Scott, R. Art.
—— Owen, do.
—— F. Power, do.
—— Boger, do.
—— Leake, do.
—— Roger, R. Art.
—— Vivian, do.
Major Spawforth, 2d Ceylon Regt.
—— Bethune, 78 F.
—— *Hon.* H. Gardner, Royal Art.
—— Light, do.
—— Dougan, 4 Dr. Gds.
—— Irwin, 5 Dr. Gds.
—— Gordon, 2 F.
Captain Bertridge, 12 F.
—— Gladwin, 17 F.
—— A. Bernard, sen. 34 F.
—— Hunter, 2d Ceylon Regt.
—— Harrington, 8 Dr.
—— Carpenter, 15 Dr.
—— Clarke, 6 F.
Lieut. Close, 48 F.
—— Bloomfield, do.
—— Wharton, 8 Dr.
Ensign Hume, 93 F.
—— Hume, 93 F.
Hos. Assist. Young.
Corn. & Sub-Lieut. *Lord* Muncaster, 2 Life Gds.
2d Lieut. Ranken, Royal Engin.
Quart. Mast. Nourse, Wilts Mil.

Appointments Cancelled.

Ensign N. L. Macleod, 42 F.
—— Hamilton, 78 F.

Removed.

Major Bristow, h. p. 38 F.

Deaths.

Gen. *Sir* C. Asgill, *Bt.* G.C.H. 11 F. London, 23 July, 1823
Lieut-Gen. W. Doyle, late of 62 F.
—— Thos. Bridges, E. Ind. Comp. Serv.
—— A. L. Layard, of late 2 R. Vet. Bn.
Major-General *Sir* Dennis Pack, K.C.B. 84 F.
Lt.-Gov. Plymouth, London, 24 July, 1823
—— *Hon.* A. Sentleger, E. Ind. Comp. Ser. Morgan, at Crofton Hall, Kent, 24 July, 1823
—— John Hall, near Mansfield, 26 July, 1823
—— Griffith, late of 1 F. G. 7 Aug.
Colonel Loftus, Coldst. Gds. July, 1823
—— O'Toole, h. p. 2 Irish Brig. Newton Lodge, Wexford
—— Decken, h. p. Foreign Vet. Bn. Osnabruck, 9 Feb. 1823
Lieut.-Col. Hutchins, 3 Dr. 2 July, 1823
—— Lambton, h. p. 33 E. Huigin, Ghant, near Nagpore, 20 Jan. 1823
—— Beatty, late of 7 F. Windsor, 2 July
—— Lawrence, late of 13 Dr., Brompton, Middlesex, 11 Aug.
—— Mauriage, h. p. 60 F. Mabeuge, 13 June
Major Blanckenberg, Ceylon Regt. Alipoote, Kandy, 14 Dec. 1822
—— Scot, h. p. Sicilian Regt., Cow-hill, near Dumfries, 31 Oct. 1822
—— Stewart, h. p. 96 F. 21 June, 1823
Captain Jenkins, 12 F. Sheerness, 23 July
—— Rawlins, 14 F. Meerut, Bengal, 16 Jan.
—— Chapman, h. p. 68 F. Liverpool, 10 June
—— Rathbone, h. p. Lieut. 20 Dr. Adjt. to Brecon Mil. Brecon, 28 May
—— Tottenham, h. p. Inv. Ireland, 10 Mar.
—— Janssen, h. p. 2 Hussars, Germ. Legion, Bergedorff, near Hamburgh, 21 May
—— Boyd, 9 F.
—— Williamson, h. p. 129 F. Edinburgh, 7 March, 1823
—— Crichton, h. p. Indep. Edinburgh, 14 May
—— G. Meyer, h. p. 2 Lt. Inf. Germ. Leg. Hanover. 16 March
Lieut. Mainwarring, 1 F. Trichinopoly, Madras, 10 Feb.
—— Gourlay, h. p. 7 F. Edinburgh, 29 April
—— Keowen, 17 F. Fort William, 8 Dec. 1822
—— Lascelles, 34 F. on passage from India, 1823
—— Huston, 38 F. Berhampore, Bengal, 8 Feb.
—— Marsh, 45 F. Penang, Colombo, 14 Oct. 1822
—— Windsor, 69 F.
—— Brooke, 75 F. Clifton, 13 July, 1823
—— T. Cochrane, Rifle Brig.
—— Elton, Royal Engineers
—— M'Millan, ret. list, 4 Vet. Bn Prescott, Canada, 30 Jan.
—— Hobson, do. at William Henry, Quebec, 13 Dec. 1822
—— O'Sullivan, ret. list. 1 Vet. Bn. Budd, Holland, 22 April, 1823
—— Palmer, h. p. 71 F. Sierra Leone, 7 May
—— Byrne, h. p. 53 F. on pass. from Madras, 23 April
—— Witte, h. p. 2 Hussars, German Legion, Hanover, 21 June
—— Sinclair, Ross, &c. Mil. 22 Aug.
—— Creagh, 8 Dr. Ipswich, 3 Aug.
—— Yates, ret. list. 9 Vet. Bn. Intd. 6 July
—— Cathcart, h. p. 64 F. Glasgow, 12 do.
—— Scott, h. p. 94 F. 17 May
—— James, h. p. Cape Rest. 21 July
—— Gregg, 2d Surrey Mil.
—— Lawson, R. Art. at Woolwich, 10 Aug.
—— Drysdale, h. p. 1 Line Bn. Ger. Leg. London, 13 April
Ensign Geddes, 83 F. Ratuapore, Ceylon, 3 Jan.
—— Martyn, h. p. 124 F. Newhaven, Sussex, 5 April
—— Earles, ret. Invalids, Cork, 24 Apr.
—— Daly, h. p. 3 F. Edgeworth Town, Irel. 23 March
—— M'Laughlin, h. p. 3 W. Ind. Reg. Tortola, 22 Nov. 1822
Paym. Fox, 2 W. I. R. Sierra Leone, 15 April
—— Rose, h. p. 59 F. Dublin, 19 Mar.

Paym. O'Meara, h. p. Afr. Corps, Sierra Leone, 14 May
—— Harrison, Galway Mil. 22 June
—— Archbold, Meath Mil.
Adjt. Brown, h. p. 96 F.
Quar. Mas. Walsh, 45 F. Colombo, 31 Jan.
—— Anderson, h. p. 22 Dr. Killerandia, 9 June
—— Logan, h. p. 1 Dr. Gds. Dublin, 24 do.
—— Jolly, 4 Dr. G. Newbridge Bar. Dublin, 3 July, 1823
—— Sands, h. p. Tarleton's Dr. Delaware, New York, 11 June, 1821
—— Holt, h. p. Anc. Brit. Fen. Cav. Wrexham, 1 July, 1823
Assist. Commis. Gen. W. Lane, Newfoundland, 2 May

Medical Department.

Dr Nicol, Dep. Insp. Sierra Leone, April
— O'Leary, Physician, Isle of Wight, 27 June
— Scott, h. p. Surgeon, 47 F. Armagh, 26 do.
Surg. Carey, 21 F. Demarary, 22 June, 1823
—— Bennet, h. p. R. Art.
— Duigan, Surg. 2 W. Ind. Reg. Sierra Leone, 5 do.
—— J. D. Fraser, h. p. R. Art.
Assist. Surg. Norman, h. p. York Rang. Langport, 10 Mar.
Hosp. Assist. Kinnis, Sierra Leone, 27 May
Staff As. Surg. Finlayson, late of 8 Dr. on passage from Calcutta.
—— Hosp. As. Alexander, Ithaca, Mediterranean, 25 May
—— Mackay, Africa, 8 June

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

July 1. In Northumberland Street, Mrs Cook, of a daughter.

2. At Craigflower, Mrs Blackburn, of Killearn, of a son.

3. In Charlotte Street, Leith, Mrs J. Dudgeon, of a daughter.

4. At Ballygiblin, county of Cork, the Lady of William Wrixon Becher, Esq. of a daughter.

5. At Hopetoun House, the Countess of Hopetoun, of a daughter.

6. At Craigleith House, Mrs Fleming, of a son.

— In George Street, Mrs William Burn, of a son.

— At Queensferry, the wife of the Rev. Thomas Dimma, of a son.

8. At Geneva, the Lady of Major-General Sir William Inglis, K.C.B. of a son.

9. At Portobello, the Lady of Donald Charles Cameron, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of Sir James Montgomery, Bart., M.P. of a son.

13. At Beaver Hall, near Edinburgh, Mrs Major Bogle, of a daughter.

14. Mrs Baillie of Culterallers, of a still-born son.

— At Woodslee, the Lady of George Scott Elliott, Esq. of Larrieston, of a daughter.

15. At 21, Salisbury Street, Mrs Michael Anderson, of a son.

16. At 22, Castle Street, Mrs Macfarlan, of a son.

19. At Cockenzie, Mrs H. F. Cadell, of a son.

— At Otterston, Fifeshire, the Lady of Rear-Admiral Moubray, C. B. of a daughter.

20. At Edinburgh, the Lady of John Archibald Campbell, Esq. of a son.

22. At Castlecraig, the Hon. Lady Gibson Carmichael, of a son.

23. At Abercrombie Manse, Mrs Swan, of a son.

— At Denmark Hill, Middlesex, the Lady of C. D. Gordon, Esq. of a daughter.

24. At No. 3, Roxburgh Place, Mrs J. R. Skinner, of a son.

25. At Kirkaldy, Mrs Stark, of a son.

26. At Aberdeen, the Lady of Major Henderson, Royal Engineers, of a daughter.

27. At Edinburgh, Mrs Thornton, wife of Major Thornton, 13th Light Dragoons, of a daughter.

29. At Holdernesse House, the Marchioness of Londonderry, of a daughter.

31. At Silver Mills, Mrs Colonel Macbean, of a son.

Aug. 1. At Melrose, Mrs Curle, of a son.

3. At Nottingham Place, Mrs R. H. Barber, of a daughter.

— At the Royal Circus, Mrs Walter Dickson, of a son.

— At South Street, Grosvenor Square, London, the lady of Henry Lindesay Bethune, Esq. of a daughter.

4. Viscountess Torrington, of two sons.

5. At Gogar House, the lady of A. Maitland Gibson, Esq. younger of Clifton Hall, of a daughter.

— At Crosshall, Mrs Marjoribanks, of a son.

8. In Castle Street, Mrs Cheyne, of a daughter.

9. At Leith, Mrs Edward D. Alison, of a daughter.

— At Howard Place, the lady of Captain T. Hamilton, of a daughter.

10. The Hon. Mrs Sinclair, wife of George Sinclair, Esq. (late M. P. for Caithness,) of a daughter.

14. At Relugas, the lady of Sir Thomas Lauder Dick, of Fountainhall, Bart. of a daughter.

— In Bedford Square, London, the lady of Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Acton Villa, the lady of John Gordon, of a son and heir.

16. At Edinburgh, Lady Isabella Wemyss, of a son.

17. At Grange Hill, the lady of Charles Hope Reid, Esq. R. N. of a daughter.

18. In York Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Wishart, of a son.

19. At Netherlay, Mrs Silver, of a son.

20. At Leith Links, the lady of R. D. Menzies, Esq. of a son.

20. In Forth Street, Mrs A. Brodie, of a son.

21. At Pitrithie House, Mrs Mackenzie, of a daughter.

— At Springhill, the lady of Geo. Forbes, Esq. of a son.

— At Brinkburn Abbey, Northumberland, the lady of Major Grey, Royal Scots Greys, of a daughter.

23. At Camberwell, Surrey, Mrs Dudgeon, of a daughter.

— At Dysart, Fifeshire, the Lady of John R. Black, Esq. R. N. of a daughter.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Dr Meikleham, of a son.

— The lady of Thomas Gifford, Esq. of Fairy Bank, Shetland, of a son and heir.

— In Drummond Place, Mrs Douglas, of a daughter.

27. At Whitehouse, Burntsfield, the Right Hon. Lady Eleanor Balfour, of a son.

Lately, At Gosspaul, Leicestershire, the Countess Howe, of a son

— In Hill Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Charles Stuart Allan Hay, C. B. C. K. M. E. of a daughter.

— At Great Russel Street, London, the Lady of James Loch, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 28, 1822. At Boolunshur, East Indies, Hugh Smyth Mercer, of the Hon. East India Company's Medical Service, Bengal Establishment, youngest son of the deceased Hugh Smyth Mercer, Esq. writer to the signet, to Frances, fourth daughter of the late Lieut.-General Hugh Stafford, of the Bengal army

Dec. 22. At Padang, William Purves, Esq. Commander of the Baron Vander Capellen, in the Dutch East India service, to Cornelia Louisa, daughter of —— Intrxld, Esq.

July 1, 1823. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Thomas Henry Yorke, M. A. vicar of Bishop Middleham, county of Durham, and rector of St Cuthbert's, York, to Maria, daughter of the late Major-General the Hon. Mark Napier.

— At Fortrose, the Rev. Robert Milne, Chaplain of Fort George, to Jane Gordon, third daughter of Colin Matheson, Esq. of Bennetsfield.

— Mr John Harrison, merchant, Edinburgh, to Christiana, youngest daughter of the late John Baillie, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Adam Wylie, Esq. Smeaton, to Mary, daughter of the late Hew Burn, Esq. North Berwick.

2. At Largs, D. K. Sandford, Esq. Professor of

Greek in the University of Glasgow, to Miss Charnock, only daughter of the late Robert Charnock, Esq.

3. At Kelso, the Rev. James Porteous, Jedburgh, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr Robison, merchant, Jedburgh.

5. At Elgin, Patrick Cameron, Esq. writer, to Ann, daughter of George Fenton, Esq. sheriff-substitute of Elginshire.

— At London, the Hon. Mr Henry Lascelles, second son of the Earl and Countess of Harewood, to Lady Louisa Thynne, second eldest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath.

7. At Liverpool, Ralph Smith, Esq. of Edinburgh, to Sarah Phillips, eldest daughter of the late Captain Bridge, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Gilmore Place, the Rev. Alexander Macpherson, minister of the parish of Golspie, Sutherlandshire, to Agnes, second daughter of the late Robert Young, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

8. At Edinburgh, Robert Davidson, Esq. banker, Alloa, to Joan, daughter of John Matthewson, Esq. Clerk Street.

9. The Rev. Alexander Harvey, Kilmarnock, to Mary, youngest daughter of Mr Walter Snowden, Edinburgh.

10. At London, Alexander W. R. Macdonald, Esq. eldest son of Major-General the Hon. Godfrey Bosville, and nephew of Lord Macdonald, to Miss Bayard, daughter of the late Colonel Bayard.

12. At Bermuda, Rear-Admiral Fahie, C.B. K.S.F. Commander-in-Chief on the North American station, to Mary Esther, daughter of the Hon. Augustus William Harvey, M.D. one of the Members of his Majesty's Council of that Island.

15. Mr Alexander Williamson, surgeon, Edinburgh, to Jane, only daughter of the late Mr James Sibbald, shipmaster, Leith.

17. At London, Colonel Mackinnon, to Anne Jane, eldest daughter of John Dent, Esq. M. P.

19. At Stockholm, the King of Sweden's son, the Crown Prince Oscar, to the Princess Leuchtenberg, daughter of Prince Eugene Beauharnois, son of Josephine, late Empress of France.

21. At Bishop's Court, near Dublin, (the seat of the Right Hon. George Ponsonby,) Earl Fitzwilliam, to Lady Ponsonby. His Lordship has attained his 75th year, her Ladyship her 70th.

22. At Midlem Manse, Andrew Buchan, Esq. Midlem, to Helen, youngest daughter of Mr Thomas M'Clelland of Orchardton, Wigtonshire.

23. In George Square, Henry Murray, Esq. to Miss Charlotte Burlin.

— At Elgin, Alexander Bremner, Esq. (late 3d Foot), surgeon in Keith, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel A. Grant.

— At Newhall, William Davidson, Esq. writer in Glasgow, to Anne, eldest daughter of William Hussey, Esq.

24. The Rev. James Stuart Murray Anderson, M.A. of Baliol College, Oxford, to Barbara Charlotte, second daughter of the late George Wroughton, Esq. of Newington House, Oxfordshire.

28. At Wellington Place, Leith, Mr Robert Donaldson, of the Commercial Bank, to Elisa, youngest daughter of Mr George Anderson, builder.

29. At the Manse of Wilton, the Rev. Joseph Thomson, minister of Ednam, to Margaret Hunter, daughter of the Rev. Dr Hardie, minister of Ashkirk.

— At London, Lord Viscount Sidmouth, to the Hon. Mrs Townsend, daughter of Lord Stowell, and widow of Thomas Townsend, Esq. of Honington Hall, county of Warwick.

31. At Portobello, Lieut. J. R. Forrest, R. N. to Mary Munro, youngest daughter of the late James Cockburn, Esq. Haddington.

— At Blunham, Bedfordshire, Richard Helley, Esq. of Wilton, to Carolina Lætitia, eldest daughter of John Campbell, Esq. of Dunoon.

— At Edinburgh, Rich Poole, M.D. to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Caird, surveyor of taxes.

Aug. 2. At St Pancras, Alex. Delisser, Esq. surgeon, to Deborah, eldest daughter of the late John Crawford, Esq. Quebec; on the same day, Samuel James Douglas, Esq. Polmuncksbead, to Agnes Dickie, youngest daughter of the late John Crawford, Esq.

— At Cheltenham, John Orrock, Esq. of Orrock, Aberdeenshire, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late James Cockburn, Esq. of Lime Street Square, London.

3. At Dalkeith, by the Rev. John Thomson of Newbattle, Captain J. Little, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Lucy Anne, only daughter of the late Colonel Willey, of his Majesty's 4th Dragoon Guards.

4. At Portobello, by the Rev. Patrick Macfarlane of Polmont, John Thomson, Esq. of Innersavon, to Janet, only daughter of the late William Walker, Esq. of Holeflat.

5. At St Mary's, Lambeth, George Logan, Esq. W. S. to Marion, second daughter of Thomas Manson, Esq. of Lambeth Terrace.

— At Blair, Alex. Scott, Esq. of Trinity, to Madaline, second daughter of William Blair, Esq. of Blair.

6. At Cossey Hall, Norfolk, Thomas A. Fraser of Lovat, Esq. to Charlotte Georgiana, eldest daughter of Sir George Jerningham, Bart. The happy pair soon thereafter set off for Scotland.

7. At Bath, John Campbell, Esq. Adjutant, Royal Marines, to Catherine, youngest daughter of Colonel Savary.

— At Edinburgh, Mr W. B. Orr, writer, Saltcoats, to Jane, eldest daughter of John Macfarlane, Esq. St Bernard's Place, Stockbridge.

— At Totteridge, Herts, the Hon. Captain Granville George Waldegrave. R. N. eldest son of Admiral Lord Radstock, G.C.B. to Esther Caroline, youngest daughter of the late John Puget, Esq. of Totteridge, Herts.

8. Isaac Bayley, Esq. Duke Street, to Miss Baird, daughter of Principal Baird, Edinburgh.

11. At Manse of Towie, the Rev. Adam Smith, minister of that parish, to Isabella, daughter of Mr Alex. Smith, Tarland.

— At Leith, Robert Ainslie, Esq. to Mary, daughter of James Ainslie, Esq.

12. At Badmington, Gloucestershire, the Hon. Fred. Calthorpe, to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Somerset, eldest daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.

— At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, F. A. Cunynghame, Esq. son of Sir William Augustus Cunynghame, Bart. to Ann, youngest daughter of Edward Earl, Esq. Chairman of the Board of Customs, for Scotland.

— At Mauldalie Castle, John Geo. Hamilton, Esq. Glasgow, to Christina, youngest daughter of Henry Monteith, Esq. of Carstairs, M. P.

14. At the Manse of Thurso, John Sutherland, Esq. late Captain 3d Foot or Buffs, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Mackintosh, minister of that place.

15. At Kirktonfield, William Morris, Esq. Perth, Upper Canada, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Cochrane, Esq. Kirktonfield.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Gibson, Laidlawsteel, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Mr Robert Horsburgh, Vair.

19. At London, Capt. Franklin, R. N. to Eleanor Anne, youngest daughter of the late William Porden, Esq.

21. At Pitliver House, Fifeshire, Charles Charleton, Esq. M.D. to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late William Reed, Esq. North Shields.

26. At Mollance, Richard Carson, Esq. of Liverpool, merchant, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Napier, Esq. of Mollance.

26. At Buccleuch Place, the Rev. J. Stevenson, to Laura Turton, daughter of John Gotdon, Esq.

29. At Edinburgh, on the 29th ult. Geo. Brodie, Esq. advocate, to Rachel, youngest daughter of the late Major David Robertson, Assistant-Barrackmaster-General, N. B.

DEATHS.

Sept. 1822. At Hobocken, near New York, Mrs Thomas Allen, formerly of Tweedside, Peebles.

Nov. 3. In Bengal, in the 59th year of his age, 40 of which he had served in India, Lieut.-Colonel James Maxwell, youngest son of the late John Maxwell, Esq. of Broomholm.

Jan. 1823. At Matlespoora, Island of Ceylon, Ensign Robert Grahame Geddes, of the 83d Regiment, eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel William Geddes, of the same Regiment.

Jan. 20. Lieut.-Colonel William Lambton, Superintendent of the Grand Trigonometrical Survey in India, while proceeding, in the execution of his duty, from Hydrabad towards Nagpoor, at Hingiu Ghaunt, 50 miles south of the latter place, aged 67.

29. At the Presidency, Madras, Lieutenant and Adjutant William Graham, of the 1st battalion

14th Regiment Native Infantry, and only surviving son of Mrs Graham of Longtown.

Mar. 7. At Serampore, of cholera morbus, having been ill only one day, the Rev. William Ward, Baptist Missionary at that place.

13. In camp, at Doolia, Brevet Captain William Graham Thomson, of the 7th Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry, and Brigade-Major to the Forces at Mulligaum. The death of this brave and excellent officer will be regretted by the whole army. The service has lost a most distinguished member, and his numerous friends a most honourable and pleasant companion.—*Bombay Government Paper.*

20. On the passage from India, on board his Majesty's ship Termagant, Mr Charles Stodart, son of Robert Stodart, Esq. Queen Street, Edinburgh.

April 8. At St George's, Island of Grenada, James, son of the Rev. Mr Urquhart of Rosskeen, Ross-shire.

30. At the Cape of Good Hope, Captain Pearson, late Commander of the Hon. Company's ship General Hewitt.

May 7. In the Island of St Vincent, James M'Caul, Esq. of Belvidere.

June 10. At Demerara, Peter Grant, Esq. many years resident in that colony.

— At Quebec, Laughlan Smith, Esq. Seignior of St Dennis and La Pocatiere. Mr Smith was a native of Inverness, and is supposed to have been upwards of 100 years of age. He served as a private in General Wolfe's Army at the taking of Quebec.

30. At Sierra Leone, of the malignant fever which has for some time raged in that colony, Edward Fitzgerald, Esq. Chief Justice of that settlement.

July 1. At Shrewsbury, Admiral George Bowen.

— At the Manse of Newhills, the Rev. George Allan.

2. In London, Major Stewart, son of Alexander Stewart, Esq. of Huntfield, Lanarkshire.

— At Edinburgh, Major Walter Macgibbon, late of the 57th regiment, eldest son, and, in Cadiz, in December last, Mr Archibald Macgibbon, surgeon in that city, fifth son of the late Neil Macgibbon, Esq. Inverary.

— At St Ann's Brae, Mr Thomas Shade, seed and nurseryman.

3. At Greenock, John Gardner, at the advanced age of 103. He was a native of Crawfordsdyke, and was born in 1720.

4. At No 20, George Street, Mrs Sarah Jones, wife of Mr Jones, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

— Margaret Jane Boswell, youngest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Gray, Kirkaldy.

— At Corstorphine, Mr George Home, senior, writer in Edinburgh.

— At the Manse of Kilrenny, Ann, wife of the Rev. James Brown, minister of that parish.

5. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Joseph M'Intyre, D.D. minister of the parish of Glenorchy, in the 89th year of his age, and 65th of his ministry.

6. At Penrith, William Kerr, Esq. youngest son of the deceased Charles Kerr, Esq. late of Abbotrule.

— At Murrayfield, Mrs Edmondstoune of Newton.

— At Aberdeen, Mrs Ann Morrison, widow of the Rev. A. Mearns, Minister of Cluny.

7. At Penrith, Henry Thomson, eldest son of the Rev. Dr Thomson, minister of the Presbyterian Congregation in that place.

— At North Berwick, Robert Oliver, Esq. surgeon there.

— At Perth, Henry Lawrie, Esq. of Lacestown.

8. At Ardovie, Mrs Speid, of Ardovie.

— At Wansworth, Surrey, Archibald Leslie, Esq.

— At Ceres, Jean Isabella, eldest daughter of Robert Campbell, Esq. of Dalserf.

9. At his house, Greenend, near Edinburgh, Richard Barnard, Esq.

— Grace, infant daughter of Mr Colin Campbell, Lochdochart.

— At Duddingstone, Elizabeth Frances, only daughter of Mr William Milne, merchant in Edinburgh.

10. At Pitcaithley, Isaac Watt, merchant, Dundee.

— At Port Seaton, Agnes Clerk Hay, wife of John Irving, Esq. writer to the signet.

11. At Bath, Mrs Ann Mackenzie, relict of Alexander Mackenzie, Esq. writer to the signet.

12. At Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Cockburn, wife of Mr James Meikle, solicitor-at-law.

— At Glasgow, Captain A. Cathcart, late of the 91st regiment.

— At Kelso, Mrs Wilson, relict of Dr Wilson, Coldstream.

— At Harrogate, John Dalzell, Esq. advocate, Forth Street, Edinburgh.

13. At Banff, Mr James Farquhar, Comptroller of the Customs at that port.

14. At Edinburgh, Mary Anne Surchen, daughter of the late Mr F. Surchen, R. N.

— At Leslie, Mr James Walker, aged 86.

15. At his house, Broughton Street, Alexander George, Esq. writer.

— At her house, in Union Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Grandison Barr.

— At Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina, Mr John Macadam, son of Peter Macadam, Esq. of Easterhouse.

16. At his house, Cassils Place, Leith Walk, Captain Charles Elder, R. N.

— In Upper Wimpole Street, London, Lieut.-General Thomas Bridges, of the Hon. East India Company's service, in his 80th year. He commanded the right wing of the army under Lord Harris, at the capture of Seringapatam.

— At Higham, near Rochester, Lady Stirling, relict of Sir James Stirling of Mansfield, Bart.

20. At Aberoorn, Mr Robert Murray, writer in Edinburgh.

— At Middleby Street, Newington, in the 5th year of his age, Richard, son of Mr David Murray, Deputy Comptroller of Excise.

21. At Queensferry, John, youngest son of Alexander M'Gibbon, Esq. of Crawhill.

22. At Savannah, Georgia, Mr Robert Dreghorn, merchant, Augusta, second son of Mr Allan Dreghorn, Govan.

— At Aberdeen, Alex. Shirreffs, Esq. advocate.

23. At Edinburgh, Andrew, third son of Mr Robert Kinnear, bookseller, Frederick Street.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Anderson, No. 11, South Bridge.

— At Linlithgow, James Watson, Esq. of Bridgecastle.

— At Paisley, the Rev. Dr Boog, first minister of the Abbey Parish, in the 78th year of his age, and 50th of his ministry.

— At Annfield Cottage, Lasswade, Edward Robertson, Esq. Secretary to the Commercial Banking Company of Scotland, in the 49th year of his age.

24. At Bankshead, near Queensferry, Mr David Stodard, farmer.

— At London, John James Earl of Farnham, one of the Representative Peers of Ireland.

— At the house of Lord Beresford, Wimpole Street, London, Major-General Sir Denis Pack, K.C.B. C.T.S., and other orders, Colonel of the 84th Foot, and Lieut.-Governor of Plymouth.

— Suddenly, Mrs Janet Miller, aged 69, spouse of Mr David Arthur, sen. tool-maker, Paul's Work.

24. At Links of Kirkaldy, Mr David Pearson, brewer.

25. At Edinburgh, John Gordon Lorimer, son of the late Mr Robert Lorimer, wine-merchant, Hanover Street.

— At Leith, Ann Maria, daughter of Mr Robert Ogilvie, merchant there.

26. At Taunton, Somersetshire, Judith Ross Duncan, widow of Wm. Duncan, Esq. late of Bath.

— At Pitfour, Perthshire, James Richardson, Esq. of Pitfour.

30. At Richmond Park, the Hon. Henry Addington, eldest son of Lord Viscount Sidmouth.

31. At Balmaduthy House, Ross-shire, Helen Jane, infant daughter of Colin Mackenzie, Esq. of Kilcoy.

— At Portobello, John Anderson, Esq. of Winterfield.

— At Dunblane, aged 64, John Coldstream, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute of the western district of Perthshire.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Frances Hay, wife of Mr Campbell Gardner, writer, Edinburgh.

— At Whitehill, near Musselburgh, Mr John Brown, brewer, Edinburgh.

Aug. 1. At Dunblane, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr John Anderson, Burntsfield Place.

— In Duncan Street, Drummond Place, Mrs

Ann Cleghorn, widow of the Rev. Robert Little, minister of Applegarth.

2. At Old Aberdeen, Dr James Brown, physician in Aberdeen.

— At his house, 51, York Place, Andrew Pearson, Esq. of the Excise.

— At Winchester, Charles Frederic Powlett, Lord Bayning.

3. At Foxhall, Anna Sarah Rachel, youngest daughter of the late R. Waugh, Esq. of Foxhall.

5. At Perth, Mr John Stewart, aged 95.

— At Castlemains, East Lothian, Mrs Hume, wife of Mr David Hume, farmer, there.

— At the Manse of Culter, Elizabeth Howison, wife of the Rev. Wm Strachan.

6. At Silver Mills, Mr James Cargil Muir, merchant, Edinburgh.

7. At Crieff, Mr Thomas Maccomish, distiller there.

— At London, Major-General Darby Griffith.

— At Chiswick, the Rev. Cornelius Neale, M.A. aged 34, formerly fellow of St John's College, Cambridge.

9. At his house, in Old Burlington Street, London, the Marquis Cornwallis, in the 49th year of his age. His Lordship had been in a declining state of health for several months. He succeeded to the title on the death of his gallant and excellent father at Benares in India, in the year 1805.

— At his Lordship's residence, near London, Richard, Viscount Powerscourt.

— At Lochwinnoch, Thomas Reid, labourer. He was born on the 21st October 1745, in the clachan of Kyle, Ayrshire. The importance attached to this circumstance arises from his being the celebrated equestrian hero of Burn's poem, "Tam o'-Shanter." He has at length surmounted the "mosses, waters, slaps, and styles" of life. For a considerable time by-past, he has been in the service of Major Harvey of Castlesemple, nine months of which he has been incapable of labour. He, however, still retained the desire of being "fou for weeks thegither."

10. At Duloch, Miss Fisher, eldest daughter of the late Richard Fisher, Esq. Loretto.

— At Woolwich, suddenly, Douglas Lawson, Esq. of the Royal Artillery.

11. At Gargunnock House, Stirlingshire, Mrs Ann Weller, Lady of the late Colonel Edingtoun of Gargunnock.

— At Brompton, Brooks Lawrence, Esq. late Lieut.-Colonel of the 13th Light Dragoons.

12. At her house, in Regent Street, London, Lady Wilson, wife of Sir Robert Wilson, M. P.

— At Portobello, Mr William Drysdale, late watchmaker, Lothian Street, Edinburgh.

— At Jedburgh, the Rev. James Scott, minister of the relief congregation.

13. At Dromono, county of Antrim, Mrs William Cunningham, aged 22.

— At Houghton le Spring, in consequence of a fall from his horse, William Ironside, Esq. formerly Captain in the 68th Regiment. He was the representative of one of the oldest families in the county of Durham.

14. In Teviot Row, Edinburgh, Mr James Liddle, late carver and gilder.

15. At White Hill Cottage, near Bristol, George Walker, Esq. of the King's Remembrancer's Office, Exchequer, London.

16. At Edinburgh, Mr James Whyte, merchant, Leith.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Rachel Playfair, widow of James Playfair, Esq. architect, London.

— At Tipperlinn, Mrs Margaret Carmichael, widow of the late Mr James Carmichael, comptroller of the customs at Port Patrick.

17. At New Saughton, George, second son of James Watson, Esq. of Saughton.

18. At Murrie, Miss Yeaman of Murrie.

19. At Macroom, Ireland, George Inglis, Esq. assistant-surgeon, 57th Regiment.

— At Shefford, Bedfordshire, in his 57th year, Robert Bloomfield, Esq. author of the "Farmer's Boy," &c. &c.

20. At Rome, Gregory Barnabi Chiaramonti, Pope Pius VII. The deceased Pontiff was born at Cesena, in the Romagna, on the 14th of August, 1742, and elected Pope at Venice, on the 14th of March, 1800. He was, therefore, at the time of his decease, in the 82d year of his age, and in the 24th of his Pontificate. Pius VII. was mild and amiable; and, though so long subjected to the most unjust persecutions, never evinced the least symptom of a vindictive spirit towards his enemies; whilst to his friends and benefactors, and particularly to the English nation and government, he always testified the warmest gratitude.

21. At his seat at Broomham, Essex, Sir William Ashburnham, Bart. aged 85.

— At Edinburgh, Eliza Francis, daughter of the late George Longmore, Esq. medical staff, Quebec.

22. At Buccleugh Place, James, eldest son of Mr Peter Brown, merchant, Edinburgh.

23. At Weston Green, Thames Ditton, Surrey, John Kaye, Esq. late Accountant-General to the Hon. East India Company at Bombay.

— At Fountainbridge, Mrs Sprott, relict of Robert Sprott, Esq. Edinburgh.

24. At Leith, Mr Robert Brown, late of Allos glassworks.

27. At Ayr, Helen M'Cormick, youngest daughter of William Eaton, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute of Ayrshire.

Lately. Lost, on his passage to the East Indies, John Hely Hutchinson, youngest son of the late Hon. and Rev. Lorenzo Hely Hutchinson, and nephew to the Earl of Donoughmore and Lord Hutchinson

— In Paris, Mr Nicholas Clary, formerly merchant in Marseilles, and who had acquired a large fortune by mercantile transactions. Mr Clary was brother to the present Queen of Sweden and to Madame Joseph Buonaparte.

— In Dublin, the Right Rev. Charles O'Donnell, D.D. Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Derry, at the advanced age of 76.

— At Dublin, J. Jameson, Esq. one of the Barons of the Irish Exchequer.

— At his seat in Staffordshire, William Shepherd Kinnersly, Esq. M. P. for Newcastle-under-Lyne.

— At Magdeburg, where he had taken refuge since 1815, the celebrated Carnot, at the age of 70, after a painful illness.

— At Wallacehall, parish of Glencairn, James Wallace, Esq.

— In Dublin, at the advanced age of 84, the Rev. Dr Ledwich, author of the "*Antiquities of Ireland*," and other literary works, and member of many of the learned societies in Europe.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN.

July 8. At his house, St Bernards, deeply regretted, Sir Henry Raeburn, Knight, Royal Academician, and Portrait Painter to his Majesty; a gentleman whose talents have done so much honour to Scotland, and entitle him to be ranked as a portrait painter in the same class with Reynolds and Lawrence. His full-length pictures of the Earl of Hopetoun, Lord Frederick Campbell, Sir David Baird, Adam Roland, Esq., Glengarry, and many more, might be mentioned as proofs that he was equally remarkable for correctness of drawing, freedom of pencilling, brilliancy of colouring, and a personification of character not less vigorous than graceful. He possessed the rare faculty of producing in every instance the most striking and agreeable likeness, and of indicating intellectual expression and dignity of demeanour, wherever they appeared in the original; often approaching in his portraits to the elevation of historical painting. His modesty was equal to his merit; and in his intercourse with the young candidates for public favour, he was uniformly kind, communicative, and liberal; and on all occasions had the candour to bestow just praise on rival excellence.—The Royal Academy in London, in testimony of their high estimation of his talents, elected him first an associate, and afterwards an academician, without solicitation. And when his Majesty, on his visit to Edinburgh, conferred the honour of knighthood upon the distinguished artist, we do not recollect any occasion on which a more universal feeling of satisfaction was expressed.—In society, few men were more acceptable than Sir Henry; for he possessed a cheerful disposition, much good sense, and an inexhaustible store of anecdote. In his domestic relations, no man could dispense or receive a greater degree of happiness; and those who had opportunities of seeing him in the midst of his family, will ever cherish the recollection of his amiable and endearing qualities. Sir Henry was a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a member of the late Imperial Academy of Florence, a member of the Academy of New York, and a few days before his death received a commission appointing him portrait painter in Scotland to the King.

DUKE OF ROXBURGH.

July 19. At Fleurs, his Grace James Duke of Roxburghe, in the 88th year of his age. His Grace succeeded William (Bellenden), who succeeded John Kerr, the Duke of Roxburghe, so eminently known to the literary world as the nobleman whose taste for old books laid the foundation of the club which bears his name. John was the last of the direct male branches of the ancient border family of Kers. His successor William was of a female branch from Earl Robert, and we believe the Duke now deceased, of another female branch from the same Earl. The descent and property have been the source of much litigation, but the heirdom is at present clear in the person of the young Marquis of Beaumont, the only child of the deceased Duke. The Marquis (now Duke) is about five years of age.

EARL OF CAITHNESS.

July 26. At Barogill Castle, the Right Hon. James Earl of Caithness, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and Postmaster-General for Scotland. The noble Lord, originally Sir James Sinclair of Mey, succeeded to the earldom of Caithness as heir-male of the former line, without the fortune that had been accustomed to support the dignity. His compeers, however, found his Lordship an honourable acquisition to their ranks, and well qualified to uphold whatever befitted the ancient title he inherited. The Earl of Caithness, in every situation of life, whether of a private or of a public nature, discharged the several duties incumbent upon him with a firmness, and at the same time a suavity of manners, which alike became the nobleman and gentleman, which endeared him to all ranks of society, and secured their esteem and admiration.

LORD NAPIER.

Aug. 1. At Dacre Lodge, the Right Hon. Francis Lord Napier. His Lordship was son of William Lord Napier, by Mary Anne, daughter of Charles Lord Cathcart; was born in 1758, and succeeded his father in 1775. In 1784, he married Maria Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir John Clavering; by whom he has left William John, now Lord Napier, (who married Miss Cochrane Johnstone, and has two sons and three daughters,) Charles and Henry Alfred, and four daughters. In early life his Lordship served in the army, which he left about the close of the American war; but, in the late French war, he served as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hopetoun Fencibles, till that regiment was reduced. In 1796, his Lordship was elected one of the sixteen representative peers of Scotland, and in which he continued since, except in the Parliament summoned in 1806, which only sat one session. In 1802, he succeeded David Earl of Leven, as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, which office he resigned in 1817, and was succeeded by William Earl of Errol.—Upon his resignation, the unanimous thanks of the Assembly was voted to his Lordship, for the manner in which he conducted himself in that high office; at the same time they expressed their sincere regret at his resignation, after his long and faithful services. Lord Napier was highly respected, not only by his brother peers, but by all ranks of the community. With great urbanity of manners he supported the dignity of his rank, and was kind and affable to every person. As a husband, father, and friend, his conduct was highly praiseworthy and exemplary. In short, he displayed during his life every Christian virtue in an eminent degree, which makes his death sincerely lamented.

EARL OF HOPETOUN.

Aug. 27. At Paris, the Right Hon. John Hope, Earl of Hopetoun. His Lordship was Viscount Airthrie, Lord Hope, (Lord Hopetoun 1809, and Lord Niddry 1817, British titles,) Lord Lieutenant of Linlithgowshire, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, a General in the army, Colonel of the 42d foot, (Royal Highlanders,) Governor of the Royal Bank of Scotland, Captain-General of the Royal Company of Archers, &c. &c.

His Lordship succeeded James, the last Earl, his half-brother, in 1816, and was the only son of John Earl of Hopetoun, by his second marriage with Jane, daughter of Robert Oliphant of Rossie, Esq., and was born on the 17th of August, 1765. He married—first, Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Charles Hope Weir of Craigiehall, in 1795, who died in 1801, without issue. He married, second, Louisa Dorothea, third daughter of Sir John Wedderburn of Ballendean, Bart., by whom he has left John, now Earl of Hopetoun, born November 15, 1803, eight other sons, and two daughters.

His Lordship entered when young into the army, in which he served with great bravery and distinction. He was appointed Adjutant-General to the forces serving under the late gallant Sir Ralph Abercromby in the Leeward Islands, in 1794; had the rank of Brigadier-General in the West Indies, where he was actively employed in the campaigns of 1794, 5, 6, and 7, being particularly noticed in general orders, and in the public dispatches of the Commander-in-Chief, particularly, as having "on all occasions most willingly come forward and exerted himself in times of danger, to which he was not called, from his situation of Adjutant-General." He accompanied the British troops into Holland in August 1799, as Deputy Adjutant-General, but was so severely wounded at the landing at the Helder, on the 27th of that month, that he was compelled to come home. On his recovery, he was appointed Adjutant-General to the army serving under his Royal Highness the Duke of York, October 19, 1799. In 1800, he accompanied Sir Ralph Abercromby as Adjutant-General on the memorable expedition to Egypt; and at the battle of Alexandria, March 21, 1801, he was wounded in the hand, and the army was thus for a time "deprived of the service of a most active, zealous, and judicious officer." He afterwards accompanied the British army to Spain and Portugal in 1808. At the battle of Corunna, January 16, 1809, in consequence of the wounds of Sir John Moore and Sir David Baird, the command devolved on his Lordship, (then Lieutenant-General Hon. John Hope)"to whose abilities and exertions," (said the dispatches,) in the direction of the ardent zeal and unconquerable valour of his Majesty's troops, is to be attributed, under Providence, the success of the day, which terminated in the complete and entire repulse and defeat of the enemy at every point of attack." On the 26th of April 1809, he was invested with the Order of the Bath, and was afterwards appointed Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, where he remained a considerable time. When he left Ireland, he again joined the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula; and, on the 14th of April 1814, in a sortie made by the garrison of Bayonne, he was very severely wounded, and was taken prisoner by his horse falling with him, which made him cripple for a long time. This was his last service, as the war terminated next year.

As a soldier, he was cool, determined, and brave; and his conduct as a nobleman, landlord, and friend, was such as became his high station. To his numerous family and relatives his loss is much to be lamented, and few of his rank have died who have been more sincerely regretted by all classes of the public.

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HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

No. XVI.

Wallenstein, translated by Coleridge.

If there be a twenty-year old book in the world that is "as good as MS." —that is to say, that nobody has seen, although many have talked of it, it is the translation of Schiller's Wallenstein, by Mr Coleridge. The fact is, that the existence of such a work had been almost entirely lost sight of, until it was recalled to a sort of "Life-in-death," by being made to furnish some quotations for the beginnings of chapters in "The Scotch Novels." The author of those Novels mentioned Wallenstein, on one of these occasions, as "more magnificent in the English of Coleridge than in the German of Schiller;" and in the recent republication of The Friend, Mr Coleridge acknowledges this extravagant compliment in a strain of still more extravagant gratefulness. The author of Waverley understands English better than German—therefore he enjoys the translated Wallenstein more fully than the original; but it was not fair to disparage Schiller in this style. Had Schiller translated the Ancient Mariner into German, he could have produced nothing so good as Coleridge's original; and Coleridge's Wallenstein is an admirable translation—but it is nothing more—it is not an original—it is not so magnificent as the Wallenstein of Schiller.

It is, however, by far the best translation of a foreign tragic drama which our English literature possesses; and as such, it is well worthy of being more effectually recalled to the recollection of the present reading public. Strange certainly, but as certainly true it is, that we have nothing like any adequate version of any one of the masterpieces of Greek—of Spanish—even of French tragedy. And it is not less true, that, besides this one, we have no excellent complete translation of any German tragedy whatever—except, perhaps, Mr Gillies's version of Müllner's Guilt, and Müllner is not yet a master. But Schiller is not only one of the true masters of German tragedy, but he is, we have no hesitation in saying, by far the greatest master of tragedy that has appeared in Europe since the death of Calderon. In many particulars he is the inferior of Goethe—but in the drama, the real living drama of tragic action, he is, we cannot doubt, his illustrious countryman's superior. The Faust is a thing by itself—it is a thing of a kind by itself—it is a new creation—it places its author in the very first rank of human genius; but it is not a tragic drama in the same sense with Egmont, or any of Goethe's pieces meant for the stage. To all of

these, Schiller's Wallenstein, Carlos, and Bride of Messina, are decidedly superior. They have more of the real *vis dramatica*—they have much more of the fire and the life—they come nearer Shakespeare in those particular qualities, wherein, considered merely as a writer for the stage, he is as unrivalled, as, in some other and yet higher things, he is, and, in all probability, will ever be, unapproached. An admirable version, therefore, of one of this great author's most admirable works, is a possession of which we ought to be exceedingly proud; and we very gladly embrace this opportunity of noticing it at some length, for three several reasons.

1st, By doing so, we shall, at very little cost of labour, furnish our readers with a first-rate piece of entertainment and delight.

2dly, We shall probably incite the bookseller (whoever he is) that has the copy-right, to publish a new edition of the whole work; and we shall thereby do a service both to Mr Coleridge and to the public, as well as to the said bookseller. And,

3dly, We shall, we would fain hope, incite—if not Mr Coleridge himself—men of talent not quite so unjust to themselves as he is and has been to himself, to make further experiments on the fruitful field of *genuine* German tragedy.—Mr R. P. Gillies and Lord Francis Gower, in particular, have already shewn themselves to be in possession of every accomplishment this labour requires; and we would earnestly hope neither of them will turn a deaf ear to the public voice which bids them proceed. There is "ample room and scope enough" for both; and, unless we be greatly mistaken, anything as good as the English Wallenstein produced *now*, would be sure to meet with a very different reception from that which was vouchsafed to Coleridge by the reading public of 1800.

That was a strange period in many points of view—and, in a literary point of view, at least as much so as in any other. There had been, we may say, a pause—a total pause in our poetry for a full score of years—for although Burns, one of the most genuine of poets, had been astonishing Scotland, Scotland was then mere Scotland, and his genius had not up to that time exerted any commanding influence upon the great mind of England. It was the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border that first turned attention largely and deeply to the language and the poetry of Scotland; and the works of Burns gradually profited by the same circumstances, which opened the full career of a still more splendid popularity to the greatest of all his poetical successors. Had Burns lived, what he might have done no one can tell—but he was cut off early in life; and when we reflect how late it was ere *his* intellectual youth (considering all the disadvantages under which he laboured) could be said to terminate, HE died much younger than any other poet of his years. Even laying this aside, had he lived till now, he would not have been an old man.—But what avail such speculations?

At the time when Coleridge published his Wallenstein, then, it may be said, that the English public had got out of the habit of looking for good new poetry. The toleration of such a barren coxcomb as Hayley, is a sufficient proof of the low state to which these matters had been reduced. The fact, that such idiots as Miss Seward and her Litchfield cronies were suffered to have any sort of intellectual existence at all, is, if possible, still more conclusive. Such was the profound languor into which we had fallen, that nothing but a stimulant of the very first-rate power had the least chance of rousing us. It was not the display of juvenile ingenuity—it was not the elegance of imitation—it was not even the bloom of true *promise*, that could disturb such a lethargy. Nay more—it was not even genius, highest genius itself, exerted in any other form than one of equal excellence and novelty, that could be sufficient to work such a wonder. The early poems of Coleridge and Southey were totally ineffectual appeals to the ear of the slumbering giant. Even Wordsworth appealed in vain, for his music was not the trumpet-note to wake the dead. But at last a trumpet-note was heard, and from the appearance of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, there has been neither slumbering nor folding of the hands to sleep.

Mr Coleridge's translation from Schiller appeared just when the apathy had attained that depth, which was, although no one dreamed of it,

the sure prelude to a burst of revivification. Had it been an English original, it might have done wonders; but we were at our darkest too proud to be kindled by a foreign torch; and the WALLENSTEIN had, like the first publication of Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads, the fate to delight the few, and to be totally neglected by the many.

Had he published Christabel when it was written, and gone on in that strain, Coleridge *might* have broken the charm—but there is no use in conjecturing and reflecting.

The translation of Wallenstein was published in England very shortly after the original play was first acted in Germany, and indeed before the original had been printed at all—at least we suppose so, for Mr C. tells us in his preface, that he worked upon a MS. copy. In point of fact, the Wallenstein, as it now appears in Schiller's works, is, in many minor matters, very different from what it seems to have been, when it engaged Mr Coleridge's attention. Schiller was never weary of retouching his writings, and he fastened many alterations and many additions on this great performance, subsequent to its first appearance on the stage. But, after all, these are, comparatively speaking, mere trifles; although, if Mr Coleridge were to republish his translation *in toto*, it would certainly be his duty to give it a careful revision. In some instances, indeed, we suspect the MS. he had before his eyes must have been inaccurate or illegible—for there are blemishes which otherwise we should be at a loss to account for.*

The translation, be all this as it may, was executed in Germany during the first triumphant popularity of the original as an acting play. When we think of this—when we compare the prodigious effect which the German Wallenstein produced in Germany, and the apathy with which this admirable version was received at the very same moment in England, we know nothing that might furnish a more striking proof of the very different circumstances under which the poetical literatures of these two kindred regions were placed at that period. The Wallenstein produced about as great a sensation in its native country, as any first-rate work of genius ever produced anywhere; and yet it appeared when Wieland and Goethe were both of them in the height of their glory—it appeared at a time when every winter was producing a host of masterpieces in every department of letters in Germany—it appeared at a time when the public of that country might have been supposed to be saturated with the excess of poetical luxuries. The translation, on the other hand, appeared here when we were starving, absolutely starving—and it appeared only to be neglected.

Not such would have been the fate of such a translation appearing in the midst of any of the truly productive periods of English literature. At such periods a craving is created, which no supply of genuine food can ever be in the least danger of satisfying to the brink of surfeit. It was in the midst of the most illustriously productive period our literature has ever known, that Don Quixote was first translated into English, and that work immediately took its place by the side of the most favoured creations of vernacular genius. Gil Blas, in like manner, appeared among us at the very time when we had our own Swifts, Popes, Gays, and Arbuthnots—Voltaire competed boldly and directly with our Fieldings, Smollets, and Goldsmiths. These works had only to appear in order to succeed, because we were in the full enjoyment of that high excitement, that flow of intellectual health, which no stimulus but that of present, living, native genius can originally supply. But the greatest tragedian that the world had seen for two centuries, appealed, and appealed in vain, to the English ear, because that ear had become dull and dead amidst the "Sylvas *nil* resonantes" of an age of inertness, pomposity, and barren pretension. Had he struck into a concert of competing masters, he would have been received with rapture by them, and therefore by all the rest—but the distant note of genuine power could not be heard amidst the drowsy tinkle

* Even as it is, how are we to understand such a blunder as that of making the Countess Tertsky *not* the sister of Wallenstein, (on which circumstance her character depends,) but the sister of his wife?

of Jews' harps, with which, at that era of intellectual indolence, we had condescended to be entertained.

Schiller, as our readers are probably aware, commenced his poetical career ere he had well passed the threshold of manhood. The severe discipline of the military academy at which he was educated disgusted him; and his juvenile revenge was that singular performance, which, by its too vivid painting of the joys of a life free from all the restraints of human rule, set the young "hot bloods" of Germany into one ferment of madness. "The Robbers" produced, among other things, an interdict upon the pen of its young author, from those most grave and potent Signiors, the Inspectors of the Press for the Dutchy of Wirtemberg. This, however, was the very best thing that could have happened for Schiller, for the excellent Goethe immediately made the cause his own, and ere many months had elapsed, the Juvenile Poet was enabled to prosecute his studies under very different auspices, within the dominions of Goethe's illustrious FRIEND, that universally honoured patron of genius, the Duke of Saxe Weimar. The youthful Schiller describes, in one of his letters, the first meeting he had with the remarkable person, whose generosity had thus befriended him. He saw Goethe with that mixture of curiosity and awe, without which such a youth could scarcely have been expected to find himself for the first time in the presence of such a man. Goethe relieved his embarrassment by talking in the most free and friendly manner to him throughout the greater part of the evening. "I love him," says Schiller, in the letter which he wrote the same evening ere he went to bed—"I love him—I love this great and good man—but we shall never be friends. I am too much his junior. He has outlived what I am. He has felt all that I feel, but he has passed onwards—the things that I am interested with, nay, that I ought to be interested with, are to him the dreams of a youth that has vanished. He may look back and sympathise with me by his imagination, but I cannot leap over the experience of years. I cannot communicate on equal terms with this man, who has lived in the world more than twice as long as I have done—who has contemplated the events and the spirits of that long course of time, with the eyes of such a genius as Goethe's. I may love and admire—but, I feel it, I cannot be *the friend.*"

This modesty augured well, and in after years, it need not be said, Schiller and Goethe *did* live together as equals and as friends. The near contemplation of Goethe's matured and triumphant genius appears, however, to have checked for a season Schiller's poetical ambition. This, perhaps, was not the worst thing that could have happened for his upshot of fame. Schiller turned himself to the study of history, above all of German history, with all the vigour of his intellect. By Goethe's interest he was appointed ere long to a historical professorship at Jena, and there he remained for several years, cultivating his mind with the most persevering diligence, and living in society admirably calculated to improve and refine both his genius and his manners. The distance between Jena and Weimar is so inconsiderable, that he could easily spend the morning in his university, and the evening amidst the quiet elegancies of that charming little capital; and, besides, there was a favourite garden and small inn, situated about half-way between the two towns, where he, Goethe, Wieland, and other literary friends, used to meet occasionally. Indeed, that circle of worthies was at all times a jovial one; and the club, which, at a subsequent period, united them all thrice-a-week at Weimar, was the parent of half the chansons-a-boire that are now popular over Germany.

It was after a pause of more than ten years that Schiller re-appeared as a tragedian. He had published in the interim a few minor poems and various Historical Essays—most of these in a Magazine, which at that time flourished at Weimar under Wieland's auspices—and more lately he had produced the best of all his prose writings, "The History of the Thirty Years' War." The poetical spark, however, had not been extinguished—and when he once more made his appearance as a dramatist, the choice of his subjects sufficiently shewed, that while he had been collecting the materials for historical composition, he had half-unconsciously been concentrating upon these very materials all the fire and splendour of a genius, whose true destination could not long be gainsaid. His labours on "The Revolt of the

Netherlands," produced his Don Carlos; and his great historical work, "The Thirty Years' War," was followed by that magnificent drama, or rather cycle of dramas, in which he turns his history into poetry, or rather draws out, and embodies in one exquisite whole, the hidden poetry inherent in a period of great historical interest—in which, he paints the age which before he had chronicled, and luxuriates in the privilege of following to the inmost recesses of their bosoms, those high-fated specimens of the daring and the crafty, the generous and the sordid, the prominent exterior of whose deeds and fortunes had already been recorded by him in a shape, which, (to translate the fine expression of, if we be not mistaken, one of his own minor poems,)

"Smother'd indignant Inspiration's flame,
And bound the Fever which it could not tame."

This preface is extending itself to a length of which we had no anticipations; but, since we have been seduced into talking of Schiller's life, we must say one word about his death, or rather its proximate cause. We had a little book * lately laid on our table, in which the affair is gone into at great length—And will our readers believe it?—this worthy German biographer gravely ascribes the death of Schiller at the age of forty—to what?—why to the habits of writing after supper, and lying in bed until nine o'clock in the morning!

If these were mortal circumstances, a pretty bill of deaths we should have. The occurrence of such a passage, in a book published so near us only last year, is, of itself, enough to shew how far the ideas and manners of the good people of Weimar, are in Schiller's modest phrase, "our juniors."—In fairness, however, we must admit that Schiller really seems to have had a very inadequate measure of respect for a constitution, which could never have been a very robust one. During the latter years of his life, (*i. e.* from thirty to forty,) while he was engaged in writing his chief dramatic works, his mode of life was as follows:—He rose, as we have seen, at the unchristian hour of nine, and ate a tolerable breakfast—smoked and read, (but never wrote,) till one o'clock, when he dined—Walked out for an hour or two by himself, in the Duke of Weimar's pleasure-grounds, (by the way he always plunged into the nearest thicket if he saw anybody coming)—went to the play between four and five *every* afternoon—supped in company afterwards—and then shut himself in his room to write. He continued at his writing-table for several hours. And we are in possession, (thanks to Meinherr Doering, above mentioned,) of a graphic enough account of his method of demeaning himself, while thus occupied. "The neighbours who lived opposite," says this writer, "have often described to me the midnight of Schiller. He had close to him on his table a bottle of old Rhine-wine, which sometimes had need to be replenished ere his labours were completed. When he had finished a small portion of writing, he invariably rose and declaimed to himself, in a loud and sonorous voice, striding vehemently up and down his chamber; but if it was a fine night, he would throw up the window, and pour out his verses to the open air. Occasionally he wrote with his pipe in his mouth. It was often *two* or *even* half-past two ere he retired to his bed-chamber."

We hope this passage may be of use to some friends of ours who shall be nameless; but, in the meantime, let us return to the Wallenstein, from which we have most improperly been wandering—and that the more inexcusably, because, after turning over the leaves of the volume, as we have just done, it is sufficiently evident that no one article of ours can be sufficient to give to our readers anything like an adequate notion of this performance. One thing we shall cut short. Madame de Stael's "Germany" is in every hand; and Professor Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature are at least in many. From either of these works a tolerable enough idea of the general structure of WALLENSTEIN may be derived; and anxious as we are to keep all the room we can for extracts from Mr Coleridge's version, we shall trust almost entirely to this aid; and, indeed, speak henceforth in some sort upon the supposition, that those who listen are not altogether in

* Doering's Leben, &c. Weimar. 1822.

the dark as to the subject of our discourse.

Of the three plays, then, in which the whole story of Wallenstein's fall is unfolded, Mr Coleridge has left the first quite untouched. "Wallenstein's Camp," for so it is entitled, may rather, indeed, be considered as a musical prelude to the tragedy of the two following plays, than in any other light. Its purpose is distinctly and solely to prepare us for the coming. It represents the wild life of the camp of camps—the camp of a soldiery that has been twenty years together, and of a commander who has grown grey in power and glory—of an army that thinks of nothing but the general, the enemy, and the booty—and of a general who feels himself more powerful, than it is good for any subject to be tempted by feeling. A certain rough, wild, stormy gaiety presides. The clank of wine-cups is heard between the rolling of drums, and the shrill notes of the trumpet. In the fore-ground, parties of dragoons stroll idly about—pretty market-women and young peasants exhibit their baskets, and share the jest of licence.—Comely and well-fed priests move here and there across the bustling scene:—"Captains and colonels, and knights in arms," lay their heads together in the middle-ground, sometimes in the glee of revelry, sometimes in the debate of subaltern rivalry and minor ambition;——and behind and above all, the back-ground exhibits, or we should rather say, is filled up by the all-presiding, all-swaying, gigantic shadow of WALLENSTEIN.

Jealousies have sprung up, as why should they not, between the Imperial Court and this overgrown Lieutenant. Whether the Emperor shall strike the blow by deposing him from his command, or he by leaguing himself with the Swede, and setting the General against the Prince—this, we at once perceive, is a matter which accident, more than anything else, is to determine. Wallenstein is ambitious, but his ambition does not voluntarily point the way to treason. Great he is—great he must continue to be—but it is no part of his character to desire that his greatness should be sustained by disloyalty, after having been founded and built upon the most meritorious of services. He is one of those men whose true greatness lies only in action. Out of the field, he is not the same Wallenstein that had coped even-handed with Gustavus. His purposes are not fixed and determinate in proportion to the sense he entertains, and that justly, of his own genius, deserts, and capacities. He is tied up, and that not unconsciously either, by the lurking superstitions of custom. He is brave enough to do anything, but he has not the audacity to plan deliberate treason. But circumstances conspire to hurry him on—the chief officers of his army see their own ruin wrapped up in his—they goad him to the point—they tempt him, and he falls. They then waver when it is too late for him to turn; they leave him, and nothing remains for Wallenstein but to die. The shadow of his greatness, however, still hovers over him. The noblest of his captains deserts him indeed, but rushes to death that he may not survive the degradation of his accustomed leader. Pure hearts are broken—innocent spotless hearts snap beneath the same stroke that severs his; the dignity of a pre-eminent nature asserts itself in the greatest and in the least of the circumstances; and, as if on purpose to elevate, even in the moment of consummated ruin, Wallenstein is not executed like a traitor, but assassinated like a king. The hands that plunge daggers into him tremble with the consciousness of a moral rebellion, and the only man in all the camp that is a gainer by his downfall, half curses himself when he finds that WALLENSTEIN has ceased to be. The whole action carries with it the tumult of ambition, the darkness of conspiracy, the cloud of blood; and yet never shall the world witness a drama of the dark tempestuous passions of world-worn men, more beautifully, more touchingly, more pathetically interwoven with the sweet play of young affections, and the generous march of free innocence, than is here. The greatness is Wallenstein's, and the fall is his; but the true hero of our hearts is the noble Piccolomini, and the grave of our tears is that where the daughter of Wallenstein flings her virgin beauty upon the devoted dust of her betrothed.

The greatest art of the poet is throughout apparent in everything that relates to this favourite character—that of Max Piccolomini. The sudden and deep love conceived by him for the Princess Thekla, and by her for him, and the openness of devotion with

which they conduct themselves towards each other, form a picture than which nothing can be conceived more admirable. The strong affection which Wallenstein himself feels for one that has always been to him (to use a fine expression of Schiller's, which, had Coleridge been a Scotchman, he would not have shrunk from translating) "the child of the house," tends perhaps more than any other trait in the great General's character to make us feel for him and his misfortunes. The deep paternal affection of old Octavio Piccolomini softens, in like manner, our aversion for his craftiness of character, and the unworthy *manner* of his defalcation from Wallenstein; and, above all, Max is exalted by the homage which is paid to him by the whole knot of conspiring captains, when they devise their double bond, only because they know that nothing will persuade him even to the *semblance* of dishonour. His rushing to death on the right side the moment he knows that Wallenstein has irredeemably bound himself to the wrong—his rushing thus, too, in obedience to the hard-wrung prayer of her who feels that her own death depends upon, and is inseparable from his,—all this is in the very highest rank of tragic excellence; and the whole of this beautiful story, which is meant to be, but which will not let itself be, an episode, is told with such simplicity, developed with such native grace of grandeur, and adorned with such a luxury of poetry, that it is indeed necessary to think of SHAKESPEARE when we would seek for anything superior either to the conception or the execution of it. But we must leave very much to the imagination of the reader, and proceed to our extracts.

Max Piccolomini has been absent from the camp, escorting thither, from a distant nunnery, the daughter of Wallenstein. He arrives at the moment when his father Octavio, and Questenberg, the envoy of the Emperor, are conversing concerning the means of displacing (for as yet there is no intention of killing) the too powerful General. Max hates Questenberg, as a soldier hates a courtier, and listens with coldness to the hints which the two seniors throw out—for hints are all they venture on to *him*. Hear how nobly he defends his old Captain.

"*Max.* Heaven never meant him for that passive thing,
That can be struck and hammer'd out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
To every tune of every minister.
It goes against his nature—he can't do it.
He is possess'd by a commanding spirit,
And his too is the station of command.
And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what nature destin'd him,
The pause, the central point of thousand thousands——
Stands fix'd and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
Another better suits the court—no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.
Quest. The army? Doubtless!
Octa. (*To Quest.*) Hush! Suppress it, friend!
Unless *some* end were answer'd by the utterance.—
Of *him* there you'll make nothing.
Max. (*continuing.*) *In their distress*
They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
More than the ills for which they call'd him up.
Th' uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day.—But in the field,
Ay, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.
Octa. My son! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppress'd mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forwards goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shatt'ring that it *may* reach, and shatt'ring what it reaches.

My son! the road, the human being travels,
That, on which BLESSING comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.
Quest. O hear your father, noble youth! hear *him*,
Who is at once the hero and the man.
Octa. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witness'd! There exists
An higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The Calm, the Blissful, and th' enduring Mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvass, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momently,
With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel!
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams,
Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hurries!
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard,
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.
Max. O let the Emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stain'd laurel
For the first violet of the leafless spring,
Pluck'd in those quiet fields where I have journey'd.
Octa. What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?
Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld? I *have* beheld it.
From thence am I come hither: O! that sight,
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!
My road conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reach'd. Life, life, my father——
My venerable father, life has charms
Which we have ne'er experience'd. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays
Where safeliest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in th' inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.
Octa. (*Attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness.*)
——And so your journey has reveal'd this to you?
Max. 'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robb'd me of my youth,
Left me an heart unsoul'd and solitary,
A spirit uninform'd, unornamented,
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shatt'ring trumpet,
The unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This cannot be the sole felicity,
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures!
Octa. Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.
Max. O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colours are unfurl'd, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the bux is hush'd, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plund'ring of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all fill'd with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom

The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.
Quest. (*Apparently much affected.*) O! that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.
Max. (*Turning round to him quick and vehement.*)
Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I'll own it to you freely,) indignation
Crowded and prest my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, *ye!*—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in th' enemy;
Which yet's the only way to peace; for if
War intermit not during war, *how* then
And *whence* can peace come?—Your own plagues fall on you!
Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.
And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin."

We have said that Max had escorted Thekla, and that their love began upon that journey. The aunt of Thekla, and Wallenstein's sister, the Countess of Tertsky, is already in so far acquainted with the affair, and indeed knows more than she pretends; but Max is asked by her in her chamber if he has revealed his passion to her niece—and how beautifully the youth answers!—

"*Max.* This morning did I hazard the first word.
Count. This morning the first time in twenty days?
Max. 'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
And Nepomuck, where *you* had join'd us, and—
That was the last relay of the whole journey!
In a balcony we were standing mute,
And gazing out upon the dreary field:
Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy
The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
And trembling ventur'd I at length these words:
This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.
A few hours more, and you will find a father,
Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
Lost in the many—'Speak with my aunt Tertsky!'
With hurrying voice she interrupted me.
She falter'd. I beheld a glowing red
Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
Rais'd slowly up her eye met mine—no longer
Did I control myself.
(*The Princess Thekla appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the Countess, but not by Piccolomini.*)
With instant boldness
I caught her in my arms, my mouth touch'd hers;
There was a rustling in the room close by;
It parted us—'Twas you. What since has happened,
You know.
Count. (*After a pause, with a stolen glance at Thekla.*)
And is it your excess of modesty;
Or are you so incurious, that you do not
Ask me too of my secret?
Max. Of *your* secret?
Count. Why, yes! When in the instant after you
I stepp'd into the room, and found my niece there,
What she in this first moment of the heart
Ta'en with surprise——
Max. (*With eagerness.*) Well?
Thek. (*To the Countess.*) Spare yourself the trouble.
That hears he better from myself.
Max. (*Stepping backward.*) My Princess!
What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsky!
Thek. (*To the Countess.*) Has he been here long?
Count. Yes; and soon must go.
Where have *you* stay'd so long?
Thek. Alas! my mother
Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.
Max. Now once again I have courage to look on you.
To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you
Hid the beloved from me.
Thek. Then you saw me
With your eye only—and not with your heart?
Max. This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,

O! what an impulse felt I in that moment
To fall upon his neck, to call him *father!*
But his stern eye o'erpower'd the swelling passion—
It dar'd not but be silent. And those brilliants,
That like a crown of stars enwreath'd your brows,
They scar'd me too! O, wherefore, wherefore should he
At the first meeting spread as 'twere the bann
Of excommunication round you, wherefore
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,
And cast upon the light and joyous heart
The mournful burthen of *his* station? Fitly
May love dare woo for love; but such a splendour
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.
Thek. Hush! not a word more of this mummery.
You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.
(*To the Countess.*) He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?
'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!
He had quite another nature on the journey—
So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent.
(*To Max.*) It was my wish to see you always so,
And never otherwise!
Max. You find yourself
In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
All in a new world, which does homage to you,
And which, were't only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.
Thek. Yes; I confess to you
That many things delight me here: this camp,
This motley stage of warriors, which renews
So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,
What hitherto had but been present to me
As a sweet dream!
Max. Alas! not so to me.
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the etherial heights
I've lived for these last days. This mass of men
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge,
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.
Thek. The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which having once review'd, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.
(*Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.*)
In this short time that I've been present here,
What new unheard-of things have I not seen?
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.
Count. (*Recollecting.*) And what
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.
Thek. (*Smiling.*) Ay, but the road thereto is watch'd by spirits;
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.
Count. (*Laughs.*) The astrological tower!
—How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you e'en at your approach?
Thek. A dwarfish old man, with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, open'd me the doors.
Max. That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.
Thek. He question'd me on many points; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.
Count. He wish'd
To erect a figure for your horoscope.
Thek. My hand too he examined, shook his head
With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.
Count. Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side-glance, and away!
Thek. It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepp'd in; and now
The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after
The closing door, was gone; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars; all seem'd to come from them.
'These are the planets,' said that low old man;
'They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,
Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is SATURN.
He opposite, the king with the red light,
An arm'd man for the battle, that is MARS:

And both these bring but little luck to man.'
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
And that was VENUS, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand, lo! MERCURY, with wings.
Quite in the middle glitter'd silver-bright
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien;
And this was JUPITER, my father's star:
And at his side I saw the SUN and MOON.
Max. O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's PRIDE that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of LOVE
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow; yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years,
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanish'd.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair!
Thek. And if this be the science of the stars,
I too, with glad and zealous industry,
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers.
Count. Not only roses,
But thorns too hath the heaven; and well for you,
Leave they your wreath of love inviolate.
What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.
Max. Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close.
Blest be the General's zeal: into the laurel
Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting
Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
Will have remained for his great heart! Enough
Has he perform'd for glory, and can now
Live for himself and his. To his domains
Will he retire; he has a stately seat
Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg,
And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—
Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
Stretches the chase and covers of his forests:
His ruling passion, to create the splendid,
He can indulge without restraint; can give
A princely patronage to every art,
And to all worth a Sovereign's protection.
Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—
Count. Yet I would have you look, and look again,
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend!
A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it
That you should woo and win her with the sword.
Max. O, that the sword could win her!
Count. What was that?
Did you hear nothing? Seem'd, as if I heard
Tumult and larum in the banquet-room."

The politic Countess has in truth encouraged Max to fall in love with Thekla, in the view of binding him to the fortunes of her brother; but she is far from wishing poor Thekla to listen seriously to the suit of young Piccolomini; and a long scene follows, in which she endeavours to rouse thoughts of higher ambition within that innocent breast. In the course of this, some words drop from the old lady, which convey to Thekla the first obscure feeling that some danger is near her princely father, and from henceforward Thekla, young and radiant, has died to joy. She had lived far away upon the feeling that she was

"His daughter—his—the mighty!"—

and from the moment that she forbodes his glory is about to be no more, even the love that had just begun to give her life a new charm, and an undreamed-of delight, ceases to be anything else than a deepener of her sorrows. But we have already said that we cannot analyze Wallenstein.

Octavio Piccolomini takes an early opportunity of conversing with his son alone. After a great deal of preface, he at last lays before him clear proofs that Wallenstein really has been tampering with the Swede, and then he completes the affair by drawing from his bosom *the Emperor's edict, containing the sentence and condemnation of the Duke.* On this parchment Max casts a single hurried glance—listens in silence, but with a visible struggle of feelings, to a few more long harangues of his father, and then starts up suddenly, "as one resolved," saying—

"I will procure me light a shorter way.
Farewell.
Octa. Where now?—Remain here.
Max. To the Duke.
Octa. (*Alarmed.*) What——
Max. (*Returning.*) If thou hast believed that I shall act
A part in this thy play——
Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.
My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
False with the heart—I may not, cannot be:
Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—
As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience
With such low pleas as these:—'I ask'd him not—
He did it all at his own hazard—and
My *mouth* has never lied to him.'—No, no!
What a friend takes me for, that I must be.
—I'll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended
Will I demand of him that he do save
His good name from the world, and with one stride
Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.
He can, he will!—*I* still am his believer.
Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters
May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.
How far may not this Tertsky have proceeded—
What may not he himself too have permitted
Himself to do, to snare the enemy,
The laws of war excusing? Nothing save
His own mouth, shall convicit him—nothing less!
And face to face will I go question him.
Octa. Thou wilt?
Max. I will, as sure as this heart beats.
Octa. I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.
I calculated on a prudent son,
Who would have blest the hand beneficent
That pluck'd him back from the abyss—and lo!
A fascinated being I discover,
Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
Go, question him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.
The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,
Go, give it up free booty!—Force me, drive me
To an open breach before the time. And now,
Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
My secret purpose even to this hour,
And laid to sleep Suspicion's piercing eyes,
Let me have lived to see that mine own son,
With frantic enterprize, annihilates
My toilsome labours and state-policy.
Max. Ay—this state-policy! O how I curse it!
You will some time, with your state-policy,
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because ye are *determined* that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll *make* him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, *ye*,—ye *force* him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison.—Father! father!
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!
And let it be decided as it may,
I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starr'd, unblest catastrophe.
For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship that midway on the ocean
Takes fire, at once, and with a thunder-burst,
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fix'd and morticed to his fortune.
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend."

Wallenstein, meantime, in all the irresolution that precedes "the acting of a dreadful thing," is spending the midnight alone in his chamber. This remarkable man was, as our readers are aware, a slave to that superstition which influenced so many even of the most powerful intellects of that time. He was a believer in astrology—a constant student of the stars. This trait of his character throws much in Schiller's power, and not in vain.

Surrounded by the emblems and instruments of his dark lore, in that mysterious chamber where seven colossal kings of brass represent the seven

planets, and where there is no light except what flames from the starry crowns upon the heads of these imperial images, this lordly votary meditates upon what he has dared to begin, and fears to finish. He expects the visit of a Swedish officer—that visit cannot be received without for ever compromising his loyalty. The following is part of the fine soliloquy:

"A punishable man I seem—the guilt,
Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;
The equivocal demeanour of my life
Bears witness on my prosecutor's party,
And even my purest acts from purest motives
Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
Were I that thing, for which I pass, that traitor,
A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
Had drawn the coverings thick and double round me,
Been calm and chary of my utterance.
But being conscious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
I gave way to my humours, to my passion:
Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not*.
Now every planless measure, chance event,
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,
Will they connect, and weave them all together
Into one web of treason; all will be plan,
My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;
And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
So specious, that I must myself stand *dumb*.
I am caught in my own net, and only force,
Naught but as udden *rent*, can liberate me.
(*Pauses again.*)
How else! since that the heart's unbiass'd instinct
Impell'd me to the daring deed, which now
Necessity, self-preservation, *orders*.
Stern is the On-look of necessity,
Not without shudder may a human hand
Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.
My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom,
Once suffer'd to escape from its safe corner
Within the heart, its nursery and birthplace,
Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs
For ever to those sly malicious powers
Whom never art of man conciliated.
(*Paces in agitation through the Chamber, then pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloquy.*)
What is thy enterprize? thy aim? thy object?
Hast honestly confess'd it to thyself?
Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,
Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in old custom;
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
Fix'd to the people's pious nursery-faith.
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
That fear'd I not. I brave each combatant,
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
Who, full himself of courage, kindles courage
In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible,
The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which, full of life, instinct with power,
Makes known its present being; that is not
The true, the perilously formidable.
O no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday,
What ever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them,
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers! For time consecrates;
And what is grey with age becomes religion.
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!
(*To the Page, who here enters.*)
The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.
(*The Page exit, Wallenstein fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.*)
Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths."

The Swede enters—and all is over with Wallenstein as the Emperor's general. He must now think and do for himself. It is at this moment that "the child of the house," his old plaything, his favourite hero, his daughter's lover, comes into his chamber. Max Piccolomini's influence with the soldiery renders it a matter of first-rate consequence to fix him. But this, to do Wallenstein justice, is not his chief thought here: he loves Max. It is thus that, after some preliminary hints, he bursts out to the young soldier, who had been reared almost from the cradle within his camp:—

"*Wall.* Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to-day;
Thy duties thou could'st exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.

Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt THY FRIEND and him
Who is thy Emperor.
Max. War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as Heaven's pestilence,
Yet it is good, is it Heaven's will, as that is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?
O God of heaven! what a change is this!
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who, like the fix'd star of the pole,
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The engrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obediency,
Must I pluck 'live asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—
It always was a god looking at me!
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed;
The senses still are in thy bonds, although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.
Wall. Max, hear me.
Max. O! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste; it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone
Made powerful only in an unknown power.
Wall. The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.
Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
The extreme,—can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
Or suffer violence—so stands the case,
There remains nothing possible but that.
Max. O! that is never possible for thee!
'Tis the last desperate resource of those
Cheap souls, to whom their honour, their good name,
Is their poor *saving*, their last worthless *Keep*,
Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest!
But he, who once hath acted infamy,
Does nothing more in this world.
Wall. (*Grasps his hand.*) Calmly, Max!
Much that is great and excellent will we
Perform together yet. And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
Forgotten, Max, by what road we ascended.
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
Not to the good. All, that the powers divine
Send from above, are universal blessings:
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
But never yet was man enrich'd by them:
In their eternal realm no *property*
Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
The jewel, the all-valued gold, we win
From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature,
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light.
Not without sacrifices are they render'd
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.
Max. Whate'er is human, to the human being
Do I allow—and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
The excess of action; but to thee, my General!
Above *all* others, make I large concession.
For thou must move a world, and be the master—
He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
So be it then! maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And, if it must be, force with force repel:
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But not—not to the *traitor*—yes!—the word
Is spoken out——
Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
That is no mere excess! That is no error
Of human nature—that is wholly different;
O that is black, black as the pit of hell!
(*Wallenstein betrays a sudden agitation.*)
Thou canst not hear it *named*, and wilt thou *do* it?
O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, Duke! with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.
Wall. It is too late. Thou know'st not what has happen'd.
Max. Were it too late, and were it gone so far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then—fall! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st.

Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendour do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others.
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
My destiny I never part from thine.
Wall. It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the milestones
Left fast behind by my post-couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.
(*Max stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish.*)
Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. *Thou*—no—thou canst not forsake me!
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had deliver'd to him?
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,
As I were, if I but disarm'd myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit.
Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.
(*Max quits him abruptly. Wallenstein, startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when Tertsky enters.*")

Hitherto our extracts have all been from the Second Part of the trilogy, "The Piccolomini." We now proceed to give one or two specimens from the concluding one, "The death of Wallenstein." We must waste but few words in introducing them.

Wallenstein has shut himself up in the citadel of Egra, where he supposes himself to be still surrounded by soldiers inviolably attached to him; but in fact the leaders have all secretly determined to let the Emperor's vengeance take its course. A messenger enters the apartment where he is surrounded by his family. He enters hastily, and tells his story abruptly, for he conceives himself to be the messenger of glad tidings. He brings the news of the first blood that has been shed; a regiment of imperial horse has been defeated, and utterly put to the sword by the new allies of Wallenstein, the Swedes!—Their leader too has fallen on the field—Max Piccolomini.

The Princess Thekla shrieks out and faints—Wallenstein himself is overcome with horror—the Swedish officer who has told the tale retreats in confusion.

Suddenly Thekla recovers herself, and demands of her father that she may be permitted to speak to the Swede. The Countess Tertsky and the other ladies dissuade her, but Wallenstein says at once that she is his daughter, and her will must be done. She is left alone (with only one attendant, the Lady Neubrunn,) and the Swede is introduced.

THEKLA, *the* SWEDISH CAPTAIN, LADY NEUBRUNN.

Captain. (*Respectfully approaching her.*)
Princess, I must entreat your gentle pardon—
My inconsiderate, rash speech—How could I——
Thekla. (*With dignity.*) You have beheld me in my agony;
A most distressful accident occasion'd
You from a stranger to become at once
My confidant.
Capt. I fear you hate my presence,
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.
Thek. The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.
The horror which came o'er me interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,
Continue it to the end.
Capt. Princess, 'twill
Renew your anguish.
Thek. I am firm,—
I *will* be firm. Well, how began the engagement?
Capt. We lay, expecting no attack, at Newstadt,
Entrench'd but insecurely in our camp,
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled
Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.
Scarce had we mounted ere the Pappenheimers,
Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,
And leapt the trenches; but their heedless courage
Had borne them onward far before the others—
Their infantry were still at distance, only
The Pappenheimers followed daringly
Their daring leader——
(*Thekla betrays agitation in her gestures. The officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.*)
Capt. Both in van and flanks,
With our whole cavalry, we now received them,
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
Stretch'd out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.

They neither could advance nor yet retreat;
And as they stood, on every side wedged in,
The Rhinegrave to their leader call'd aloud,
Inviting a surrender; but their leader,
Young Piccolomini——
(*Thekla, as giddy, grasps a chair.*)
Known by his plume
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;
Himself leapt first, the regiment all plunged after.
His charger, by an halbert gored, rear'd up,
Flung him with violence off, and over him
The horses, now no longer to be curb'd—
(*Thekla, who has accompanied the last speech with all the marks of increasing agony, trembles through her whole frame, and is falling. The Lady Neubrunn runs to her, and receives her in her arms.*)
Neub. My dearest lady.
Capt. I retire.
Thek. 'Tis over,
Proceed to the conclusion.
Capt. Wild despair
Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw
Their leader perish; every thought of rescue
Was spurn'd; they fought like wounded tigers; their
Frantic resistance roused our soldiery;
A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
Finish'd before their last man fell.
Thek. (*Faltering.*) And where—
Where is—you have not told me all.
Capt. (*After a pause.*) This morning
We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
Did bear him to interment; the whole army
Follow'd the bier. A laurel deck'd his coffin;
The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,
In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's self.
Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us
Many, who had themselves experienced
The greatness of his mind and gentle manners;
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have saved him, but himself
Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wish'd to die.
Neub. (*To Thekla, who has hidden her countenance.*)
Look up, my dearest lady.
Thek. Where is his grave?
Capt. At Newstadt, lady; in a cloister church
Are his remains deposited, until
We can receive directions from his father.
Thek. What is the cloister's name?
Capt. St Catherine's.
Thek. And how far is it thither?
Capt. Near twelve leagues.
Thek. And which the way?
Capt. You go by Tirschenreit
And Falkenberg, through our advanced posts.
Thek. Who
Is their commander?
Capt. Colonel Seckendorf.
(*Thekla steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.*)
Thek. You have beheld me in my agony,
And shewn a feeling heart, please you accept
(*Giving him the ring.*)
A small memorial of this hour. Now go!
Capt. (*Confused.*) Princess——
(*Thekla silently makes signs for him to go, and turns from him. The Captain lingers, and is about to speak. Lady Neubrunn repeats the signal and he retires.*)
Thek. (*Falls on Lady Neubrunn's neck.*)
Now, gentle Neubrunn, shew me the affection
Which thou hast ever promised; prove thyself
My own true friend, and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!
Neub. Away! and whither?
Thek. Whither! There is but one place in the world.
Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!
Neub. What would you do there?
Thek. What do there?
That would'st thou not have ask'd, hadst thou e'er loved.
There, there is all that still remains of him,
That single spot is the whole earth to me.
Neub. That place of death——
Thek. Is now the only place,
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!
Come and make preparations; let us think
Of means to fly from hence.
Neub. Your father's rage——
Thek. That time is past——
And now I fear no human being's rage.
Neub. The sentence of the world! the tongue of calumny!
Thek. Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.
Am I then hastening to the arms—O God!
I haste but to the grave of the beloved—
Neub. And we alone, two helpless feeble women?
Thek. We will take weapons—my arm shall protect thee.
Neub. In the dark night time?
Thek. Darkness will conceal us.
Neub. This rough tempestuous night—
Thek. Had he a soft bed
Under the hoofs of his war-horses?

Neub. Heaven!
And then the many posts of the enemy!
Thek. They are human beings. Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.
Neub. The journey's weary length—
Thek. The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.
Neub. How can we pass the gates?
Thek. Gold opens them.
Go, do but go.
Neub. Should we be recognised?
Thek. In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.
Neub. And where procure we horses for our flight?
Thek. My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.
Neub. Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?
Thek. He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.
Neub. Dear lady! and your mother!
Thek. Oh! my mother!
Neub. So much as she has suffer'd too, already;
Your tender mother—Ah, how ill prepared
For this last anguish!
Thek. Woe is me! my mother! (*Pauses.*)
Go instantly.
Neub. But think what you are doing!
Thek. What *can* be thought, already has been thought.
Neub. And being there, what purpose you to do?
Thek. There, a divinity will prompt my soul.
Neub. Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.
Thek. To a deep quiet such as he has found,
It draws me on, I know not what to name it;
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.
O hasten, make no further questioning!
There is no rest for me till I have left
These walls—they fall in on me—a dim power
Drives me from hence. Oh mercy! what a feeling!
What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!
Mercy! Still more! more still! the hideous swarm!
They press on me; they chase me from these walls—
Those hollow bodiless forms of living men!
Neub. You frighten me so, lady, that no longer
I dare stay here myself. I go and call Rozenberg instantly.
[*Exit Lady Neubrunn.*
Thek. His spirit 'tis that calls me; 'tis the troop
Of his true followers who offer'd up
Themselves t'avenge his death; and they accuse me
Of an ignoble loitering—*they* would not,
Forsake their leader, even in death—*they* died for him!
And shall *I* live?———
For me, too, was that laurel garland twined
That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket;
I throw it from me. O, my only hope,
To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—
That is the lot of heroes upon earth."

One more extract, and we have done. Mr Coleridge in his preface says, that the first scene of the fifth act of this play is the finest thing in all Schiller's tragedies, and we are disposed to agree with him. It represents the last hour of Wallenstein's life. The scene is a saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the background. In the recesses of that gallery the foreign mercenaries, by whose weapons the great General is destined to die, are already concealed, and await but the signal. He, meantime, is altogether unconscious that treason has woven the web around him. He receives first, the Swedish Captain who had brought the news of Max Piccolomini's death, and afterwards his sister Tertsky,—but the scene speaks for itself.

"*Wallenstein, (sitting at a table.)*
The Swedish Captain (standing before him.)
Wal. Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune. And if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
The citadel shall be surrender'd to you
On your arrival.
(*The Swedish Captain retires. Wallenstein sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The Countess Tertsky enters, stands before him awhile, unobserved by him. At length he starts, sees her, and recollects himself.*)

Wal. Comest thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?
Count. My sister tells me she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.
Wal. The pang will soften:
She will shed tears.
Count. I find thee alter'd too,
My brother! after such a victory,
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O remain *thou* firm:
Sustain, uphold us; for our light thou art,
Our sun!
Wal. Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's thy husband?
Count. At a banquet; he and Illo.
(*Wallenstein rises, and strides across the saloon.*)
Wal. The night's far spent, betake thee to thy chamber.
Count. Bid me not go; O let me stay with thee!
(*Wallenstein moves to the window.*)
Wal. There is a busy motion in the heaven,
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower;
Fast fly the clouds: the sickle of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible. That one
White stain of light, that, single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopoeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. (*A pause.*) But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!
(*He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.*)
Count. (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand.*) What art thou brooding on?
Wal. Methinks
If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity;
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.
Count. Thou'lt see him again.
Wal. (*remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns suddenly to the Countess.*) See him again? O never, never again!
Count. How?
Wal. He is gone—is dust!
Count. Whom meanest thou, then?
Wal. He the more fortunate! yea, he hath finish'd:
For him there is no longer any future.
His life is bright—bright without spot it *was*,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap;
Far off is he above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
With *him!* but who knows what the coming hour,
Veil'd in thick darkness, brings for us!
Count. Thou speakest
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The courier had just left thee, as I came.
(*Wallenstein, by a motion of his hand, makes signs to her to be silent.*)
Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days;
Welcome with joyous heart the victory;
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead,
To thee he died when first he parted from thee.
Wal. This anguish will be wearied down, I know;
What pang is permanent with man? From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day,
He learns to wean himself; for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him;—the bloom is vanish'd from my life—
For O! he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transform'd for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanish'd, and returns not.
Count. O, be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lov'st and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself did'st plant, thyself unfold.
Wal. (*Stopping to the door.*) Who interrupts us now at this late hour?
It is the governor. He brings the keys
Of the citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister.
Count. O, 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee,
A boding fear possesses me!
Wal. Fear? Wherefore?
Count. Should'st thou depart this night, and we at waking
Never more find thee!
Wal. Fancies———
Count. O, my soul
Has long been weigh'd down by these dark forebodings,
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams.
I saw thee, yesternight, with thy first wife,
Sit at a banquet gorgeously attir'd.
Wal. This was a dream of favourable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.
Count. To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee

In thy own chamber. As I enter'd, lo!
It was no more a chamber, the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will, that thou should'st be
Interr'd.
Wal. Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.
Count. What, dost thou not believe, that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?
Wal. There is no doubt that there exist such voices;
Yet I would not call *them*
Voices of warning, that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the Fourth Henry's death,
Did ever vex me, and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The King
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac arm'd himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him—the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air; like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival!
And still, with boding sense, he heard the tread
Of those feet, that even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.
Count. And to *thee*
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?
Wal. Nothing—
Be wholly tranquil.
Count. And another time
I hasten'd after thee, and thou ran'st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall.
There seem'd no end of it—doors creak'd and clapp'd,
I follow'd panting, but could not o'ertake thee;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasp'd from behind—the hand was cold, that grasp'd me—
'Twas thou, and thou did'st kiss me, and there seem'd
A crimson covering to envelope us.
Wal. That is the crimson tap'stry of my chamber.
Count. (*Gazing on him.*) If it should come to that—if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fullness of life——
(*She falls on his breast and weeps.*)
Wal. The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.
Count. If he *should* find them, my resolve is taken—
I bear about me my support and refuge."

The whole of the last act is worthy of this commencement. The deliberate unrobing—the conversation with Gordon—the sleep, "the holy sleep that should not be disturbed"—the stamp heard upon the floor behind—the inrushing of the assassins—all is conceived in the noblest style of tragic action.—And then the conclusion—the imperial letter put into the childless Count Octavio Piccolomini's hand just as the whole dark scene is closing—the mockery of its address "to the PRINCE Piccolomini"—a childless prince!—the total misery of the victims, and the bitter heart of him that has no power to undo the sacrifice—all this, we fear not to say it, is imagined almost as if the spirit of Shakespeare had been near to Schiller in his midnight dreams.—*Oh! Si sic omnia.*

We said, some pages back, that WALLENSTEIN appeared in England, to be admired by the few, and neglected by the many. Of the former of these propositions we have, without particularly intending to do so, furnished several very striking instances in the course of our present paper. It is impossible that any lover of poetry, acquainted with the works of the Living Poets of England, should have read what we have quoted without perceiving that the poetical genius of the time *has* been deeply influenced by this sublime victim of popular neglect. We need not multiply illustrations of a thing in itself quite evident, but we may just desire the more hasty of our readers to turn, for example, to Mr Wordsworth's celebrated sonnet,

"'Tis not in battles that from youth we train," &c.

and compare it with one remarkable speech, in the first scene, between the two Piccolomini and Questenberg; or take another still more celebrated passage of the same author, the exquisite account of the origin and natural beauty of the Greek mythology, in the Excursion, and compare it with the glorious burst of eloquence in which young Max comments upon the mysterious aspirations of the spirit of his superstitious idol, Wallenstein. In both of these instances, and in others

which we have not leisure for particularizing, there can be no doubt that Wordsworth is Schiller's debtor. The fine simile about conjuring up a too powerful fiend, has been appropriated by the author of Waverley in one of his Novels—at this moment we forget which—but we believe he acknowledges the obligation on the spot. And, lastly, what can be more manifest *now* than the source of Mr Campbell's two beautiful lines—

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

This fine image is evidently the progeny of Schiller's genius: whether the offspring, fine as it is, be not a dwindled one, the reader must be contented to judge for himself. For us, we confess that Mr Campbell's image, beautiful as it always must be allowed to be, appears rather prosaic by the side of its predecessor and progenitor. We all see the setting sun and its shadows, but it is for WALLENSTEIN to talk of that which is at once a shadow and a splendour—it is for him to contemplate, and for SCHILLER to describe, the awful influences of a sun that is not yet risen—the livid mystery of the pregnant East.

Upon the whole, there can be no doubt that this trilogy forms, in its original tongue, one of the most splendid specimens of tragic art the world has witnessed, and none at all that the execution of the version from which we have quoted so largely places Mr Coleridge in the very first rank of poetical translators. He is, perhaps, the solitary example of a man of very great original genius submitting to *all* the labours, and reaping *all* the honours, of this species of literary exertion.

THE LAST WORDS OF CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ.

I AM, or, more properly speaking, I have been, a man of pleasure. I am now forty years, less some few months, of age; and I shall depart this life at twelve o'clock to-night. About that hour it is that I propose to shoot myself through the head. Let this letter be evidence that I do the act advisedly. I should be sorry to have that resolution confounded with madness, which is founded upon the coolest and maturest consideration. Men are coxcombs even in death; and I will not affect to disguise my weakness. I would not forfeit the glory of triumphing over broken-spirited drunkards and half-crazy opium chewers—of being able to die grateful for the joys I have experienced, and of disdaining to calumniate pleasures after they have ceased to be within my reach. I do assure you, Mr ********, that I should wait personally upon you with this epistle; but that I think the mere reasonableness of my suicide must carry conviction with it of my sanity; but that I trust to lay before you such facts, and such arguments, as shall approve me not only justifiable, but most philosophic, in destroying myself. Hear what I have done; weigh what I mean to do; and judge if I deserve the name of madman.

I was born of a family rather ancient than rich; and inherited, with something like the handsome person of my father, his disposition to expend money rather than to acquire it. To my own recollection, at eighteen, I was of a determined temper, rather than of a violent one; ardent in the prosecution of objects, rather than sudden to undertake them; not very hasty either in love or in quarrel. I had faculty enough to write bad verses,—not industry enough to write anything else; and an aptitude for billiards and horse-riding to a miracle.

Now I desire to have this considered not as a *confession*, but as a statement. As I plead guilty to no fault, I make a declaration, not an acknowledgment. I am not lamenting anything that is past. If I had to begin again to-morrow, I would begin again in the same way. I should vary my course perhaps something, with the advantage of my present experience; but, take it in the main, and it would be the race that I have run already.

At eighteen, with an education, as Lord Foppington has it, "rather at large;" for (like Swift's captain of horse) my tutors were the last people who expected any good of me,—at eighteen, it became necessary for me to think of a profession. My first attempt in life was in the navy. I was anxious to *go*, and cared very little whither; and a school-boy midshipman of my acquaintance cajoled me into a Mediterranean voyage, by

promises of prize-money, and descriptions of Plymouth harbour.

If I were to speak from my feelings at the present moment, I should say, that the life of a sailor has its charms. I am bankrupt in appetite, as well as in estate; if I have nothing left to enjoy, I have little capacity left for enjoyment; and I now know how to appreciate that exuberance of spirit with which a man dashes into dissipation on shore, after six weeks restraint from it at sea. But I know also that these are the feelings of situation, and of circumstance. The past seems delightful, where no hope lives for the future. I am cherishing most fondly the recollection of those sensations which are now the most completely lost to me for ever. But it is the act of the moment which forms the index to the true impression. A ship of war may seem abstract liberty to him who pines in the dungeons of the Inquisition. But confinement, monotony, coarse society, and personal privation;—the simple fact is worth all the argument;—after a cruise of two months, I quitted the navy for ever.

Charmed almost as much with my change of society as with my change of dress, I quitted the sea-service, and entered a regiment of light dragoons; and, for two years from the time of my joining the army, I led the life which lads commonly lead in the outset of a military career. And even to the occurrences of those two years, rude and unintellectual as they were, my memory still clings with pleasure and with regret. Toys, then, however trifling, pleased; the most refined enjoyments could have done no more. Is there a man living, past thirty, who does not sometimes give a sigh to those days of delicious inexperience and imperception, when the heart could rest content with the mere gratification of the senses; when the intimacies of the dinner-table passed current for friendship; when the woman who smiled on all, was to all, nevertheless, charming; and when life, so long as health and money lasted, was one uninterrupted course of impulse and intoxication?

It was my fate, however, to continue but a short time a mere follower of opera *figurantes*, and imbiber of strong potations. Just before I was one-and-twenty, a woman eight years older than myself in great measure fixed my destiny, and entirely formed my character.

Boys who run riot commonly attach themselves, I think, to married women. Wives, where by ill fortune they incline to irregularity, are more understanding, and more accessible, than girls; and hope is your only food for an incipient passion. Many a woman becomes an object of desire, when there seems to be a probability of success; upon whom, but for such fore-knowledge or suspicion, we should not perhaps bestow a thought.

Louisa Salvini was eight-and-twenty years of age; a Sicilian by birth; full of the climate of her country. Hers was the Spanish, or Italian, style of beauty,—small rather as to figure, yet of exquisite proportion. She had a shape which, but to behold, was passion;—a carriage, such as nothing but the pride of her own loveliness could have suggested;—her eyes! their glance of encouragement was fascination!—her lips confused the sense to look upon them;—and her voice!—If there be (passing attraction either of face or form) one charm about a woman more irresistible than every other, it is that soft—that mild, sweet, liquid tone, which sooths even in offending, and when it asks, commands; which shakes conviction with its weakest word, and can make falsehood (ay, though known for such) so sweet, that we regard the truth with loathing. Oh heaven! I have hearkened to the delicious accents of such a voice, till, had my soul's hope been asked from me, it would have been surrendered without a struggle!—To-night, at midnight, I shall hear such a voice for the last time! I shall hear it while I gaze upon features of loveliness; while my soul is lulled with music, and when my brain is hot with wine; and the mere melody of that voice will go farther to raise the delirium I look for than *

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But enough of this now. My tale should be of that which was. Let that which shall come hereafter give some other historian material.

My acquaintance with Louisa Salvini was of her seeking rather than of mine. Accident threw me, under favourable circumstances, in her way; but it so happened that, at the moment, I did not perceive I had excited her attention. The manner of our subsequent introduction was whimsical. I was not a man (at twenty) to decline an adventure blindfold; a well played upon old lady carried me, as a

visitor, to Salvini's house; and my fate was decided from the first moment that I entered it.

Gracious Heaven! when I reflect that the woman of whom I speak;—whom I recollect one of the loveliest creatures that nature ever formed;—whose smile I have watched, for its mere beauty, even in the absence of passion;—at whose feet I have sat for hour after hour, intoxicating myself with that flattery which is the only flattery true manhood can endure!—When I reflect that this woman, at the moment while I write, is a withered—blasted—aged creature of fifty!—Madness—annihilation—is refuge from such a thought. I met her, scarce a month since, after an absence of years. Those eyes, which once discoursed with every rising emotion, retained still something of their original brightness, but it now only added horror to their expression. That hand, which I had pressed for hours in mine, was now grown bony, shrunken, and discoloured. Her once cloudless complexion *reeked* with paint, through which the black furrow of time shewed but more deep and ghastly. Her lips—*Oh!* they were the same lips which——The voice too;—more dreadful than all! That voice which had once been sweetest music to my soul;—that voice which memory still is sounding in my ears;—that voice which I had loved—had worshipped;—that voice was gone;—it was no more;—and what remained was harsh,—tremulous,—broken,—discordant!—And this is the woman whom I so adored? It is she, and she is unconscious of change!—and I shall be—must be—the thing that she now is! Hold, brain!—The blow of this night saves me from such a fate!

My love for Louisa Salvini endured two years without satiety. An attachment of equal duration has never befallen me since. But, at the time to which I refer, all circumstances were in my favour. I was glowing with all the fervour of youth, and with all the vigour of unwasted constitution. My mistress's beauty delighted my senses; her avowed preference gratified my vanity; she was charming to me, (love apart) taken merely as a companion; and, what conduced still farther to the keeping alive our passion, she was not (being another's,) constantly in my presence.

Contentment, however, is not the lot of man. Give a Mahometan his paradise; and in six weeks he would be disgusted with it. My affection for my charming mistress was just beginning to be endangered, when the regiment to which I belonged was ordered to the Continent. The fact was, that I met in Louisa's society a variety of women, of principles as free as her own; and the very jealousy which each lady entertained of her friends, made success with herself the more easy and certain. A little while longer, and Louisa and I had severed; my embarkation, parting us by necessity, saved us probably from a parting by consent.

I left England very poor as to pecuniary means; but rich in every other advantage which (to me,) made life desirable. Youth, O youth! could I but recal the years that I have lived!—I would rather stand now upon the barrenest plain in Europe,—naked—friendless—pennyless—but again sixteen, than possess, as the thing I am, the empire of the world.

Is there a fool so besotted as to trust the cant he utters,—to believe that MONEY can really purchase all the blessings of this life? Money can buy nothing;—it is worth nothing. I have rioted in its abundance; I have felt its total deprivation; and I have enjoyed more, I believe, of happiness in the last state than in the first.

Shall I forget the first event of my career on the Continent,—that event which, in the end, led to its premature termination?—Shall I forget the insolent superiority with which I looked down upon my brother officers,—men to whom play, excess of wine, and mercenary women, seemed, and indeed were, delights sufficient?

Wine, until after thirty, from choice, I seldom tasted. My spirits, when sober, were too vivid for control;—wine only troubled their serenity, without heightening their level. Of play,—I touched it once; and I shall speak of it hereafter. But women? such women as these men could admire? Even my more cultivated sense rejected them;—two years of intimacy with Salvini and her companions had chastened my taste, and made delicate my perceptions. Can I ever, I repeat, forget that exquisite moment,—that moment which secured to me at least one enemy for life—when I, the poorest cornet in our regiment, defeated my colonel in the favour of the first

beauty in Lisbon? By heaven, the recollection of that single hour past warms my spirits to high pitch for the hour that is to come! The envy; the hate—the burning hate—which my success engendered in the bosoms of half my acquaintance! The sensation of hating is one which I have never fully experienced; but the pleasure of being hated—oh, it is almost equal to the pleasure of being beloved!

To a man of habits and temperament like mine, the *Peninsula* was a delightful residence in 1808. I remember the gay appearance of the *capital;* which, taken by moonlight from the river, is perhaps one of the most imposing in the world. I remember the striking panoramic *coup-d'œuil* of its church and convent spires innumerable; its marble fountains, its palaces, its towers, and its gardens; its streets and squares of white and yellow buildings, each gaudily appointed, from the basement to the roof, with *jalouse* lattices, balconies, and verandas;—the whole city, too, throwing itself (from the irregular site upon which it rises,) full, at a single glance, upon the eye; and every feature in the prospect, seeming, like an object in a picture, disposed artfully with a view to the general beauty of the scene.

Then the free spirits of the women;—their passions concentrated, almost to madness, by the restraint under which they live! Honour, for aiding the hopes of a lover, be to systems of restriction, severity, and *espionage!* Opportunity, to an English woman, wants the piquancy of novelty. As it is constantly recurring, it is constantly neglected. In Spain, they seize it when it does present itself; for, once rejected, it may never be found again.

But, beyond the beauty of Lisbon as a city; beyond even the brightness of those souls that inhabited it; there was a laxity of law and manner in it at the period to which I speak; a licence inseparable from the presence of a foreign force in a prostrate, shackled, and dependent country; an absence as much of moral as of physical police; which, to a disposition such as mine, was peculiarly acceptable. Add to this, the farther fact, that I was fresh in a strange capital; among a people to whose manners, and almost to whose language, I was a stranger; where, little being fully understood, all had credit for being as it ought to be; and where the mere novelty of my situation was a charm almost inexhaustible;—such allurements considered, could I fail to be charmed with the Peninsula?

My stay in this land of delight, then, was something short of three years. I was present at the famous battle of Talavera; and, afterwards, at the desperate contest of Albuera, under Beresford; where the Polish lancers first tried their strength against our English cavalry. I was a sharer, too, in the more partial affair of Busaco; and took part in the duty of covering the retreat that followed; a retreat in which the whole of the southern line of Portugal, from the Spanish frontier to Lisbon, was depopulated and laid waste; in which convents were deserted, cities consumed by fire, and women born to rank and affluence, compelled to seek protection from the meanest followers of the British army.

The evacuation of Coimbra, (the Bath, if I may so call it, of Portugal,) is present to me now, as though it had occurred but yesterday. I see the immense population—men, women, and children, of all ranks and of all ages,—pouring out, at an hour's notice, through the Lisbon gate of the city; and rushing upon a journey which not one in five of them could hope to accomplish. It was little to have abandoned home and property; to have set forth on foot (for the army had seized all conveyance,)—on foot, and unprovided, in a long and rapid march, through a distracted, ravaged, lawless, tract of country; if to have suffered this was much, the trial was still to come. I saw these multitudes, spent with travel and with hunger, reach towns in which every hovel—every shed—was filled with troops. I saw families upon families, yet new upon their pilgrimage,—not yet so tamed and beaten down by suffering as willingly to carry their daughters into the guardrooms of an infuriated soldiery—I saw them lying (for even the churches were filled with our sick and wounded)—lying unsheltered all night in the fields and open squares; waiting, with feverish restlessness, the appearance of morning, as though new light (repose apart,) would to them be an accession of new strength.

The vast column rolled forward on

the high road to the capital, collecting the population of the country over which it passed. Behind were left the weak, the aged, and the dying; and some few wretches, of profession, who, tempted by the hope of gain, took their chance (and lost it) of mercy from the enemy. But though every step over which the mass advanced gave addition to its numbers, there were drains at work, and fearful ones, to counteract the reinforcement. Cold dews at midnight, burning suns by day, scanty provisions, and fatigue unwonted—these ministers did their work, and especially among the females. Towards the close of the second day's march, the women began to fail rapidly. At first, when a girl grew faint, and unable to proceed, her sister would stay by her. This feeling, however, was not fated to last long: soon the sister dashed desperately forward; to sink herself, and meet her own fate, some few leagues farther on.

I saw one company halted between Leiria and Pombal, which must have consisted of eight hundred or a thousand individuals. These people came from the neighbourhoods of Coimbra and Condeixa; some of them from as far up as Mongoalde and Viseu. There were girls of fourteen or fifteen, clad in their gayest apparel—their only means of carrying, or (as they said) of "saving" it. There were old men, and grandames; peasants, male and female; friars, artisans, servants, and *religieuses*. After travelling, most of them, more than fifty miles on foot, and passing two or three nights in the open air, they were lying upon the banks of a river, waiting for the sunrise, as I rode past them. I never can forget this scene; and yet I feel that it is impossible for me to describe it. The stream (I believe it was a branch of the Mondego) was dark and swollen, from the effect of recent rains; and it rushed along between the willows, which grew on either bank, as though sharing in the hasty spirit which animated every object about it. On the road, which lay to the right of the river, troops and fugitives were already in motion. It was just dawn when I came up. A light breeze was half clearing off the fog from the surface of the water. I saw the living figures imperfectly as I approached—all white and shrouded, like spectres, in the mist. The light dresses of the girls were saturated with wet. Their flowers and feathers were soiled—drooping—broken. Their hair—(the Spanish women are remarkable for the beauty of that *feature*)—their dark long hair—hung neglected and dishevelled. Their feet, which cardinals might have kissed! were, in many instances, naked—wounded—bleeding. And, worse than all, their spirit and their strength was gone. Of those whom I saw lying on the banks of that water, a fearful proportion lay there to rise no more. And yet many had gold and jewels; but gold could not help them. And their loveliness remained; and they looked in eloquent, though in mute despair, upon British officers who passed by—and yet those men, who would have fought knee-deep for the worst of them, they could not help them. I overtook, after this, a beautiful girl of fifteen, travelling alone—out of the high road—from apprehension of insult. This girl had been separated from her friends in the general confusion. She had money and diamonds to a considerable amount about her; and had accomplished half her journey, but felt unable to proceed farther. She begged, on her knees, for a horse—for any conveyance; to be allowed to travel near me, with my servants—anywhere, anyhow, to be protected, and to get on. I had not the means of aiding that girl. I could not help her. Every Englishman had already done his utmost. I had then three women under my protection. I see the figure, the countenance, the tears of that girl, at this moment. I thought at one time that I must have staid and been made prisoner along with her. I could not carry her away in my arms. I could not leave her—no man could have left her to her fate. Fortunately an officer came up, who was less encumbered than myself; and she was provided for.—And in such way (and in ways a thousand times more dreadful) great numbers of women got on to the capital. They escaped for a time the lot of their friends and relatives; but, eventually, what was to be their fate? What *was* their fate? What if I saw these women afterwards—women born to affluence—reared in the very lap of luxury and softness—what if I saw many of them begging in the public streets of Lisbon?—I did see them in that state; but it is a subject that I must not dwell upon.

The conclusion of my peninsular

campaign was not favourable to my fortunes. As a soldier, I did my duty in the field; but opportunity for a man to distinguish himself cannot always be commanded. I had a project once, with a few fellows as desperate, or as careless, as myself, for dashing at the enemy's military chest; but our scheme fell to the ground, for we never got a chance of carrying it into execution. In the meantime, as regarded promotion, my general conduct was not such as to make friends. Repeated successes, in one peculiar pursuit, inspired me with an excessive confidence in myself, and with a very contemptuous estimate of most other persons. I saw men, whom, at all points, I ranked far below myself, graced with the favour of superiors, and rich in the gifts of fortune. When a chance did occur for making such usurpers feel their proper place, was it in human nature to resist the temptation? All hope of patronage, under such a *regime*, was of course out of the question. I interfered with everybody; and, at last, began to take a pride in doing so. The recompense of these good offices was in due time to be paid.

A Spanish officer, with whom I was associated in the convoy of certain treasure, proposed to me one night, after our halt upon the march, to take a trip down the Tagus, and bring his wife upon the journey. I had met this lady, a short time before, in Lisbon; and (according to my invariable custom in such cases) fancied that she had a liking for my person. It was a fine moonlight evening when we left Villa Nova, and we ran down with the tide to the *Quinta* of my friend; but no sooner had we taken the Signora on board, than the aspect of the weather suddenly changed, and we were exposed, during the whole night, to considerable danger.

From the moment almost that we left Silveira's house, the weather began to be unfavourable. The darkness, after the moon had gone down, was extreme. The wind, which set in squalls across a rapid and contrary tide, seemed to acquire greater force at every successive gust, and was accompanied, from time to time, with heavy showers of rain. Our boat, though capacious enough, was undecked, and slightly rigged—evidently unfit for rough treatment of any kind; and, to make matters worse, our sailors became alarmed, and Silveira, who knew the river, was ill from sea-sickness. How curiously, in the arrangement of the human heart and mind, do our passions balance and compensate each other! A man might reasonably, perhaps, be expected to keep his wits about him in such a dilemma as this. For myself, I had some little nautical experience; and, besides, my companions were afraid; and it helps a man's valour greatly to see other people frightened. But Silveira's wife, who was as little of a heroine as any woman I ever met with—I was compelled to support her during almost the whole of the night; for the sea kept dashing into our open boat, and her husband, from illness, could scarcely take care of himself; and yet, under these circumstances, while she expected, I believe, to be washed overboard every half minute, I could perceive that I had not been quite mistaken in my suspicion of her good opinion of me.

Whatever interest, however, I might have felt in the progress of this little excursion, its termination was such as I certainly had not contemplated. With the utmost exertions both of the Spaniard and myself, we did not get back to our halting-place until evening on the day after we had started. At daybreak (twelve hours before) a treacherous quarter-master had marched forward with our escort; my friend the colonel did not let slip so favourable an opportunity to get rid of a man whom he doubtless considered as a troublesome coxcomb; and, to avoid the inevitable result of a court-martial, I asked and obtained permission to resign.

CHAPTER II.

Upon home service, my affairs, in a pecuniary point of view, would have been very little affected by the loss of my commission. On service, however, abroad, the consequence was different. As a soldier, I enjoyed many advantages and immunities, which a civil individual could scarcely, even for money, procure. Besides, though no discredit attached to my fault, (for Silveira, indeed, had never been brought to any account,) still I was, up to a

certain point, a man placed in the shade. I had not lost my rank dishonourably; but still I *had* lost it, and the military world felt that I had. I missed the visits of some men with whom I had been upon terms of intimacy; and received advances from others, of whose acquaintance I was not ambitious. One friend asked casually when I intended to go to England; another mentioned some new Spanish levies, in which commissions were easily to be obtained. One fellow, to whom I had never spoken in my life, and who had been dismissed from the navy for gross insubordination and misconduct, had the presumption to write to me about "jobs" in "high quarters," "favouritism," "injustice," and "public appeal;" but I horsewhipped him in an open coffee-room, while the waiter read his letter to the company. These, however, were teazing, not to say distressing, circumstances; and, to avoid seeming at a loss, (particularly as I was very much at a loss indeed,) it became necessary to do something, and with the least possible delay.

I could have married Portuguese ladies; but their means were in supposition. Ready money, in Portugal, there was little; rents, in the existing state of the country, were hopeless; and I had not much reliance upon a title to land, which, to-day, was in our possession, to-morrow perhaps in that of the enemy. Misfortunes, as the adage declares, are gregarious. Meditating which course, out of many, I should adopt, I fell into a course which I had never meditated at all.

The Peninsula, during the war, was the scene of a good deal of high play. In quarters distant from the capital, the difficulty of killing time drove all but professed drinkers to gaming; and the universal employment of specie,—for paper was used only in commercial transactions,—gave an aspect peculiarly tempting to the table. Silver, in dollars and Portuguese crowns, was the common run of currency; the army was paid entirely in that metal; and it was no unusual thing to see an officer come down to a gaming house absolutely bending under the weight of a couple of hundred pounds which he had to risk; or sending for a servant, (hackney coaches were scarce,) in case of a run of luck, to carry away his winnings.

Hazard and faro were the favourite games. Of billiards people were shy,—people commonly dread faculty in any shape. There was some danger in going home, after being very successful, at night; but the games of chance were in general very fairly played. The bank, of course, had a certain, and a considerable advantage; but as all the houses were public and open, there was little, if any, opportunity for fraud. And it was not by the assumed advantage of the table, or by any process so tedious, that my stripping was effected. In luck, I was unfortunate. I lost, at my first sitting, more money than I could afford to part with; and, in hope of recovering it, was compelled to persevere. I have heard, among many dogmas as to the seductiveness of play—(a passion, by the way, no more invincible, though perhaps more rapidly destructive, than most of the other passions to which the human mind is subject,)—that a losing gamester may stop, but that a winning one never can. Perhaps this axiom is meant to apply peculiarly to your gamester *de cœur*; and possibly, (though *de tete* would be the more "germane" illustration,)—possibly, as Gall or Spurzheim would say, the "organ" of winning and losing was not in me strongly developed. As far as my own feeling goes, it certainly negatives the principle. Had I at any time regained my own, I think I should have stopped.—I lost every shilling I possessed,—horses, jewels, and even pistols, in the attempt.

I have stated, I think, that I was an only child; but, up to this point, I have said very little about my parents. Thank Heaven, (for their sakes) they no longer exist. My father died in my arms about seven years since, exhorting me, with his last breath, against the habits he had lived in all his life. I can understand this. My father died what is called "a natural death." Sickness had enervated his mind; terrors, the mere weakness of nerve, oppressed him. The ague of a month effected that change to which the argument of years had been unequal; after fifty years of infidelity, he fancied he died a believer. Were I to live ten years longer, I should probably die as he did.

But I name my relatives in this place, merely for the sake of observing, that, at the time to which I refer, I was very much estranged from them. My father held himself pretty well relieved from anxiety as to the fate of a

man over whose conduct he had no control; and it was a draft only for fifty pounds which I received from him in Lisbon after the loss of my commission, accompanied by a letter which determined me never to apply to him again.

So, with twenty guineas only in my pockets, and with experience enough to know how little twenty guineas would do for me, I again landed in England in the year 1812; but I have not time, nor would the world have patience, for the adventures which, in three months, conducted me to my last shilling. I wrote a novel, I recollect, which no bookseller would look at;—a play, which is still lying at one of the winter theatres. Then I sent proposals to the Commander-in-chief for altering the taste of our cavalry accoutrements and harness; next, drew a plan (and seriously too) for the invasion of China; and after these, and a variety of other strange efforts, each suggested by my poverty, and all tending to increase it, the clocks were striking twelve on a dreary November night, as I walked along Piccadilly without a penny in the world.

It is at twelve o'clock this night that my earthly career must terminate; and, looking back to the various changes with which my life has been chequered, I find crisis after crisis connecting itself with the same hour. On the evening to which I allude, I wandered for hours through the streets; but it was not until midnight that I thought very intently on my situation. There is something, perhaps, of appalling in the aspect of London at that hour;—in the gradual desertion of the streets by reputable passengers; and in the rising, as it were, from their depths of earth, of forms repulsive, horrible, and obscene. This change of object and association is sometimes peculiarly striking in the Parks. As the evening draws in, the walking parties and well-dressed persons disappear one by one; and the benches become peopled with an array of fearful creatures, who seem to glide from behind the trees,—to be embodied, as it were, out of the air. I have myself turned round suddenly, and seen a squalid shape beside me, which had not been there but the moment before. And I knew not how it came, nor from what quarter it approached; but it came on through the dark like some pale meteor, or unwholesome exhalation, which was not visible till the good light was gone. The closing too (in the town) of the shops, one after the other,—the honester and safer houses first, and so on until the haunts even of guilt and infamy shut up their doors, as seeing no farther prospect through the gloom.—And the few animated objects which break the general stillness, more revolting and fearful even than that stillness itself! Starving wretches, huddled together in holes and corners, seeking concealment from the eye of the police; thief-takers making their stealthy rounds, and eyeing every casual wanderer with suspicious and half-threatening glances. Then the associations which present themselves to the mind in such a situation. Thoughts of burglars, murderers, wretches who violate the sanctity of the grave, and lurking criminals of still darker dye;—the horror being less of injury from such creatures than of possible approximation to them;—the kind of dread which a man feels, he can scarcely tell why, of being touched by a rat, a spider, or a toad.

But I wandered on till St James's bell tolled twelve; and the sound awakened some curious recollections in my memory. A mistress of mine had lived in Sackville Street once; and twelve o'clock (at noon) was my permitted hour to visit her. I had walked up and down a hundred times in front of St James's church, waiting impatiently to hear that clock strike twelve, which now struck twelve upon my ruin,—my degradation. The sound of the bell fell upon my ear like the voice of an old acquaintance.—My friend yet held his standing; my estate had something changed.

I did wander on, however, after St James's clock told twelve, and while the rain, falling in torrents, drove even beggars to their shelter. I had neither home nor money. There were acquaintances upon whom I might have called, and from whom a supper and a bed would have been matters of course; but I felt that my spirits were rapidly rising to the right pitch for considering the situation in which I stood. Nothing sharpens the perceptions like the pressure of immediate danger. Had I slept and awoke at day-light, I must again have waited for the hour of darkness. Men succeed, over and over again, upon the spur of emergency, in

enterprizes, which, viewed calmly, they would never have undertaken.

I strolled onwards down Piccadilly through the wet dark night, (to avoid the hackney-coachmen, who kept teasing me with offers of their services,) and leaned against one of those splendid houses which stand fronting the Green Park. The strong bright glare of the door-lamps below, shewed the princely proportion of the building. Night was now growing fast into morning, but lights were still visible in the show-apartments of the mansion. Presently I heard the sound of a pianoforte, and a voice which I thought was familiar to me. I listened; and, in a moment, the singer went on.

1.

The setting sun with crimson beam
Now gilds the twilight sky;
And evening comes with sportive mien,
And cares of day-light fly;
Then deck the board with flow'rs, and fill
My glass with racy wine;
And let those snowy arms, my love,
Once more thy harp entwine.

Oh! strike the harp, my dark hair'd love,
And swell that strain so dear;
Thine angel form shall charm mine eye,
Thy voice delight mine ear.

Surely, said I, I have heard these words before; but the song continued.

2.

The glasses shine upon the board,
But brighter shines thine eye;
The claret pales its ruby tint,
When lips like thine are nigh;
The tapers dim their virgin white
Beside thy bosom's hue;
And the flame they shed, burns not so bright,
As that I feel for you.

Then strike the harp! each note, my love,
Shall kindle fresh desire;
Thy melting breath shall fan that flame,
Thy glowing charms inspire.

It was the voice of a man whom I had known intimately for years. I cast my eye upon the door, and read the name of his family. My old companion,—my *friend*,—was standing almost within the touch of my hand. I thought on the scene in which he was an actor;—on the gaiety, the vivacity, the splendour, and the sparkle,—the intrigues and the fierce passions—from which a few feet of space divided me.—I was cold, wet, and pennyless; and I had to choose.

It may be asked, why did not suicide, then, present itself to me as a rallying point? It did present itself at once; and, on the instant, I rejected it. Destitute as I was, I had still a confidence in my own powers—I may almost say, in my own fortune. I felt that, wealth apart, I had a hundred pleasurable capabilities which it would be folly to cast away. Besides, there were relatives, whose deaths might make me rich. I decided not to die.

My next supplies, however, were to arise out of my own personal exertions; and, in the meantime, the approach of light reminded me that I was still wet, and in the street. I had no fastidious apprehensions about degrading myself. If I could have held a plough, or digged in a mine, I should not have hesitated to have performed either of those duties. But, for holding a plough, I had not the skill; and, for the mines, there were none in the neighbourhood of London. One calling, however, there was, for which I was qualified. Within four-and-twenty hours after my dark walk through Piccadilly, I was a private dragoon in the 31st regiment, and quartered at Lymington Barracks.

CHAPTER III.

I have denied, I do still deny, the overpowering influence commonly attributed to rank and fortune; and let me not be accused of offering opinions, without at least having had some opportunities for judgment. If there be a situation in which, beyond all others, a man is shut out from all probability of advancement, it is the situation of a private soldier. But the free, undaunted spirit, which sinks not in extremity, can draw, even from peculiar difficulty, peculiar advantage;—where lead only is hoped for, grains of gold excite surprise;—a slender light shews far, when all is dark around it.

Twelve months passed heavily with me in the 31st dragoons. My appa-

rently intuitive dexterity in military exercises, saved me from annoyance or personal indignity, and might, in a certain way, have procured me promotion. But a halberd, as it happened, was not my object. I looked for deliverance from my existing bondage, to the falling in with some wealthy and desirable woman. And, in the strict performance of a soldier's duty—active, vigilant, obedient, and abstaining—I waited with patience for the arrival of opportunity.

I waited till my patience was exhausted half a dozen times over; but the interim certainly was not passed in idleness. He whose prospect lies straight forward, is seldom content to look about him; but there was matter for analysis and curious investigation on every side of me. As an officer, I had seen little of the true character or condition of the soldiery; and a regiment of cavalry is really a machine of strange constitution—I say, "of cavalry," *par preference*, because there is generally about a dragoon regiment a more lofty, though perhaps not more just style and feeling, than belongs (from whatever cause) to our regiments of infantry.

The 31st regiment was remarkable for the splendour of its uniform and appointments; an attribute rather anything than advantageous to the soldier; but which always, nevertheless, operates powerfully in the recruiting of a corps. We had men amongst us from almost every class of society. There were linen-weavers from Ireland—colliers from Warwickshire and Shropshire—ploughmen, game-keepers, and poachers, from every quarter and county. There were men too of higher rank, as regarded their previous condition; and that in a number very little imagined by the world. There were men of full age, who had run through fortunes—lads who had quarrelled with, or been deserted by, their families—ruined gamblers—*cidevant* fortune-hunters—*ex*-officers, and strolling players. In a company so heterogeneous, it would have been difficult to keep the peace, but for that law which visited the black eye as a breach of military discipline. As men, those who had been "gentlemen" were incomparably the worst characters. Some of them vapoured, or at least talked, about their origin, and so exposed themselves to the ridicule which waits upon fallen dignity. Others made use of their patrician acquirements to seduce the wives or daughters of their more plebeian comrades. They were dissipated in their habits, ribald in their discourse, and destitute even of any remnant of honest or decent principle.

The poachers among us were another party, almost of themselves; for the game-keepers—the same animals domesticated—never cordially agreed with them. Idle in their habits; slovenly in their appearance; these fellows were calculated, nevertheless, to make admirable soldiers in the field. Their courage was peculiarly of the true English character; slow something to be excited; but, when excited, impossible to be overcome. I remember one of them well—for his anecdotes used to amuse me—who, for two years, had been the *scourge* of every preserve within ten miles of his parish; and who had, with difficulty, escaped transportation, by enlisting as a soldier. He was a strong, muscular lad, about two or three and twenty; not of large stature, or of handsome appearance; but of a resolution, or rather of an obduracy, which nothing short of death could have subdued. I saw him once fight, after repeated provocation, with a fourteen-stone Irishman of the 18th, who was the lion of his troop. The battle lasted, without any etiquette of the prize-ring, in constant fighting, more than an hour. My acquaintance was knocked down in every round, for the first thirty minutes; but the blows made no more impression upon him than they would have done upon a man of iron. That he had the worst of the battle, never seemed to occur to him; he fell, and rose—fell, rose again, and struck on. Nothing but the loss of sight, or of life, could have subdued him; and I firmly believe he would have destroyed himself, if he had been compelled to give up. At length his antagonist's confidence gave way before his obstinacy; and there was something almost staggering to the senses in the appearance of it. The man seemed to get no worse, for a beating that might have destroyed half-a-dozen. He spoke very little; never broke his ground; and rose with a smile, after such falls as might have crushed him to pieces. Both parties suffered severely; my friend rather the most; but, at the end of an hour's fighting, the Hibernian owned himself vanquished.

But whatever might be the qualities

of these men individually, taken as a body, they were amenable, reasonable beings. To have made them, individually, discontented, would have been difficult; to have tampered with them, *en masse*, quite impossible. The sound of the word "discipline," had a sort of magical effect upon their minds. Their obedience (from its uniform enforcement) became perfectly mechanical; and severity excited little complaint, for it was understood to be the custom of the service.

We had three different commanding officers during the time of my stay at Lymington; but there was only one who ever disturbed the temper of the garrison; and even he failed to excite any feeling beyond great personal hatred to himself.

The first commandant was a man who had himself been a private soldier; and who had risen, by degrees, to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Corporal punishment was his reliance. He punished seldom, but severely. And this man, though a strict disciplinarian, was universally popular.

Our second leader was a well-meaning man, but a theorist; and he seemed to have been sent as a punishment for the sins of the whole garrison. He was strongly opposed to the practice of corporal punishment, as tending to degrade, and break the spirit of the soldier; and, being puzzled, as a wiser head might be, in the substitution of other penalties, he actually put his men through a course of experiments upon the subject. For example,—having heard that Alfred the Great made an arrangement by which every man became, to a certain degree, answerable for his neighbour, Major W—— resolved to introduce the same system into his own *depôt*; and whenever, accordingly, any soldier was absent from barracks without leave—and, in a garrison of a thousand men, some one or other was pretty sure to be always absent—he confined the remaining nine hundred and ninety-nine to their barracks, until he returned. Indeed without, I believe, the least feeling of cruelty or malice, this man passed half his time in devising inflictions, and the other half in practising them upon us. And, besides this, he fatigued us with eternal inspections; wasted more paper in writing rules and regulations, than might have made cartridges for a whole battalion; and after compelling us, even in cold weather, to go through a tedious parade on a Sunday, was so merciless as always to make a long speech at the end of it.

Our third commandant, and the only one whom I ever dreaded—for the whims of the second hardly passed what might be called vexations—our third commandant was a fool; and, of course, being a soldier, a martinet. Quite incompetent to the discussion of any possible matter beyond the polish of a carbine-barrel, or the number of paces in which a regiment ought to cross the parade-ground, he gave his whole attention to what he termed the "military" appearance of his troops. A speck upon a man's uniform—a hair too much or too little in a whisker—a spot, or a drop of water, upon the floor of a room in which thirty men inhabited, ate, drank, and slept; these were crimes which never failed to call down heavy retribution. And perfection, with this gentleman, was almost as much a fault as negligence. He lived only upon orders, reprimands, and whippings. The man who could not do his duty, was to be tortured as a matter of course; the man who did it well, was corrected as "a conceited fellow." Every process under his jurisdiction was conducted at the point of the "damme." He attempted to make his officers cut their hair in a particular shape. He forbad a staff-adjutant, who could not afford to give up his place, ever to quit the barrack-yard without stating where he was going to. I have known him set three hundred men to pick straws off a stable-yard, where every fresh puff of wind left them their labours to begin again. Eventually the fellow joined a regiment in India; and fell in a skirmish, by a ball, it was supposed, from one of his own soldiers.

But I was weary of examining characters, and avoiding persecutions. I was tired of being a favourite among the nursery girls of Lymington, and even of enjoying the enmity of the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood. I had become weary of the honour and discomfort of endurance—I sighed, in the midst of exertion, for exertion's reward—I never doubted that talent must, in time, find its level; but I had begun to doubt whether man's life would be long enough to afford the

waiting, when the chance that I was hoping, and wishing for, appeared.

How constantly do men ascribe to momentary impulse, acts which really are founded in deep premeditation. Mistakes, surprises, jokes, and even quarrels, pass current as accidental, which are in truth matters of *malice prepense*. My object at Lymington was, to introduce myself to persons of consideration; and with that view, for months, I carried my life, as it were, in my hand. Every moment that I could snatch from the routine of military duty, was systematically devoted to searching after adventure. There was not a family of condition within five miles of the depot, but I had my eye upon their motions and arrangements. How often, while watching their gay parties on the river, did I pray for some dreadful accident which might give me an opportunity of distinguishing myself! How often have I wished, in riding night picquet or express, that some passing equipage would be attacked by robbers, that I might make my fortune by defeating them! I saw, by chance, one evening, a mill on fire in the distance; and, making sure it was a nobleman's seat, swam through two rivers to arrive at it. At length, the common-place incident—I had looked for it, though, a hundred times—the common-place incident of two tipsy farmers, on a fair day, affronting an officer in Lymington market-place, who had a lady on his arm, gave me the chance I had so long sought. This affair gave me an opportunity of being useful to Captain and Mrs Levine.

The honourable Augustus Levine, who had joined the garrison but a few days when this accident befell him, was one of those men of fortune who seem born for no other purpose than to put poor fellows in contentment with their destiny. He was an abject creature, both in heart and mind. Despicable (there be more such) in person as in principle. And yet the worm was brother to an earl—he was master of a fine estate—he commanded an hundred soldiers; and (a man may have too many blessings) he had a young and handsome wife.

When I declare that Lymington Barracks were full of stripling officers, who, in addition to wealth and station, possessed (many of them) all personal advantages, my venturing even to think of Mrs Levine upon the credit of such a service as I had performed, may appear to savour not a little of presumption. Setting the event apart, I should maintain a different opinion. A hundred qualifications, which would only have been of course in a man of rank, in a peasant would excite surprise, and, consequently, interest. My encounter in the market-place, though a vulgar one, had given me some opportunity for display; and a private soldier, who possessed figure, accomplishment, and deportment—who could make verses, make love, and, moreover, fight like a Turk—such a man would secure attention; and love follows very easily. I cannot afford now to dwell upon details; but, whatever be the value of my general principle, consequences, in the particular instance, did approve my dream. Within six months, I had disclosed my real name and rank—eloped with Mrs Levine—fought a duel with her husband—and had a verdict entered against me in the Court of King's Bench, with damages, by default, to the amount of L.10,000.

There is this circumstance, among a thousand others, to attach us to the female sex, that a man can scarce, in any case, whatever the degree of friendship, receive a favour from his fellow man, without some feeling of inferiority; while, from a woman, each new act of kindness, or of bounty, seems but a tribute to his merit, and a proof of her affection.

My encounter with Levine produced very trifling consequences. Both parties were slightly wounded at the first fire, and neither appeared anxious to try the fortune of a second. The penalty of L.10,000 was a more serious matter to deal with. Mrs Levine possessed, independent of her husband, an income exceeding L.800 a-year; but that property formed no fund for the payment of a large sum in damages. Our only alternative was to quit England immediately.

I enter here with pain upon an epoch in my history, which filled up sadly and wearily a period of five years. Isabella Levine was a woman whose personal charms were perhaps among the weakest of the attractions she possessed. If I had sought her in the beginning from interested motives, I did not long profess a passion without really entertain-

ing it. That she had deserted such a husband as Levine, seemed to me no stain upon her virtue. He had been forced upon her by the command of an uncle on whom she depended; and who himself had felt so little confidence in the man of his selection, that, in giving his niece a large fortune, he reserved it principally within her own control. Was it a crime in Isabella, that she quitted a being whom she could not love? Was she a companion for stupidity—for slovenliness—for brutality? Was she a subject for neglect, and for coarse infidelity? Was it fit that her tenderness, her beauty, and her youth, should be wasted upon a creature who could not appreciate what he was possessing? She did not sell herself to me for title or for fortune. She was not seduced by a fashion or a feather. If she loved me—and I think she did love me—it was for myself alone.

Impressed with these feelings, I left England a second time for Lisbon. The war had now been carried into the heart of France, and the Peninsula had a prospect of sufficient security. If, by law, I was prevented from marrying Isabella, by gratitude, as well as by affection, I held myself bound to her for ever. I took it as an admitted principle, that every man must settle at some time; and deliberately formed my plan of lasting, domestic happiness.

I had not then ascertained that the very thought of a set system is destruction to everything in the nature of enjoyment. I had yet to discover, that it was better even to die at once, than await, in one fixed posture, the wearing of unprofitable vacancy.

I set out with a wish, as well as a resolution, to act well. I had seen the errors of married men, and I determined to avoid them. I will treat a woman, said I, with that attention which she is entitled to demand—I will not render her miserable by my dissipations—I will not insult her by slighting her society—I will love none but Isabella; and with her my hours shall be passed. I now see ill omen in these my first resolutions. A man does not put himself upon the defensive, unless he feels cause to apprehend attack. I suspect that, like the wolf in the fable, the sight of the collar already made me uneasy.

I shall never forget—for my time indeed is almost come—the torture which it cost me to carry my good resolutions into effect—the days, the weeks, the years, that I suffered, of satiety, weariness, indifference, disgust. I am convinced that the decline of my passion for Isabella was only hastened by my efforts to conceal and to resist it. The love of full liberty, which I had been used freely to indulge, acquired now tenfold force from the restraint to which I subjected myself. The company of the plainest woman of my acquaintance would have been delightful to me, compared with the uniformity of beauty.

I bore up against these inclinations until my very brain became affected. My senses grew morbid from excess of inflammation. And, withal, I could perform but half the task I had imposed on myself. I might refuse to love other women, but I could not compel myself to love Isabella. My attentions continued; but they were the attentions of a prescribed duty. The feelings I had once entertained towards her—the letters I had written to her—for I chanced once by accident to fall on some of them—the whole seemed a dream—a delusion—a delirium—from which I had recovered, and the remembrance of which excited wonder.

Steadily to pursue the course upon which I had determined, was not to cheat myself of the conviction that that course was destroying me. In vain did I recollect what I owed to Isabella;—her uniformly excellent conduct,—the sacrifices she had made for me. These images refused to dwell upon my imaginstion. They were as shadows in the water, which eluded my grasp when I would have seized them. I found only a woman who, now, was in my way; who, no doubt, meant to bestow happiness upon me; but who, in fact, drove me to frenzy. I would again have been left destitute; I would have returned to my ration and my broadsword; I would have submitted to anything to have been once more a free man, but to desert Isabella, or to be deserted by her;—I was not (Heaven be praised!) quite villain enough to take the first course; my pride could not have endured that she should take the second.

There are limits to the capacity of human endurance. We are none of

us so far from insanity as we believe ourselves. My temper had suffered in the course of these conflicts, a shock from which, I think, it never afterwards recovered; when a train of new circumstances, unforeseen and unexpected, broke, for good or ill, the trammels which entangled me.

We had been five years together, and I had been four years miserable, when a habitual depression, which I had perceived, but neglected to speak of—for, in the fever of my own soul, I had no thought for the distress of others—this terminated in the serious illness of Isabella. At first, supposing her indisposition to be transient, I treated it as an affair of domestic routine, taking every precaution for her safety, rather as a matter of course, than from any feeling of anxiety; but an intimation from my physician that she was in a state of real danger, aroused me from that apathy with which I contemplated all passing events.

"Danger? What danger?—There could be no danger; the man must be mistaken."

"He was not mistaken. My wife's complaint was low, nervous fever; brought on, as it seemed to him, by some cause operating upon the mind; and, if her spirits could not be kept up, her peril was immediate."

I never received any intelligence with greater discomposure in my life. A variety of recollections, very like accusations, crowded one after the other suddenly upon my memory. My heart awoke from that lethargy into which long suffering had plunged it. Still, I thought, the thing must be exaggerated.—"Her spirits kept up?"—Why, they must be kept up. "What was to be done to keep them up?"—That, the adviser left to me.

I visited Isabella with feelings which I could scarce acknowledge even to myself. She sent for me as I was going to her chamber; and my purpose of going almost changed. I know not how to describe the sensation which her message produced. I was going to her at the very moment unsummoned; and yet the summons compelled me to turn back. It was not the feeling of a man who is detected in a crime; for that must suppose a previous consciousness that he was committing one. It was the alarm rather of a child who plays with a forbidden bauble, and suddenly discovers that the last whirl has broken it.

I had seen Isabella on the preceding evening; but I found her much worse than I had expected. I leaned upon her bed; it was some time before she could gather firmness to express herself. At length she spoke;—and I hear her accents at this moment.

She spoke, with apparent confidence, of her approaching death. "She regretted it, for my sake, because her fortune would die with her."—"Could she but have secured my future happiness and safety, as she had nothing left in life to hope for, so she would have had nothing to desire."

These are common-place expressions, perhaps I shall be told. The fact may be so;—*Death* is very common-place. But those, who, in the midst of a course decidedly evil, have been cursed with sufficient perception to abhor the guilt they could not abstain from—such only can appreciate my feelings at that moment. The mere mention of Isabella's death, as possible, carried distraction to my soul! She told me, that she had long seen the decline of my affection;—"her only wish was, that it could have lasted while she lived!"—I stood before her a convicted villain. I could not lie—I could not speak;—at last, I wept, or I had died.

I must not dwell upon the particulars of this interview!—She thanked me for the uniform kindness I had shewn her;—for the effort with which I had avoided connexions which she had but too plainly seen my desire to form.—"Could I pardon her for the pain that she had caused me? I should be happier after her death; for, if it left me poor, it would at least restore me to my liberty."

Let me do myself justice here, as I have visited justice upon myself elsewhere. I was not quite a wretch. If my passions were habitually fierce and ungovernable, their impulse in the good cause was as powerful as in the cause of ill.

I knelt beside Isabella's bed. I confessed the truth of all she charged me with. I invoked curses on my restless temper;—swore that all my former love for her was rekindled;—that I would not survive her death;—that I should esteem myself her murderer! Nor did I at that moment, so help me,

Heaven, utter any sentiment which I did not feel. If I did not at that moment love Isabella passionately, I would have laid my life down with pleasure for her safety—for her happiness. And I trusted that I had in some measure restored her peace of mind; and I was seriously resolving to *like* a peaceful life; when a circumstance occurred well calculated again to put my resolution to the proof.

CHAPTER IV.

Had I been asked for which of my virtues I should ever have a fortune given me, I might have had some difficulty, and should have had, in answering the question. It was my fate, however, for once to be enriched by my irregularities. My grandfather, penetrated on a sudden with admiration of the man who had brought his family-name so much into discussion, died, after making twenty wills in favour of twenty different people; and, passing over my father, bequeathed a property of £4000 a-year to me.

I premised that, about this time, some unforeseen occurrences befel me. Two of these I have already described; the third was, of all, the most unexpected. While I was busy in preparations for returning to England, and devising schemes out of number for pleasures and splendour when I should arrive there—Isabella left me.

It was a blow for which, less than for a miracle, I was prepared. Returning one evening from shooting,—we were then living at Condeixa,—I found a letter in her hand lying sealed upon my table. The sight of the address alone paralysed me. What had happened, flashed in an instant across my mind. The contents of the letter were these:—

"If I have used deception towards you, Charles, believe me it is now for the first time. I wish to spare you the needless agony of bidding me farewell; I wish to secure myself against the danger of being diverted from a course which reflection has convinced me is the best. I cannot forget that you have ceased to love me; I have known the fact long, but circumstances have kept me silent. I acquit you, Heaven is my witness! of unkindness, or ingratitude;—esteem,—affection—regard—compassion—I know you gave me these; and love is not at our command. There are men from whom I could be satisfied with kindness and esteem; but I cannot fall so low as to accept pity, Charles, from you; you always will—you always must—love some woman; can I know this, and yet live with you, and be conscious that you do not love me?

"For three years I have endured to see you wretched, and to feel myself the cause of your distress. Could I feel this, and yet be happy? What did I gain by depriving others of your heart, when I knew that, to me, your heart was lost for ever? A thousand times have I wished that your scruples would give way, and that you would be happy in a course which could have added nothing to my misery. I have borne all this long; but my motive for bearing it is at an end. Your accession of fortune makes my presence no longer necessary. You have now open before you that career for which you have so long panted; I believe that you are capable of sacrificing it for me; but can I accept such a sacrifice from you, Charles? Can I exact it? Do you think I could value it?

"Farewell! I will no longer continue to hang upon you, interrupting enjoyments in which I am forbidden to participate. Farewell! My pen trembles as I write the word; but be assured that I write it irrevocably.

"Do not distract us both by vain endeavours to recall me. If love were yours to give, I know, I feel, that you would give it to me; but it is not, Charles, at your disposal. Farewell, once more; for I had intended but to say, 'Farewell!' May you be happy, though my day of happiness is over. Thank Heaven, your impetuous temper is no longer likely to be excited by want of means to those enterprizes, which might not always be successful; but, if ever chance should place you again in such emergency, as to make Isabella's fortune—her life—her love—worth your acceptance, then—and then only—will she consent again to hear from you."

She is living yet,—I trust she is! If the last prayers of one who has prayed but too seldom;—if those

prayers may be heard which merit nor hearing nor value;—if mercy for another can be granted to him who dares not—cannot—ask it for himself—then may every blessing she can wish for—every blessing which can wait on life, be hers; may she know that, in my last hour, my thoughts were upon her; that my latest wishes were breathed for her safety—for her happiness!

How merely is man the creature of events over which he has no control! When I kissed Isabella's forehead, scarce six hours before she wrote that letter, how far was I from imagining that I then beheld her for the last time! and what a turn did our separation give, probably, to my destiny! I despise the pedantic dogma which says, "no one can be missed." Ill as I think of human nature, I think that assertion is a libel upon it. Among creatures who have as little of discrimination as of feeling,—to whom the newest fool is always the most welcome friend,—by such beings it may be true, that "no one can be missed;" but I deny that any man of common sensibility or perception, can part *for ever*, even from a mere companion, without remembrance and regret.

I paused, for my brain was giddy after reading Isabella's letter. My first thought was to follow her; but, on reflection, I abandoned the design. I felt that I could not hope to overcome her fixed belief, that the continuance of our connection would, on my part, be a sacrifice. She had retired into a convent, the Lady Superior of which had long been known to us; and I felt that she must be happier there, or anywhere, than with me. Should it seem that my decision was, under the circumstances, a convenient one, I swear that it was a decision in which my wishes had no part. No honourable or feeling man will doubt my candour in this statement. He will know, if not from experience, from instinct, that, had I listened to my own wishes, I should only have thought of recovering Isabella. He will know that her absence left a blank in my heart; that, spite of philosophy, axiom, or authority, I felt there was a something missing—wanting;—a reliance, a consolation, a *point d'appui* to the mind, which nothing but the society of woman could supply.

And, if I have loved other women, Isabella has not been forgotten. In the maddest moments of gaiety, in the wildest hours of licence, the doubt of her existence—the certainty of her wretchedness—has dashed across my mind, and poisoned the cup of pleasure at my lips. Before I quitted Portugal, I wrote her letter after letter, intreating, promising, imploring her return. If it was not for my love that I desired to change her resolution, I swear that for my mere quietude, for my peace of mind, I wished to do it. Ah! what have I to regret in being compelled to quit a world, where, to possess feeling or reflection, is to be eternally unhappy; where passion leaves its victim no choice, but in his own wretchedness, or in the misery of those whom, at his soul's hazard, he would shield from harm; and where the being who enjoys the most of gratification himself, is the creature who is most callous to the sufferings of all around him!

It was not, however, until I had completed my dispositions as to Isabella's fortune; until I was about to embark for England,—to place distance—seas—between us;—I did not not fully, until that moment, feel what it was to part from her for ever. I wrote to her once more, even while my vessel was under sail. Though I was sensible of the folly, I wrote the letter with my blood. I entreated that she would follow me—and follow me without delay. I declared that I should expect her—that I would take no denial—that I should wait for her at the first English port. With that strange confidence which men often have when their hopes are totally desperate, I went so far even as to appoint the hotel at which I should stay. I really did expect that Isabella would follow me to England. I wronged her firmness. The ship in which I had embarked met with contrary winds. A subsequently sailing vessel reached England before us. I found, on landing at Falmouth, a packet from Isabella; but it contained only her picture, and these words—"Do not forget me."

That picture hangs about my neck at the moment while I write. I will die with it next my heart. As the magnet, catching eagerly each particle of iron, lets golden sands roll on unheeded by, so memory treasures up our moments of misfortune, long after

those of happiness and gaiety are forgotten—Isabella, lost, was to be remembered for ever.

But these are recollections which unhinge me for detail. I have a blow to strike, and almost within this hour, for which every corporal and mental agent must be nerved. And my senses rush along in tide as furious and rapid as my fate! I cannot dwell, amid this whirl of mind and fancy, upon the measures which, in seven years, dispossessed me of L.70,000. I am not lamenting that which I have done. I began with a resolution to *live* while I did live. Uncertain of the next moment, the passing hour was all to me. What mattered it, since my course must cease, whether it ceased sooner or later; provided, while it lasted, I was in all things content? I scorned the confined views of men who, possessing means, submitted to let "I dare not" wait upon "I would;" and vowed when I put myself at the head of my fortune, that no expenditure of wealth, no exposure of person, should ever have weight to disappoint my inclination.

Yet my estate lasted longer than, under such a resolution, might be expected. The rich, for the most part, either lavish their money without enjoying it, or, to maintain what is called a certain "state," suffer dependants to lavish it for them. As it happened that I had no wish for commonplace distinctions, nor was very desirous of anything which money alone could buy, I escaped all those rapidly ruinous contests in which the longest purse is understood to carry the day. I saw something of the absurdities of fashion, but I entered very little into them. Curiosity, want of employment, and that natural desire which even the silliest man feels, to laugh at the follies of those about him, made me associate sometimes with fine gentlemen; but I never became a fine gentleman myself.

And yet it was amusing, in the way of *chasse ennui*, to glide along with the frequenters of Bond Street, and with the loungers at the opera; and to observe the excessive—the monstrous—self-delusion of men, who had been born to ample means, and were not incumbered much with understanding. Their talk was such feather; and yet, even in what they uttered, they were generally mistaken. If they were vicious, it was from thoughtlessness; if honest, from accident. Their conversation was so easy, and yet (to themselves) so entertaining. The jest so weak; the laugh so hilarious. Their belief, too, was so facile,—I did envy them that faculty! Not one of them ever doubted anything that he was at all interested in crediting. All about them was *fudge;* and yet they never seemed to be aware of it. Their Bond-Street dinners were *not* good. They would talk all day about the fancied merits of particular dishes; and yet at night be put off with such wine and *cuisine* as really was sad stuff, and could not have passed but upon men of fashion.

But the most striking feature in their characters was their utter want of self-respect. I have seen a young man literally *begging* for half-crowns, who but a few months before had driven his curricle, and been distinguished for his insolence. Another would borrow small sums, and never pay them, until not even a servant was left who would lend him a shilling. Others would endure to be insulted by their tradesmen;—to be poisoned at coffee-houses where they could not pay their bills;—to truck and barter their clothes and valuables for ready money with waiters at hotels;—and all this to obtain supplies which in reality they did not want, and because they knew no mode of dissipating time, but in dissipating a certain quantity of specie.

These were the people who went to fights—to races;—wore large hats, and garments of peculiar cut; with little of taste or fancy in their devices; and, of true conception of splendour or of elegance, none.

Then their *hangers on* were a set of men fit to be classed *per se* in history. Fellows culled from all ranks and stations, but all rascals alike;—their avocations various, but all infamous. There were among them cashiered officers, or men who had left the army to avoid that infliction; fraudulent waiters, and markers from billiard tables; shopkeepers' sons, black-leg attorneys, and now and then the broken-down heir of a respectable name and family.

I recollect one or two of these fellows who were characters for posterity in their way. There was one Mr M'Grath in particular, a native of the

sister kingdom, with whose history in full it fell to my lot to be acquainted. I traced him back to his leaving Dublin, where he had acted as collecting clerk to a distiller; and from whence, on account of some trifling embezzlements, he had come over to England with about twenty pounds in his pocket. This man on his arrival had not a friend nor a connection to back him; his address was bad; his person not prepossessing; and he had an unconquerable aversion to anything like honest labour; but he began with a little, and, by industry, rose.

His first step in London was into a second floor lodging in Jermyn Street, Piccadilly,—for he laid himself out as an appendage to men of fortune from the beginning. The woman of the house dwelt herself in a single apartment; waited upon her guests as a servant; and fleeced them, because her house was "in a situation!"

This woman had a hump-backed daughter, who stood a grade above her mother. I saw her afterwards in a workhouse, to which I went for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of M'Grath's history. She did the better kind of labour, while her mother attended to the drudgery: and, by parsimony, and great exertion, they had acquired near L.2000.

M'Grath's second step in life, having heard of the L.2,000, was to marry his landlady's humpbacked daughter; and, with part of the money, he bought a commission in the Guards. Here he remained but a short time, his real character being discovered. Within twelve months he deserted his newly acquired wife. The furniture of the mother's house was next seized for his debts. The two miserable women then came for support upon the parish; and, with the wreck of the L.2000, M'Grath commenced gentleman.

And, with the appointments of respectable station about him, this fellow had gone on for more than twenty years when by accident I met with him;—the most handy, and universally applicable creature in the world. Latterly he had found it convenient to call himself a conveyancer; and undertook to act as an agent on all occasions. He was a money lender;—an assistant in borrowing money, or in investing it. He bought or sold a horse;—could obtain patronage (upon a deposit) for a curacy or a colonel's commission. Then he dealt among the bankrupts; could indorse a bill;—get it cashed. He would arrange a provision for a distressed lady;—wait upon a betrayer at the hazard of being kicked down stairs;—threaten law proceedings;—introduce a new face;—in short, wherever there was distress and helplessness, there, as if by instinct, you were sure to find M'Grath.

I met with the gentleman under circumstances (for him) peculiarly unlucky. He had been settling with a certain peer the terms upon which he was to be freed from the importunity of a female, from whom importunity ought not to have been necessary. I chanced, shortly afterwards, to fall in with the lady; and (she really had been unfortunate) to become interested for her. M'Grath in this case had gone to work with less than his usual prudence. He had received at the end of his negotiation L.500 from the nobleman in question, upon a written promise that the applicant should trouble him no more; of which L.500 he accounted for L.200 in cash, giving his own note to his client as security for the rest. This was a safe L.300 gained; but M'Grath was not content. Distress within a short time obliged the same woman to dispose of some jewels and other personal property which she possessed; and this property, with a fatuity apparently unaccountable,—even after what had happened—she employed M'Grath to find a purchaser for. The monstrous apparent folly of such an act, made me doubt the truth of the whole story when I heard it. In *heaven's name*, I asked, why had she trusted such a fellow as M'Grath even in the first transaction?—"And who but such a man," was the answer, "would have undertaken such an office?"

M'Grath, however, probably had his necessities as well as other people; for, on this occasion, he took a measure of very questionable safety. Relying upon the lady's dread of public exposure, he pawned the whole of her jewels, and converted the money to his own use. I caused him merely to be arrested, although his offence was, I believe, a criminal one; and eventually he was liberated from prison by the Insolvent act; for he had judged rightly so far—the exposure of a pro-

secution could not be borne; but, by a singular coincidence, I had afterwards to kick him out of my own house, on his calling for the particulars (he did not know upon whom) of a next presentation to a living advertised for sale.

Women, however, of course, among the true spendthrifts of my acquaintance, were the principal objects of discourse and of attention. But their arrangements even upon this point were of so odd a description, that the ridiculous overpowers every other feeling when I think of them. I forget the man's name who told a certain king that there was no royal road to the knowledge of mathematics. I doubt he would have failed to impress my acquaintances with that truth. *On achete le tout*, seemed to be their conviction. One loved, in order that he might be affirmed a person in the world. Another, for the fashion of a particular lady. A third, because a mistress was a good point to shew "style" in. And a fourth, because it was necessary to have one. The *nonchalance* of this last set was the most exquisite thing in nature. They affected (and I believe felt) a perfect indifference towards their *protegées;* introduced all their acquaintance, without a jot of jealousy, at their houses; and I saw a letter from a peer to a French woman, who transacted love affairs for him, stating that he meant to form an attachment of some duration when he came to town; and describing (as to person) the sort of lady upon whom he should wish to fix his affections.

The nature of such connections may well be imagined. No regard was ever dreamed of for the feelings of the women; the men were, of course, appreciated and abused. It was a sacrifice on both sides; but the sacrifice of the man was merely a sacrifice of money, of which he did not know the value; and that sacrifice neither obtained nor deserved any gratitude; for the same individual who would ruin himself in keeping a splendid *etat* for his mistress, would lavish nothing upon her that did not redound to his own "fashionable" notoriety.

For myself, if I did not enter into the spirit of what was called *ton*, it did not arise from any want of general good reception. As soon as it was found that I cared about no *coterie*, all *coteries* were open to me. But, if it was much to be one of the few, I thought it would be even more to stand alone. And therefore, although I kept fine horses, I did not race them to death. I had a handsomely furnished house; but I refused to have a *taste;* that is to say, I did not lie awake fourteen nights together, imagining a new scroll pattern for the edge of a sofa; nor decide, (still in doubt,) after six weeks perplexity, which was the properest tint of two-and-twenty for the lining of a window-curtain. In short, my private arrangements were no way guided by ambitious feeling; whether I rode, drove, drank, or dressed, I did the act merely because it was an act gratifying to myself, not because it had been done by Lord Such-a-one, or was to be done by Mr So-and-so; and, although my fortune was small, compared with the fortunes of some of my companions, yet, as it mattered not how soon the whole was expended, I generally seemed, upon emergency, to be the richest man of the circle I was moving in.

And a race for some to envy has my career been to this moment! If the last few months have shewn note of coming evil, that evil could not terrify me when I was prepared to elude it. If I have not enjoyed, in the possession of riches, that absolute conviction, (my solace under poverty,) that what tribute I did receive was paid entirely to myself, yet the caution and experience which poverty taught me has preserved me from gross and degrading imposition. Let me keep up my spirits, even with egotism, in a moment like this! I have not been quite an object to court imposition. The same faculties and powers, which availed me when I was without a guinea, continued at my command throughout my high fortune. I have not been, as an old man, wasting property which I could not spend; I have not been a wretched pretender, by purchase, to place and to circumstance, to which desert gave me no title; I have not been the thing that I am, to die, because I will not be.

Gold is worth something, inasmuch as it gives certain requisites for continued enjoyment, which can be obtained from no other source. Apart from all pretension to severe moral principle, I had ever this feeling, in its fullest extent—that the man was

thrice a villain, a wretch thrice unfit to live, who could plunge any woman that trusted him into poverty, into disgrace. To this principle, I would admit neither of exception nor evasion. I do not say that every man can command his passions; but every man can meet the consequences of them. Again and again, in my days of necessity, did I fly from connexions which seemed to indicate such termination. Money, however, as society is constituted, can do much—my subsequent wealth relieved me from all obstacles.

Yet, let me redeem myself in one point—I shall not attempt it in many—my power was in no instance (as I believe) employed cruelly. For my fellow men, I had little consideration. I knew them merciless—I had felt them so. Still, upon man, if I recollect well, I never wantonly inflicted pain; and in no one instance—as Heaven shall judge me!—did I ever sacrifice the feelings of a woman.

A portion of my wealth was given to relieve my father from debts which he had incurred in expectation of the whole. Another portion, I trust, will have placed in security beings whose happiness and safety form my latest wish on earth. A third portion, and a large one, has been consumed in idle dissipation; but, if I have often thrown away a hundred guineas, I have sometimes given away ten.

The whole, however, at last, is gone. Parks, lordships, manors, mansions—not a property is left. As my object was always rather pleasure than parade, this change in my circumstances is little known to the world. I am writing—and I shall die so—in elegant apartments; with liveried servants, splendid furniture—all the paraphernalia of luxury about me. The whole is disposed of, and the produce consumed. To-morrow gives the new owner possession. A hundred persons make account to nod to me to-morrow. I have, for to-morrow, four invitations to dinner.—I shall die to-night.

Let me not be charged with flying this world, because I fear to meet the loss of fortune. Give me back the years that I have spent; and I can deem lightly of the money. But my place—my station among my fellow men?—It totters; it trembles. Youth, hope, and confidence—these are past; and the treasures of the unfathomed ocean could not buy them back.

Life of life—spirit of enjoyment—to what has it not fallen! Does it still spring in the heart, like the wild flower in the field—the native produce of a vigorous soil, which asks no tillage, defies eradication, and rears its head alike amid the zephyr and the storm? No; it is this no longer. It is an exotic now—a candle-light flower—the sensitive plant with the hue of the rose; love is its sunshine—wine the dew that cherishes it; it blossoms beneath the ray of the evening star, and blooms in the illuminated garden at midnight; but, in the cool breeze of morning, it droops and it withers; and day, which brings life to all else, destroys it for ever.

Then, if I had the Indies still in my grasp, would I endure to descend in the scale of creation? Would I join the class of respectable old men; and sit spectator of a mellay which I am no longer able to engage in? Would I choose the more disgusting course of some I see around me; and let the vices of manhood degenerate into the weaknesses of age? Would I struggle to maintain a field in which victory is past my hope; dispute a palm which, of necessity, must be wrested from my hand? Would I endure to have men, whom I have been accustomed to see as children, push me insolently from the stage of life, and seize the post which I have occupied?

If I could not bear this, still less could I endure the probable, the inevitable consequences of living to extreme old age. To be, if not distasteful to my own depraved and doting sense, conscious of being distasteful to all the world beside! To die worn out with pains and aches! Helpless in body—feebler still in mind! The tottering victim of decrepitude and idiotcy, cowering from that fate which by no effort I can avoid!

I will not come to this. I will not make a shirking, ignominious end of life, when I have the power, within myself, to die as may become a man. To this hour I have had strength to keep my station in the world. In a few moments it would be gone—but I shall go before it. And what do I lose by thus grappling with my fate? A few years at most of uncertainty or uneasiness. That man may die to-

morrow, I know afflicts him little; but let him reflect, in his triumph, that he *must* die on the next day. Let him remember, that when he has borne to hear people inquire after his health, listen to his answer with impatience, and go to be happy out of his reach—when he has borne to close the eyes of the last friend of his youth, to lose all his old connexions, and to find himself incapable of forming new ones—when he has endured to be a solitary, excommunicated wretch, and to read, in the general eye, that he is an intruder upon earth—he is still but as a ball to which a certain impetus is given; which, moving in a fixed track, can neither deviate nor pause; and which has but (to an inch) a marked space to pass over, at the end of which comes that fall from which the world's worth cannot save it.

I can write no more. My hour is fast approaching.—Now am I greater, in my own holding, than an emperor! He would command the fate of others; but I command my own. This is, in very choice, the destiny which I would embrace. There is something sublime in thus looking in the face of Death: he sits over against me as I write; and I view him without terror. If I have a predominant feeling at this moment, it is a feeling of curiosity.

One full glass more, and I am prepared. Wine is wanting only to aid the nerve, not to stimulate the courage or the will. My pistols lie loaded by my side. I will seal this packet, nevertheless, with a steady hand; and you who receive it shall bear witness that I have done so.

Now, within this half hour, I will forget even that care must be the lot of man. I will revel for a moment in the influence of wine, and in the smile of beauty—I will live, for one moment longer, the being I could wish to live for ever.

The clock strikes eleven.—Friend, whom I have selected to receive my parting words, I must conclude. I shall send this letter to you instantly. You will receive it while I still exist; and yet you will be unable—the world would be unable—to prevent the act I meditate. Do me justice—and farewell! When the chimes tell twelve to-night, I shall be uppermost in your mind. You will wonder—you will be troubled—you will doubt. And, when you sit at breakfast to-morrow morning, some public newspaper, recording my death, will give you perhaps the real name of

TITUS.

LETTER FROM ODOHERTY.

DEAR NORTH,—I shall be obliged by your sinking scruples, and giving a place in your next Number to the enclosed paper, entitled, "The Last Words of Charles Edwards, Esq." The production will of itself sufficiently explain who the writer *was*. I knew him in the Peninsula as a dashing fellow; and, notwithstanding all he says, he was a great favourite with his mess. Bad as he was, he did not want some good points: he was not a scoundrel to the core. He is gone! May the history of his errors do good to one young and unhardened sinner! I think it may well be expected to do good to hundreds of them.

Some people will say you act wrongly in giving publicity to such a record. Don't mind this—it is mere cant. The paper is a transcript—I have no doubt a faithful one, of the feelings of a man who had strong passions himself, who understood human passion, who understood the world, and who lived miserably, and died most miserably, because he could not, or would not, understand himself; and therefore derived no benefits from his acute perceptions as to others. Is not this a lesson? I think it is not only a lesson, but a lesson of lessons; and I request you to print the thing as it stands.

I received the paper from an old friend of mine, who at one time served in the same troop with Edwards. The packet was left at his house on Christmas night, 1822. He was from home at the time, and did not reach London until a week had elapsed. The hand-writing was disguised, but he recognized it notwithstanding; and the newspapers of the day sufficiently confirmed the import.—Yours truly,

MORGAN ODOHERTY.

THE UNWILLING AUTHOR.*

One dreary evening on a late continental tour, I sent to the circulating library of the little town, where I was detained a few days by illness, for some books. I received a bundle of the usual class, deplorable translations from English novels of the last century, from the German of *Pichler*, and *Fouquet*; and French fooleries of the same *tonsure* by Pigault le Brun, La Fontaine, &c. &c. I of course gave up the idea of relieving the weariness of a German winter's evening, by such specifics for the promotion of *ennui*, and was about to fling them aside in despair, when my eye was caught by a pair of thin volumes, on which, (from the chief part of their leaves being uncut,) I fairly enough concluded, that few eyes of gentle or ungentle readers had even deigned to look. It was in English—a story of Irish manners, and had the singularity of having been printed in Ireland, so late as last year.

I dipped into it, and was struck by the simplicity, purity, and occasional eloquence of its language. The author is altogether beyond my conjecture; but the preface, which I can scarcely conceive to be romance, gives the idea of misfortunes, which should not be suffered to fall in their heaviness on such a mind. The book is stated to have been written in detached parts for a periodical publication—under great necessity—and literally within a *prison*. In the writer's own words:—

"To urge the mind, from which all the incitements of social intercourse, all knowledge of the general face of nature, all the aid of books, and all the hopes which give life its value, have been subtracted, to compose a work, which shall furnish new sources of gratification, is somewhat more unreasonable than the Egyptian command to make bricks without straw; for the Israelites, unfortunate and oppressed as they were, could *yet roam abroad* in search of materials for their work.

"The *writer of these pages is confined within four walls!*

"The work is the product of a mind operating under every possible disadvantage and depression, and uncheered by a single hope. The *reluctant* labour is offered to the public, most truly as the *despondent* effort of—*An Unwilling Author.*"

If this language be true—(and its truth may, of course, be ascertained from its publisher,) it would be a work of honourable benevolence to seek out, and, in the first instance, alleviate the immediate pressure; in the next, to encourage a mind of such intelligence and feeling to proceed in its career—to point out a higher range of view, and to urge it, by public notice, to the cultivation of powers capable of fame. As a man and a Christian, I look upon this as a solemn duty; as a lover of literature, I feel a tendency of spirit towards every mind excited by the graces and delights of literature. I instinctively regard them as forming a class of a superior order, a gentle and lofty brotherhood, a native nobility of genius, among whom, all that was generous and pure, accomplished and splendid, in our nature, spontaneously assumed its place; and from whose spirits, all meanness and vulgarity of manners, all bitterness and avarice, envy and uncharitableness, were expelled without an effort, and without a stain. —And this is the unquestionable truth. The finer imaginations are, in the great majority—assurances of the more generous and kindly hearts. Those mightier and first-rate intellects, that form a race by themselves, and, like the summit of the Alps, overtop the world with undiminished superiority in every age—have, almost without exception, been tender, pure, and full of affection. If they have undergone their periods of sterner displays, and had, like their mountain emblems, the tempest and the thunder round their awful brows; their habitual purpose has been to pour down fertility and refreshing to the borders of the land.

Something ought to be done for the "*Unwilling Author.*"

The work, from its minuteness of general observation, and close knowledge of the female heart, seems to have been written by a female. An additional claim. But, whether or not, it is written with a power which practice and encouragement might raise to

* Tales by an *Unwilling Author.* 2 vols. 8vo. Milliken, Dublin. 1822.

no trivial distinction. It consists of two Tales—the *Agent* and the *Pavilion*. The former, purely Irish, detailing the rise of an obscure man of probity and intellectual acquirements to competence and respect;—the story of *Jacob Corr* might be no useless manual for many an Irish landlord. The *Pavilion* is the more attractive and painful sketch of a first love, broken off by the death of one of the parties, a girl of beauty and talents. The lover is *Xaverius Blake*, a name of weight in the west of Ireland; the lady is *Clara de Burgh*,—both sufficiently opulent, and on the point of marriage, with the fullest approbation of their families. Some adventures and hair's-breadth escapes diversify the narrative, till, within a week of the marriage, *Xaverius* leaves Dublin in order to make preparations for his bride. *Clara* is struck with some superstitious presentiment of seeing him no more, takes cold, and is seized with a fatal illness. The story is told by a female friend.

"My sleep that night was so disturbed by indistinct dreams, that it could not justly be called rest. One moment I was endeavouring to fly from a furious herd of cattle, which all my endeavours seemed only to bring nearer to me; the next, some irresistible power was hurrying me down a precipice towards a dark abyss, into which I momentarily expected to be plunged. No catastrophe happened to me from my agony of fear; yet in a second the floating vision changed, and I found myself crushed under the ruins of a fallen house, a heavy beam lying on my breast and impeding respiration, so that I could not speak in answer to the friends who were calling and searching for me. Anon, I saw Clara in the same situation, while I vainly endeavoured to move to her assistance. Again, I saw Xaverius tie her to the tail of an unbroken horse, which he held by the rein, and lashed into fury, while bursts of wild and demoniacal laughter declared the delight with which he saw Clara whirled round the ring. I heard the screams of the victim; and the violence of the efforts which I made to arise to her rescue at length awoke me, with nerves too much shaken to allow me to sleep again. I arose, though it was only just day. When dressed, I attempted to read, but found it impossible, or to keep my thoughts fixed to the book. I took out my work to as little purpose."

After this ominous agitation, she whiles away some hours in recovering her self-possession, and then visits her friend. The scene has in it nothing of singularity; on the contrary, it is altogether simple, and such as may have occurred every day at the death-bed of an intelligent and sensitive mind; yet it takes a strong hold on the feelings, and is pathetic to a remarkable degree.

"With a heavy heart I ascended to the room of my friend. I saw several of the servants as I passed, who noticed me only with a silent curtsey, instead of the smiling welcome with which I had been invariably received. Their noiseless and ghost-like tread had something appalling in it, and I entered my poor Clara's chamber with a tenfold depression of spirits. As I opened the door, she raised herself in the bed, and putting back the curtain, said, 'Ellen, how I have longed to see you!'

"She seemed to speak with great difficulty; and her voice was so hoarse, that had I not seen her, I could never have recognized it as hers. * * * * * * *

"She laid her head on the pillow for a moment, then turned, and exhibited every symptom of restlessness and fear. At length, flinging down the clothes, she cried, 'I cannot rest; my poor mother!—Ellen, be a child to her when I am gone; she will grieve beyond measure. I have been the sole source of happiness to her; she had identified all her thoughts with mine. What will console her? So young as I am! it is no life-wearied pilgrim, prepared by infirmity and disappointment for the rest of the grave, whom she resigns, but her child, her only remaining child, who has known nothing of life but its pleasures. Her child who ever closed her eyes in hope, and waked them to joy. My prospects were so bright! no anticipation of evil for, or from me, has taught her resignation to this infliction. In the long vista of years to come, even the perspicacious eye of maternal anxiety could discern nought for me but felicity, and usefulness, and peace, and honour. What will console her for this blight? Oh, my mother! may you never know how unwilling I am to die.—But I am so young, my perceptions of happiness were the most acute, and they were all realized. But yesterday the happiest of the happy; to-day a gasping wretch, struggling on the brink of the dark and terrible abyss of eternity; to-morrow the pale cold image of departed happiness—a senseless clod, no longer the source of pride, of hope, of joy, or interest, to any human being. The creature so beloved will be an object of abhorrence; the eye, which the mind's stern resolve shall compel to regard me, will close in involuntary horror; the hand which shall touch me will shudder, and the muscles shrink from the abhorred contact. Even now my flesh creeps, and my imagination turns with loathing and disgust from the idea of what I shall be then. All I have

loved, all who have loved me, will wish to hide me in the darksome grave; there no thought shall dare to visit me, or picture to itself that form once gazed on with delight.—Ah! Ellen, not the world's wealth could then bribe you to touch the hand you now so fondly caress.'—She uttered this with such a continuous glow of words, that I found it impossible to interrupt her; yet she must have spoken with great effort, for her voice was thick and hoarse, and its sound scarcely rising above a whisper. It seemed more the internal murmuring of the mind, than a discourse addressed to me. I had taken her hand as she uttered the last words. She turned her heavy and languid eyes on me, and paused as if she expected an answer. 'Oh! Clara, if you love me, how can you thus rive my heart? Why conjure up such horrible images to harass and incapacitate me from being of use to you?' She seemed offended, and said, 'From my infancy, all my joys and my griefs—every thought of my soul has been confided to you; but in death I must learn a new lesson.' She turned from me and sighed heavily."

The disease increases, and this interesting creature has a stronger conviction of the coming of death. She takes off her necklace—her lover's present—that it may not be plundered in the tomb. While she is hoping that her mother is not acquainted with her danger,

"The door was softly opened by Mrs de Burgh, who put her head into the room. 'I am not sleeping, mamma; but I have been just hoping you were. Did you not go to bed?'—'I did indeed, my love.'—'And did you sleep?'—'I did, and had pleasant dreams of you.'—'What did you dream?' said she, languidly, apparently desirous of occupying her mother's attention with anything rather than a scrutiny into her feelings—'What did you dream, mamma?'

"'I dreamed that your wedding-day was come, and that I entered your chamber early in the morning, to awaken and assist you; but I found you risen and dressed with the utmost elegance and splendour, and looking more lovely than you had ever done before, even in my partial eyes. Your father stood by your side, in appearance such as he was when he led me to the altar, as young, as blooming, and as bright with happiness. I did not receive him with the joy due to a long absent friend, nor with surprise as one risen from the dead; yet I had some faint consciousness of our not having lately met, for I said, 'You here!'—'Yes,' he replied, 'I am come for Clara; it is time.'

"'Suddenly we were in church, I know not how, but I felt no surprise. There was a vast crowd. There was heavenly music, and such a resplendance of light, that my sight became dazzled and confused. I knew that we were at the altar, and that something was going on; but I could see nothing distinctly. There were bright forms before me, which I felt to be you, your father, and Xaverius, but I tried in vain to look at you.

"'At length I thought the ceremony was finished, and that your father had placed you in the bridegroom's arms. He laid his hand on me and said, 'This is best; she is happy!' Again I tried to look at you, but again the effort was in vain. I saw nothing but light, light so resplendent as to compel me to close my aching eyes. When I opened them, the gay scene was vanished; the light, the people, the music, were gone. I was alone in the church, without light, yet experiencing no sensation of fear or perplexity in the darkness.

"'As I approached the door, I perceived Xaverius seated in a corner near it, meanly dressed, and tossing a gold ring up in the air, and again catching it. I asked him what he was doing there? 'Waiting,' he replied, 'to give this to my bride; I believe I must go to look for her.' As he arose for the purpose, I was awakened by Ellis, who came to tell me Mr Russel (a clergyman) was below.'"

The struggle becomes more painful, but the description is still natural, touching, and true. Intervals of religious despair and hope succeed each other—a letter arrives from her lover, long and full of the detail of his journey—its liveliness revives her to hopes of life—she talks of seeing him again—but the disease rapidly masters her spirits—she is dying, inevitably dying—

"I am going fast, Ellen, let the coffin be ordered. Xaverius will be here on Wednesday; he will come to claim his bride, his Clara; let him not find what was, but is not, Clara. Hide me instantly, bury me deep, and cover the grave with sods; suffer me not to become loathsome to his imagination; still let my image be to him fair, lovely, and gracious; let it dwell in his recollection, like the sweet visions of youthful joy,—sad only because they will be seen no more. He will return on Wednesday; light will be his bounding step along the hall; quickly will he ascend the stairs, and reach the sitting-room of his Clara—but Clara is not there. He will there find only her bereaved and childless mother, in her loneliness, her mourning, and her despair. Yes, there he will also find thee, Ellen; yet, sweetest friend, comfort him not *too soon*.—Ah! let him feel, let him mourn my loss. Deny me not a few tears from

him; whose image intercepts my view of heaven. Suffer him not to forget me, Ellen. When his courted mistress—his bride—his wife—the mother of his children—still, still, my Ellen, speak to him of his lost Clara."

Painful as the subject is, the characteristics of dissolution are among the most interesting of all speculations—and the writer seems to have surveyed them with a singular fidelity—yet without the harshness of a mere scientific inquiry. The description is at once vivid and delicate, powerful and pathetic. The last hour comes—

"She gave me the miniature of Xaverius.

"'Ellen, take this *now*, you will not like to take it from the corpse. Take it, I say; when he marries, claim mine from him; *you* will love it still. Ellen, give me paper; I would write to Xaverius.'

"I thought it impossible, but I brought the writing materials. Her fingers trembled, and her hand wandered over the paper, either as if she could not guide her fingers, or keep the paper in her sight.

"'I cannot write.—Where is my mother?—let her be called; it is useless to deceive her longer: I am just going.'

"Poor Mrs De Burgh, who had long been in the room, now came forward.

"'Your blessing and your pardon, my mother! your last blessing on your child.'

"'My blessing, and the blessing of our Father in Heaven, be upon my child; my pardon you cannot want, for when have you erred?'

"'You have, my mother, a daughter in Ellen. Tell Xaverius—Oh! my life is going—Where is Ellen?'

"'Here, my Clara.'

"'Is it very dark?'

"'It is dark—the candle is shaded.'

"She sat up in the bed.

"'It is not that; it is I that am dark. Life is leaving me.'

"Soon after she said,—'My hands are stiffening.'

"I chafed them—they were cold, but this brought back their warmth. She observed, that it was pleasant. She again said, in a hurried tone of alarm, and casting an imploring look of anguish at me,—'I am dying—Oh! oh! Ellen, what shall I do?'

"'Pray to God, my Clara.'

"'Do you: my heart prays, but I have no words. Oh! it is dark, so dark I can scarcely see you.'

"She approached nearer to me, and put her arm over my neck.

"'Now I cannot see at all,' speaking quick; 'my life is gone—I am going.'

"'To Heaven, Clara.'

"'Yes, to Heaven,' she said, loosed her arm from my neck, placed her head on the pillow, and died."

Xaverius returns—is thrown into an agony of grief, which is followed by long despondency, and, in about a year—I grieve to say it, for the honour of our constancy—by marriage. But whether from lingering regret, or habitual fickleness of purpose, he suffers his estate and the world to glide from him, sinks into confined circumstances, and is presented in the beginning of the volume, yet the close of the story, as having lost all the vigorous and manly beauty of his early miniature.

It would be idle to speak of this story, or of the writer, as perfect. The work has obvious deficiencies: its simplicity is sometimes *too simple*, its language is often negligent, and its humour *always* unlucky. The author seems to have no talent for the ingenious drollery which is so great a favourite in Ireland. Pathos, and sweetness of description, the mastery of the human heart, are higher attributes; and those are in the mind that produced this unostentatious and dejected labour. I have selected only passages of this character; but the description of a painting of Lazarus and Dives, in the house of *Jacob Corr*, might justify the praise of rich conception, and powerful and picturesque eloquence. The author *should write again*.

NOTICES OF MODERN BRITISH DRAMATISTS.

No. I. Tennant.

CARDINAL BEATON.*

It is the fashion, the cant, over Scotland now, to speak and scribble with much vehemence and pomposity about the Covenanters. They, and all in any way connected with them, before or after the Religious Persecution, are represented as pure, spotless, high-souled, heavenly-minded men; while no picture is dark and devilish enough for their adversaries, who are perpetually painted with the spirit, and almost the forms and lineaments, of demons. The "Tales of my Landlord" are said to be a series of libels on those men, to whom we owe our civil and religious liberty; and nothing can exceed the bitterness of reprobation with which they are spoken of by those persons, whose veneration of the saints martyred of old, is somewhat singularly found united either with an indifference to the piety of holy men in the present day, or with scepticism and infidelity. This cannot but excite doubts of their sincerity; for it seems impossible for the same persons, with heart and soul, to venerate the religious martyrs, perishing in the fire to preserve the Word of God, and to admire, as the best and foremost men in modern times, those who have striven by all the means in their power to destroy the Bible, by denying its inspiration, and to strike at the root of the Christian faith. No doubt, it would not be difficult to shew how all this happens; political feeling is at the bottom of the whole; and too many of "the fond admirers of devoted worth," would be thought to kindle into noble rage over the sufferings of the saints, while, in good truth, they are feeding their hearts with anger and malignity towards their political opponents, to whom the memory of all such martyrs must be dearer far, just as the faith is more dearly prized for which they burned or bled.

But without saying one word more on this point, (and we do not expect that all our friends will agree with us in these sentiments,) we may observe, that the great charge against those immortal Tales is, that they give a degrading character of the Covenanters. Do they indeed? Power, vigour, energy, passion, and imagination, are all made attributes of that character; the writer wishes to raise terror rather than pity; or, if we weep, that they shall be tears of blood. A stern pathos is over all the history of that troublous time; for persecution drove grief into guilt, and remorse groaned over the crime that yet rid the land of an oppressor. The souls of the righteous were stained as they became shedders of blood; and the bigot of intolerant religion, and the tool of arbitrary power, although baser, were not more cruel than the prey they hunted in the moors and on the mountains. It required a powerful and fearless genius to meddle with those men of iron, to shew them as they were, Bible-bosomed murderers on the high-way; yet worshipping God, if ever men did, in fervour and in truth, among sullen mossea and solitary mists. Tenderness might be in their hearts, for they had wives and children whom they had loved in the days of peace. But of all tender thoughts, it might then be said, "O that they had the wings of doves, that they might flee away and be at rest!" Strength sufficient for those evil days lay in another region of the soul—in the region of its power. And who ever rose from the perusal of those Tales without feeling his spirit dilated and expanded into a strong dark sympathy with the character of these stern "forefathers of the hamlet?" Not the less do we hold sacred the cause in which they slew, or were slain, because we see that they too were men of sin; we think of them with more awful reverence, because the frailty of our fallen nature was visible upon them, even when willing to go to God through the flames; and we loath with a more heart-sick loathing all tyranny, and cruelty, and oppression, as we see them generating evil in their victims, when it appears almost to be impossible to shed the blood of the wicked without some

* Cardinal Beaton; a Drama, in five acts. By William Tennant, Author of "Anster Fair," &c. Edinburgh, Constable and Co. 8vo.

"damned spot" on our own souls, or to approach, without something like presumptuous freedom with God, those altars of religion before which we have stood in conflict with man.

Now, if there be any truth in our observations, it is not likely that those authors will meet with more than a temporary success, (if, indeed, they meet even with that,) who endeavour to write, as it were, in opposition to the UNKNOWN, and to paint anew the character of the old Covenanters. For it will be found that their portraits are not only less impressive than the others, but also not so true to history, and not so accordant with our knowledge of human nature at large. We lay down Ringan Gilhaize, with all its manifest and manifold merits, and take up the magical volumes again, convinced more than ever, that such were the living men, and that such only could they be; allowing, at the same time, that the Unknown has his prejudices and his peculiarities, as well as his neighbours, and is no more exempt than ordinary people, from sins that easily beset him, although their indulgence, it must be allowed, has worked no deadly effect on his noble and potent spirit.

Perhaps Mr Tennant (in our opinion) is somewhat in the same predicament with Mr Galt. But as this is the first time we have had the pleasure of introducing any work of his to our readers, we shall not occupy with discussion or disquisition the space which will be much better filled with his poetry.

The subject of the drama is a conspiracy—and we are partial to conspiracies. They cannot but be interesting—and every human being, however odious, becomes an object almost of compassion, when we know that he is about to be murdered. Yet, in spite of a conspiracy, it must be confessed, that this drama moves rather heavily; and it is not possible to pay a gentleman a worse compliment, than to fall asleep while he is informing you that he has laid a plan to murder a Cardinal, or even a Bishop. The first and second acts, which rather flag, and, although classically, are not spiritedly written, are occupied in various colloquies between the Cardinal and his creatures, and also between different Scottish noblemen and gentlemen, the object of which is to acquaint us with the enormities of Beaton, and the miserable evils they are bringing upon Scotland. We quote the whole of the last scene of the second act, which exhibits Mr Tennant's powers in a highly favourable light, and is certainly, although a little languid, very beautiful. Beatrice is the daughter of a sea-captain confined in a dungeon by the Cardinal, and has had her virtue basely assaulted by him on visiting the palace to pray her father's release.

SCENE IV.—*A Garden near the Cathedral.*

Enter BEATRICE STRANG.

I've seen my mother to her couch to rest,
And I have said my evening prayers with her;
And now I seek this flowery solitude,
To entertain my desolated mind
With moonlight, and the garden's silent scenes.
How beautiful, above the sea, the moon
Has lighted up her sky-adorning torch,
Dimming th' abashed stars, and paving all
The bay's expansion, as with twinkling sheets
Of silver fluent on the flutt'ring wave!
Nearer, the hillocks, valleys, rocks, and shores,
Flame out in night's best glory; and the spires
And copper-garnish'd roofs and pinnacles
Of yon Cathedral, gleam and tower on high,
As if exulting to give back the moon
Her image, and requite her with a sight
Of her own glory flung amended back,
By roofs the brightest that she sees on earth.
The garden, too, is proud, and plumes herself
On her fair early flowers, which she expands
Full to the moon, as bragging how her brother
Has busk'd her out, though she regrets not now
His absence in his sister's sweeter beams.
Welcome, sweet light, and with thee welcome too
Thoughts of divinely-soothing melancholy,
That slide, as if by stealth, into the soul,
And fill it with a stillness calm as thine!
The day, with all its flashy glaring light,
Its brawl of bus'ness, shouts, and din of wheels,
Is well away and buried in the sea.
To me, and to the sorrowful of heart,
And to the pious saint, and to the lover,
This lonely hour comes on more peace-giving,
And more accordant to their museful mood;
For I have been in sorrow all the day,
And having wiped my tears, now forth repair
To feed with thoughts my meditative heart.
Haply he too, to whom my heart is vow'd,
As late he promised, will appear to bless

My solitude with his rejoicing presence.
He knows the house where I am sojourner;
This is th' appointed place, and this the hour
He for the golden interview assign'd.

SEATON, (*appearing through the bushes.*)

'Tis she herself—I see the moonlight lie
Asleep upon her neck and on her bosom,
As fain to find such precious resting-place;
Diana is not jealous of her beauty,
Only because she's like herself so chaste;
And therefore does the comely Queen of Night,
As if right merry to behold in her
A maiden so completely her compeer,
Concentre all her yellow streaming beams
To gild my love more ravishingly fair!—
[*To* BEATRICE.
Heaven's richest happiness be with thee, sweet,
And every joy which thy perfection merits!
O let me press to this unworthy bosom
A beauty and a worth so excellent,
It is my ardour only merits it!

Beat. O, thou art come, my love, in needful time,
To gladden me amid the household griefs
That Heaven hath sent to purify our hearts:
How strange to meet here in a place so strange,
In such an hour, and plight so sorrowful!
How diff'rent, when we took our evening walks
By the moon's light upon the lofty shore,
Whence we o'erlook'd the rolling ocean from
The sea-marge to the fiery-beacon'd May!
Then how light-hearted in our happiness!
How little boded we our present cares!
Yet there are yet, I hope, good things for us;
He who commands this stillness, and o'er-spreads
Heaven's changeful face with such a robe of light,
Will yet o'erspread our count'nances with joy.

Seat. Oh, fair! thou canst not be where joy is not!—
Methinks thy person is enshrined within
An unseen heav'nly tabernacle of joy;
And Love and Honour are the cherubim
That hover o'er thee with their golden wings.
Where goodness is, there must be happiness;
Sorrow may fly across it as a bird;
But in the virtuous bosom, as its nest,
Peace as the halcyon builds, as did the swallow
Within God's altar at Jerusalem.

Beat. Yea, Peace must be where Patience is; and I
Can keep my spirit patient and submiss,
When God, who gives the grief, requires submission,
As sign of acquiescence in his will;
That I can do, and Heaven requires no more.
But joy's rich cup, though tender'd to my lips,
I cannot, may not taste, but pass it by;
Deferring till a father's doom be clear'd
From doubt and danger, which surround it now,
The darker from to-day's occurrences.

Seat. What has to-day begot of darker doubt,
To add to yesterday's as striking perils?
He, whose stern gripe commands thy father's life,
Is cruel, cruel, every day alike.

Beat. His cruelty is madden'd now by spite,
And indignation of imagined wrong.

Seat. What means my fair by these uncertain words?

Beat. Oh, Seaton! I to-day have dared a deed
Above the venture of a timid maid:
Into thy heart I will confide it all—
Him, the proud master of yon citadel,
The tyrant of our shire, and of the land,
Whose arbitrary gripe of iron seized
And dragg'd my father to his house of gloom,
Him have I pray'd, and on my knees besought,
Reck'ning too strongly on the fervency
Of a fond daughter's suit, to liberate
His innocent and pining prisoner.
That prayer refused as bold, I did beseech
A little boon—leave to revisit oft
And cherish him with tender offices.
Alas, a fruitless suit! I might as well
Beseech the blast to blow not, and to spare
The wrecking ship it drives upon the shore.
Nay, his chid spirit, roused and mortified
By my contemning his opprobrious proffers,
Burns now with hotter irritation, which
May fall too fatal on a father's head.

Seat. Oh, hideous heart of cruelty and wrong!
Oh, fiend! too worthy of thy hate and mine!
Though well to thee I could have prophesied
That idle supplication's evil issue.—
He is incensed, not only that thy father
Has foster'd what is misnamed heresy,
Incurring thence an honourable blot;
But that Balcaskie's house of Strang, whose name
You share, with distant consanguinity,
Exerts, with all the neighb'ring families,
A bold hostility against his power.
Thence, as if conscious of conspiracy,
He shuts himself in stern relentlessness:
But long he cannot rule. Already he
O'erplays the tyrant, to his own destruction;
Which hovers now, suspended o'er his head
By a thin hair, like Damocles's sword.
Some plot is sprouting, and will ripen soon:
Events must burst; and fate can't labour long
Against the pressure of necessity.

Beat. Yet, Seaton, if this man upon himself
Compels destruction from the hands of foes,
I cannot bear that thou shouldst be involved
In being party to the fate of him,
Whom thou had'st reason, for thy damsel's sake,
To call and deem a cruel enemy.
Seat. My fair one! I revere thee for that word:
Though not the less for thee, and for myself,
And for my country, I might well be clear'd,
In aiding that the murderer may perish,
Who seeks to rid the world of honest men.—
You see how he has summon'd to this city
His crowd of minion priests, that swarming come
To cause to-morrow perish at the stake
A saint, whose vestments are of holiness.
And he has other deaths more manifold
On hand, comprizing all the flower of Fife.
These slaughters can be only obviated,
By crushing the contriver's cursed head:
His own devices must entangle him;
His pit, for others dug, must swallow him!
Beat. I see the meaning, then, of all this stir
And flocking thither of the laity;
Their broils and bickerings with priestly men;
Their scoffs at girdled friars and mitres passing;
Their mutterings and whispers where they stand
In lonely lanes, and corners of the streets,
Group'd into gloomy knots, discussing something
Mysterious, and of terrible import.
Even now, we hear at times the distant sound,
As of th' explosion of confined wrath;
Shouts, as of furious quarrellers; and cries,
As of fierce men infuriated with wine,
Assaulting, or assaulted in the streets.
Such signs, I doubt, betoken some black storm
About to agitate this fated town.
Yet those have nought to fear, whom love and peace
Unite and harmonize in holy joy.
As the moon rides serene, regarding not
Earth's petty noises, far beneath her orb;
E'en so, may both our happy hearts, sublimed
Into the orbit of celestial peace,
Look down unharm'd, exulting from their height,
On the black storm of passion as it breaks,
Wrecking the lives of miserable men!
Seat. Thy words, my love, are all of heavenly charm,
And too divine for earthly-minded men,
Who borrow from the very dregs they're made of
Inevitable drossiness of soul.
But see, the moon seems now high-pitch'd above
The glitt'ring-roof'd cathedral's midmost spire,
Flinging its long sharp shadow at our feet,
Reminding us of midnight, and the hour
At which even those who love like unto us
Must—'tis a word I scarce can speak—
Beat. ——Must part.
We have too long made solemn night, with all
Her serious starry daughters of the sky,
A witness of our idle colloquy.
And yet I cannot err while talking with thee;
And yet——Good night!—that word must come at last,
Though long it loiters on a lover's lips.
Seat. Good night, my love! Good angels guard you well!
Beat. Adieu, my boy! sweet sleep bedew your pillow!
And Heaven awake us to sweet peace to-morrow! [*Exeunt severally.*

The conspirators are long baffled in their designs against Beaton's life; and Wishart, whom they had hoped to save, is martyred. The description of the martyrdom is good.

Carmichael. No sooner had th' appointed moment come,
When from the Castle's gate the gentle saint
Appear'd, all radiant with sweet smiles of joy,
Amid a threat'ning multitude of spears:
His hands were shackled, yet his lips were free
To utter blessings on the guards about him:
Their ruffian faces, as they heard his words,
Stream'd down a river of unwonted tears,
Beseeching pardon, they were thus enforced
To do their office so unmercifully.
Two beggars stood by the wayside, and craved
An alms; *I have no hands to-day*, he said,
To give an alms, but God will give his blessing.
Thus onward all the way, serene as if
He was to mount the pulpit, not the scaffold,
Till he arrived at the prepared place:
And then he kiss'd his executioner,
Who blubber'd sorrow, as he chain'd him to
The stake, and lighted the first faggot up;
Which when the crowd saw flaming, all its mass,
Out from the nearest to th' extremest circle,
'Gan heave throughout with surly agitation,
Like ocean by a sudden whirlwind whipt:
Then shouts of 'shame,' and cries of 'murder,' rose;
Then had they forward press'd, and trampled out
At once both headsman's life and faggot's fire,
But that they saw, high on the Castle's walls,

The cannoniers a-tiptoe, with their reeds
Just hov'ring for th' explosion, and the mouths
Metallic, that were glutted rich with death,
Frowning upon them, ready at one volley
To sweep th' encumber'd street from end to end.
Meantime the heavens had pall'd themselves all round
In mourning of funereal thunder-clouds;
And, just as that first faggot was lit up,
Wept such a show'r of heavy drops, as soon
Quench'd into blackness the obnoxious flame.
Thrice was it fired by man, and thrice again
Heaven's rain descended to extinguish it;
Till, at the last, man's stubborn hate prevail'd:
At which the thunder mutter'd down to earth
His indignation, and the eastern sky
Let loose a blast upon the town, that shook
Men-cover'd steeples, walls, and tottering roofs,
Whereby all hearts were terrified, lest God
Was loosening the foundations of the world.
Norman. And what were Beaton and his pack about,
Amid this elemental hurly-burly?
Stood he beside the pile to ply the bellows?
Or sat he in his painted room at ease,
Playing at cards, and cheating Paisley's Abbot?
Carm. I saw the villain—he was thrust upon
Mine and the people's eyes obtrusively;
I watch'd his looks, his gestures, as he lay
Prank'd in his Romish ceremonial robes,
On tufts of purple, o'er his western window,
Marking with hellish curiosity
The progress of the saint-devouring flame;
I saw him and his prelates laughing loud,
And wagging to each other, where they lay,
(O monstrous!) nods of execrable triumph,
As round the suff'rer, waving red and high,
The flames reluctantly came narrowing,
And closed him in at last amid those spires,
Whence his just spirit bounding sprung to heaven!
Nor. Abominable outrage! tell it not
Again, Carmichael, in fair Scottish ground;
Lest stones and turf should rise up in our faces,
And brand us publicly with cowardice;—
Nay, tell it everywhere—sound it about
From tops of hills, from parish-churches' spires,
At borough-crosses, ferries, and fire-sides,
That men may rise in mass exasperated,
And rush into our county, rating us,
Crying, Lives there a Sheriff in this shire,
That like a stream injustice so runs down?
Or are there men, or are there milksops in it?—
Ay, there's a Sheriff, 'twill be said, but he
Wears breeches only, not the sword of justice;
He swaggers in his words, a well-tongued braggart,
But Card'nal's big hat is the bug for him;
It scares him as the scare-crow does the bird.—
O shame, shame, shame! I will not brook it longer;
I will be at him greedily to-morrow;
I will not sleep till I have purged our shire,
And made it cleaner by the scoundrel's death!
What say you to it? Shall I go alone,
And through some port-hole worm into his castle?
Or will ye be my pioneers, to break
Way through his doors, with lever and with axe?
Were I but in, I'd hang him on his bed-post;
He is too vile for stabbing now, I think!

Let us hasten on to the catastrophe, which is stern and murderous.

Cardinal. If ye but spare my life, I'll let you in.
Melvil. Haply we may, my Lord, if ye're but kind,
And entertain us strangers hospitably,
Admitting us at once into your heart.
Card. Swear by God's wounds, that you will spare my life,
And I'll unbolt.
Nor. By Heav'n, I'll not swear so;
I should be perjured-guilty and blasphemer,
T' unswear by such an impious startling oath
What I have sworn more piously, and more
Conform'dly to the customs of good men.
Open, my Lord, I cannot trifle longer.—
[*They break open the door, and rush in.*
Car. (*falling into a chair.*) Oh, Norman Lesslie! wilt thou murder me?
Spare—I was once thy friend—I'll give thee gold,
Lands, houses, anything, but spare my life!
Nor. Gold, houses, lands! No, no, I'm not the man
To barter vengeance for a candle's snuff;
I do not come a pedlar to your chamber;
I come th' avenger of myself and country.
Card'nal, I'll not detain you long;—thou hast
Upon thy hand a journey tedious long,
(Though not to Falkland—that is superseded;)
The pale hell-follow'd horse stands at thy gate,
With pendent stirrups ready for thy feet
T' ascend and seat thee in the vacant saddle;
I hear him neighing for thee in thy court;
Therefore I shall be brief. Card'nal, thou know'st

This paper, this poor-written, crooked scribble—
[*Takes out and shews him the list of names marked in his hand-writing for death.*]
Kenn'st it? The crank o' the writing, kenn'st thou it?
Seest thou my father's name, my uncle John's,
Mine own, all damnably consign'd to death,
By some most cowardly and cruel foe,
Whom, could I once find out, and see before me,
I'd rate him to the teeth with his misdeeds,
Till his teeth chatter'd with the chill of death;
I would unsheath mine honest poniard at him,
And stab him—thus.— [*Stabs him.*
Card. Fy, fy, I am a priest——
Mel. Yea, so indeed
Thou art, but one of Satan, not of God:
The priest of God died yesterday, and rode
To Paradise upon his wheels of fire.
The priest of Satan only dies to-day,
Though he deserved long ago to die,
That so the priest of God might yet have lived;
In part 'twas my neglect, which to atone
I give it thee, though late. [*Stabs him.*
Carm. Hold, hold, my friends, though wrathful, hold a space;
Too hotly Passion, for such serious act,
Inflames and irritates the body's nerve,
Casting a shade of blame on that which ought
To be all blameless as fair Justice is.—
O wicked man, repent thee, ere thou die,
Of thy most cruel murder-stained life!
Lo, lo, the dry white ashes of God's saint,
Seen from thy window, yet lie heaped high,
Crying to heaven for thy nefarious blood,
To slake and satisfy and keep them down
From being scatter'd by the scoffing winds!
Here then, before my God, I do protest,
That nor thy person's hatred, nor the love
Of thy large treasured wealth, nor any fear
Of danger from thy lawless boundless power,
Moves me to this; it is because thou art
Th' obstinate foe of God, and of his saints,
And of his holy gospel and his law,
That I have urged my long-demurring soul
To this revenge, so cool, so unimpassion'd,
For God, and for his Church. [*Stabs him.*
Card. Fy, fy, oh, all is gone! [*He dies.*
Nor. Ay, all is gone;
All cruelty, all wickedness, all lust,
Through which our poor land hath been weeping long,
Happily gone, evanish'd with thy life!
Men now shall breathe in Scotland; they shall read
Their Bibles on the house-tops all aloud
Unto the passers-by; and lovers now
Shall 'spouse their pretty virgins, quite secure
From violation ere the nuptial night;
All these abominations are gone down
To Tophet with thee, to perfume thy soul
With very quintessence of sin's rank odours,
And make it dear to Satan!
Strang. How he died
Like to a coward!
Carm. Like a fool he died;
Heard you him recommend his flying soul
Unto his Maker? Not a word of that;
His thoughts and his regrets were fixt alone
On loss of life and lucre, hugging them,
Poor worldlings to the last.
Lumsdain. E'en let him go;
Now that we're fairly done with him on earth,
Let him e'en pass away into his place,
Without unworthy words of contumely.
All blotch'd with sinful vileness as he is,
In pace requiescat: So I say.
Kirkaldy, (*entering.*) Surely he's caught; he 'scaped not from my postern.
Carm. See the wolf slain that raged in God's fold!
Kirk. 'Tis but a bloody sight, and yet, my friends,
I give you gratulation for myself
And for my country!
Strang. Yea, except the Guise,
And her oppressive Frenchmen, who will not
Be merry at the news?
Carm. But see, the people,
Alarm'd and anxious, are collecting fast
Before the gate, to know what's going on;
To satisfy and quiet them, let us
Uplift for exposition on the window
The body of the man, who yesterday
Gazed from that very place upon the death
Of one his malice had condemn'd to fire;
Ah! little boding his own sudden end!
So shall his cruel blood, like Jezebel's,
Be sprinkled on the wall; and linger there,
Its stains unwash'd by future winters' rains
For many a generation, that our sons,
And our sons' sons, may take good note of it,
And passing, say, *Yet see upon these stones*
The blood of him who slew the Saints of God!
[*Curtain falls.*

There are no fewer than thirty characters in this drama. Of course, they are almost all sketches; and we do not, in general, see in them much power, freedom, or originality. Norman Lesslie is the best; and Beatrice Strang, as will have been seen, is an interesting maiden. The chief merit of the drama lies in the simplicity and strength of its language, which is at once homely and classical, and throughout shews the scholar. It is full of indisputable proofs of Mr Tennant's

talents; and by three long and continuous extracts, we have enabled the public to form their own opinion of his powers. This, after all, is infinitely the best way of treating a work of merit, especially one like the present, which has not, so far as we know, yet attracted the attention of our critical brethren, whose boundless panegyricks have often been lavished on far inferior productions.

HOGG'S THREE PERILS OF WOMAN.*

(*See Noctes Ambrosianæ. No. XII.*)

We know not whether Hogg, the Well-Beloved, is greatest as a chivalrous or moral writer. In the one character, many prefer him to Scott; and, in the other, he is thought to beat Pope black and blue. His knights are wonderful creations of genius, and altogether above the military standard; and as for his ladies, none more magnanimous ever followed a marching regiment. When he leaves the lists, and sports poet of peaceful parlour life, he looks with his large goggle eye through the dim window in the human heart, and discovers the party within at tea or punch, or all retiring to rest. He paints them as he detects them in their privacy, figged out in their Sunday's best, indulging in dishabille, or stripped, as lords and ladies used to strip during the dark ages, *puris naturalibus*. It is indeed this rare union of high imagination with homely truth that constitutes the peculiar character of his writings. In one page, we listen to the song of the nightingale, and in another, to the grunt of the boar. Now the wood is vocal with the feathered choir; and then the sty bubbles and squeaks with a farm-sow, and a litter of nineteen pigwiggins. Now "it is an angel's song, that bids the heavens be mute;" and then it is Jamie himself, routing "Love is like a dizziness; it will not let a puir bodie gang about his bizziness." Now enters bonny Kilmenie, or Mary Lee, preparing to flee into Fairy-land, or beat up the quarters of the Man in the Moon; and then, lo and behold, some huggered, red-armed, horny-fisted, glaur-nailed Girrsy, removing on the day before term, from the Hen-coop to the sign of the Kilt, on an advance of six shillings on the half-year's wage. Never was there such a bothering repast set down before the reading public by any other caterer. It is impossible to foresee whether we are about to help ourselves to a pine-apple or a fozey-turnip—to a golden pippin or a green crab—to noyau or castor-oil—to white soup, syllabub, and venison, or to sheep-head broth, haggis, and hog's flesh. The table-cloth, too, is damask, and richly figured; but villainously darned and washed in its own grease—a china tureen, filled to the brim with hodge-podge, undergoes unceasing domiciliary visits from a huge wooden spoon, fitter to stir tar for sheep-smearing. Here a broken-nosed mustard pot, purchased from Peter Bell's thirteenth wife; and there a piece of plate from the Shakespeare Club of Alloa; a magnum of claret is cooling itself in a utensil that shall be anonymous in periodical literature; and slap-bang goes a bottle of barmy into the eye of Tom Purdy, whose velveteen breeches contrast boldly with the imitation yellow of Tims' inexpressibles. The flunkies are of all sexes, linsey-woolsey, kilts, and pantaloons. If you suffer your plate for a single moment to escape from the shelter of your own bosom, a hundred to one but you see one of the Tweeddale Yeomanry licking it up with a tongue half a yard long, and as rough as a bison's. Ever and anon, by way of a song, some grazier, with a throat like a black-booter guzzling slug-worms in a quagmire, gutturalizes something pastoral out of George Thomson's Collection of Scottish Songs; the landlord plays a spring on the "trump;" a lad "o' genius," attempts the inimitable Sandy Ballantyne on the "bit whistle;" and all the Bulls of Bashan rejoice in the chorus of "Auld lang syne." Such, in a very few words, is a plain, intelligible, unexaggerated, and philosophical character of James Hogg, as a chivalrous, and, we believe also, as a moral writer.

The "Three Perils of Woman; or Love, Leazing, and Jealousy," is one of our shepherd's most agreeable and

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* The Three Perils of Woman; or, Love, Learning, and Jealousy. A series of Domestic Scottish Tales. By James Hogg. In three volumes. London—Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, Paternoster-Row. 1823.

bamboozling productions. His knowledge of the female heart is like a general rule, not without exceptions; but half the quantity would be very available to a man's happiness in younger life. What with his genius, and what with his buck-teeth; what with his fiddle, and what with his love-locks lolling over his shoulders as he "gaed up the Kirk," tastily tied with a blue ribbon; what with his running for prize-hats up the old avenue of Traquhair, "with his hurdies like twa distant hills," to the distancing of all competitors; and what with his listering of fish and grewing of mawkins, a gentler and more irresistible shepherd was not to be found from Moffat to Mellerstain. We have, in these three volumes, the cream, and butter, and cheese, of his experience—the pail, the churn, and the press. Now the Shepherd must on no account whatever fly into a passion with us for the above good-humoured little bit of personality. In his "Own Life," he describes his friends by "hair like feathers," and "nails like eagle-claws," and so forth, which is all very proper and pretty portraiture. More than once hath he scoffed at our crutch and our rheumatis; and, from these and sundry other hints, we presume he wishes us to favour the public with a caricature of himself in an early Number. We have done one that is thought capital, and he has only to say the word, and out it comes at Christmas.

Many have been the writers on Love, the tender, the beautiful passion, from Homer to Hogg; and still the subject would seem to be inexhaustible. Must a man be in love to write of love? Not necessarily. The Shepherd writes as if he held Cupid in a tarry tow, and sent him to bed by times with a flea in his ear. He keeps the urchin in order, without breaking his spirit. Not so that other "gentle shepherd," Willy Hazlitt. He falls in love with a tailor's daughter; and after whining, puking, snivelling, and droning, for half a year; after relinquishing various lucrative appointments as a "gentleman of the press," that brought him in tripe and twist almost sufficient for a bare subsistence; after going down to Scotland at a very considerable expense, in the steerage of a steam-boat, to commit an act, as he himself has informed the world, that his wife might divorce him, he gets finally outwitted, jockeyed off the course of Knavesmire, by a man called—Tomkins.—Oh the Confessions of an English Beet-Root Eater!

Contrast Hogg and Hazlitt as amatory writers, each with his *Liber Amoris** in his hand. Hogg is coarse, but potent; hairy, but headlong; flattering, but not always flatulent; no doubt a gay deceiver, but then is certainly, if not a handsome, at least a well-built man; enough for all purposes of civic and domestic economy, either in large towns, small villages, or a solitary house. He knows little of foreign tongues, but occasionally can spell his own; he has a neive to nip, a knee to dandle; a mouth to dimple, and to devour unutterable things; free and easy at times can James unquestionably be, but he respects the laws of God and man; and he shines as a friend, a brother, a master, a husband, a father, a shepherd, a farmer, a hunter, a gentleman, a citizen, a man, and a Christian. Hazlitt, on the contrary, is coarse as canvass, but cannot hold the wind; hairy and hirsute he seemed to be in his late indecent exposure on the high-way, but spavined and with a string-galt; in panegyric, he is Sir Toby Belch; a dull deceiver, pluckless, but not unpimpled. Alas! for the domestic economy of the unsuccessful rival of Mr Tomkins for the favours of a tailor's daughter, dallying with the impotent ardour of an unprincipled adulterer, verging on threescore; for misquotations, misrepresentations, misbegettings, misbelievings, and mischief in general, see the ignominious ignoramus *passim;* and as for the relations and duties of private life, has he not, for the sake of puff and pudding, avowed himself, in one damning act, the shameless violator of them all; and with his own hand written fool and knave on his own brazen forehead, that the public as she runs may read?

Now, our most excellent friend, the Shepherd, would not have allowed himself to have been jilted like the New Pygmalion. He would have made love, not like a small, fetid, blear-eyed pug, but like a big curly Newfoundlander, who had broken his chain, and bounced like a rocket out of his kennel upon the beauty of Southampton-

* Vile Latin.

Row. The whole affair could have been over, while Pug, or Pygmalion, was shedding his rheum down "the pimple pass" of his nose, and most disconsolately brandishing over his back that tail, which is fixed for ever and aye in one ludicrous circumbendibus. James is a man, and that is well known among friend and foe all over the Forest; but silly Billy was taken up for an indecent exposure of his person, and acquitted solely on the ground, that the New Pygmalion was incapable of any misdemeanour implying manhood.

After this elaborate eulogy on the Shepherd, we proceed to analyse the first Peril of Woman, Love. The tale opens with a pretty picture of Gatty Bell, in bed, and, for the first time, feeling love.

" 'I fear I am in love,' said Gatty Bell, as she first awakened in her solitary bed in the garret-room of her father's farm-house. 'And what a business I am like to have of it! I have had such a night dream dreaming, and all about one person; and now I shall have such a day thinking and thinking, and all about the same person. But I will not mention his name even to myself, for it is a shame and a disgrace for one of my age to fall in love, and of her own accord too. I will set my face against it. My resolution is taken. I *will* not fall in love in any such way.'

" Gatty sprung from her bed, as lightly as a kid leaping from its lair on the shelf of the rock. There was a little bright mirror, fourteen inches by ten, that hung on the wall at the side of her gable-window, but Gatty made a rule of never looking into this glass on a morning till once she had said a short prayer, washed her hands and face, and put on her clothes; then she turned to her mirror to put her exuberant locks under some restraint for the day. But that morning, being newly-awakened out of a love-dream, and angry with herself for having indulged in such a dream, she sprung from her couch, and without thinking what she was about, went straight up, leaned both her spread hands on the dressing-table, and looked into the mirror. Her pretty muslin night-cap had come all round to one side, and having brought her redundancy of fair hair aside with it, her left cheek and eye were completely shaded with these; while the right cheek, which was left bare and exposed, was flushed, and nearly of the colour of the damask rose. At the same time, her eyes, or at least the one that was visible, were heavy and swollen, and but half awake. 'A pretty figure to be in love, truly!' said she, and turned away from the glass with a smile so lovely, that it was like a blink of the sun through the brooding clouds of the morning.

" Gatty drew on her worsted stockings, as white as the lamb from whose back they had been originally shorn, flung her snowy veil over her youthful and sylph-like form, and went away, as it were mechanically, to an old settee that stood in a corner, where she had been accustomed for a number of years to kneel every morning and say her prayers. But that morning Agatha stood still with apparent hesitation for a considerable space, and did not kneel as she was wont. 'I cannot pray any to-day,' said Gatty, and returned sobbing, while the tears dropped from her eyes.

" She sat down on the side of her bed, and continued sobbing,—very slightly, and as softly, it is true,—but still she could not refrain from it, and always now and then she thrust her hair up from her eye in beneath her oblique cap, until her head appeared quite deformed with a great protuberance on the one side. 'It is not yet my accustomed time of rising,' said Gatty again to herself. 'I will examine myself with regard to these feelings, that are as strange as they are new to my heart.' "

Gatty then cross-examines herself with considerable acuteness, and forces the witness to let the cat out of the bag. But she pumps her nurse as follows.

" 'Dear nurse, how does one know if she is really in love?' said Gatty.

" 'Ah! dearest child, it is too easy to know that! By this token shall you know it, that you think of nothing but the beloved object, whether by night or by day, waking or sleeping, alone or in company. You measure and estimate all others according as they approximate to the proportions of his person, or qualities of his mind. You long incessantly to be near him, and to feast your eyes on his looks and his perfections; yet, when he approaches your person, you feel a desire to repulse him so irresistible, that it is almost ten to one you behave saucily, if not rudely to him.'

" 'Oh, dear me, what a strange ridiculous passion that must be! Dearest nurse, were you ever in love?'

" 'O fie, my loved Gatty, how can you ask that question? Do you not know that I nursed you at my breast?'

" 'I crave your pardon, dear nurse;

that expression of yours speaks volumes. I never in all my life thought of it before; but I cannot promise never to think of it again.'

"'Mine was a hard and a cruel fate. Let no maid after me, without long and thorough acquaintance, trust the protestations of a lover.'

"'I wonder who made all the songs about love, nurse?'

"'What a ridiculous matter to wonder at!'

"'Because they are all true, it would appear, in what they affirm regarding the cruelty of man.'

"'Not one of them comes half-way up to the truth in their descriptions of man's cruelty.'

"'Oh dear, what shocking creatures they must be! Is it not a crying sin to fall in love with any of them?'

"'Perhaps I am singular in my opinion, and perhaps I may be wrong; but it is from hard-earned experience that I have imbibed it, and I truly think that no woman ought to be in love with a man until once she is married to him, and then let her love with all her soul and mind. All youthful love is not only sinful, but imprudent in the highest degree; and besides, it is like Jonah's gourd, it grows up in a night, and perishes in a night, leaving the hapless being that trusted in a shelter under its delicious foliage to wretchedness and despair. O dearest Gatty, as you love virtue, as you love yourself, your parents, and your God, never yield to the giddy passion of youthful love! —But your mother calls for me through the whole house, I must begone.'"

When Gatty was left alone, we are told "she hung down her head, and sat for a space the very picture of contemplation." The innocent creature, feeling, by certain symptoms not to be mistaken, that her complaint, or rather crime, is love, ejaculates, "So here am I, only eighteen years of age past in April, and have already been overstepping the sacred bounds of rigid decorum, and sinning against my parents, and against Heaven, which is far worse, by giving my heart before it was asked." In this quandary, Gatty is sent to Edinburgh, to be out of harm's way; and her father thus shrewdly and sensibly elucidates his views on the subject of female education.

"'What branches of education do you propose for her?'

"'I want her to go over her English, French, writing, and arithmetic. I would scorn to have her sitting thrumming and bumming at a piano, at which every tailor's, webster's, and sutor's daughter must now be a proficient; but I would delight to hear her sing a good Scots sang to one of our native melodies, without rising from her place at table, which I think a thousand times more becoming than trailing fo'k away to another room, and plimking and plunning on bits o' loose black and white sticks, and turning o'er the leaves o' great braid beuks. It looks always to me as if the woman were a part of the machine she is sitting at; but I am determined that my bairn's music shall be all inherent, and depend on the tones of her own voice, of which all artificial tones are but mean imitations. And then I want to have her mistress of both the new and old dances. Naebody kens what company ane may chance to be in, and a' kinds of awkwardness are grievous and distressing, particularly to those that are forced to witness them.'

"'Well, I won't go against you any more in this, Mr Bell. I like this last plan of yours much better than a boarding-school. With honest Mrs Johnson, I can trust my children as with myself. Gatty's education will be much better, at one-third of the expense. And their presence will be a constant and effectual check on that boy, should he incline to any licentious company, or gather any wild irregular associates about him, to prey on him, and lead him astray.'"

Accordingly, Gatty, her brother Joseph, and old nurse, leave Bellsburnfoot, and proceed to Edinburgh on the 15th of May, A. D.———, and not before Mr Bell had given her the following sound parental advice.

"'Now, daughter Gatty,' said he, 'ye hae just four things to learn in Edinburgh —no to learn, but to perfect yoursel in: —ye hae to learn to manage your head, your hands, your feet, and your heart. Your head will require a little redding up, baith outside and inside. It's no the bobs and the curls, the ribbons and the rose-knots, the gilded kames, and the great toppings o' well-sleekit-up hair, that are to stand the test for life; and yet these are a' becoming in their places. But there is something else required. Ye maun learn to think for yoursel, and act for yoursel, for you canna always have your mother and me to think and act for you. Ye maun learn to calculate and weigh, not only your own actions, but your motives of action, as well as the actions and apparent motives of those with whom you have to deal; and stick aye by that, my woman, of which you are sure you will

never be ashamed, either in this world, or the one that's to come. But I am growing ower serious now, and I never likit sermons muckle mysel; therefore, in the management of your feet, I wad advise you to learn a' the reel-steps, hornpipe-steps, and transpey-flings, that have ever been inventit; and be sure to get a' the tirliewhirlies of country-dances, and town-dances, cost what they like. I canna name the sum I wad whiles hae gien in my life to hae been master of twa or three o' them, especially when I was made head-manager o' the Duke's balls. There was my Lady Eskdale and I set up at the top o' the dance. She got her choice o' the figure, as they ca'd it, and she made choice o' the ane that they ca' the Medley. Weel, the music strak up wi' a great skreed, and aff we went, round-about and round-about, back and forret, setting to this ane, and setting to the tither,—deil hae me an I ken'd a foot where I was gaun; and there was I, flying and rinning like a sturdied toop, and the sweat drapping aff at the stirls of my nose. But it was mair through shame than fatigue; for, when I heard the young gillies laughing at me, I lost a' sense and recollection thegither, and just ran looking ower my shoulder, to see what my partner was gaun to do neist. Ten shillings worth o' dancing, when I was young, wad hae set me aboon a' that; and I am resolved, afore ye should ever be in sic a predicament, to ware ten times ten on your dancing, forbye a' that I hae gien already.' "

Gatty has not been many days in Auld Reekie before she falls in with M'Ion of Boroland, the identical Celt of whom she had been dreaming the morning she first felt love, and his appearance goes at once smack to her heart. She feels herself to be a dying woman, and says to her father, "Yes, father, I do feel a dream preying on my vitals, which no one knows the nature of but myself, nor ever shall know, though it should carry me to the grave." The old farmer, one of the Dandy Dinmont breed, was confounded, as well he might be, "and was summoning a resolution *to take her home with him in the Fly*, when the nurse interposed with that strength of solid reasoning for which she was remarkable, and, in a short time, made both the father and daughter ashamed of the parts they were acting, so that they had not another word to say on the subject. Daniel went off in the Fly, &c."

Soon after the old gentleman's departure, Gatty and M'Ion suffer the most dreadful tortures. They are over head and ears in love, but both obstinate as well-driven corks. Gatty will sooner die than peach against herself, and M'Ion will not pop the question, not he indeed. There never was such a Pygmalion in this world, and we cannot imagine what brother Joe was about, not to force him to declare, if his intentions were honourable. At page 58, a crisis seems fast approaching.

"In despite of all that Gatty could say, old Elen still sauntered on with her, till at length up started M'Ion out of a bush before them, and stood waiting their approach. Elen let the skirt of her stuff gown fall down from about her shoulders, shook down her apron with both hands, and, looking with inquiring astonishment in Gatty's face, whose cheek burnt to the bone, she said, in a hurried whisper, 'Peace o' conscience! who is that? Ah wickedness, wickedness! the very Highlandman that was here last year! Oh, I thought the waist was unco sma, and the curls unco neat, an' unco bright and shining. Ay, ay, it's a ower wi' somebody! It's a mercy he hasna a kilt, though. 'Goodbye, Elen, ye maunna gang nae farther the day,' quo' she! Oh sirs, the bits o' wiles, and the bits o' harmless lees, and the bits o' cunning links, that love has in its tail! Fare-ye-weel, dear heart, and take care o' yourscl, for I'll warrant him o' the blood o' the wild rebellioners, that gae our fathers and our mothers sic a glif—wi' their kilts, ye ken.'

"Elen left them, and the lovers pursued their route homeward, M'Ion still fishing for an opportunity of declaring his love, and Gatty still panting for dread of the subject, and doing all that she could to waive that, which, of aught in the world, she liked the best to hear. He once got the following length, but soon was damped. 'Have you no wish nor desire to have a view of the North Highlands, Miss Bell?'

"'O, gracious me, no, no, no! What would I do seeing a country where all the people are Papists, rebels, and thieves? where I could not pronounce a word of the language, nor a local name of the country? How could I ask the road over Drumoachder, or Carreiyearach, or Meealfourvounnich? God keep me out of that savage country!'

"What could a lover say in reply to such a stigma thrown out on his country as this? M'Ion said nothing, but smiled at the girl's extravagant ideas of the

Highlands, which he well knew to be affected, but nevertheless took the hint as a protest against his further proposals; and the two strolled on in rather awkward circumstances, till they met with Mrs Bell, which was a great relief to Gatty's oppressed and perturbed mind.

"That night, when she retired to her garret-room by herself, her mind was ill at ease. She repented her sore of having snubbed her lover's protestations in the very first opening of the desired bud, and in particular, of the ungenerous reflection cast upon his country, which looked like an intended affront. She could not but wonder at her own inconsistency, in checking the words that she longed most to hear, and determined with herself to make it all up in complacency the next time.

"Another opportunity soon arrived, for they were to be had every day; and though nothing save common-place observations passed between them, with some toying and tilting of words, yet it proved a happy and delightful afternoon to both parties. But, like the other, it passed over without any protestations of love. Twice or thrice did the tenor of their discourse seem approaching to it; but then, when it came to a certain point, each time it stood still, and silence prevailed till some common remark relieved them from the dilemma.

"There was now but one other time remaining, in which, if M'Ion did not declare himself, he was never to have another chance in the way that lovers like best. Long was it ere Gatty durst risk that sole remaining chance; for she hoped always to find matters in a better train; in a state that the declaration could not be eluded. Again she condescended to give him her hand in the dance at the gentlemen's evening parties, (for every farmer is a gentleman in that country.) Again she condescended to give him her arm to church, in the face of the assembling congregation, and even saluted old Elen, as she passed, as if proud of the situation she occupied. After these things, she accepted of an invitation to go and visit the Rowntree Lynn, where they had often been the year before. They admired the scenery, spoke in raptures of the wonderful works of nature, and the beauties of the creation. They even went so far as to mention the happiness of the little birds, and the delight they had in their young, and in each other, and then M'Ion fixed his manly eyes on the face of his youthful and blooming companion. It seemed overspread with a beam of pure and heavenly joy, a smile of benevolence and love played upon it, and her liquid eye met his without shrinking; there was neither a blush on the cheek nor a shade of shame on the brow. Their eyes met and gazed into each other for a considerable space.—O M'Ion, where was thy better angel, that thou didst not avail thyself of this favourable moment, and divulge the true affections of thine heart? What delight it would have given to a tender and too loving breast, and how kindly it would have been received! But his evil destiny overcame the dear intent; and, instead of uttering the words of affection, he snatched up her hand and pressed it to his lips. Gatty turned away her face, and the tear blinded her eye. This was not what she expected, but the mere fumes of common gallantry; 'And is my heart to be made a wreck for this?' thought she; 'No, it never shall. I must know better on what stay I am leaning before I trust my happiness and my reputation in the hands of mortal man, far less in those of a young and deluding stranger, any more.'

"During the rest of their walk, she kept silence, save by simply giving assent to some of his observations. She was busied in making up her mind to abide, without shrinking, by her former resolution. But as it was the last chance ever her lover was to have, she determined to hear all that he had to say. She stood still five or six times to listen to what he was saying, and after he was done, she was standing and listening still. When they came to her father's gate, she turned her back on it, to breathe a little before going in; and while in that position, she fixed on him a look so long, and so full of pathos, that he was abashed and confounded. It was a farewell look, of which he was little aware, for his constant aim had been to gain a hold in her youthful affections, and he flattered himself that he was succeeding to his heart's desire. But delays are dangerous; at that moment was she endeavouring to erase his image from her heart; and the speaking look that she fixed on his face, was one of admiration, of reproach, and of regret, each in its turn. She laid her hand on the latch, and pressed it slowly down, keeping it for a good while on the spring. 'Would he but speak yet,' thought she, 'I would hear and forgive him.' He spake not; so the gate opexed slowly, and closed again with a jerk behind them; and with that closing knell, was the door of her affections shut against the farther encroachments of a dangerous passion. So the maiden conceived, and made up her mind to abide by the consequences.

"From that day forth her deportment towards her lover underwent a thorough change. He lost her countenance, and no blandishment of his could recover it; but for all that, love, in either heart, continued his silent ravages, and M'Ion retired from Bellsburnfoot that second year, under grievous astonishment how he had offended his beloved mistress, but resolved, nevertheless, to continue his assiduities, until he could, in the full assurance of her affections, ask and obtain her as his own.

"Gatty's mind continued in torment. In the bosom of that maid there was a constant struggle carried on for the superiority, by duty and prudence on the one part, and love on the other. The former, indeed, swayed the outward demeanour; but the latter continued to keep the soul in thrall. She spent not a thought on the conqueror of which she did not disapprove, yet she continued to think and languish on. 'I fear I am in love still,' said Gatty; 'and what a business I am like to have of it!' And thus, by a retrograde motion round a small but complete circle, am I come again to the very beginning of my story."

Quarrels—misconceptions—Flirtations on the sly—beatings about the bush—and various arts of self-tormenting, follow each other for several months, all very knowingly and amusingly described, in the Shepherd's best manner. Gatty begins to get jealous of cousin Cherry, and M'Ion, like an ass between two bundles of hay, knows not towards which to direct his jaws. Gatty takes a fever and blabs in her delirium—but by judicious medical attendance her pulse is brought down to 70 in a few days.

"Mrs Johnson and Cherry both acquiesced in the dame's certification, that Miss Bell looked charming; and the consciousness of beauty lent that never-failing charm, that improves it more than all the borrowed roses and ornaments that the world produces. What a pity that M'Ion would not come in while that lovely bloom continued! It is little that most men know either what is said or what is thought of them, and it is sometimes a mercy that it is so. But O, what a grievous circumstance it was, that one should be sitting fretting and pining in one room, from an idea that he is forbid admission into the one next him; and that another dear object should be sitting in this latter, like a transplanted flower blighted in the bud, fretting, and pining even worse, because he will not enter! One would have thought that an eclaircissement might easily have been brought about in such a case; but it seems that etiquette had withstood that, for it was never effected."

We cannot follow the progress of this most affecting story step by step; suffice it to say, that Gatty's misery gathers head and is ripe for bursting.

"'Did he ever proffer you marriage?' said Mrs Johnson.

"'There you have struck upon the chord from which all the discordance in our love has flowed,' said Gatty;—'he never did. And after giving him opportunity after opportunity, I took a resolution of standing on my guard, lest all his professions might have no farther meaning than common gallantry warranted; and of all things, I dreaded being made the butt of ridicule by his boasting of my favours. But I now believe in my heart, that I have wronged him, and that he meant honourably and kindly toward me, but mistook my reserve for scorn; whereas I meant only to bring him to the test. I now regret every step I have taken; every disdainful look and word I have bestowed on him.'

"'Hold, hold, my beloved Gatty!' said the affectionate nurse, interrupting her rhapsody: 'You have acted with the most perfect propriety. When once a man has declared himself, reserve may be partly laid aside, but not till then; and it ought to be a lover's care to set his mistress's heart at ease on that score. Far be it from me to suspect M'Ion's honour. On the contrary, I think him all that is becoming and honourable among his contemporaries. Still, I say that you have acted properly in checking his advances, till such time as his object be avowed. Had you checked them at an earlier period, the sequel might have been fraught with less danger to your peace. But better late than never; for oh, my dear Gatty! you little know of the perils and disappointments of youthful love, of which I stand this day a blighted and forsaken beacon, never more to enjoy hope or happiness, except in what relates to your welfare. Like you, I loved early, and but too well; but then I was beloved again with an affection that I deemed sincere. I was privately married to my lover, a young soldier, entirely dependant on his rich relatives, and lived several months with him in this city in the most perfect felicity. By what means his relations wrought upon him I never knew, but I was abandoned, and never more acknowledged, either as a wife or a mother, to this day, although I was both. They bereaved me of my child ere ever I

knew him—ere ever I had kissed his tender lips, or pressed him to my bosom, and all manner of explanation or acknowledgment has been denied me. Take warning by my fate, and shun that flowery and bewitching path; for in its labyrinths the good, the gentle, the kind-hearted, and the benevolent, are too often lost; while the sordid and the selfish scarcely so much as run a hazard. Fly from the danger with your father. If your lover loves as he ought to do, and as you deserve to be loved, he will follow you into your retreats where he first found you. If he do not, he is unworthy of being remembered, and you will soon forget him. Little did I ween from your behaviour that your heart was so wholly engaged, else how I should have trembled for you! and even yet my heart is ill at ease; but, if I can, I will manage all things right. In the meantime, fly with your father, and leave the matter to me, for there is one great concern;—as yet, none of us knows who or what he is. He is said to spend his money freely, and to be named by a property that he possesses in fee. But we never so much as heard him name his father; and such a house or clan is entirely unknown. You may conceive such a supposition to be ungenerous; but it is quite possible that he may be an impostor, and spending the money of others. After what you have told me, I need not ask how you affect this new match that your parents have provided for you in your rich and hopeful cousin?'

"'Oh, how my soul sickens at the great boisterous ragamuffin!' exclaimed Miss Bell. 'I would not bear his company for one natural day, for all the wealth he possesses.'

"'Do not say so much, my dear Gatty. I have noted, from experience, that no mortal fancy can conceive what a woman will do in cases of marriage. Believe me, I have seen things that I deemed more unlikely, come to pass.'

"'The very thought of such an event being possible, is enough to kill me,' replied Gatty. 'I would rather suffer the pangs of dissolution every day, than continue to live three days the wife of such a man. Compare him with M'Ion—the amiable, the accomplished, the high-spirited M'Ion!'

"'I say again hold there,' said Mrs Johnson. 'Believe me, you have said enough. And, at all events, it appears that your cousin Richard does not want courage. Such feats as he has performed this morning, are not to be found in the annals of duelling.'

"'It is for these that I hate him still the more,' returned she. 'What right had such a savage as he to lift his hand against a real gentleman? The boor! The ruffian! Would that M'Ion had shot him through the body!'"

At last M'Ion conceiving that Gatty hates him, resolves out of spite to marry cousin Cherry. And, upon our souls, had we been offered our choice, some thirty years ago, Cherry should have been the girl for our money. Mr Hogg describes with great power the delighted gratitude of this warm-hearted creature towards M'Ion for condescending to love her; and although some may think her prattle to be tedious, it is really very innocent and piquante. But no sooner does Gatty, who had gone home to Bellsburnfoot, hear of the intended nuptials, than she takes a pain in her stomach, and goes to bed. What is to be done now? Why, Mrs Bell, a cunning old fox of a mother, contrives, along with Mrs Johnson, the nurse, to cheat Cherry out of the Celt by their united machinations. M'Ion confesses to Cherry that he longs for other fruit; she magnanimously gives him up to Gatty; and after standing out the light of the honey-moon, which ought to have been her own, she dies, poor thing, of a broken heart. This catastrophe is described with very considerable pathos; although the description now and then is disfigured by such utterly absurd and unmeaning words, and also by expressions, so totally the very reverse of what the honest Shepherd intended to use, that it is more than enough to cause laughter in a field of four-year-olds.

Cherry being now out of the way, M'Ion and his Gatty might be happy. No such thing. Gatty becomes mopish and pious, and is seized with a belief that at a certain hour of a certain morning, she shall surely die. All her fears, and all the anxieties of her husband and parents, are described with great prolixity, but with little effect. At last it would seem that she is dead, at the very hour of her foreboding. This is an old story, ill told; and could be made impressive only by high imagination. In the Shepherd's verses there are occasional touches of good superstition; but his prose is good only on subjects of a very homely or vulgar nature.

Gatty, however, is not dead. We extract a long passage, not without

force, but sadly exaggerated, and too palpable an imitation of the style of Frankenstein.

"M'Ion again laid his hand on the breast of the deceased, (if that term be proper,) and still there was a slight muscular motion, though at that time hardly perceptible. Daniel, however, felt it, and lifting up his hands and eyes, he cried out in ecstacy, 'Yes, yes! Blessed be his name, there are certainly some remains of life! O let us pray to God! Let us pray to God! for no other hand can now do anything for us but his.'

"With that he prostrated himself on the bed, with his brow leaning on his dear child's peaceful bosom, and cried to the Almighty to restore her, with so much fervency and bitterness of spirit, that even the hearers trembled, and durst hardly say Amen in their hearts. Poor man! He neither knew for what he asked, nor in what manner his prayer was to be answered. Let the issue be a warning to all the human race, cautioning them to bow with humble submission to the awards of the Most High. While in the midst of his vehement and unrestrained supplication, behold the corpse sat up in the bed in one moment! The body sprung up with a power resembling that produced by electricity. It did not rise up like one wakening out of a sleep, but with a jerk so violent that it struck the old man on the cheek, almost stupifying him; and there sat the corpse, dressed as it was in its dead-clothes, a most appalling sight as man ever beheld. The whole frame appeared to be convulsed, and as it were struggling to get free of its bandages. It continued, moreover, a sort of hobbling motion, as if it moved on springs. The women shrieked and hid their faces, and both the men retreated a few steps, and stood like fixed statues, gazing in terror at seeing the accomplishment of their frantic petitions. At length M'Ion had the presence of mind to unbind the napkin from the face. But what a face was there exhibited! It was a face of death still; but that was not all. The most extraordinary circumstance was, that there was not, in one feature, the slightest resemblance to the same face only a few hours before, when the apparent change took place from life into death. It was now like the dead countenance of an idiot,—the eyes were large and rolled in their sockets, but it was apparent that they saw nothing, nor threw any reflection inward on an existing mind. There was also a voice, and a tongue, but between them they uttered no intelligible word, only a few indistinct sounds like the babble of a running brook. No human heart could stand this; for though the body seemed to have life, it was altogether an unnatural life; or rather, the frame seemed as if agitated by some demon that knew not how to exercise or act upon any one of the human powers or faculties. The women shrieked, and both of them fell into fits on the floor. M'Ion stood leaning against a bed-post, shading his face with his hand, and uttering groans so prolonged, and in a voice so hollow and tremulous, that it was frightful to hear him; in all that terrible scene there was nothing so truly awful as these cries of the distracted husband, for cries they certainly were, rather than groans, though modulated in the same manner. To have heard these cries alone from an adjoining apartment, would almost have been enough to have put any ordinary person out of their right mind. Daniel, when her face was first exposed to view, staggered backward like one stunned, until he came to a seat beside the entrance door, on which he sunk down, still keeping his eyes fixed on the animated corpse. He was the first to utter words, which were these:—'Oh! sirs, it's no her! It's no her! It's no her! They hae looten my bairn be changed. Oh God, forgie us! What's to come o' us a' now wi' that being?'

"Death would now have been a welcome visitor indeed, and would have relieved the family from a horror not to be described; but now there was no remedy; there the creature sat struggling and writhing, using contortions both in body and feature that were truly terrific. No one knew what to do or say; but as they were all together in the same room, so they clung together, and neither sent for divine nor physician, unwilling that the deplorable condition of the family, and the nakedness of their resources, should be exposed to the blare of the public voice.

"Mrs Bell was the first to resume as much courage as again to lay hands on this ghastly automaton, which her pride and dignity of spirit moved her to, although in a half-stupified state. 'You see what you have brought us to by your unsanctified rhapsodies,' said she. 'This is the just hand of Heaven. There is no doubt, however, that it is the body of my child, although it appears that the soul is wanting.'

"'Na, na, na!' exclaimed Daniel, 'that's no my bairn! The spirits hae brought an uncouth form an' changed it on ye, an' the body of my dear bairn's ta'en away. Ye hae neither had the Bible aneath the head, nor the saut an' the candle aboon the

breast. Never tell me that that's the face o' my Gatty. Dead or alive, here was a bonny face. But what's that like?'

"Mrs Bell loosed the bandages from the hands and the feet, though not without great perturbation; but she suffered the dead-clothes to remain on the body, in the hopes that it might still die away. She tried also to lay it backward, and compose it decently on the bed, but felt as if it were endowed with unnatural force, for it resisted her pressure, and rebounded upwards. It also lifted its hand as if with intent to put away her arm, but could not come in contact with it. It was like the motion of one trying to lay hold of something in a dream. It was not long, however, till the body fell backward of itself, and with apparent ease turned itself half over in the bed with its face away from the light. This was a sensible relief to the distracted group; they spread the sheets again decently over the frame, remained all together in attendance, and by the time that the sun rose they heard distinct and well-regulated respirations issuing from the bed.

"It is impossible to give anything like a fair description of the hopes, the terrors, and the transitions from one to another of these, that agitated the individuals of that family during this period of hideous suspense. These were no doubt proportioned to their various capacities and feelings; but there is as little doubt that they were felt to a degree seldom experienced in human nature. There lay the body of their darling—of that there could be no doubt, for they had never been from its side one moment—but the judgment of God seemed to be upon them; for they all felt an inward impression admonishing them that the soul had departed to the bosom of its Creator at the very moment foretold by its sweet and heavenly-minded possessor, and that the Almighty had, in derision of their unhallowed earnestness for the prolongation of a natural life, so little worthy of being put in competition with a heavenly one, either suffered the body to retain a mere animal existence, or given the possession of it to some spirit altogether unqualified to exercise the organs so lately occupied by the heaven-born mind. Yet, when they saw the bed-clothes move, and heard the regular breathings, they experienced many a thrilling ray of hope that all they had witnessed might have been the effect of some strong convulsion, and that she might yet be restored to mental light, to life, and to all their loves. Every time, however, that they stole a look of the features, their hopes were blasted anew.

"For three days and three nights did this incomprehensible being lie in that drowsy and abstracted state, without tasting meat or drink, nor did she seem affected by any external object, save by M'Ion's entrance into the room. On such occasions, she always started, and uttered a loud and unintelligible noise, like something between laughing and anger; but the sound soon subsided, and generally died away with a feeble laugh, or sometimes with an articulation that sounded like 'No-no-no!'

"All this time no servant or stranger had been suffered to enter that chamber; and, on the third day, they agreed to raise up this helpless creature, and endeavour to supply nature with some nourishment. They did so; and now, inured to an intensity of feeling that almost rendered them desperate, they were enabled to inspect the features, and all the bodily organs, with the most minute exactness. The countenance had settled into something like the appearance of human life, —that is, it was not so thoroughly the face of a dead person as when it was at first reanimated; the lips had resumed a faint dye of red, and there were some slight veins on the cheeks, where the roses had before blossomed in such beauty and such perfection. Still it was a face without the least gleam of mind—a face of mere idiotism, in the very lowest state of debasement; and not in one lineament could they find out the smallest resemblance between that face, and hers that had so lately been the intelligent and the lovely Agatha Bell. M'Ion studied both the contour and profile with the most particular care, thinking that these must have remained the same; but in neither could the slightest likeness be found out. They combed her beautiful exuberance of hair, changed her grave-clothes for others more seemly, and asked her many kind questions, all of which were either unheard or disregarded. She swallowed the meat and drink with which they fed her with great eagerness, but yet she made no motion for any more than was proffered to her. The entrance of M'Ion into the room continued to affect her violently, and nothing else besides; and the longer his absence had been, the more powerful his impression on her frame, as well as on her voice and tongue,—for that incident alone moved her to utterance.

"It would be oppressive and disgusting farther to continue the description of such a degradation of our nature,—all the more benign faculties of the soul revolt from the contemplation of such an ob-

ject; let it suffice, that she continued so long in the same state, maintaining a mere animal, or rather vegetable existence, that it was judged proper, and agreed to by them all, that she should be conveyed to a private asylum, established for the accommodation and treatment of persons of distinction suffering under the most dreadful of all human privations."

Gatty remains in the Asylum for some years, and is delivered of a child there, who afterwards becomes a Highland nobleman, for M'Ion, it seems, is a chieftain. She finally is cured of her sad distemper, and the book ends happily; and this is Love, the first Peril of Woman!

Now, James Hogg, Shepherd of Ettrick, and would-be author of the Chaldee Manuscript, and of the murder of Begbie, this style of thinking and writing will not by any means enable your pot to boil, as we wish it to do. The public taste is not very refined, not over-delicate; but there are things innumerable in these three volumes, which the public will not bolt. You have no intention to be an immoral writer, and we acquit you of that; but you have an intention to be a most unmannerly writer, and of that you are found and declared guilty. You think you are shewing your knowledge of human nature, in these your coarse daubings; and that you are another Shakespeare. But consider that a writer may be indelicate, coarse, gross, even beastly, and yet not at all natural. We have heard such vulgarity objected to even in Glasgow; and it is not thought readable aloud at the Largs. Confound us, if we ever saw in print anything at all resembling some of your female fancies; and if you go on at this rate, you will be called before the Kirk Session. This may be thought vigour by many of your friends in the Auld Town, and originality, and genius, and so forth; deal it out to them in full measure over the gin-jug, or even the tea-cup; but it will not do at a Public Entertainment. It is impossible to know you, James, and not love and admire you; and we frankly tell you of your errors, before your books are sent to Coventry. You are a man of an original mind; a shrewd, noticing, intelligent man. Nay, more than that, a man of fancy and imagination. What is the use of sickening you with our eternal praises? You are worth twenty score of Stots and dogs; and have written what will make your name remembered with respect ages after the broad laugh on your honest countenance has been extinguished. But you know little or nothing of the real powers and capacities of James Hogg, and would fain be the fine gentleman, the painter of manners, and the dissector of hearts. That will never do in this world. Your book will sell; we know that, else we never had indited the good matter of this article. But only take our advice, and your books to come will make you a Cock-Laird. So let us see you at Ambrose's before the first fall of snow, and we will put you in the way of getting five hundred gold guineas for your next undertaking.

THE WEST INDIAN CONTROVERSY.

There are few things we have been accustomed to regard with greater suspicion than those great money-collecting Associations, the flourishing existence of which is so frequently held up as a distinguishing honour and glory of our time. The great objection to them all is, the total irresponsibility under which they act. If they do good, it is well; but if they do evil, there is no redress. Everybody is aware, that what figures as the act of such or such a society, institution, or association, is in truth the act of one, two, or more busy individuals. Everybody knows that the Royal Duke in the chair is as innocent of any understanding about the objects of the meeting, as his coach-horse. Everybody knows that the old ladies whose tens and twenties of guineas appear in the subscription list, are guiltless of comprehending anything more intricate than the moves of Pope Joan. Everybody appreciates the intellectual glance of the "few friends at Doncaster;" "the deceased Mr A. B., of York;" "Jeremy Jolter, Esq. Bath;" "the Rev. —— ——, and congregation, Paisley." Nobody imagines that all these inkle-weavers, or that any of them, have the capacity to take in, in all its bearings and consequences, any great question of any kind whatever. Every one knows, that be the thing good, bad, or indifferent, the mass of

people who subscribe for it, understand nothing whatever about it. The blazon-loving herd of dowagers, and the more modest herd of initialists, are acquitted with equal ease by the candour of a Christian public such as ours. But if this Association, thus propped, thus fed, errs—if it libels you or me in its Report—if its agitations fill you or me with rational fear for our lives, or our fortunes—what is to be done? What is the use of indicting all the letters of the alphabet, or what avails a claim of damages brought by one injured individual against a purse which is as inexhaustible as the widow's cruize, because all the wealthy widows, from Land's-End to John-o'-Groat's, think they do God good service by clubbing their mites to replenish it? Parliamentary privilege is not à surer shield than this privilege of HUMBUGS. The evil has increased—is increasing—and must be diminished.

Far, however, be it from us to attribute seriously any bad intentions to those who have been chiefly active in the establishing and supporting of the greater proportion of these institutions. It is not deliberate evil intention that we dream of ascribing to them—it is the mere evil of dulness—the sin of narrow views and violent prejudices—the exaltation of shallow brains—the tyranny of some one particular set of feelings unopposed by any capacity for understanding the range of circumstances by which their operation ought to be bounded. This is the sort of sin which we must lay more especially to the charge of "the African Institution," in some of the recent operations, and, above all, publications, of that very extensive and very formidable association of names and purses.

Mr Wilberforce and Mr Zachary Macaulay are the two leading characters in this Institution. Nobody can doubt that these are two most worthy men. Nobody can doubt that one of them at least has done much good in his generation. But does anybody dream of attributing talents of any extraordinary importance to both or to either of them? Nobody whatever. Good worthy Mr Wilberforce—excellent Mr Macaulay. These are the epithets they are known by, even among their own warmest worshippers. But are these the only epithets which ought to characterize men who dash on adventures such as theirs—Men who volunteer to manage the concerns, and some of the very greatest concerns, too, of this great and enlightened empire? Are these "fine bodies" (as Dr Chalmers would call them) the sort of people to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm of polity?—No—no. They have totally mistaken the matter; nature and education have qualified them for vestry meetings and tavern dinners. They have stepped "*ultra crepidam*," and it is high time they should retreat again to their own sphere.

What insane ambition is this that agitates these worthy philanthropists? Why is it that THEY must meddle with everything?—Why is it that they neglect the Strand, and its myriads of street-walkers, to sigh over the "licentiousness" of Barbadoes? Why, within smell of St Giles's, do they howl about the degradation of the children of Ham? Have they no bowels for the tread-mill? Have they no sympathies for Smithfield? No horror for the hulks? Are not the Irish still fed on watery potatoes, and the Latin Bible? Do not peat-reek and crowdie still load the atmosphere of the Highland cabin, and mock the stomachs of its unfortunate inhabitants?

The subject is truly one of the deepest gravity—the consequences to be apprehended from this *craze* are most appalling; and yet, when one looks to the men rather than the thing, it is really a matter of no inconsiderable difficulty to adopt any other tone than one which may easily be mistaken for that of levity. We are conscious of this, however, and we are not unconscious that another line must be adopted, if any serious good is to be done; and we shall therefore do our best endeavour to keep our eyes fixed rather on the magnitude, the tremendous magnitude, of the danger, the existence of which few can be so blind as not to see, than on the benevolent imbecility of the individuals in whose proceedings (unless they be speedily and effectually checked) this peril is involved.

There is no need, surely, that we should say one word in explanation of our views concerning the great question of the abolition of the slave trade. We feel—and we demand it as our right, that we shall be believed to the very

letter when we say this—we feel as much pride in that great event as any of our readers can be disposed to do. We regard it as one of the greatest and most glorious achievements of the spirit of the age in which we live. Nay, we go farther than many even of those who sympathize most warmly with us as to this matter, may as yet be prepared for accompanying us. In one word, we conceive that the English Government *ought* to declare the traffic in slaves piracy. Good Heavens! are we to be told that there is that virtuous, confessedly virtuous, thing in this world, which the Government of the United States of America has dared to do, and which ours dares not set its face to? We cannot suffer this degrading chimera to stand unrebuked before us. We demand of the Ministers of England, the pride as well as the benevolence of the English spirit. We laugh to see Mr Canning and Lord Liverpool subscribing their ten guineas a-piece to the African Institution—an institution which has, or ought to have, nothing at all to do with the polity of this great nation. We smile to see them giving the support of their names even to this extent, to an Association which dares to meddle with things so totally beyond its province. If these statesmen are sincere enemies, as who can doubt they are, to everything in the shape of a slave trade, let them say so within the walls of Parliament, not in the Appendix to Mr Wilberforce's pamphlet.—Let them say boldly, Is it the sense of the British Senate, that such or such things ought to be done—Ay, or no? No fear for the answer. But let not THEM at least countenance this system of irresponsible Parliaments, without the walls of the responsible place. Let not THEM compromise the character of the offices with which they are invested, and, through that, the character of the nation by which they are trusted. Let others speak, if they will. It becomes these men, and such as these, to remember, that in their case, speechification never is, at least never should be, the end, but the mean—that their own dignity, and, above all, that the majesty of the empire whose first servants they are, requires at their hands something very different from the conduct in which private individuals may occasionally be indulged. Let others speak, if they will, in taverns or in pamphlets—these men are the ministers and the representatives of England, and their speaking should always have action at its back—effectual action, national action—the arm and the strength of an empire, not the jingle of ten guineas.

We are well aware that some part of this language may appear unbecoming in us; but really it seems to us that the distinguished, enlightened, and philanthropic statesman, who now represents his Majesty's Colonial Government in the House of Commons, owes it to himself, and to the country, to be a little more careful than he has been, in regard to the maintenance of some apparent consistency of conduct respecting this great and important question of policy. When we turn to the African Institution, what do we see? We see a host of "pamphlets," "Reports," "Appendices," "Statements," "Views," "Appeals," and what not, all proceeding from the same quarter—all characterized by the same glaring specimens of rashness and fanatical zeal—all abounding in incorrect narration of facts, and teeming with diatribes of the most inflammatory tendency. We see these, and the just feelings of distrust which necessarily arise within us, do not indeed prevent us from believing that the two or three individuals, in whom alone the whole of these things originate, are well-meaning, good, worthy, benevolent people—not at all—but we certainly do see quite enough to satisfy us, that these well-meaning people are treading upon most delicate and dangerous ground—that they are outstepping their own sphere, and violating every principle of rational prudence. We see all this, and we turn to the end of any one of their REPORTS;—and there, at the end of these rash and ill-advised programmes of impracticable polity and mistaken zeal, we see the name of "The Right Honourable George Canning," duly blazoned, as an annual subscriber to the fund, by which all the expenses of this perilous paper-battery are defrayed. We see this, and we turn back to the file of last winter's newspapers; and what do we find there?—Why, do we not find a long series of columns, occupied with the particulars of a most solemn debate in the House of Commons—a debate, in the course of which these Leading Men of the African Institution spouted all

their own old pamphlets over again, in the shape of speeches; and in the course of which, all these pamphlet-speeches were most beautifully, clearly, and convincingly proved to be filled with flagrant inaccuracies, and pregnant with appalling dangers—by whom?—Why, by this very man, this very statesman, who allows his eminent name to figure, year after year, in the list of those by whose contributions alone these rash men are enabled to do what requires the utmost exertion of his parliamentary eloquence and authority, and that of his colleagues, to counteract and keep within any tolerable limits. Such is, really and simply, the true state of the case; and we certainly have a great deal too much respect for the character of this pre-eminently accomplished statesman, not to be anxious for the disappearance of a circumstance which, it is impossible to deny, furnishes his enemies with a fair pretence for charging him with the fault of personal inconsistency—a fault from which we know of no public life that is, upon the whole, more proudly free than his glorious one.

But to the question—and, after all, it is, in the shape recent events have given it, a very narrow one. It is admitted on all hands that SLAVERY is, in its essence, a bad thing. It is admitted on all hands that the abolition of the slave trade confers honour on this age of British legislation. That abolition, followed up by the registry enactments (of which it is unnecessary to say anything more at present) has, in spite of all the *insinuations* of the African Association agitators, put an end, completely and effectually put an end, to the introduction of new slaves from Africa into the British West Indian colonies. Mr Wilberforce and his brother pamphlet-writers do insinuate that this is not so—but their insinuations are made, not only without the slightest support in the shape of facts, but in the teeth of an array of solemn assertions, which *have* convinced all the rest of the world except the few who will not believe that black is black, if they see the converse of that proposition maintained by Messrs Wilberforce and Macaulay, and enforced with quotations from the Pentateuch and the Apocalypse, in the sage and authoritative pages of their organ, "the Christian Observer." We say that it is proved to the satisfaction of the world, that an effectual stop has been put to the introduction of any new slaves into any of his Majesty's West Indian colonies. This being the case, the only remaining subject for rational consideration is that of the condition of the slaves actually there. It is admitted on all hands, that it is much to be regretted there should be eight hundred thousand human beings living in this condition within the dominions of the King of England. This was admitted—or rather, we should say, this was taken for granted, in every speech that was delivered, either on the one or the other side of the question, in the course of the debate on Mr Buxton's motion in the last session of Parliament. At the conclusion of that debate, Mr Buxton withdrew his motion; and a series of counter-resolutions, proposed by Mr Canning, were *unanimously* adopted by the House of Commons. These resolutions embody an admission, as large and full as any human being can desire, that the condition of slavery is an evil. They embody also the solemn belief of the British House of Commons, that the existence of this condition cannot be done away with in the West Indian colonies of this empire, under any circumstances, or by any other means, than those of a most deliberate, gradual, and sober character. And, to conclude, the circumstances under which these resolutions were brought forward, and under which they were unanimously adopted by Parliament, render it absolutely impossible for any sane man to deny that the British Ministry has given its most solemn pledge to the British Legislature, that everything which Government can do, will be done for the gradual improvement of the condition of the slaves—for the gradually bringing of them into that state wherein freedom may be beneficially conferred on them—due regard being had, by careful preparations, moral, political, and economical, to the bringing of these colonies at large, and everything connected with them, into such a state as may admit of that change being effected, without the infliction of patrimonial injury upon those who possess property—vested under the eye, the patronage, and the protection of the Crown and Parliament of England—in the soil and shipping of these ancient and valuable appendages of this empire.

This is the state in which the con-

clusion of that most interesting discussion in the House of Commons left this matter. Messrs Buxton and Wilberforce both spoke largely in that debate. They were both of them parties to the solemn act in which it concluded. And what has happened since? In the course of the debate, the different reports of the African Institution were continually quoted by the speakers on Mr Buxton's side. The speech of Mr Wilberforce was almost a literal copy of a pamphlet which had been published shortly before, under the express patronage of the African Institution. The African Institution, therefore, appeared there in the persons of Wilberforce and his coadjutors. They came as its representatives and advocates—and mouth pieces. They came, and they went away—if there was any meaning or faith in their votes—satisfied—and good reason that they should.

But what has happened since?—Why, the African Institution could scarcely with any face come forward again.—That institution could scarcely stir immediately after its great leaders and organs had professed themselves to be satisfied. The treaty had been signed and sealed, and could not be with any decency broken at once, visibly and openly broken, ere any time whatever has been allowed to the Ministry for shewing by what means they designed to redeem the solemn pledge they had so recently and so generously given. No—but there is another society—another Institution—another Association, which had not been brought so prominently forward in that debate, or in the pamphlets by which the public mind was so elaborately prepared for its occurrence. There was still the "Society for the Mitigation of Slavery"—this body had not been compromised—this body had been no party to the treaty—this body was still free to speak and to publish.

It has done so.—Under its patronage, a new tribe of pamphlets has been, from month to month, showered upon the public. In these productions all the same blunders are reiterated in almost the same words—in them all the same inflammatory cant has been dealed out again in fifty new shapes, and with, we blush to speak it, fifty new exaggerations.—And who are the people that preside over this Second Association? *Uno avulso non deficit alter*—who are they?—*Alter et idem.* The patron and president of both is the Duke of Gloucester. Mr Buxton, a vice-president of the one, is a director of the other. Mr Wilberforce stands in the same relation to both. So does Mr Macaulay. In short, everybody who glances over the lists of the managers of these Associations, sees at once that they are in fact the creatures of the very same people—that they are, in other words, just two different names for the same *thing.* Now these great characters have done this. The fact is clear, certain, undisputed, and indisputable, that they have acted in this manner. Beaten down in the House of Commons by the rational eloquence which Mr Canning wielded, and by the judicious remarks with which Messrs Baring and other mercantile members of the highest character, reinforced the Right Honourable Secretary, they found that they could do no better than submit with a good grace at the moment. They did submit—the pledge was offered—accepted. It was offered by Mr Canning, in the name and on the behalf of the British Government, and it was accepted by these men in their own names; and, if there was any meaning in one word they uttered, on the behalf of that Association, which had all along been completely identified with them—which, not to waste words, everybody knew and knows never had any existence, except in their persons and operations.

With this pledge in their pockets, they took their departure from the House of Commons; and, within two months after they so took their departure, a Report of this very debate was published by their "Society for the Mitigation," &c., with long appendices, stuffed with relentless reiterations of all the old matter—with laborious attacks upon Mr Canning, and all the other speakers on his side—with ponderous buttresses to the shaken-down arguments of the Buxtons and the Wilberforces. In short, *this* Slave Trade, at least, has been unblushingly renewed with greater vigour than ever—renewed in the same bottoms—and renewed with scarcely the semblance of hoisting a new set of colours. —Is such conduct worthy of British statesmen? Are these restless, inconsistent, unreasonable mortals, the proper guides for the English mind?

All this, undoubtedly, bad as it is, forms but one small feature. Small as it is, however, it is sufficient to shew what the real character of these people's method of acting is; and therefore we have not disdained to say a few words upon it. The truth is, that TRUTH is becoming a matter of the extremest rarity in anything like the discussion of anything like a public question. By *truth*, we mean *the boldness of truth*—the courage to speak manfully "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Look, now, at that most interesting debate in the House of Commons, of which we have been speaking—just look at it—read it from end to end; and say, honestly, whether there ever appeared in the record of any one human transaction, a more extraordinary specimen of the total suppression of *the truth*. We see Mr Canning, Mr Baring, and many more men of enlightened minds, of liberal knowledge, of rational conduct, opposed to a set of people whom we all most perfectly know they regard as a set of complete imbeciles, vain and restless (however well-intentioned and well-principled) agitators—so many living specimens of humbug. But does anybody dare to hint this?—No, no. The subject is argued with a grave face, and the desired end is cleverly accomplished. But does any one venture to clothe that *end* which every one understands, in plain, intelligible words?—No, truly. The real feeling of the Ministry, and of Mr Canning in particular, we all perfectly know, was this:—Here is a subject of the greatest consequence—here is a subject fit to exercise the intellect of the greatest and wisest of men—here is a subject deserving and demanding the closest and most serious attention of the first minds in England. This subject a set of dreaming enthusiasts have taken into their hands; and, if we do not take it out of their hands, they run a great risk of ruining, by means of their folly, one of the chief supports of the commercial wealth of England. We must take it out of the hands of these Wilberforces and Buxtons, or they will ruin the whole body of West Indian proprietors—they will convert a body of slaves, who *are not* suffering anything like the hundredth, the thousandth part of that misery which these people delight in describing—a set of slaves, who, in point of fact, are, *in very many respects*, better off than the poor peasantry of our own country—they will convert these at once into a set of lawless banditti, revelling in blood.—In doing this, they will absolutely ruin the fortunes, and, in all probability, endanger, to a fearful extent, the lives of our brothers and kinsmen, the loyal subjects of this empire, and entitled to all the protection of this government. They will produce such a work of desolation as their limited imaginations are inadequate to form even the most distant notion of;—and they will do all this, because they are foolish, weak, well-meaning, vain creatures themselves; and because they are unwittingly made the tools of a set of deeper and more designing persons, who take especial care to keep out of sight at present, but whose motives and influence we are most thoroughly aware of. We *must* take this subject out of the hands of these men, and THESE ARE OUR REASONS.

Such, if this had been an age of openness, and real above-board proceeding, would have been the language—as every rational man is quite convinced it was the feeling—of his Majesty's Ministers. But no; this is not the way things must be managed in these days. Wilberforce, Buxton, and the rest of them, must be borne gently in hand. If we spoke the fair, simple truth about them, we should perhaps run a risk of throwing them into the hands of the Whigs. The Whigs desire nothing but a handle for creating confusion. Give them an opportunity of making a few grand flowery speeches about liberty, and they will read, without one shudder, the narrative of a whole colony bathed in blood and fire, over their chocolate the next morning. All this we are perfectly aware of; nay, more—we well know that every sane man in these islands knows quite well that we are thoroughly aware of all this; but yet, we cannot venture to beard the humbug spirit of the age—we must not speak out—we must deal in round-abouts—we must submit to flatter these imbeciles—we are setting our faces to a toil, of which these people are incapable of estimating either the importance or the extent—we are about to do what we feel to be our duty, and a duty our hearts will rejoice in performing, cost what pain it may to us—we are setting our faces to this great toil—we are entering upon

this great work—we have freed our country from the danger of a foreign yoke, and it is now our desire and our hope, that our future years may be destined to be spent in the not less noble toils of interior amelioration. This is a branch, and a great one, of the great, the arduous, the ill-paid toil to which we have set our hands and our hearts; but the age of open sincerity in political procedure is gone by. It is our duty and our desire to do what is right; but it is our necessity to keep terms with folly in the midst of wisdom.

We confess it is not without sorrow and humiliation we take such a view of such matters, and such men; but we cannot alter that which we see. Our voice, at least, shall be open. We have no need to court the forbearance of those we despise. There is still one corner where truth may and shall be spoken. And well do we know, that whenever there is the courage to speak the truth, there is no fear but there will be plenty of ears to listen, and plenty of consciences to acknowledge.

Our object is the truth, and nothing but the truth; and we shall speak the truth on both sides of the question. On both sides of the controversy, there has been a very great deal of unfairness. The Wilberforcians have dealt most unfairly in accepting the pledge of his Majesty's Government, and then continuing to speak and act as if there had been no counter-pledge given by themselves—no pledge to be silent spectators for a time at least—no pledge to allow the Government a free stage for experiment, and for exertion—no pledge, the matter being solemnly delivered up by Parliament into the hands of high and responsible persons, to have done with all the meddling of these unresponsible associations, until there had been time and opportunity for the Government to let it be seen whether or not they really were in earnest in the part which they had acted in the conduct and at the conclusion of that memorable debate.

In these respects the Wilberforcian body have behaved themselves in a manner which we have freely confessed ourselves unable to reconcile with any honourable and manly standard of public action. But, on the other hand, we must do these men justice in regard to another part of the controversy, which it is certainly their own fault to have rekindled.—These men are accused loudly by the violent declaimers on the other side of the dispute, of having disclaimed, in their management of the abolition question, and in every stage of it, any intention of disturbing the condition of slavery, as existing in the West Indies.

Now, here we must at once espouse their part. Be it so, that their language as to this matter, was, on some occasions, more vague and incorrect than it should have been—we are not prepared to say, that such was the case, but let it be granted for a moment that it was so—Still we contend, there could never have been, among men capable of any degree of thought or reflection, the least doubt but that these men attacked the slave trade, first, for its own hideous peculiarities, and secondly, but not less earnestly, as a part of the system from which the existence of such a thing as slavery had come to be recognized within any part of the colonial possessions of the English crown. Whatever they said, or did not say, nobody but a very thoughtless person indeed could ever have been blind to this. If the slave *trade* was an abomination, it always followed as the clearest of consequences, that the existence of slavery was an evil. We confess, that till we saw some of the recent pamphlets, we should scarcely have imagined it possible that any serious accusation could have been brought against the abolitionists on this head. Such, however, has been the case; and we acquit ourselves of one of the most pleasing parts of our present duty, by thus declaring that we have listened to the accusation with all the pain which the contemplation of visible injustice, in regard to a matter of so grave and serious importance, was well calculated to inspire in impartial and disinterested minds.

Having said this, we have reduced the subject within still narrower limits. In truth, abstracting all consideration of the personal conduct of Mr Wilberforce and his friends, the matter is now comprized within a space of no very formidable dimensions. Mr Canning, in the speech which introduced the resolutions adopted by the House of Commons, pledged the government, as far as any government can pledge itself, that no time should be lost in endeavouring to do away with those most prominent features of hardship

which had so long held the first place in every representation of the evils of West-Indian bondage. He pledged the faith of Government, that its best endeavours should be given to the total and immediate abolition of the use of the whip, in so far as female slaves are concerned. This was confessedly the *maximum opprobrium.* The Secretary also expressed himself as having quite made up his mind about the necessity of giving the character of legal security to property realized by negro slaves—and also of extending the allowance of free time, so as to permit the exclusive devotion of the Sabbath-day to the exercises of religion and the enjoyment of repose. Upon the more intricate question concerning the admission of the evidence of negroes, in cases where the lives and properties of the whites are involved, Mr Canning frankly confessed that he had not been able to see his way through all the inherent difficulties of that matter; but he as frankly avowed the strong tendency of his mind to believe, that, upon more mature consideration, some practicable measure of improvement as to this also might be fallen upon. In regard to the liberty of bequest, he brought out the very beautiful idea of making this a reward consequent upon entrance into the marriage state, according to the solemn institutions of Christianity. In a word, the government is pledged already to do its utmost endeavours for the removal of the most black and flagrant features of this in itself evil condition; and—which is a matter of the very highest importance, although apparently but little attended to by the worthy but rash men of whom so much has been said—his Majesty's government possesses the means of making experiments as to this matter, with far greater hope of success, and speedy success too, than even the Legislature of England could possibly attain. For *there are several* islands in the West Indies entirely free from any control of provincial assemblies, &c.—appendages to the Crown, and nothing more. It is there, as Mr Canning, of course, took occasion to hint, that the government will make its first experiments. There it can act free, unfettered, unopposed; and the experiment that is successfully tried there, can have but a slender chance of being met by any very considerable difficulties when it is proposed for repetition elsewhere.

On every account, therefore, we are most anxious that Mr Wilberforce and his associations would be persuaded to pause. The fact cannot be denied, that the Ministry have within the last few years done enough to entitle them to the same respect as internal reformers, which their conduct of the war of revolution so undeniably fixed upon them as defenders from foreign aggression. If these men are not to be trusted, where are we—to whom can we look? If we have not faith enough to give them "ample room and scope enough" for a work which they pledge themselves to go through with, to what quarter are we to turn ourselves? The prominent agitators of the emancipation question are not statesmen at all—and they that at least wish to lurk behind, are, as we shall shortly have occasion to see, persons whose past history has been but little calculated to create any feelings other than those of distrust—distrust moral—distrust political—distrust religious—total and deep distrust.

In the meantime, it is very gratifying to learn, upon authority, which a few sneering paragraphs in the last pamphlet of the Mitigation Society have little chance of discrediting, that, in point of fact, it is utterly false that no improvements have been already introduced into the condition of the West Indian Negroes. That very rash and ill-judged production, "The Appeal" which Mr Wilberforce published in the beginning of this year, has called into the field a highly respectable and most zealous clergyman of the name of Bridges,* who has long been resident in Jamaica, and who necessarily, from the character of his office, has had the very best means of making himself acquainted with the real state of the negro population of that great island. This gentleman's letter appears to have excited feelings of no pleasurable nature in a certain quarter—and no wonder; for, in truth, Mr Bridges, churchman though he be, seems to be far more than a match for the church-despising institutionists

* A Voice from Jamaica; in reply to William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P. By the Rev. George Wilson Bridges, B. A. Longman and Co., London. 1823.

against whom he has been induced to draw his pen. His little pamphlet is composed, in general, in a style that does him honour—a sprinkling of Latin quotations, rather of the tritest order, may indeed throw rather a ludicrous air over some passages; but, on the whole, the production is evidently that of a gentleman, a Christian, and a philanthropist. But this philanthropist has really lived in the West Indies. Hear in what language he ventures to address the Honourable Member for Bramber:—

"You, sir, *have never been in the West Indies;* you have *never viewed the habits of negro life in its indigenous state;* nor ever had communication with that people, other than what you may have obtained from some casual intercourse with a few individuals in London, who have visited you as their avowed protector, and the ready listener to their tales of woe; yet you conceive your knowledge of their character to be perfect. *As perfect, sir, as is that you would form of the English peasant, from the artful tale of a wandering street-beggar at your door.*

"Allow then one who has profited by all those opportunities which you want, one whose professional duties induce an intimate acquaintance with the negro character in its progressive stages of improvement; one who is equally anxious as yourself to see the negroes raised to the rank which all Christians should be first rendered competent to sustain, to tell you that you are fatally in error throughout;—that, in fact, you know little of their actual state; and that if your views of the case are founded on the statements detailed in your 'Appeal,' they are as inaccurate and premature, as the information you have obtained is false."

And again—

"Las Casas, the great philanthropist, whose labours were, for fifty years, exclusively directed to the melioration of slavery in the West Indies, before he ventured to charge his fellow-countrymen with cruelty, made repeated voyages across the Atlantic, to inform himself correctly on the subject of their actual condition; unwilling, from hearsay evidence only, to cast imputations upon men who possibly might not deserve them; and thinking it not too much to sacrifice a life of ease and opulence to effect strict justice in the cause he undertook. His equity, and his impartial labours, though not crowned with all the success they so richly merited, yet obtained for him the gratifying title of 'Protector of the Indians;' a meed of honourable fame which will attach to his name as long as the world exists; and he is, doubtless, now wearing a bright diadem of immortal glory, the reward of his upright philanthropy, and benevolent exertions in the cause of justice and OF TRUTH. You, sir, doubtless, are actuated by the same humane motives, and hope for the same celestial rewards; but, permit me to remind you, that you follow that great man at an immeasurable distance. Instead of endeavouring to gain the most satisfactory information, you sit calmly in your library, compose speeches, and write books, on countries you have never visited; on the imaginary condition of a race of people four thousand miles from you; *and in defamation of fifty thousand of your countrymen, who are actually labouring with you in the same cause of humanity, though, from experience, with more circumspection; content, it should seem, to gather the little information you possess from the disappointed or disgraced refugees of these traduced colonies.*"

It is thus that an English gentleman, every way as well educated as Mr Wilberforce, and certainly possessed of much better opportunities for understanding the true state of West Indian affairs than he can have enjoyed, thinks himself entitled to address a person for whose character as a philanthropist he had once, as he himself tells us, been accustomed to entertain an almost superstitious degree of veneration. The simple fact, that a gentleman, situated, in all respects, as this Mr Bridges is, has ventured to write such a pamphlet as this *at this time*, after all the discussions that have taken place, at the back of all this voluminous paper war, in the teeth of all this array of Associations and Institutions, is at least a sufficient proof of one thing—and that one thing is neither more nor less than *this:* that Mr Canning ought to begin his career with sending out some really sensible, impartial, and well-educated man or men, to collect something like a real body of information regarding the actual state of the West Indian slaves *at this moment*. Nothing can be done well, or wisely, or effectually, until there is a clear foundation of knowledge to build upon. And it certainly does strike us as a most remarkable thing, that, while every season brings so many Tours, descriptive of foreign countries with which we have, comparatively speaking, nothing to do, we have no one good book of travels in the West Indian islands. If any one man of common observation would go out for a year, and give us, at the end of that time, a plain unvarnished diary of his residence, we should know more of these regions, and of the real condition of their inhabitants, than we

shall do fifty, ay, a hundred years hence, if we have nothing to look to but the vamped-up *ex parte* statements of the appendices of institution and association reports. This hint we drop —and stop there for the present. His Majesty's government have sent out commissioners to inspect Botany Bay —how infinitely more necessary is it to send out for sound information concerning those great colonies, in the soil, commerce, and shipping of which, it is probably much within the mark to say, that TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS STERLING of British capital are invested!

In the present inadequate state of information which surrounds and includes us, there are two circumstances which certainly have always weighed very strongly upon our minds when considering these matters, and the opposite points of view in which the conflicting parties represent them. The first of these is the paucity, after all, the extreme paucity, of instances of actual cruelty and oppression, which Mr Wilberforce and his friends have been able to bring home to the planters. In spite of all the books they have written, their facts are amazingly few —the same stories are endlessly repeated, which certainly argues no wealth of stories; and, what is still more suspicious, the far greater proportion of the stories are of very old date. We have quotations from Barbadoes of one hundred and fifty years standing, and of long since obsolete statutes and enactments everywhere. And the instances of anything like modern, not to say contemporary atrocity, are so few, that they have been reprinted *en masse* fifty times over in the space of half a dozen pages. Now, what a contrast is here to the overwhelming richness of detail which these same men poured upon the indignant world, when their object was the abolition of the African trade in slaves! Their diligence, in both instances, has been great—probably equal —how different, how prodigiously different, the result! And then what a mass of evidence is there on the other side of the question! how many affecting stories of negro attachment have we not all of us met with! how strange is the contradiction between the two parties! Hear once more the Reverend Rector of Manchester, Jamaica—(he is addressing Mr Wilberforce, as before)—

"Amongst your numerous 'nugæ canoræ,' you say that your feelings are shocked by hearing 'some of the partisans of the West Indies have re-echoed the assertion, that these poor degraded beings, the negro slaves, are as well, or even better off than our British peasantry.' P. 45. Now, sir, if a constant supply of all the necessaries of life; the best advice and assistance in sickness; perfect reliance on the future support of themselves and children; if warm houses, freedom from all restraint during fourteen hours of relaxation out of every twenty-four, with a proportion of labour incalculably inferior to that of our own English workmen, whose o'er-wearied slumbers are too often broken by the agonizing thoughts of the future, or by vain attempts to sooth the heart-rending cries of their hungry helpless children; if these are blessings which can elevate the one above the other, so far the comparison is infinitely in favour of our West Indian labourers. And without intending to render the English peasant discontented with his condition, I will add the important truth, that the advantages I have enumerated as possessed by the negro, ARE HIS OWN BY LAW; he claims them as his right, and holds them by a far more noble tenure, of which he is fully aware, than the British labourer holds the parish pittance, that rather prolongs his misery, than relieves his wants. And for this reason, that the negro either has already paid, or is now paying his master, with his labour, for the comforts which that master is compelled by law to allow him; he therefore receives his allowance with a feeling of independence, and as the wages of his service. And to prove the ample means which are placed within reach of the industrious slave, let me mention, that on an estate in the parish of Westmoreland, the overseer being about to make a large purchase, was accosted by one of his slaves, who told him that he was aware of his need of money at that moment, that he had about four hundred pounds by him, his friend, another slave, as much more, and that it was all much at his service to supply his immediate wants. With respect to enjoyments superior to those of sense, you urge their present incapacity, yet you draw a comparison which in that respect confessedly places them on a level with the English peasantry. 'Is there,' you say, 'in the whole three kingdoms, a parent or a husband so sordid or insensible, that any sum, which the richest West Indian proprietor could offer him, would be deemed a compensation for his suffering his wife or his daughter to be subjected to the brutal outrage of the cart-whip, to the savage lust of the driver, to the indecent, and degrading, and merciless punishment of a West Indian whipping.' P. 47. Now, sir, 'comparaison n'est pas raison;' and, unless you allow to the ne-

groes those moral and intellectual feelings, which, by your applying the epithets of 'pagan darkness and depravity,' you plainly deny them,—and which, I agree with you, they are not yet advanced far enough to know the value of,—can there possibly be experienced by them those acute feelings of turpitude and degradation, which would make the comparison hold in any one point? Supposing, even for a moment, that the inhuman picture you draw had any other existence than in the disordered fancy of your own poetical imagination—'Compositum miraculi causâ.'—But in thus colouring it, true or false, your purpose, you conceive, is sufficiently answered, by harrowing up indignant feelings against treatment, which, without the slightest regard to the actual fact, you would attribute to the West Indian proprietor. *I, sir, have served cures in the counties of Essex, Norfolk, and Hampshire, and in London, and will be bold to say, that I have never, during my subsequent residence of seven years in this island, with a population of sixteen thousand negroes under my charge, witnessed such absolute misery, or such cruel abuse of authority, as I have seen in the conduct of parish officers towards paupers, or in the hovel of the wretched husbandman, to which my painful professional duties have led me, in England.*"

Such is the language of a gentleman, whose station and opportunities certainly appear to give him no mean claims on our attention. His pamphlet, as we have already noticed, has called forth the virulent and contemptuous abuse of the Mitigation Society's penman, whoever that may be. Let us look at the one point in which the said penman condescends to meet him as to a question of facts. At page 26 of his *brochure*, thus speaks the Rector of Manchester:—

"As to the 'pagan darkness' of the negroes, though their progress certainly does not keep pace with our anxious wishes to see them in that state which would make it safe to confide ourselves to their estimation of a Christian oath, nor in that condition, which would render it advantageous to themselves to be trusted with the liberty of self-control, yet the promises of Christianity are so far understood, and its preliminary rites so ardently desired by them, that, during my residence in this parish, I have actually baptized 9413 negro slaves, many of whom attend church; some have learnt the Lord's Prayer, and ten commandments, and a few have so far advanced, as to be now disseminating their little stock of religious knowledge on the estates to which they are attached. As I said before, I believe all my fellow-labourers here have been at least as assiduous as myself, and some more successful. I expect, therefore, that you, sitting by your own fire-side, four thousand miles off, will not refuse credit to this unanswerable fact, advanced by one, who is on the spot, an actor in the deeds he records, and who has certainly the better means of forming a correct judgment on the point at issue."

And at page 22 we find the following passage:—

"In page 17 of your 'Appeal,' you confidently make an assertion, which it happily falls peculiarly within my province to reply to, upon the authority of that character beneath which I claim credit for my affirmations. You state that 'no attempts have been made to introduce among them,' the negro slaves, 'the Christian institution of marriage.' Now, sir, this I positively contradict by stating, that I have myself married one hundred and eighty-seven couples of negro slaves, in my own parish, within the last two years, all of whom were encouraged by their owners to marry; and that the anxious wish at present expressed by them to bind themselves by this sacred institution, we hail as one of the first-fruits of the dispensation of Christian principles. In another parish, St Thomas in the East, I have reason to know that there have been three times that number married during the incumbency of the present rector, Mr Trew; and, though not speaking from numerical information, I can safely affirm, that the labours of the clergy, in the remaining nineteen parishes, have been equally active, and doubtless crowned with the same success. I therefore trust, sir, that your candour will induce you to acknowledge the untruth of what your want of charity towards the labours of our established clergy has led you blindly to assert."

Now, the writer of the Mitigation Society takes no notice at all of Mr Bridges' statement as to *Baptism*—but he does take notice of his statement as to *Marriage*. And what sort of notice? Why, this most christian opponent, this most evangelical opponent, re-echoes an insinuation of THE TIMES, yes, of THE TIMES! that the immense majority of the marriages which this clergyman of the Church of England tells the world he had celebrated "within the last two years," have been "*got up*" (that is the phrase) *for the occasion*. This is charity, this is loving-kindness, this is the candour and the decency, and, we may add, the honesty, of these partizans. Mr Bridges will no doubt make his own answer—we have little difficulty in guessing,

that it will be as convincing as indignant.

One more quotation, and we shall leave the Rector for the present.—The passage is certainly a very important one; and be it observed, the Mitigation Society have passed it *sub silentio*, as well as the conclusion to which it leads.

"I think it is in your eleventh page that you quote an act of the Barbadoes legislature, referring to the negro slaves, and reciting that 'they being brutish slaves, deserve not, for the baseness of their condition, to be tried by the legal trial of twelve men of their peers.' Now your only possible motive for raking up a disgraceful record like this, which has been buried in merited oblivion these 135 years, must have been the hope that careless readers of a popular and exotic subject, might confound dates; and actually be led to conceive it the opinion held, and acted upon, at the present day: thus calculating upon the odium and indignation which would be excited against our unfortunate planters, whose ruin you so calmly contemplate. The plain narrative of an unfortunate occurrence which recently took place in this island, will most effectually confute such an idea, should any one be so far imposed upon as to entertain it.

"In the autumn of 1821, a negro slave, of the most infamous character, was, by three associated magistrates of the parish of Hanover, condemned to death for returning from transportation; which previous sentence had been humanely passed upon him for crimes which subjected him to capital punishment. By some error in judgment, however, these three magistrates did not call him before a jury of twelve men, but merely identified his person, and he was hanged. The instant such an omission was made known to the late Lieutenant-Governor, these three magistrates were superseded, disgraced, deprived of their various appointments, and indicted by the Attorney-General for wilful murder. In all these acts of degradation was included their custos, the Hon. Robert Oliver Vassall, a connection of your noble friend, Lord Holland, and a gentleman of the most upright character and unblemished integrity; who was, in fact, a hundred miles off when this unfortunate occurrence took place; and was no further implicated than in having associated such incompetent magistrates. In the Spring assizes of the following year, the matter came to a hearing: the grand jury threw out the bill as it affected Mr Vassall, and another of the magistrates; leaving the rest, however, to stand their trial. They were acquitted:—but, however hard the case, the anxiety with which negro life is here protected, forebad the reinstatement of any one of the four in that place of honour or emolument, which he had previously filled. Of course, all the interest which Mr Vassall's friends possessed, was exercised to obtain the restitution of his honours; a year, however, elapsed; and, it was not until within the few last weeks that this object was effected, *by express orders from his Majesty's Ministers.* This lamentable transaction was speedily followed by an enactment of our local legislature, taking the power of life and death out of the hands of the magistracy, and placing it in those of the Governor alone; a salutary measure, which will prove, beyond controversy, that the planters of Jamaica have always considered that boasted privilege of British freedom, a trial by jury, to be indispensably applicable to the most depraved negro slaves; and that new laws are continually made for their further protection."

Our readers cannot, we trust, mistake even for a moment our object in making these quotations. We are not arguing that there is no cruelty among the West Indian Planters—but we are arguing, that the Wilberforces exaggerate the thing—that they exaggerate the amount, and distort the particulars.

And this is a matter of no slender importance to the best interests of the negroes themselves. These Association people may rave as much as they will; but no sane man really believes, that any radical and efficient reform can possibly take place in the condition of the negroes, unless by and with the concurrence and the aid of the planters themselves. Nobody but a madman dreams, that the high hand can be resorted to here. We must reason with rational men, our equals, and our brethren; we must not bashaw it as if we were working with the moral and intellectual refuse of our species. And this brings us to the second general remark which we feel ourselves called upon to make as to this whole matter. It is this. *We have as yet met with nothing to make us throw out of view altogether, the gross general improbability of the statements which have been so mercilessly reiterated upon us, with the view of persuading us, that the West Indian Britons are inferior in every particular and moral feeling to all other classes of his Britannic Majesty's subjects.* We have put the sentence in italics: we wish it to be well looked to: we do not fear how much it may be scrutinized.

And why?—why, for the simplest reason in the world. We have no need whatever to take our opinion of these fellow-subjects of ours from the flimsy tracts, and extravagant declamations, of people we know so little about, as these Institutions and Associations. The whole surface of society here at home, is studded over with men and women, who have spent great part of their lives in our West Indian colonies. Whole cities here in the midst of us, are occupied by people who have either done so, or who are connected by the closest ties of blood and friendship with such as have done so. Look, for example, at Liverpool—look at Glasgow—look at the City of London. Are not these places crammed with West Indians?—Are they not overflowing with a population of these men and women, who, if we believe Wilberforce's *ipse dixit*, are the most perfect brutes—cannibals—savages—wild-beasts—so many incarnations of every bad, gross, and cruel passion that ever sullied the bosoms of the children of Adam? The fact is indisputable—the people are here—we see them every day—we must all have more or less associated with them, and their families—We suffer our wives and children to mix as freely as possible with them and with theirs—we dine with them—we drink with them—we hear their freest sentiments.—If we are Christians, we sit in the same churches with them—if we are Magistrates, we sit on the same bench with them—if we are Jurymen, they are our fellows—we cross them and jostle them at every turn—we live among them, and die among them. And do we know nothing of these people?—Are their true characters a mere blank for us?—Do we really look upon ourselves as such egregious idiots, that we are to believe nothing about these people, except what we are told in the pamphlets of the African Institution, and the Mitigation Society, who hold meetings, and make speeches, once a-year, in the City of London Tavern?—Why, this is really something stranger than strange—In old times, we had books full of Cannibals and Anthropophagi, and men who do wear their heads beneath their shoulders; but these books always laid the scene of their murders at a pretty tolerable distance from those who were to read them. Here, thanks to the spirit of modern modesty, things are altered with a vengeance—"Nous avons changé tout cela"—Here are books full to the brim of such monsters; and the monsters, they tell us, are rubbing the elbow of every mother's son of us—Well, and if it be so, sure it is nobody's fault but our own, if we do not see them.

But see them we do not—No, not one horn, hoof, claw, or bloody muzzle—not one. It would seem, that Trinculo is after all right, to the very letter, when he says, that "in England, a monster makes a MAN."

This cry—some people will start at being told so, but it is nevertheless very true—was first set on foot by that most amiable philanthropist, Mr Henry Brougham. If anybody will take the trouble to turn over the long-forgotten pages of his *Magnum opus* "on Colonial Policy," the thing will be plain enough. It was there, and in the infamous journal to which that person has all along been a main contributor, that this wanton attack upon the moral character and feelings of this class of our fellow-subjects, was first begun. This is a fact which nobody can deny; and the quarter from which it originally proceeded, certainly throws great weight into the scale of the elaborate calumny.

This, however, is a part of the subject to which we at present cannot afford more than a single glance in passing. If we wished to enter once more upon the most unnecessary labour of exposing the Edinburgh Review, we could, to be sure, do it here as triumphantly as we have ever had occasion to do in regard to any one subject whatever. Contrast the recent language of Brougham with that of his coadjutor Mr Sydney Smith, in the far-famed attacks on *the Methodist party* in general. Contrast this fellowship of Brougham and his "very dear friend," (as he lately called him,) Mr Wilberforce, with the jocund Parson's diatribes, in Volumes 11th and 14th of the Edinburgh Review, about *the danger of the English colonies from* "the dynasty of fools," "the ferocious fanatics," &c. &c. &c. Compare these things, and reflect a little—just reflect for a single moment, upon the late glorious alliance that has been struck between parties so long and so bitterly opposed to each other. Reflect upon this—and give honour to whom ho-

nour is due!—Turn, if it be but for the joke's sake, to the very first Volume of the Edinburgh Review (p. 227), and read this sentence—

"The negroes are truly the Jacobins of the West Indian islands. They are the anarchists, the terrorists, the domestic enemy. Against them it becomes rival nations to combine, and hostile governments to coalesce."

Or read *ibidem*—

"Whether all the *mischief* of negro liberty comes at once, and falls on the system with an instantaneous shock, or only undermines it gradually, and then covers it with ruin in the end, we need scarcely take the pains to inquire."

Then turn to Volume Sixth—

"The real question in many a thinking man's mind is, how long *they will suffer us* to exist in the new world."

But the whole conduct of the Edinburgh Review, as to this subject, has been so thoroughly sifted by a most able hand, that we may safely indulge ourselves with quoting instead of composing. It is thus that the author of "Colonist's Letters,"* (Mr M'Queen,) comments upon the extraordinary change which the tone of the Review has of late undergone!—

"Assuredly, the menaces held out by the Reviewer and his friends against the white population, and the cruelty with which they load their name, is not the way to make the slave obedient, or calm his resentment. Opposition, on the part of the white people, is derided. Though unjustly accused, and told they must submit to oppression, they are dared to complain. 'Their puny legislatures must tremble and obey.'—(*Edin. Rev. vol. i.*) 'If a threat of following the example of America is meant, that is rebelling; then the answer is, that what was *boldness* in the one case, would be *impudence* in the other; and that England must be reduced very low indeed, before she can feel greatly alarmed at a Charibbean island, like Lord Grizzle, in Tom Thumb, exclaiming, *s'death, I'll be a rebel.*'—(*Edin. Rev. vol. xxv. p.* 344.) A contrary language is held to their slaves, which, however disguised, is really this—'Fear not, persevere, we are your friends, come and aid us.' Am I wrong, Mr Editor, when their own fanatical writers tell us, that they not only 'look forward to the progress of African freedom, *but even of African sovereignty* in the West Indies, with satisfaction rather than dismay.'—(*Opportunity, p.* 42.)

"But it is not one Charibbee island which is here interested. It is the whole of them. They are all united, and, at this moment, a general congress is assembled, to deliberate upon the measures necessary to be pursued in this alarming emergency. And I will ask the Reviewer, when traduced, defamed, and held up to the execration of mankind, as they are, and finding the only power from whom they had a right to expect protection, taking, in defiance of every warning voice, measures that will insure their destruction, if, under such circumstances, they could be blamed for throwing themselves under the protection of any power who would receive them? When St Domingo was treated in a similar manner, who ever blamed her for seeking the protection of Great Britain? And I will further ask, if, perceiving the storm approach, they should declare themselves independent, and the slaves free; or, what is more probable, as offering the greatest prospect of safety and success, if the whole Charibbean Archipelago should place itself under the protection of the United States—if then, in that case, it would be Tom-Thumb play for Great Britain to subdue them? In neither case, whatever the ultimate results were, could the consequences be so fatal to them as when left to the mercy of their slaves, worked up to a pitch of revolutionary phrensy. Abbé Raynal predicted that these islands would one day belong to America. Driven to despair at this moment, the thing is not improbable. Jamaica is 5000 miles from Britain, but not 500 from Florida. The United States, with arms in their hands, in the contest about to ensue with Spain, and aided by all South America in flames, would be ready to accept the charge, and to strain every nerve to keep it. The Reviewer, before he turned Methodist, told us, 'that the fate of a large empire, with all its wealth, depends upon the result of the discussion,' which concerned their situation: and farther, that the event of a rebellion among the slaves, 'would completely subvert all the established relations between the different members of the European commonwealth, besides producing a *vast* absolute diminution in the prosperity of the old world.'—*Edin. Rev. vol. vi. p.* 340. If such would be the effects of a rebellion, where all property would be lost, what would the consequences be to this country, were the colonies, driven to despair, to throw themselves under the protection of a rival power? And if these colonies really are inhabited by men, who, according to the Reviewer and his frantic associates, are so totally devoid of principle, as to render it impossible to trust them on their honour, or their oath, on what ground can the mother-country, when oppressing

* The Edinburgh Review and the West Indies; with Observations on the Pamphlets of Messrs Stephen, Macaulay, &c. and Remarks on the Slave Registry Bill. By Colonist.

hem, expect submission to her will. Were they men of such principles, or actuated by the malignant political mania of the Reviewer, how soon could they clear off their mortgages, and free themselves from their encumbrances! That they do not act so, is a convincing proof that honour and honesty yet reside among them.

"There is a degree of levity and want of feeling in the conduct of the Reviewers, and which, increasing with age, deserves the severest reprobation. We may apply to them what Mr Burke said of the Jacobin politicians of his time, 'to such men, a whole generation of human beings are of no more consequence than a frog in an air-pump.' And in the words of the Reviewer, as applied to others when similarly employed, and which may here fairly be applied to himself, 'for the distant prospect of doing, what most probably, after all, they will not be able to effect, there is no degree of present misery and horror to which they will not expose the subjects of their experiments.'—(*Edin. Rev. vol. xii. p.* 178.) Precisely similar is the conduct of those innovators in the present colonial establishments. Worse than the idle school-boy who scatters squibs and crackers in the crowded streets, to the annoyance of peaceable passengers; the Reviewer and his associates, in this instance, stand with flaming torches in their hands before a magazine of gunpowder, placed in the middle of a populous city, resolved to try, if, by applying the former to the latter, it will explode; and then, with the thoughtlessness of children, in the language of Tom Thumb, tell us, that they are not *scared nor alarmed*, (*Edin. Rev. vol. xix.*) to contemplate consequences, which would make a Robespiere fear, and a Napoleon tremble."

Such are the new associates of Messrs Wilberforce and Company.—We heartily wish them much joy of this holy alliance; and, in the meantime, shall sum up, by stating our opinion—our belief—we might say our *knowledge*, that the present clamour, raised as it was in the spirit of restless zeal and extravagant exaggeration, and now maintained in the face of a solemn pledge on the part of the most prominent persons concerned, is in reality the work, not of one body, but of THREE entirely, or almost entirely, distinct of people. These are—

FIRST, A body of persons who act, or, at least, suppose themselves to be acting, under the influence of no motives whatever, but those of general philanthropy and religious zeal. Of this body Mr Wilberforce may be considered as the *facile princeps*. The extreme imprudence, to say the least of it, with which this party have rendered it impossible not to charge them—more especially in their recent publications, and the absolute *unfairness* of their conduct subsequent to Mr Buxton's motion in the House of Commons—all this has been already sufficiently commented upon.

The SECOND is a far more cool-headed body—consisting of persons who agitate the public mind, in regard to the West Indian colonies, in the hope of seriously injuring them, and of thereby gaining direct *commercial* benefit to themselves.—This description of persons comprehends many ruling characters within the East India Company, and a still larger proportion of well-known individuals deeply connected with the free trade to India and the coast of Africa. We are sorry to say, that many who desire to be considered as forming part of the first class, really belong to this. Many of the most eminent leaders in the African Institution, for example, are well known to have great capital sunk in these branches of commercial speculation; and even Mr Wilberforce himself has not in all quarters escaped the suspicion of lending himself with eyes *not quite shut* to the interested views of these persons. Of this *we* are heartily disposed to acquit Mr Wilberforce; but certainly we must admit, that the compliment thus paid to his probity, is in so far paid at the expense of his understanding. Even in the very last publication of his associates, (the report of the Buxton debate already alluded to,) it is impossible, one would think, not to be struck with the *indications* of mercantile bias, which here and there make their appearance in notes and appendices. For example, in a note on the speech of Mr Alexander Baring, who had expressed his decided opinion that a hasty emancipation of the West Indian slaves would be fatal to the cultivation of sugar in those colonies, we find it very calmly and consolingly stated by the godly Scribe, that "we may have less sugar from the West Indies, but WE SHALL HAVE IT FROM SOME OTHER QUARTER."—P. 233. App. AA. And in the immediately following page, we are greeted with what we should have conceived to be a tolerably intelligible query—"Is the trade of INDIA, or Java, or Ceylon, less valuable, because the inhabitants are free,

and labour for their own benefit?" It is, indeed, scarcely worth while to notice these things, except for the place where they make their appearance. We all know that the commercial interests in question, are engaged openly and avowedly in the attempt to make certain other countries rival the Western Colonies in the sugar market. And no harm in this surely. It is a matter of fair commercial speculation and ambition, and let it have fair play. We are possessed, indeed, of documents, which convince us that the East India Company would do a very foolish thing if they made this a serious object of theirs—nor do we believe they will do so in the face of the body of facts comprehended in their own *folio*. What we object to, however, is not the open hostility of any body, or bodies of mercantile men—not at all—they have a right to make war, but they have no right to choose unfair weapons. But, above all, it is the dirty and mean behaviour of persons, who, with "Zion" in their mouths, are in fact thinking of nothing so much as "Ophir and Tarshish"—it is this that disgusts us, and all who understand it. These are the people whom we despise—and, we believe, there is nothing required but a plain exposure of *the truth*, to cover them with universal and overwhelming contempt. Mr Wilberforce and his friends might at least have been aware, that *the time* chosen for their recent alarum, could scarcely fail to subject their views and motives to a very doubtful species of interpretation. But, as we have said, we do most sincerely acquit them of the dishonesty—let them make the best they can of the *weakness*.

The THIRD PARTY is neither a religious, nor a commercial one. It consists of mere politicians—such men, for instance, as Mr Brougham—men who appear but too willing to disturb existing establishments of every kind, provided they can see any chance of thereby gaining a little popularity to prop up the ruined reputation of their own sorely degraded faction, *the Whigs*.

These three parties play upon, and make cat's paws of each other to the best of their ability. His Majesty's Ministry, we are pretty sure, understand them all; and we hope their united clamour will be found entirely unavailing to influence them in any way whatever, in their discharge of the great public duty which they have pledged themselves to perform—which, in our humble opinion, amounts to the same thing with hoping that this clamour may prove a powerless enemy to the real interests of the West Indies, and those of the Negro Slaves themselves.

We have had occasion to speak more harshly than we could have wished, of the part which certain friends of religion have taken in regard to this matter. We trust, however, nobody will so far misunderstand us, as to suppose that we regard the condition of the West Indian slaves, in any other light than that of a subject which ought to engage the consideration of the true friends of religion. On the contrary, if there be one proposition in the world that appears to admit of no sort of doubt at all, it is this: that this great negro population must be christianized ere it can be fitted for anything like a participation in the political liberty of British subjects. In this, we are persuaded, every rational mind must completely go along with us. It is, therefore, the duty of the enlightened friends of our religion, to keep their eyes upon this subject with the most serious attention—but it is their duty to mix prudence with their zeal. Let them exercise themselves in devising all possible measures which may tend to the facilitation of that conversion, without which, nothing can be done.—But let them not rashly obtrude crude speculations upon the public. Such men as Wilberforce have no lack of access to the Ministers of England—let them suggest and reason, but let them not declaim, inflame, interrupt, and injure.

While many friends of religion have been talking and writing, others *have been* doing. Sir George Rose, in particular, has lately published a little pamphlet* which does him the highest honour—a record, not of inflammatory diatribes, but of plain intelligible facts; the history, in short, of his own West

* Letter on the Means and Importance of Converting the Slaves in the West Indies to Christianity. By the Right Hon. Sir G. H. Rose, M.P. London, John Murray, 1823.

Indian estates, and of the efforts which he has made for the introduction of Christianity among the negro population, with which the fortune of inheritance had connected his interests and his duties.

This tract, which cannot be too widely known and studied, bears in every page the impress of a most upright mind, and a most benevolent heart. Sir George has been eminently successful in the efforts he has made; and, both as a great West Indian proprietor, and as a member of the British Parliament, he has done no more than his duty in laying the full and candid narrative of his proceedings before the public.

He professes himself an affectionate son of the Church of England, and yet he has made use of the Wesleyan missionaries on his estate. He details the success of these missionaries, and yet the main purpose of his pamphlet seems to be to stimulate the Ministry to the erection of a machinery by which the great work of conversion may be carried on within the pale of the Church. There may be some slight appearance of inconsistency in all this, but we confess that we attach no importance to it. Sir George found the Wesleyan body at hand, and ready; and, as an individual proprietor of slaves, it was his business to make use of the first effectual means he could find for the attainment of his individual object. His earnest expressions of hope and trust that THE CHURCH may ere long be put in possession of means for taking the great labour into her own hands, derive, indeed, a new title to respectful attention, from the very circumstances which have induced certain not very liberal critics to impugn Sir George Rose's character both as a reasoner and as a member of the Anglican Church.

The real lesson his pamphlet was intended to give, is this: *it is* possible for any single proprietor, nay, it is easy for him, to introduce Christianity among his negro slaves. This is Sir George's assertion; it is this that his facts were meant to illustrate; it is this that they do illustrate, ay, and *prove*, and that to his high honour now, and eventually—if the lesson be not given in vain, because it is received with contempt—to the great service both of these colonies at large, and of CHRISTIANITY; which last, by the way, is, in our opinion, after all that has been said, a much higher consideration than all the colonies in the world.

Happily British statesmen are spared most clearly in this instance—as we believe they must be spared in every instance where things are well understood—the necessity of putting into opposite scales, and balancing with an uncertain hand, here, the interests of the commercial greatness of their country, and, there, those of that faith, from the influences of which, visibly embodied in institutions and in actions, all the best greatness of that happy and favoured country proceeds.

The slave population must be converted ere it is trusted with freedom: this is a proposition which we consider as so perfectly and so self-evidently true, that it would be mere folly to waste words in illustrating or enforcing it. This is the first step—without this nothing can be done. It is impossible even to dream of a rational government, situated as ours is, throwing loose such a population as this—a population of wild heathens (generally speaking)—a population destitute alike of principles on which we could place reliance, and of knowledge by which their own welfare could be guarded. The thing is absolutely impossible. The question is, how are these negroes to be christianized?

We earnestly hope the answer is not long to be doubtful. We sincerely trust that the Church of England is destined to take upon herself this great and glorious labour. There is no good to be derived from reproaches; but it must be admitted, that the clerical establishment now existing in these islands is altogether inadequate for the task which the Wilberforce party seem to take a vast pleasure in telling us that establishment has not performed. In truth, that establishment never dreamt of performing it. There are, for instance, twenty parishes in the Island of Jamaica; each of these parishes has long had a rector, and more lately each of them has had a curate also. But, supposing the rector to be sufficiently occupied with his free congregation, which, if he does his duty, or indeed makes any approximation to it, must be the case, what is a single curate to do with a population of, in some instances, *ten*, even *twenty thousand negroes*, who stand in need, not merely of clerical ministration, but of the very elements of knowledge?

The burden is self-evidently beyond the power of any man.* It is understood, Sir George Rose says, that the Ministry intend to establish different bishopricks *in* the West Indies, and to place under the new prelates, not only the clergy already existing there, but also a separate body of churchmen, appointed (and perhaps educated) expressly for the service of Christianity among the negroes. Sir George says, that as, in the military department,

* In most of the Islands there are only rectors—no curates at all. The following extract from a letter to Lord Bathurst, written by the Rev. W. Chatterton, rector of St Paul's, Antigua, may furnish a complete view of the situation in which these gentlemen are placed.

"If the slave population is not properly provided with the means of religious instruction according to the ordinances of the Established Church, the fault rests not in us who are appointed to administer those ordinances, but it proceeds from local circumstances, with which the Prince Regent's Government ought to be made well acquainted, and which it is utterly beyond the power of the regular clergy to alter or correct.—There are, sir, many obstacles of considerable magnitude, which tend to exclude the slaves from our pastoral care: The first is, the want of room in our churches; taking my own church, for example, after the regular congregation is accommodated, there is only *occasionally* a vacancy that would admit about thirty persons. Now, the slave population in my parish amounts to three thousand seven hundred and eighteen souls; there is therefore a prodigious number, by this single circumstance, unavoidably excluded from attending the established worship on Sunday, which is the only day they have in their power. But, suppose this impediment removed, and our churches were calculated to afford greater accommodation to these people; and suppose them either prevailed upon, or compelled, to attend our public services, still, sir, I fear the result would fall very far short of the expectations of the Prince Regent's Government. Let it be remembered, sir, that the slaves are in a state of the grossest ignorance, that their minds are totally destitute of all cultivation; to crowd them into a church, therefore, without some previous preparation, would be a procedure equally useless and absurd. Our liturgy would be wholly unintelligible to them; and the addresses from the pulpit, which surely must be adapted, in some degree, to the superior information of our more enlightened hearers, would be to them as unedifying as if they were preached in a foreign tongue.

"It must be obvious, therefore, that the ordinary system of instruction pursued in our churches, and the deficiency of accommodation in point of room, present great obstacles to the slaves deriving any degree of religious improvement from the regular clergy; and a little reflection will shew, that it is absolutely impossible we should adopt any *extraordinary* measures for the accomplishment of this great and important purpose. Our Saviour's remark applies with peculiar force and propriety to us, in our situation with respect to the slaves: 'The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few.' The slaves, in fact, abound to that degree, that the single exertions of the rectors in the several parishes, supposing them to be pressed with the most ardent zeal, could never be adequate to supply their spiritual wants, and attend to those of the white and free people of colour, who constitute their regular charge.

"If this class of people, sir, are to be instructed by the established clergy, we must first undergo a thorough metamorphose; we must entirely alter our present habits and manners, and assimilate ourselves to the negroes. We must give a complete turn to the train of our ideas, and bring them down to a level with those of the slave. We must acquire new methods of thinking, of reasoning, and of expressing ourselves: and when we have affected this change, to make any progress in our work, we must go in continual and painful pursuit of reasonable opportunities to address these people; and we must altogether abandon the care of our present congregations, as it would be utterly impossible to attend to both, unless we were endued with those extraordinary powers which ceased with the first propagators of Christianity.

"It must be evident then, sir, to any one who candidly considers these circumstances, that the project of attaching the slaves to the Church of England can never be carried into effect by means of the established clergy at present existing in this country. *I will venture to add, that it could only be accomplished by a distinct and separate establishment, by a sufficient number of ministers appointed, I had almost said educated, for the sole and exclusive purpose of instructing the negroes.*

"To admonish us therefore to engage in this cause, is only stimulating us to unnatural and unreasonable exertions, which must ever prove fruitless and abortive.

"I will answer for myself, Sir, that, impressed as I am with a firm belief of the

we often find regular troops, militia, yeomanry, cavalry, &c. all serving in the same county at the same time, so there need be no disagreeable collision between these distinct, yet co-operating bodies of clergymen. We have no intention to discuss these matters; but our hope, at least, is all on Sir George's side.

The slaves must be Christianized: Some of "the colonial advocates," as they have been called, are so imprudent as to entertain the public with discussing the possibility—the *possibility*, forsooth!—of carrying on the business of the plantations with proper advantage, if the Christian Sabbath be introduced, strictly as such, into the West Indies. They say the slaves must have some time to cultivate their own little gardens—that they do this at present during a part of each Sunday—and that it is impossible for the proprietors to thrive, if another day in the week be given to the slaves besides the Sunday. But who will listen to such stuff? The Sabbath is the Sabbath—if the slaves are to be Christianized at all, they must be taught to remember that day, and keep it holy. This is the first thing. By what arrangements the interior economy of plantations is to be regulated, that is the affair of the planters—the other is the affair of the presiding State; and cost what it may, the Sabbath must be a day of rest, if there are to be Christian colonies.

The work is a prodigious one, and cannot be speedily accomplished. When our Saviour appeared in this world, he found slavery established *everywhere*. The faith he came to promulgate has abolished slavery in the regions where it then was universal; but how?—Not by any sudden or violent means; not by any rash preaching of the absolute unlawfulness of slavery, such as this Wilberforce party are so fond of. No—on the contrary, the New Testament addressed to slaves many most solemn advices as to their duties in that state, and not one word that could be interpreted into a signal or a stimulus for revolt and disobedience. The great work must be slowly done. At the time of the Norman Conquest, six centuries after Christianity had been first introduced into England, the whole tillage of the soil of England was in the hands of serfs; and how was this state of things altered?—Why, by the slow, gradual, imperceptible operation of the influences of the Christian religion. Slavery, however, did not absolutely terminate in England until the time of James I.!—Nay, more strange still, there were some traces of villainage existing in Scotland within the recollection of many people now living.

These considerations, without pushing matters to extremes, ought to impress the minds of all who take a part in the present controversy, with the propriety, nay, with the necessity, of mixing calmness and prudence with all that they do, with all that they speak, and with all that they write. "The thing that hath been, is that also which shall be," says the inspired sage; and the friends of religion and mankind must be contented to chastise the fervour of

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truth of Christianity, and with the deepest sense of the awful responsibility which I have incurred by becoming a minister of the gospel, there is no man more earnestly disposed to propagate its sacred doctrines among all orders and descriptions of people; and devoted as I am to our admirable ecclesiastical constitution, no churchman can be more hostile to sectarian influence. Had therefore the plan of uniting the slaves to the Church established been practicable, it would not now remain to be attempted in my parish.

"I humbly trust, Sir, that, in my professional character, I am neither deficient in zeal to stimulate me to activity, nor in courage to support and carry me through the most violent opposition, when I see the least prospect of success; but in a case like the present, where these principles must be prostituted and disgraced, where zeal would degenerate into enthusiasm, and courage into fool-hardiness, I have felt myself bound to remain passive; and, although I deeply lament the hard necessity which excludes these poor slaves from the advantages of our incomparable ordinances; yet, as I am conscious that I could make no successful attempt to remove the causes of their exclusion, I have contented myself with looking forward with hope to the arrival of some happy period, when due and effective arrangements may be made by superior authority, for the accomplishment of that most desirable end; and with praying the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth a sufficient number of appropriate labourers into his harvest."

their benevolent aspirations, by something like a deliberate recollection of the past history, both of their species and of their faith.

On the contrary—we regret exceedingly that it should be so, but we do feel that it is our duty to end with this—on the contrary, the conduct of too many of these persons appears to be constantly and resolutely at variance with every principle of sound judgment. They are every day doing what in them lies to injure those whom they no doubt must surely believe themselves to be befriending. Take for a concluding instance the following quotation from the last publication of the "Society for the Mitigation,"* &c.

"In the year 1776, Samuel Nottingham, a Quaker, who became possessed of a small estate in Tortola, to which were attached twenty-five negroes—viz. six men, ten women, four boys, and five girls—determined on manumitting them. He accordingly did manumit them by the following deed:—

"'Be it remembered, that whereas I, Samuel Nottingham, of Long Island, in the province of New York, gentleman, am owner, or reputed owner, of a number of negroes, on the island of Tortola, in the English West Indies; and considering that liberty is their right and property, which, in equity, justice, and good conscience, ought to be restored to them; and having a testimony in my heart against the iniquitous practice of enslaving our fellow-men; therefore, as far as in me lies, I conclude it necessary for me to grant unto the said negroes their natural right of freedom, and, accordingly, I have granted, and by these presents, in consideration of five pounds sterling to me by the said negroes paid at and before the sealing of this instrument, and for divers other good causes and considerations me thereto moving, do grant, bargain, sell, release, assure, and confirm, unto all and every of the said negroes, their liberty and freedom, as fully and amply as though herein particularly and respectively stated. And moreover, I, the said Samuel Nottingham, do covenant and grant, for myself, my heirs, executors, and administrators, to and with the said negroes respectively, that they, and each of them, shall and may enjoy their freedom, and any estate real or personal which they, or any of them, may acquire, without the let, suit, hindrance, or molestation of me or my heirs, or any person or persons claiming, or to claim, by, from, or under me or them; hereby quitting all claim and demand to them and their posterity. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 30th day of the 6th month, 1776.

(Signed) 'SAMUEL NOTTINGHAM.

'Sealed and delivered in the presence of us,

'NICHOLAS WALN,

'SARAH WALN.'"

"About six years afterwards, Samuel Nottingham addressed to one of these slaves the following letter:—

'Bristol, 30th of the 9th Month, 1782.

'DEAR GEORGE,

'THY letter of the 8th of last 6th month we received, and it was well pleasing to us to hear of the present good disposition of thyself and the rest of our late servants, whose welfare and happiness both here and hereafter we have much at heart; but we are sorry to hear of the removal of poor John Venture, and Harry, though not without hopes of their partaking of that mercy which is extended to all, without respect of persons, whether white or black. So, George, remember, what we write to thee we write to all of you who once called us master and mistress; but now you are all free, as far as it is in our power to make you so, because none are free indeed, except they are free in Christ; therefore, we admonish you, not as your master and mistress, but as your friends and benefactors, beseeching you to be cautious of your conduct, and circumspect in your behaviour to all, that none may accuse you of abusing that freedom which we, in the course of Divine Providence, have been permitted to give you. Remember also, that, as free men and women, ye stand accountable for every part of your conduct, and must answer for the same in your own persons, if you do amiss; in which case the laws where you are have provided a punishment, according to the nature of the offence; but do well, and ye shall have praise of the same. And that you may be enabled to live honestly among men, we have given you our East-End plantation, in Fathog Bay, with everything thereunto belonging, which we will endeavour to have secured to you by all lawful ways and means, that none may deprive you nor your offspring of it, but that you may freely cultivate and improve it to your own benefit and advantage, and thereby be provided with a sufficient subsistence to live comfortably together, in all friendliness and cordiality; assisting each other, that those more advanced in years may advise the younger, and these submitting to the counsel of the

* Substance of the Debate in the House of Commons, on the 15th May, 1823, on a Motion for the Mitigation and Gradual Abolition of Slavery throughout the British Dominions. With a Preface and Appendices, containing Facts and Reasonings illustrative of Colonial Bondage. London, Hatchard and Son, 1823.

elder; so that good order and harmony may be preserved among you, which will assuredly draw down the blessing of the Most High. But if you have not wherewithal to cultivate and improve the plantation yourselves, we advise you to hire yourselves for a season to whom you please, as also the plantation, if you think it necessary, till you acquire a sufficiency to go on yourselves; but in every step you take of this kind, always remember the good of the whole. And as soon as you can make a beginning on the plantation yourselves, with cotton and provisions, we would by all means have you to do it, that you may not be scattered and too much divided; but endeavour to dwell together, and be content with food and raiment; and a blessing will certainly attend you under the influence of such a disposition. Tell Dorcas Vanterpool we are much obliged to her for her friendly care and attendance of poor John Venture and Harry, during their sickness. We shall be pleased to hear how you go on by any opportunity, and that you cautiously maintain a good report among the neighbours. Live in love among yourselves, and the peace of Him who passeth all understanding will assuredly be with you and yours; which we earnestly desire and pray for, being your sincere friends and well-wishers,

(Signed) 'SAMUEL NOTTINGHAM.
(Signed) 'MARY NOTTINGHAM.

'To George Nottingham, one of the negroes belonging to the East-End Plantation, late the property of Samuel Nottingham, at Fathog Bay, in Tortola.'

"In the year 1822 this little colony of free persons was visited several times by two highly respectable gentlemen; on whose authority we are enabled to state the following particulars:—'Of the original persons liberated, nine are still alive; besides whom there are twenty-five of their children, and nine grand-children; making in all forty-three persons. The whole of them reside on the same plantation, which they have ever since cultivated. Half of it is chiefly in provisions, and the rest is used as pasturage for their stock, which consists of twenty-eight cows, thirteen goats, and thirteen hogs. Formerly they cultivated cotton, but, the price falling very low, they did not continue to plant it. Jeffery Nottingham, one of those originally emancipated, exclusive of his share in the plantation and stock, possesses five acres of land and a house in Spanishtown, and a vessel of twenty-three feet keel. Diana and Eve (born since 1776,) have each a boat of seventeen and fourteen feet keel. For some years the seasons were so bad, that they found it difficult to get water for their stock, and got little return for their labour; but still they had been able to support themselves, and to acquire the property mentioned above, while they increased in number from twenty-five to forty-three. Not one of them is now in debt; and their property is free from all incumbrance. Twelve of the grown-up persons are members of the Methodist Society, and, with their children, attend regularly the Methodist chapel at East-End, except in case of sickness. During the whole period since their emancipation, none of them have been sued in court, or brought before a magistrate, to answer to any complaint. Only one of them once obtained a warrant against a person who had assaulted him, who begged his pardon and was forgiven. The same person, on coming from sea, was arrested the day he landed for a capitation tax on free persons, of which he had not been apprized, and put into prison. The next day he paid the money, about eighteen dollars, and was released. Several of them can read and write. Jeffery's wife, Grace, acts as schoolmistress. She reads well. They have lately built three houses in their village, of wood, and shingled. The whole of their houses had been destroyed by the hurricane of 1819, and have since been rebuilt. They are a fine healthy race, all black, having intermarried with each other; and seem to dwell very happily together.'

"Now, we would put the question to Mr Baring, Whether it would have been more advantageous for the interests either of the individuals or of the state, that Mr Nottingham's twenty-five slaves had continued slaves, (liable to all the risks of inhuman owners and overseers, and all the other evils of that condition, and particularly to that progressive diminution of their numbers, which has been the common fate of the slaves in almost all our colonies, and among the rest in Tortola;) or that they should have been living free and in comfort for nearly fifty years, during which they have accumulated some property, and have increased from twenty-five to forty-three? And, as far as advantage to this country goes, we will venture to say that the forty-three Nottinghams consume more of British produce and manufactures in a year, and promote the traffic of Tortola itself more, than three times the number of slaves would do. *But Mr Baring will say, this is a single instance. True; but why is it so? Not because there are not many slaves who would have equally rewarded the benevolence of their master, but because there has been but one Nottingham.*"

Now, nothing can be more delightful than the behaviour of these worthy Quakers; it is impossible not to feel their excellence, to admire, to love them. But for what purpose are stories like *this* the staple of such a

society's *reports?* Samuel Nottingham had two dozen negro slaves—he set them all free, and made them a present of the plantation on which they had been living as his bondsmen. A most noble piece of behaviour, surely; and the style in which the thing is done and recorded, just what every human creature must acknowledge to be exquisitely beautiful. But what is the lesson? Had Samuel Nottingham no other property but this plantation, and these negroes? or would he, or could he, have done the same thing with a plantation of fifty times the extent, and slaves to be counted by the hundred or the thousand?—No such things. And what is the use, then, of throwing such a story as this, (with an undisguised sneer too) in the teeth of those whose whole fortunes, the existence of whose whole families, all whose earthly possessions and means are inseparably connected with a population of negro slaves? All this furnishes just one more illustration of the truth of a remark which some one has made before us, viz. that these societies publish books in order to shew the world how such matters ought NOT to be managed. We cannot conclude better than in the words of Sir George Rose:—

"I beg leave to offer to those who have lately set the public mind in motion, and have led on the question of emancipation, the expression of a very sincere opinion, that the weal of the negro will be best promoted by a more discriminating vigour of effort in his behalf, than that recently displayed. I have had repeated opportunities of observing with what undistinguishing vehemence the West Indians have been marked out as objects of suspicion and aversion; and this circumstance has been painfully felt by impartial men, as anxious for the happiness of the slave, as they are competent to judge how it can best be promoted. It is singular enough, that when the abuses in the West Indies were at their height, little was said or thought about them; but an overwhelming torrent of invective is now poured down upon the West Indians in the mass, at the time when a very happy alteration has taken place in the manner, in which many of them consider various points which are under a course of, and certainly require, amendment, the effects of which change are in visible operation. I have observed this conduct towards them to act here already to a certain extent to the disadvantage of the cause of the slave; and there are other modes, in which it is likely so to act elsewhere. It is much to be desired, that the excitement of indignant and resentful feelings; especially in the bosoms of humane and liberal men, should be avoided as much as possible."

*** So we had just terminated, when the Glasgow Courier,* containing official accounts of the insurrection in Demerara, was put into our hands. In this particular instance, there can be neither mistaking, nor affecting to mistake. It is not a thing that the two parties *can* give two opposite accounts of. The debate on Mr Buxton's motion has produced a bloody insurrection among the slaves of *one* colony—that is certain—how much more may have happened ere this moment, who can tell?

Such lessons have been given abundantly long before now—and they have been neglected. It remains to be shewn whether this also is given in vain. It remains to be shewn, whether this Empire is to be harassed with eternal impunity, by the madness of a set of arrogant blockheads—whether our policy is for ever to be thwarted by the rash and headlong machinations of fanatical *dupes*—whether the thing, the system, this pernicious system of HUMBUG, is to be allowed to go on from week to week, and from year to year, until at length these poor negroes learn to effect as well as to menace, and bathe the whole soil of these colonies in a mingled sea of their own blood and *ours*.

We speak of *our* blood—it *is* ours—it is the blood of our brethren that has been shed here, and that must be shed in torrents if these proceedings go on unchecked. But, even now, even in the midst of such feelings as this tale

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* We cannot mention the name of this paper, without taking the opportunity of expressing our sense of the talent and skill, with which it has commented upon this question. We know, indeed, of no other paper in the kingdom, where so large a stock of the requisite species of knowledge is brought to subjects of this nature. The Editor is evidently a thorough master of geographical science; and in the discussion of matters of colonial policy, he exhibits a superiority over his brethren, which all those that read his Journal have at least *felt*.

must be supposed to create in every bosom that is not quite Buxtonised—even now we do not think a bit the less of the poor negroes themselves. This rashness is ruin to their hopes—these madmen—these dupes of vanity, and unconscious dupes of interest—ARE THEIR WORST ENEMIES. Such is *our* belief—we have done *our* duty.

THE GLASGOW DINNER. A FRAGMENT. BY MR TICKLER.

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THE next speaker was from Ireland, with the characteristic name of Lawless. He arose indeed *et potus, et exlex*, and poured forth a flood of Irish oratory, on the usual topics which afford flowers and figures to the oppressed people of that pacific land. Being himself a gentleman of the press, conducting a paper which circulates a few quires in and about Belfast, he was particularly vociferous on the advantages mankind in general, and Ireland in particular, derive from the freedom of that engine. Of the universal Whig passion for the freedom of the press, I have spoken already; but people who do not look at the actual state of the thing in Ireland, contenting themselves with taking bawling for facts, may not be aware how admirably a panegyric on this favourite subject comes from a man of Mr Lawless's Irish faction. In Ireland, as in England, the factious press had it all their own way for a long time. There was to be seen little talent in their newspaper world, but that little was active in traducing the institutions of the country. Besides, they had firm aid from abroad.—Tom Moore sung over the miseries of Ireland—Jeffrey and Co. howled over them; and all together, they contrived to cover the loyal men and the Protestants of Ireland with the imputation of bigotry and tyranny, just in the same way as the same agency covered us Tories with the imputed disgrace of being patrons of slavery, and victims of blockheadism. At last, however, the prestige began to wear away, and then in Ireland the real nature of the affection "the friends of liberty all over the world" entertained for the press, shone forth in its true colours. Your readers, Christopher, would feel little entertainment in puzzling through the petty details of the provincial press of Ireland, which is even lower than our newspaper world in Scotland;* suffice it to say, that, to go no farther back than this very year, the Coryphæus of Irish demagogues, Mr O'Connel, employed his own clerk to act as prosecutor on behalf of the Roman Catholic clergy, in a libel action against the Evening Mail, for a series of *general* reflections, implicating no individual whatever, directly or indirectly—that the same gentleman advised an action against the same print, for *copying* a paragraph from a Cork paper, which it quoted—that he laid the venue of action against that Cork paper, in a county (Kerry) over which he has most considerable influence, and of which a near relation of his own is Sub-Sheriff, and had the striking of the jury—and they add, that when *two* fellows, one of them, by the way, son of the magna mater of Whiggery, fell on and beat, in his own house, a defenceless man, the editor of an *illiberal* paper, the whole of the *liberal* press chuckled with joy, and applauded the heroic feat. You perceive that the same people act in the same way on both sides of the water. Loud are they in praise of the press, when it is in their own hands, but, when turned against their own sacred persons, as loud in its reprehension.

Lawless, of course, produced the *six* millions of enslaved *loyalists* in Ireland—the number is always on the move forward—and the atrocities of the *disloyal* Orange faction. It may be safely conceded to such arguers, that the Roman Catholic population is the majority in Ireland;—but how is that majority composed?—Precisely of the most ignorant, benighted, savage, and brutal peasantry in the world. In intellect, in education, in everything which marks the civilized being, the Protestants are ten to one, as they are

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* Scarcely possible.—C. N.

fifty to one in wealth and prosperity. Lawless well knows that no legislative enactment—at least no legislative enactment in the contemplation of the party he was addressing—could reach the millions about whom he was sputtering. An important change must take place in the frame of Irish society before anything can be done which will raise them to the level of a civilized population; and that change will not be effected by putting down the Protestant Church, and substituting the Roman Catholic in its room, as his friends are fondly hoping. That would indeed be a sad retrograde movement. Do not think I am too harsh in the character I am giving of the Irish peasantry. They are at present, in the south of Ireland, (where they are exclusively Roman Catholics, the north, which is tinged with the much abused colour of orange, being quiet,) engaged in a system of assassination and arson, which would disgrace the Cherokees. It is scarcely a month since Mr Franks was shot in his own parlour, the skull of his wife shattered by a crowbar while she clung to the arms of her son, the head of the son smashed to pieces by the same instrument, and his body pierced by a pitch-fork, which was passed from hand to hand between nearly a hundred peasants, in order that each might participate in insulting the lifeless body, while a fellow, who was left outside as guard, whistled and danced a hornpipe for joy. The crime this family was guilty of was this—the son had been evidence in a criminal prosecution against a man convicted of extorting fire-arms, to be employed in carrying on the system which produces these results. Such are the millions for whose ascendancy Mr Lawless is preaching. It is only insulting our understandings to appeal to this numerical argument. Let the question of Roman Catholic emancipation be argued on its own merits. If it be unjust to keep Roman Catholics from power, it is no matter whether the injustice affect a thousand or a million; it should not disgrace our statute-book for a moment in either case. If it be necessary to keep them out, their numbers are nothing at all to the justice of the business—it is only an argument to expediency, or, in other words, to our fears—an argument, Christopher, which we have at all times, through good report and evil, treated with the bitterness of scorn, by whomsoever, or in whatsoever cause, it may be advanced. As for the Orangemen, he must be wilfully blind who does not see that they are forced into union by fear. Nobody likes domiciliary visits from gentlemen furnished with sledge-hammers to extract his brains. The very secrecy of their meetings—the mere fact of their having private signs and symbols to know one another by—is a proof of their being apprehensive, not of their being domineering. Their atrocities are confined to putting tawdry ribbons, in most vile bad taste, upon a paltry statue—(a piece of tom-foolery always disapproved of by their leaders, Sir Abraham Bradley King for instance,* after it was made matter of offence, and now given up)—and toasting the memory of William III. That this toast should excite Whig indignation, is strange; and stranger still, that the Orangemen should be accused of insulting intrusion on the feelings of their countrymen, when they themselves are to be refused the poor privilege of giving as a toast the memory of him who may justly be deemed the founder of the dynasty now occupying the throne. What would the Whigs say, if the Whig Clubs were prohibited from giving the memory of Charles James Fox, because, though acceptable to them, it stinks in the nostrils of all the honest men in the kingdom? Then indeed would we have the nose of Brougham twitched in tenfold fury, in defiance of us and all our works.

Observe, I am not giving any opinion whatever as to the expediency, or inexpediency of Orange Associations. I am too far from the spot, and the accounts from Ireland are too contradictory, and too fierce, for me to

* Not to break my sentence above, I throw into a note, the fact that this offensive ceremony of dressing the statue in College-Green, Dublin, was a regular state ceremony, at which the Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Mayor, the Chancellor, &c. assisted in much pomp and procession, without exciting a complaint from the Roman Catholics, for a long series of years—until it was made a question of by the Duke of Bedford—God bless the wise statesman!—who refused to join. It has ever since been a bone of contention, but was gradually falling into the hands of the mere rabble, and would certainly have died of itself in a year or two.

hazard any very decisive assertion on their credit. But one argument against them I know to be fallacious. It is said that they are useless, and not required in England or Scotland, and *therefore* not in Ireland. *Negatur conclusio.* I deny the *ergo*. The state of society here is not like that in the sister island. God forbid it should. We have our angry politics, to be sure, but are not living in the middle of a Jacquerie, in spite of the exertions of Hunt, Watson, or the late Queen and her advocates, to get up one. What, therefore, may be altogether unnecessary here, may be called for in Ireland. Even if useless there also, we may easily pardon those, who, seeing their friends massacred unprotectedly all round them, adopt means of drawing together people to oppose such operations. Denman, at this dinner, was quite absurd in his remarks on the Irish Insurrection Act. It is very easy for a gentleman, strongly entrenched over a bowl of cold punch, or a bottle of claret, in a quiet orderly city, among a knot of people, who, though Whigs, are in a great degree civilized, to talk about the severities of a law imperiously required; but if Mr Denman will take a house in Kildorrery, or thereabouts, and have the audacity to expect rents for his ground, he will, before the moon has changed, alter his opinion, and call lustily for any enactment that will keep the house over his head. I should be sorry indeed that such laws were put in force among our quiet hills on the Border; but there is a very different order of things going on in Duhallow.

Nor am I giving my opinion against Roman Catholic emancipation. I hope and trust the time will come, when the privileges and immunities of the state will be open to all; but I hope and trust also, that those privileges and immunities will never be opened to any one who will make use of them to wage war on the glorious institutions of the country. If we could be satisfied that the Roman Catholic priesthood would be content to remain in obedience to the laws of the land—to submit, as every other sectarian body submits, to the paramount authority of the Established Church, and make no efforts to put themselves up as the dominant religion of any part of the kingdom, I am quite sure there would not be a word against what is modestly called Catholic claims, spoken by one of us in or out of Parliament. No man of common sense could imagine that a general would betray his duty, because he believed in the infallibility of the Pope, or any other old woman; or that a judge would violate the laws he was administering, for the same reason; and as for Parliament, you know, North, what my opinion always has been on that point. I never feared the efforts of any demagogue fellow within those walls. I sincerely rejoiced in the election of Waithman, for instance, for I knew the Midas ears, which were taken by the jobbernowled corporators for horns of offence, powerful as those of the bulls of Bashan to batter down borough-mongery, would be found out in half an hour, when brought into company with the flower of England's gentlemen; and, accordingly, it was soon discovered, that he was, as Cobbett called him, a water bladder, from which nothing could come, because nothing was in it. So would it be with O'Connell and his compeers. A sentence from Canning would dispose of the first dozen of them for life. Tragedy-man Shiel would sit down in happy obscurity with Comedy-man Twiss. Fingals and Frenches, and the other sage nobility, would range with the Albemarles, the Nugents, and the rest of the rubbish of the House of Lords. It always makes me laugh when I think of such people sitting in the same house with Eldon, or Stowell, or Liverpool, or Wellington; ay, or even the remains of Erskine,* dilapidated as they are. But I fear that these concessions would only pave the way to the demand of Roman Catholic ascendancy in Ireland. I know it is an object earnestly desired by some of their velvet-pawed petitioners to Parliament. Look, for example, at the amazing insolence of the language addressed daily by priestlings in Ireland, to that great theologian, and most exemplary man, the Archbishop of Dublin, and you cannot doubt the fact. And if we admit the arguments now relied on to be valid, we cannot resist it. If the simple fact, that a barbarous people outnumbers the intellect of Ireland, be

* Ay, Tim, or Byron.—C. N.

sufficient reason for our giving up one of the bulwarks of the Constitution, the same will hold equally strong for our surrendering any other which it pleases them to demand. They can always plead the millions, and the disturbed state of the country, which the priesthood can always provide as an ever ready argument.

The late miracles of Prince Hohenlohe have, in some degree, opened the eyes of the British public to the intellectual value of the *millions* of Roman Catholic Ireland. We have seen people, calling themselves Bishops and Archbishops, writing pastoral letters, vouching the authenticity of the miraculous powers of this High German impostor—we have thousands of besotted creatures supplicating him for restoration of hands, and eyes, and speech, and everything but what they want most, brains. We have, *proh pudor!* newspapers filled with details of their grovelling superstitions—and newspaper editors frontless enough to advocate them. Nay, Mr North, this very Lawless himself, who was ashamed not to join in the expression of contempt for the imposition, while speeching in Glasgow, had what, if it had happened elsewhere, I should have called the incredible audacity, or stupidity, to print a defence of that imposition in his Irish newspaper, and the brazen forehead to call on the manly understanding of Protestant Ulster to prostrate itself in belief. But those who have long and carefully turned their attention to Irish affairs, did not need this additional instance of the mental degradation of the sister island. With characteristic *esprit de corps*, Sir R. Phillips finds the cause of the success of Hohenlohe in the fact, that in eleven counties out of thirty-two, there is no bookseller's shop in that country; a circumstance that strikes the worthy bibliopole as being awfully atrocious. Had he looked a little deeper, he would have found that the want of booksellers is an effect, not a cause, an effect of the gross ignorance of the population. That same ignorance makes them swallow mock-miracles, and listen open-mouthed to bloody prophecies. Pastorini (Dr Walmerly, an English Catholic Vicar Apostolic, who wrote a commentary on the Apocalypse some fifty years ago, under that name,) has declared, that, in the year 1825, heresy will be extirpated, with violent punishment and slaughter, all over the world. This piece of bigot stupidity, forgotten everywhere else, is fully believed by the low Irish. The book, printed on common paper, is circulated industriously among them in thousands, at a price barely sufficient to cover the cost of publication. Extracts of the most piquant parts are published separately—halfpenny *brochures* of that particular prophecy, are hawked about the streets—and it is one of the stimulants which keeps the whiteboys in full operation. The whole country is full of holy wells, holy stones, holy caves, holy waters, holy oils, holy bones,—all visited, or used, by devout pilgrims of the same cast of understanding as the worshippers of Juggernaut. And these are the millions whom we oppress by restraining, as a precautionary measure, their leading people from situations of high authority!

But here comes the argument which will be undoubtedly thrown in my face:—"You have first brutalized the people by misgovernment, and you are now abusing them for what is only attributable to yourselves." On behalf of the Tories I strenuously deny the fact. I am not a very sincere believer in the doctrine that ill government is the great agent in brutalizing any people; but, supposing it true, our withers are unwrung. The Whigs enacted the penal code—the Whigs passed the laws pricing the head of a priest, and prohibiting a Papist to ride on a horse worth five pounds. When the Tories came into power, they relaxed these laws; and, sorry am I to say, they have been treated with great ingratitude. Their attachment to the Church of England renders them more obnoxious to the Roman Catholics than the Whigs, who, oppressive as they were, are acknowledged foes to the church, and, on account of that hatred, popular with its enemies. But let not Brougham or Denman lay the flattering unction to their souls, that their protegés forget who it is to whom they owe the code which they clamour against. I shall quote the very man who was buttering them at this dinner. Lawless, when a roaring member of that blatant beast, the Catholic Board of Dublin, wrote a stupid book which he thought fit to call a compendium of

Irish History. It is an insane diatribe against England, hatred against which country he carries so far as to murder its language, and mangle its orthography with merciless perseverance. It, however, is really a pretty fair picture of Roman Catholic feeling. What, then, does this gentleman say of the enactors of the penal code? "Had Austria," quoth the historian, "or Spain, interfered for the Catholics, the *friends* of religious liberty, [observe the sneer,] the friends of religious liberty in England, the WHIGS of England, would have been slow in giving to the British Monarch the necessary supplies to support him in his favourite object. THEY [the Whigs] *required, as the condition of their zeal in his support, full and uncontrolled permission* TO TORTURE THE IRISH CATHOLICS."—*Lawless's Ireland*, p. 484. There, Mr Brougham, there is your friend Lawless's recorded opinion of the services conferred on the Roman Catholics by the Whigs; and I can assure you that such is the feeling of the whole body. If the penal code, then, has done mischief, we know who is to blame. *We* are endeavouring to remedy that mischief as well as we can, but we are not quite certain that we would be warranted in putting the weapons of civilization into the hands of people, who would, in all human probability, use them for the purpose of fighting the battles of barbarism. Convince us that there is no danger of *that*, and our opposition is over in a moment.

Lawless talked nonsense about the King's visit to Ireland, in the usual style of the orators of his party. These precious fellows have taken it into their head, that, because the King recommended harmony in the country, there was to be an end of all Protestant feeling—that the factious press was to be let loose in full tilt against all the institutions of the land—that corporations were to be abolished—that the Protestant clergy should not preach Protestantism—that no tythe was to be paid—that churches were to be defiled, and churchyards intruded on, with complete impunity. The conciliation recommended was, with true Irish perspicuity, discovered to be a "reciprocity all on one side." The Whiteboys considered it as a token, that the gentry were to be delivered over to their tender mercies, bound hand and foot. The Roman Catholic ecclesiastics regarded it as a licence for a saturnalia of insolent slander on the church. The bawling of the demagogue barristers, pleading for the cause of Erin, through patriotic pun, and desire to get puffed into business, became ten times more rabid and acrimonious. If the Protestants gave any symptoms of life, an outcry was raised that they were acting in opposition to the wishes of "our beloved King," by men who had illuminated their houses in triumph for the escape of the unhappy Queen, and whose whole lives had been occupied with venting merciless slanders against his father and himself. If they remained quiescent, a jubilant shout was raised that they, thank Heaven! were at last cowed into submission, never to arise again. Then the proceedings against the people concerned in the dirty playhouse-riot—the blowing up a gallery-row into a capital crime—the vindictive thirsting after the blood of the rioters—the venomous speeches—the insult to juries—the whole *ex officio* business, to which there has been no approximation since the days of Jefferies, and which have transferred his mantle over the shoulders of Plunkett—were construed into a following up of a system of warfare against the Protestants, and the theory was completed, which held that Catholicity was to enjoy a speedy and a bloody triumph in Ireland.

But how is all this to end? Is there never to be peace in that unhappy island? I must decline hazarding any answer to that question just now. The skein of Irish politics is too ravelled to be untwisted by me in a hasty review of the shallow prate of a shallow spouter over his second bottle. Besides, I think you told me that you had a series of papers either in esse or posse, on Irish affairs exclusively, written by one of the cleverest men in that country—and to him I leave it. Certain I am, that, as long as the mass of the population continues in its present state of degrading ignorance, no granting of Emancipation will be followed by quiet. How this ignorance is to be conquered, is a question of importance. It is very easy to say, "Educate—Educate,"—very easy indeed to say it; but when we have the veto of the priests against it, it is not quite so easy to put your proposal in-

to effect. He will honestly tell you that he fears proselytism would be the consequence, and throws coolly into the fire any book denounced in his Index Expurgaterius. I beg leave to ask Mr Lawless, is this fact or fiction? What must be thought of this state of society? What would be said in England, if any Rector, Vicar, or Prebend of the pack, were to walk into the house of a parishioner, and lay violent hands on any tract or any book obnoxious to his ideas of orthodoxy? I rather think his reverence would be saluted by the roughest but most convincing of arguments, that he had made a mistake. It is an every day occurrence in Ireland. But, indeed, to compare Great Britain and Ireland in this respect, is truly absurd. I beg leave to ask Mr Lawless, who spouts in favour of civil liberty, and total abhorrence of oppression of all kinds, whether, if it so pleased a priest to exercise his horse-whip on the shoulders of his congregation, male and female, one of them would dare to resist? Does he not know, that denouncing from altars, and threatening ecclesiastical pains, is a very usual mode of keeping the refractory in order? Does he not know, that the priesthood claims the privilege of refusing to give testimony even in cases of the most wanton murders, of which they may happen to be eye-witnesses —Mr L. will know the peculiar case I allude to—for fear of lessening their influence over the murderers? By mere accident, while writing this, a file of American newspapers came into my hands, in one of which I perceive a letter from a Romish Bishop in America—an Irishman—who is endeavouring to palliate the enormities of his countrymen. In this letter the writer asserts, that, from having been chaplain to a jail, he had excellent opportunities of knowing the designs of the insurgents. "I enjoyed their confidence," he says; "from them I received all the information which could be given me—I was enabled by their instructions to see and converse with their leaders—these leaders gave me the most minute details;" and with their consent, he adds, he entered into some negotiation with the Lord Lieutenant. On certain conditions pardon was offered to the murderous miscreants; and will it be believed—"the conditions put it out of my power to act without betraying the confidence reposed in me!!" There is a state of society! What would have been said here to any clergyman of any sect, who could venture on such a course of proceeding?

These, however, are facts kept out of sight by the Whig reasoners, on this side of the water, through ignorance chiefly; by those from Ireland, out of dishonesty. But I have wasted too much time on such a man as Lawless. I shall proceed after observing, that in these remarks on the unhappy *system* of things in Ireland, I mean no personal offence to any man. I am ready to acknowledge that men of talent, of virtue, of learning, of the kindest hearts and the clearest heads, are to be found among the Irish Catholics, lay and ecclesiastic; but the argument as to the *millions*, as long as the millions remain as they are, I scout. Of one thing I am certain, that the Protestants of Ireland have a strong claim to our support. It is laughable to hear such men as this poor tavern spouter accusing them of disloyalty—them who have stuck by the cause of England and of Europe, through good report and evil. But there is an immensity of mushroom loyalty in Ireland, as far as the mouth is concerned. There are men there, who, as Mr J. North said, in his admirable speech on the trial of the bottle-and-rattle conspirators, who "imagine they can compensate for the turbulence of one day by the crawling sycophancy of the next;" a crawling sycophancy, displayed in pretending to honour the King, and covering with abuse those to whom we must look, as we have looked, for the continuation of the connection of the countries under his sceptre.

Transeant Hiberni. Let me get out of the bogs.

Mr Blaquiere's Report on Greece, &c. &c.

The "Greek Committee" have just done us the honour to send us this little pamphlet, which, we are constrained to say, furnishes as little *information* as any work of the same dimensions we have happened to meet with. We have not time at present to enter fully into the most important subject to which, such as it is, it relates; but shall throw out a few hints notwithstanding.

And, first of all, we are sorry to see the cause of Greece in these hands. This Mr Blaquiere may be a most respectable and well-intentioned gentleman; but he must know that his name has been connected with other revolutionary matters, in a way that cannot fail to throw some suspicion on any proceedings of which he is the great advocate and instrument. His name was considerably mixed up with the absurdities of the Neapolitan affair, for example; and, in one word, without wishing to insinuate anything like a charge of serious mischief, he is universally considered as a partisan of Liberalism. His pamphlet is very poorly, and, indeed, very incorrectly written; and there is a sort of boyishness about the whole strain of it, that must prevent sensible people from giving much weight to the appeal of such a mouth-piece.

The second remark we have to make is, that we really are very far from being satisfied, that individual subjects of this kingdom have any right whatever to take so much upon them as seems of late to have become the fashion. The Government of England recognizes the Ottoman Porte as an ally: These two Governments, no matter how widely differing in character and views, have old treaties actually in force between them. Our Government have refused to take any part whatever in the struggle that has been going on between the Porte and the Greek insurgents. If this be wrong, let the Opposition blame the Ministry in Parliament,—let the sense of Parliament be taken, and let the line of policy be altered, if the Great Council of the Nation be of opinion that alteration is proper. But what have we here?—We have a set of private individuals, mostly very humble ones too, assembling periodically in a London tavern, and gravely discussing the propriety of sending "Congreve rockets," "spherical case-shot," "skilful partizans," and other "acceptable offerings to the struggling Greeks." We have this Committee sending out Mr Blaquiere as a sort of ambassador of theirs to Greece; and we have this Committee sending forth pamphlet on pamphlet to convince "the clergy," "the matrons and young ladies," and "all the friends of liberty and Christianity," that it is their most imperative duty to give money to the Greek Committee, in order that the Greek Committee may give it to the "Greek Government" to pay their troops, conduct their campaigns, and beat the Turks.

What is this but a carrying on of war against an ally of England, by these subjects of the English crown?—What right have these individuals so to do? If the Irish Liberals were to rebel to-morrow, murder Archbishop Magee and sack Dublin, there can be no doubt that many "Irish Committees" might be very willing to hold their convocations in the Palais Royal and subscribe money for sending over rockets and spherical case-shot to the "Provisional Government of Ireland." But if they did so, what would be the consequence? Would our Government approve of King Louis's Government for allowing them?—In a word, the question just comes to be this: is it not still the prerogative of Governments to form treaties of peace, and to declare and carry on war? Or is it really so, that all these "old things have passed away,"—that the departments of governments and subjects have been changed in the European world, and that "Mr Edward Blaquiere and the Greek Committee" have as much right to take part in this War, as if he were *bona fide* a crowned Edward, and his Committee the recognized Senate of a recognized state?

In plain truth, this sort of stuff has gone a great deal too far already: Sir Robert Wilson's behaviour in Spain has operated as a complete *reductio ad absurdum*; and "the Greek Committee" may be convened in the tavern, and the Greek Committee's ambassadors may go to Tripolizza, just as often as the fancy takes them—The language of every rational man and loyal subject will be, "This is the affair of

the state, not of the pot-house." The Turks may be the worst people in the world, and the Greeks the best—but are we to be the judges?—ay, are we to be the executioners? Who has called us to this office?—Where is our right?—Are we, private men, we humble individuals, sitting each man with his legs under his own mahogany here in England, are we invested with any title to meddle between the Grand Seignior and the Prince Maurocordato? Are we all so many Sovereign Powers here over our port?—If so, what is the use of all this humbug of a King, and a Parliament, and a Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and all the rest of it? What is the use of such idle names as 'International Law,' and so forth? "—Am not I a Nation—I, myself, I, with this five-pound note in my breeches pocket? I can buy five pounds worth of spherical case shot, and send them out to Greece—I therefore *can* go to war with this Turk—and why not?"

This nonsense must be put a stop to. If these people send over any supplies that can do the least good to the Greeks, they must send a great deal, for, according to their own pamphlet, the Greek government has never yet been able to pay their soldiers *at all*, or to clothe above one-third of them at a time. If "the Greek Committee" supply all these deficiencies—if *they* equip and pay the Greek army, pray who are the real belligerents?—The Greek Committee, on the one side, evidently, and the Grand Seignor on the other. Can this be, without creating a war between England and the Porte? Most certainly not. In short, it is only the utter imbecility of these well-meaning people that protects them for a moment. If they could do anything worth thinking of, we should soon hear more of it. They have done, and they can do nothing; and therefore they are allowed to make just what speeches, and publish just what pamphlets, they please.

We have not been talking of the Greek cause, be it observed, but of the Greek Committee. To see a liberal enlightened Christian government established in Greece, would be to us, and to all the European world, the most delightful of spectacles. We hope such a government may be established there—and most happy should we be to hear that the Christian governments of Europe had been able to find any proper opportunity for assisting the Greeks by their interference and mediation. But we are satisfied that no interference even of that kind will be of any use, unless the measure be a general one. And we are most sincerely of opinion, that the greatest *disservice* any one individual can at this moment do to the Greeks, is to assist in any way whatever in increasing the importance of these officious Associations, the meddling of which, it is but too manifest, can have no substantial effect whatever, except that of creating much unhappy suspicion and distrust in those high and responsible quarters from which alone the Greeks have any right to expect or to receive assistance.

Mr Blaquiere's pamphlet contains no information at all worthy of the name—and the few facts he does produce have any tendency rather than to confirm the conclusions he appears so eager to draw from them. The Greek Congress of this year, he says, met in an orange grove and deliberated on three great subjects—*first*, "the best mode of introducing trial by jury, and a regular system of education, on the principles of Bell and Lancaster;" *secondly*, "on the state of their finances, public accounts, and national resources;" and *thirdly* and LASTLY, "on the extent of the naval and military forces, and the most effectual plan for repelling every future attempt of the enemy."—Now, if this be not putting the cart before the horse, we should be glad to hear what it is. Pretty legislators indeed! Bell and Lancaster's education taking place *there* and *then* of the inquiry into their military resources, and the means of repelling the enemy!

Once more—we devoutly hope the termination of this struggle will be the establishment of an independent Greek Government in Greece. The course of events, so far as we can understand matters, seems to render this consummation every day more probable; but it certainly will not be hastened by the Greek Committee, although we think it very probable it may be deferred.

These agitators, when they simply, avowedly, and distinctly, in their private capacities, meddle with such matters, do what we humbly conceive they have no right to do—usurp the privilege of the government under whose protection they exist; and eventually, if their exertions are of any conse-

quence whatever, injure instead of benefiting the causes they are pleased to adopt. But when they assume, as of late they appear to have no scruples in doing, something like that public and authoritative character to which they have no claim more than the cattle in the fields—when they *hint* that their voice is the voice of their country, that their interference is the interference of England, that they are any thing more than they really are—their conduct both assumes a character of more intolerable arrogance and presumption, and seems well calculated to produce consequences of the most tragic nature.

Sir Robert Wilson *negotiates* in Spain; and Mr Blaquiere talks of its "occurring" to him "that the presence of *an agent of some kind* would be *favourably interpreted* by the Provisional Government and people of Greece!!" A notion in which he says a "most flattering reception afterwards convinced him he was not mistaken!" Good, very good! are WE really come to this, that any foreign peoples or governments are to put *favourable interpretations* upon matters of this mighty importance! The arrival of Mr Blaquiere! "the presence of an agent of some kind!" An agent indeed!—

"With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon General!"

SHAKESPEARE.

Lord Byron has gone to Greece: this is, to be sure, rather a different matter from Mr Blaquiere's embassy: But we must have rather more facts than Mr Blaquiere's pamphlet furnishes, before we commit ourselves by saying anything as to his Lordship's prospects in this picturesque, and, we doubt not, generous adventure.

It is not our fault, if these people manage matters so as to make all rational men regard them with jealousy. It is not our fault, that the Edinburgh Review, and its worthy colleague, the Morning Chronicle, attack everything that the Christians of this country have been taught to hold dear, in the one page, and sound a trumpet about the necessity of humbling "the *Infidels*" (what a sweet phrase from them!) in the next. It is not our fault, if the same loyal and enlightened Whigs, who give a dinner to Messrs BROUGHAM and DENMAN, and toast "Reform," the one day, are pleased to give a supper on the following night to Mr LAWLESS! and toast "Kinloch of Kinloch," and "the memory of Emmett." It is not our fault, if the cloven hoof will not be at the trouble to keep itself decently concealed.

We must disclaim, however, any intention of saying anything against Mr Blaquiere. On the contrary, his pamphlet leads us to believe that he is an amiably disposed young man—very much so. We have no doubt he has the best possible intentions, and we honour him for them. But we really do not believe that there was any absolute necessity for his interfering between the Turks and the Greeks. We consider it as quite possible that these parties may in the end settle their matters without thinking of "the Greek Committee;" and hope, in the meantime, that Mr Blaquiere's book, which is to come out at the beginning of the next publishing season, may be better got up than his pamphlet, which appeared at the fag-end of the last.

What is become of General Pepe? Where is Count Pecchio? Are Sir Robert Wilson's "Commentaries on *the* Peninsular War" to be in 8vo or 4to? Is there to be no subscription for a monument to Dr Watson, junior? Is it true that Lieut.-General the Earl of Rosslyn is about to give up his office in the Chancery of Scotland? Is it true that *all* the lawyers have advised the dishing of the Jury Court in Scotland? Is it true that Mr Brougham is resolved to have another run at the Chancellor? Is it true that Mr John M'Farlane, advocate, approves of the plan? Is it true that Mr Shireff of St Ninians has really quitted the Kirk of Scotland? Is it true that he declined being the new Pope? Is it true that the Princess Olive has fallen in love with Mr Owen? Is it true that every body is eloping? Is it true that Mr Waithman is Lord Mayor of London? Is it true that Mr Hone is turned Methodist? Is it true that Mr Irving has come to the end of his tether? Is it true that Alaric Watts blew up Fonthill? Is it true that there were sixteen Guidos? Is it true that Mr Beckford thinks Mr Fox was no better than he should have been? Is it true that Cooper and Russell are to fight next spring on the Steyne? Is it true that Mr Leslie has brought home the Belvidere Apollo? Is it true that the Morning Chronicle has been talking of "the two celebrated Generals, Odysseus and Ulysses?"

We pause for a reply.

SAWNEY AT DONCASTER.

By the Author of the Ayrshire Legatees, &c.

* * * 'DEED, ye see that same job o' the horse, amang the lave o' my Yorkshire exploits, is a come-to-pass well worthy of a record. For, ye should know, an it were necessar' to tell you, that I was a stranger at Leeds, and very guarded I was in my dealings, 'cause and on account o' the notour character of the Yorkshire folk, for jinking in their bargains; and really whan my friend, and long correspondent there, offered, in a civil and free manner—that I must needs allow—his horse, to take me o'er to Doncaster, I swithered, and was in a sore hesitation of mind concerning the same, for I need not tell you, that there's no part of the habit and repute of the Yorkshire folk more unsettled among their customers, than their ways of dealing anent horses; nay, and what's very extraordinar among honest men, they make no secret of the glamour they have used in their traffic in that commodity. Therefore, as ye may well suppose, when Mr Shalloons was so complaisant as to offer me his horse, I had a jealousy that he was not without an end for his own behoof; for which cause, and natural suspicion, ye may think I was not overly keen to comply with his obliging offer, for really, to speak God's truth, no man could be more well-bred and discreet than he was in making me that same offer. However, for all that I could either say or do, he was really so pressing with his civility, that it would have been a very coarse conduct on my part to have persisted in a denial.

Well, so ye see the horse being so proffered, and the proffer so consented to by me, on the day I had sorted out of the week I was to be there, for that aforesaid and same journey to Doncaster, the beast was brought to the door of the house where I staid, and there having laid my legs o'er the saddle, I found it a composed and canny brute, Mr M'Lauchlan of Fuddy's fine gelding was no surer footed; and so, as ye may suppose, me and the horse, I on its back, rode our ways towards that same boroughs-town of Doncaster, and the farther I rode, and the mair I grew acquaint with the horse, the mair reason I had to be thankful for the very solid politesse of my civil correspondent.

But to make a short of a long tale, and no to descant and enlarge on the civility of the lads at the inns and taverns that we passed,—indeed, for that matter, they were ower gleg for me; for, to confess a fault, they thereby wiled from me a sixpence, where I would have gart a twal-pennies do at the door of ony stabler in all Scotland. But at the time I did na begrudge that liberality on my part, having so footy and well-going a beast for a bethank, as I had that aforesaid and the same. But I'll no say that, now and then, when I thought of the habit and repute of the Yorkshire folk, concerning their horses, I hadna a dread upon me that all wasna sound at the bottom—the more especially as the horse lost a shoe soon after we had passed through the first toll, the which I thought a remarkable thing. However, as I was saying, the horse and me arrived safe at the aforesaid and same boroughs town of Doncaster, and no beast, after such a journey, could be in better order, than was that aforesaid and same.

But now I have to rehearse of what ensued. Ye're to know and understand, that there was then in Doncaster a grand ploy, which they call the Sen Leger, the which is a kind of a horse-race; but no like our creditable Leith races of old, and those sprees of moderation of the same sort that's ha'den in their stead at Musselburgh.—Really the King's visit was just a Sabbath till't—never was seen such a jehuing o' coaches, such a splashery o' horses, and swearing and tearing o' gentlemen and flunkies; it was just a thing by common.

But no to summer and winter about yon dreadful horse races, and the gambling there anent, enough to make a sober man's hair stand on end, I alighted at the door of an inn, and I gave the horse the same and aforesaid, that had so well brought me there, to an hostler lad; and went to see what I might be able to do in the way of custom among the shops. But the wearyful Sen Leger was ahint every counter; and upon the whole it was but a thriftless journey, I soon found, that I had come upon; and therefore I came to an agreement with myself, in my own mind, to go back to Leeds, and then think of com-

ing northward. So having in that way resolved, I went back to the inns, and told the hostler lad to have the horse the same and aforesaid that I had come on, ready betimes in the morn, and then I returned to the house of a correspondent that had invited me to sleep, because of the extortionate state of the inns. But I know not what came ower me—surely it was a token of what was to happen—I got but little rest, and my thoughts were aye running on the poor horse, the same and aforesaid, that had brought me from Leeds, and more especially anent the repute of the Yorkshire folk as horse-cowpers.

However, at the last, I had a composed refreshment, and I rose as I had portioned, and went to the inns, and there the hostler lad, at the very minute the hour chappit, brought forth, as I thought, the horse. But, think what was my consternation, when going to loup on I discovered that it was nae mair Mr Shalloons' horse than I was Mr Shalloons.

"Lad," said I, "nane of your tricks upon travellers—that's no my horse."

"By glum!" says he, "it be's your horse."

"Na," quo' I, "I'll take my oath on't, that's no the horse I brought to this house."

"It be's your horse, sir, so on and be off," said he, in a very audacious manner.

"I'll never lay leg out o'er that beast in this world, for to a surety it's no mine. Deil's in the fallow, does he think what might come on me if I were catcht riding another man's horse in Yorkshire?"

"I tells you," quo' the hostler, "it be your horse—I wouldn't go never to tell no lies about it. A nice bit of blood it be too—no genleman need cross better.—Please, sir, to mount."

"Mount!—do ye think I'm by mysel, and that I dinna ken ae horse frae another?" said I: "that horse is no mine, and mine he'll never be, so gang back to the stable, and bring the one I put into your hands yestreen, or I'll maybe find a way to gar you."

"Well, to be sure, if you be'nt a rum ane; why, sir, does you not see that there white foot?—your horse had a white foot—which be a testificate that this here horse be's your horse."

"I tell you, white foot or black foot, that's no my horse, and if ye dinna bring my own, I'll have you afore the Sheriff."

"D—n his green breeches!—I doesn't care—no, nothing at all—for Sir William Ingleby, for this be your horse; I'll tak my davy on't."

"Horse!" quo' I, "that's a mare."

"By jingo, so it be's!" was the ne'er-do-weel's answer, and I saw him laughing in his sleeve; howsoever, he had a remnant of impudence yet left, and he said, "But your horse was a mare."

At this my corruption rose, and I could stand no more, but, giving a powerful stamp, I cried, "Deevils in hell!" which was a hasty word for me to say, "d'ye think I'll tak a mare for a horse?"

So he, seeing that I was in my imperative mood, as Mr Andrew the schoolmaster says, put his tongue in his cheek, as I saw, and went into the house of the inns, and brought out a very civil, well-fared, gentleman-like man, the landlord, who said to me, with great contrition, that their stables being full, and some of the grooms drunk, my horse had been unfortunately hanged quite dead, and his skin gone to the tan-pit; but that, to make an indemnification, he had got one as like it as possible, and a much better than mine was; however, through inadvertency, a mare had been brought. "I shall not, however," said he, "make two words about it; your horse, I think, was worth fifty guineas—I will pay you the money."

"Fifty guineas!" quo' I; "nane o' your fifty guineas to me; he was worth sixty pounds if he was worth a farthing."

"I'll pay you the price," said the landlord, "and all the favour I ask in return is that you will not tell at what house the accident happened;" so he paid me the money, but really I was for a season not easy to think of the way that such a sum for a horse had come out of a Yorkshire hand into my pouch. Howsever, as the horse was dead and gone, I could make no better o't than to put up the notes, which I did, and came back to Leeds in a stage-coach, thinking all the way of what I should say to Mr Shalloons; and in a terrible dread I was that he would not be content with the sixty pound, but obligate me to pay a tyrannical sum.

Howsever, having considered with

myself, as soon as I arrived at Leeds, I went to him—aye thinking of the Yorkshire way of cheating with horses—and I said,

"Mr Shalloons, yon's a very convenient and quiet beast of yours; would ye do a friend a favour, and sell't to me on reasonable terms?"

"It is," quo' he, "a very passable hack—I did not wish to part wi't; but as you have taken a fancy to him, you shall have him for forty guineas."

"Forty guineas, Mr Shalloons," cried I—"Na, surely you could never look for that—Thirty's mair like the price."

"Half the difference," said he, "and the horse is yours."

"Make it punds, Mr Shalloons, and I'll tak him," quo' I.

"Well, pounds let it be," said he—so I paid him the five-and-thirty pounds out of the sixty, by the which I had a clear profit of five-and-twenty pounds, *præter* the price of my ticket by the coach, which is an evidence and a fact to me, that a Scotchman may try his hand at horse-flesh with a Yorkshireman ony day in the year, the Sen Leger fair-day at Doncaster not excepted.

LONDON ODDITIES AND OUTLINES.

No. IV.

The theatres have commenced with great promise for the season. Covent-Garden, partially eclipsed during the last, by the new brilliancy of Drury-Lane, was determined to outshine all rivalry, present and future; and its opening on the 1st of October undoubtedly exhibited a *coup d'œil* of singular beauty. The roof of the proscenium is a brilliant sky, with a golden sun large enough to enlighten ten such hemispheres. The ceiling is circular and celestial, so far as it can be made such, by clouds, glimpses of vivid blue, and a central fountain of light, a chandelier of great magnificence. The fronts of the boxes are all golden; and golden without the glare of gold. The upper gallery is removed to a more undiscoverable elevation, and the old thunder of the gods is thus subdued into a murmur—a fortunate change for the mortals. A multitude of subordinate contrivances for comfort and security have been adopted, which escape the general eye. The *tiers etat* have been remembered, and backs have been put to the seats in the pit—a grand innovation in theatres, and no trivial convenience. It might be a curious *calculus*, to estimate how many plays have perished for the want of this comfortable application to the backs of the critics. The *pitmen*, once the arbiters of the drama, were in the most trying situation that ever exercised human patience. What complacency could be expected from a multitude squeezed, pinched, trampled on, and condensed into an old pit-audience, with discomfort assailing them in every point—bare benches, and backless seats. The first half-hour of this carnal agony must have put the most benevolent criticism out of temper, and are we to wonder that the play was hissed, when hissing was the only way to escape martyrdom? Why do not some of our archæologists make themselves immortal, and *dissertate* upon the composition of the pit of the last century? Dry bones, Roman buttons, and Saxon shoe-ties, have had their day. No man can now hope to build an eternal fame on pitchers and tooth-picks, Greek as they may be. Hogarth would have done it justice, and ought to have done himself the justice of leaving its picture for his fame. The first rows filled by young Templars, full of country freshness, just fledged in town impudence. The centre blackened with a gloomy and compressed mass, an iron phalanx of fierce physiognomies, the veterans of the inns of court, and the coffee-houses, when coffee-houses were, what they ought to be, chapels of ease to Parnassus; every man of them with a bag-wig on his head, a rapier by his side, and the glory of Congreve, Wycherley, and Farquhar, firm on his bitter and inky lips.

But those days are gone, and the supremacy of the pit is gone with them. *Labuntur anni, et nos labimur.* Citizens, in their various dimensions of body, occupy the place of the Zoiluses departed; the apprentices, from the commercial population of Bow Street, and its environs, occupy, by advantage of neighbourhood, the early places of the pit, and form the advanced guard. The

ladies, bonnetted, capped, and snooded, occupy the rear, and, with some adventurous exceptions that push forward as *eclaireurs* among the central, and even the front benches, constitute the most elevated, as well as the most attractive portion of the tribunal—a tribunal no more. The spirit of judgment is fled. Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus, frown no longer; and their tenderer substitutes now sit out unrepining the whole five hours, with melo-dramas in their eyes, and sentimentalism going on at their ears.

Covent Garden commences with a considerable dramatic force. Young, who sustained his reputation so effectually at Drury Lane, will now have a broader field for his powers, and they are certainly popular in a very high degree. A new actor, Rayner, who, after having been, as an amateur, an enthusiastic admirer of Emery, has become an actor in his range of parts, has already exhibited unusual vividness and energy. Whether he has humour equal to his force, is yet to be discovered, but he has palpably made an impression upon the audience. The strength of the campaign will probably be in comedy and opera, and thus it must continue till a great tragic actress appears. Tragedy is supreme, and when a woman of tragic talent shall tread the stage, all its minor performances must give way. Sinclair, who held a high rank before his Italian tour, has returned with improved taste and science. Whether the improvement has extended to his tone, is yet to be ascertained. Some operas are awaiting him, and he will have "no brother near the throne." Melodramas are announced, and both theatres will take the field with a numerous cavalry. A squadron from Paris are actually under orders for Covent Garden, the native dramatists having been already enlisted by Elliston. Thus Drury Lane is again to be violated by a horse's hoof. But the managers on both sides console themselves with the allowable jest, that whatever men may do, horses are notoriously better to draw.

Rival melo-dramas are already bristling with dreadful note of preparation; the whole machinery of nature is fearlessly brought into requisition. The Ganges is already announced at Drury Lane; Vesuvius is preparing a counter wonder at Covent Garden. An earthquake nearly ready at the one, is to be combated by a comet at the other. Neither side relies on native phenomena. A cascade of the most formidable dimensions is already travelling by easy stages from Paris, and to meet this with an overwhelming superiority, a steam-boat is waiting at Calais, to bring over a general conflagration.

LETTER FROM A CONTRIBUTOR IN LOVE.

Dear North,

I cannot possibly do that article upon the Digamma this month; so you must get on without it, and I am sure you have plenty.

The fact is, I fell in love last Thursday, by the merest accident in the world; and am now sitting at my bow-window, fronting the Regent's-Park, watching the Paddington coaches as they pass, and sighing and growing quite lack-a-daisical. If you think it likely you shall be short, perhaps I may get *poetic* towards the 15th; and "loss of innocence," you know, (I mean my own innocence,) "sounds well in verse." But this by the way. As for town, there is nothing stirring in it.

The two great Theatres opened on the 1st, Drury with a swinging company, and a show and a dance two nights before. They have Kean, Macready, Elliston himself, (the rogue is worth the world, after all, in comedy,) Wallack, Liston, Dowton, Terry, and Harley; and, besides all this, there is Kitty—"beautiful Kitty!"—who can speak a hundred times more music than any other woman in the world can sing. Covent-Garden seems to be dreaming this season, as well as the last.

"Doctor! the thanes fly from me!"

They are losing all their showy people. Improvements, however, (and effective ones,) have been made about the house; and Young, Sinclair, Charles Kemble, Miss Paton, and Miss Chester, will bring something.

And what did they do at opening? Why, both places dull enough. *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *The Rivals*—sterling, but stale. There was a new farce, however, with a horrible name

to articulate at Drury-Lane,—*Stella and Leatherlungs.* "Stella and Leatherlungs!"—What a combination.—It's like

"There was a *lady*,
And she loved a *swine.*"

They say the piece is Colman's. A dull affair, whoever may be the author.

In the book way, nothing at all new—that is, nothing worth talking about in Maga. But these last two Numbers of yours, by the bye, have played the very devil in Cockaigne. Poor Hazlitt, I am told, is going about absolutely frantic; and all the ale at the Southampton Arms turned sour the moment "The General Question" came out. Tell Tickler this, if you love me.

Talking of Hazlitt, I had the strangest dream of King Leigh last night! I thought he was come over from Italy, and had taken the White Conduit House Tea Gardens. It's true, upon my word. I saw him in the bar, as plain as ever I saw him in my life—in a straw hat, and a foreign air—quite smirking and genteel-like. He was "setting down" the little loaves, and pats of butter, as they went out from the *sanctum*, in a bran new Fairburn's pocket-book, with a red morocco back; while the waiter boys ran about, scalding people with the hot water out of the tea-kettles. Very odd, wasn't it?—You haven't heard anything of the kind?

I did understand, certainly, some time back, that Cockaigne was rebellious, about his Majesty's stay abroad, and refused any longer to be governed as a province; but White Conduit-House is so near Islington; and that affair of the washerwoman; it can hardly be!

Heigho!—I am very much in love, Christopher! But I know you hate these kind of affairs.

And yet, if you could but see the object!

Talking of love, I had such a batch of Lafitte last night, my dear friend! with an improved Anchovy toast; and not the ghost of a head-ache this morning. Ambrose shall have the directions for the toast immediately; though I hope to be down before your next jollification.

I stop, for a moment, to make a dozen of oysters happy.

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They are gone—the little dears!—Natives they were. So white, so plump,—they put me in mind of Kitty Stephens (bless her!) exactly. I could have eaten another dozen, if I had not been in love. There was one of the departed rather thinner than the rest; perhaps he was in love too!

There is a providence, my dear North, even in the eating of an oyster! I could moralize, when I think how different might have been the lot of that little rogue who looked leaner—(I think he was in love)—than his companions. How he must hug himself where he is, reflecting where he might have been! He might have lived on, perhaps, even to old age, and never have been caught. The dredging-pole might have passed over him, year after year; leaving him to pine, and be neglected, and grow all beard, and go out of season! Or he might have been taken up by the nets, and yet afterwards dropped by accident on the beach; where he would have died deserted! slowly roasting in the sun, and with the conviction too, in his agony, that he should not be fit to eat when all was over! Or, (cruellest fate of all!) after getting safe as far as Billinsgate, fate might, as I may say, have overtaken him between the boat and the lip; he might have been bought by an itinerant dealer, instead of my respectable fishmonger; been cried about in a ricketty cart, or exposed in a tub at the corner of an alley; and, at last, his feelings, insulted with thick vinegar and black pepper, have found a horrible grave in the stomach of a coal-heaver!

But don't let Ebony say I am neglecting him; for positively there is nothing that you would listen to "extant" here. *Apropos* though, there is *The Diorama.* Did you see it in Paris?—No. Well, but you have read in the newspapers (if ever by accident you take them up) about the scaffolding on the Chapel view,—and the workmen at which the French General threw stones,—and the pots, and the tools, and the broken marbles—and all that?—A good deal of it is true enough.

The workmen certainly did not deceive me; but I confess I took the planks and trowels, (they are at a distance, understand, from the figures of the men,) to be part of the preparations used in putting up the picture. And what helps the illusion a good deal, is, that the building in which you stand is *actually* incomplete,—full of masons

and bricklayers, and their *materiel de guerre.*

The landscape picture—the Valley in Switzerland—you would like, if possible, better than the first view; but it is *classical* (of course) to like the Chapel best; and the outline of the farm-house in front of this view is really magical. It is difficult to persuade myself, even with a knowledge of the real fact, that the house is not a distinct object, apart from the rest of the picture; and the view, generally indeed, a compound of model as well as painting. The whole beats panorama, and cosmorama, and Covent-Garden scenery to boot—clean out of the field.

Well, then;—besides the Diorama, what is there? Why, there is Mac-Adam's new pavement, begun in St James's Square; but that is not to be tried in a minute. Then there are balloons, too, abounding, since the gas companies fill them by contract, but no new feature;—I wish somebody would go up by moon-light.

And all this—balloons, and pavement, and Diorama and all—what is it to you, who want a discourse upon the Digamma? or to me, who have "a silent sorrow," and all the rest of it, you know—(what is it?) "For which joy has no balm," and something else no sting? Absolutely, I have seen nothing that has entertained me these three days, except that the apothecaries have got *cabriolets*, which something annoys the dandies. The Old Bailey sessions beginning yesterday was a little relief; but—very dull—all petty larcenies. You will hear of my committing an atrocity myself within this day or two—just for novelty—if Sophia Amelia—(but you shan't know her name) does not relent.

Farewell! I'll send the verses, if I happen to write them. Ah, Christopher!—But I may live to catch you in love some day.—Odso! I almost forgot to ask—were you ever in London at Michaelmas? It's a fortnight now almost since; and I protest I smell roast goose still.

T.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER OF IZAAK WALTON AND CHARLES COTTON.*

WALTON's Complete Angler is a delightful book, that is certain; but it cannot be so intensely delightful to Scottish as to English readers. Old Izaak was a Londoner. He not only wrote the Lives of Five English Worthies, but he lived in Fleet-Street, in the house third-west from the corner of Chancery-Lane; where he was (according to a tradition in his family) "a wholesale linen-draper, or Hamburgh merchant." Londoners, therefore, claim him as their own dear old Izaak; and even the Cockneys feel that they have an interest in the benign octogenarian. There is, perhaps, something John Gilpinish about him; and having been, beyond all doubt, "a London citizen, of credit and renown," his reputation is cherished in that metropolis with a tenderness and zeal with which we inhabitants of the Modern Athens cannot perhaps feel an adequate sympathy. Yet, we are now speaking rather for others than for ourselves. We do venerate the "old man eloquent," as truly as the very worst angler in Cockney-land; while we flatter ourselves, that we are as perfect adepts, both in theory and practice, of the delightful art in which he excelled, as any brother of the angle—Mr Major himself not excepted—between Charing-Cross and Cheapside.

There are indeed many circumstances, independent even of its intrinsic merits, that render this book singularly captivating. It was written by an old man, who, buried in the thick mists and close air of a noisy city, and occupied in pursuits that almost always, to a certain degree, narrow the range of natural feelings, and sadly benumb their elasticity, seems yet to have pre-

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* The Complete Angler of Isaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Extensively embellished with Engravings on Copper and Wood, from Original Paintings and Drawings, by first-rate Artists. To which are added, an Introductory Essay; the Linnæan Arrangement of the various River-Fish delineated in the Work; and Illustrative Notes. London: John Major, Fleet-Street, adjoining Serjeant's-Inn. 1823.

served, untainted and unfaded, the freshness of all his boyish enjoyments, and even his infant delight in the sights, and sounds, and smells—the air, the music, the flowers, and the running waters, of the country. He seems to have felt, to the last issues of protracted life, that "God made the country; man the town;" and, certainly, humble, and, for the most part, artless, as his descriptions are, they impress us throughout with a consciousness of that truth. The old citizen, on his way even to the river side, seems to forget wholly the world in which he lived; and after the first rise of a grayling, a trout, or a salmon, "the smoke has all past away from his eyes," and he steps along the meadows, through among the feeding or staring kine, with as careless a heart as Dobbin or Hobbinol—a wholesale linen-draper no more—and forgetful of Hamburgh and Holland.

This is, in fact, the charm of the "Complete Angler." We do not so much think that we are reading an old book, as that we are listening to, or walking with, an old man. That old man, without intending it, reveals to us his sweet, pure, gentle, guileless, and enlightened character. We feel that he is, "in wit, a man; simplicity, a child;" using wit in its old acceptation of wisdom;—and we deliver ourselves up to the full possession of the spirit of the sport, when that sport is partaken with our friend and father.

But we have said, that old Izaak is more tenderly beloved in England than in Scotland. We have no immense cities in our small kingdom. Fishing streams intersect our most populous towns; and we have ourselves caught fish in the market-place of a populous village, and laid them out for display on the stone-steps leading up to the Cross, erected by the piety of our popish ancestors. Such a being as Izaak Walton could never have been in Scotland. And therefore we do not thoroughly understand either his character, or the impassioned veneration with which it is regarded. He is rather considered as a sort of oddity; and the book itself is not so much felt as the real record of the experiences of a flesh and blood old man; as a pleasant, although somewhat unnatural fiction, too often bordering upon silliness; and to a grave, philosophical people like us, throughout tinged with a childish and Utopian spirit. Now, in all this, we are partly in the right, and partly in the wrong, as might be shewn in a few words. But we have some other prefatory remarks to make, so let the Waltonites settle it as they will.

In Scotland—and, to be sure, in many districts of England too—angling is quite a different affair from what it was in the hands of Izaak or his son Charles. It is—all the best angling is—rather a wild, difficult, adventurous, and vigorous pastime. It partakes of the passion of savage life—a passion which, like that of the young poet, so beautifully described by Wordsworth, for natural scenery, "haunts" the true angler, and carries him to the river or lake side in a fever. To him the sound of the waterfall brings a thousand eager dreams—the liquid lapse of level streams decoys him away into houseless solitudes—the south or west-wind that drops the "feed" upon the pool, comes from the long mountain glen, at whose head the river has its source—and the clouds that throw their "killing shadows" over his flies, are seen travelling over peak and precipice. Loneliness, dreariness, utter seclusion from human life, relieved by unexpected hospitality in some hut, unseen till the angler is at its very door, or by the figure of some shepherd stalking by on his own occupation—these are the characters of the Scottish angler's amusement on moor and by mountain—more or less marked; but still something very remote indeed from the scenery in which Walton delighted, and which he so vividly delineated. Much, no doubt, there is in common among all anglers; and therefore Walton can be indifferent to none; nay, must be delightful to all. But the enthusiasm, the veneration, the reverence, are to be found in England only, and especially in and about London.

Now, should these paragraphs meet the eye of some well-informed, well-occupied man, who never threw a line in his life, he will wonder what all this is that we are writing about; and haply remember Dr Johnson's definition. Friend! purchase forthwith Mr Major's edition of the Complete Angler, and the mystery will be solved.

Begin, good friend! with the plates; and you will feel yourself—unless you are indeed a hopeless thorough-paced in-grained son of Mammon, beguiled into a dim imperfect sympathy, with

the simple pleasures that seem therein shadowed forth. Behold, first of all, Walton surrounded and crowned by the Graces, and begin to ask yourself, what could be in the character of that old man, to inspire Genius so to figure his bust. Look on the little Cupids, emblematical of the theory and practice of angling—one sitting like a wiseacre at midnight by lamplight, on a high-backed elbow-chair, in a trelliced bower, with leg on knee, and poring knowingly through an eye-glass on some cunning volume, and the other marching boldly by dawning mornshine among the water-lilies, with rod and landing-net, pannier on back, and gaiters mid-way up his thighs. The artist who conceived that pretty fanciful design, was an angler. Look at these three jolly youths, Piscator, Venator, and Auceps, good fellows, well met, "and proceeding to drink their morning draught at the Thatched-House in Hodsden;" and, in the graceful freedom of that angler's salutation, read a lesson of courtesy and humanity; or join that party in the meadow, below the shadow of the village church tower, and hark to pretty Maudlin, the milk-maid, singing that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow,

"Come live with me and be my love;"

while her mother replies, in the second part, "If love and all the world were young," which, she saith, "indeed fits me best now, when the cares of the world begin to take hold of me." Why, from looking at the very plate, you will join in bestowing Sir Thomas Overbury's milk-maid's wish upon Maudlin—"that she may die in the spring, and, being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet." But indeed all the plates are most beautiful; and perhaps in no former edition, (although we wish not to undervalue any of them,) are they more delicately or characteristically touched than in this of Mr Major. We have likewise a well-written Life of Father Walton. The book is a charming specimen of typography, and the size apt for a side-pocket. Alas! our copy is already soiled, though only six moons old, for it has been our companion on several excursions among the "hollows of the hills;" and this, all the world knows, has been a rainy season.

A rainy season in troth—too much so for the angler's liking. Izaak, with his ground-fishing, could, no doubt, have filled his pannier one day in the week, on an average of the season. But we, like Charles Cotton, (whom perhaps in too many things we resemble) confine our practice chiefly to the fly. For that we need make no apology; for, after all, fly-fishing alone deserves the name of angling. From March till this, the 15th of October, scarcely has there been one mild, soft, genial, shadowy day, with now and then a moist hour intermingled with the breezy dry, for our silent solitary trade. We caught the transitory curl as it crept along our own merry rivulet, and took it before the sudden plump of rain discoloured its limpid darkness. Several times we did so, and on a never-to-be-forgotten Wednesday, we struck the "monarch of the flood." Many a time and oft have we felt our hook slip from his jaw, just as we had laid him on the shelving gravel isle, with his silver side so beautifully spotted, shining in the moonlight just then breaking through a cloud. But on that Wednesday we had hooked him by the tongue; and there at last he lay, our own, in spite of all the Naiads. Four pound weight, Mr Major, twenty-two ounces to the pound, as brilliant a trout as ever glittered on the banks of Dove. A nobler never lay on the cold slab within that little dome, (not yet utterly decayed,) "*Piscatoribus sacrum*," where Charles, albeit wild and petulant, listened, well-pleased and reverently, to his father Izaak, or sung to the good old man—

"Oh! how happy here's our leisure!
Oh! how innocent our pleasure!
Oh! ye valleys! oh, ye mountains!
Oh! ye groves and crystal fountains!
Now I rove at liberty,
By turns, to come and visit ye!"

Gentle reader, whoe'er thou art, angler, or ignorant of the river's joy, wilt thou while away a leisure hour over the "Conference?" Whether wouldst thou choose air, earth, or water, for the element of thy recreation? Here, in this "Conference," is that weighty matter debated, and hear how courteously Piscator yields precedence in the debate to his hunting and hawking brethren—

"But, Gentlemen, though I be able to

do this, I am not so unmannerly as to engross all the discourse to myself; and therefore, you two having declared yourselves, the one to be a lover of hawks, the other of hounds, I shall be most glad to hear what you can say in the commendation of that recreation which each of you love and practise; and having heard what you can say, I shall be glad to exercise your attention with what I can say concerning my own recreation and Art of Angling, and by this means, we shall make the way to seem the shorter: and if you like my motion, I would have Mr Falconer to begin.

Auceps consents to the motion with all his heart. Is not this spirited?

"And first, for the element I used to trade in, which is the Air, an element of more worth than weight, an element that doubtless exceeds both the earth and water; for though I sometimes deal in both, yet the air is most properly mine. I and my Hawks use that, and it yields us most recreation; it stops not the high soaring of my noble generous Falcon; in it she ascends to such an height, as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations: in the air my troops of Hawks soar upon high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the Gods; therefore I think my Eagle is so justly stiled Jove's servant in ordinary: and that very Falcon, that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the sun's heat, she flies so near it, but her mettle makes her careless of danger; for she then heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains, and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth (which she both knows and obeys) to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her Master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation."

Auceps then, for a little while, digresses from his hawks, and speaks of the other denizens of air. No wonder this book is a favourite with Wordsworth, for is not this a pretty prose lyrical ballad?

"Nay more, the very birds of the air, those that be not Hawks, are both so many and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations: they both feed and refresh him; feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices. I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of fowl by which this is done; and his curious palate pleased by day, and which with their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night. These I will pass by, but not those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art.

"As first the Lark, when she means to rejoice; to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

"How do the Black-bird and Thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful Spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to?

"Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the Leverock, the Titlark, the little Linnet, and the honest Robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

"But the Nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say; Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on Earth!"

He then returns to his hawks, which he says are usually distinguished into two kinds, "the long-winged and the short-winged hawk," mentioning the varieties "chiefly in use amongst us in this nation." But Isaak probably knew not much about hawking, and, besides, Piscator is to be the chief interlocutor.

Neither do we know much about hawking, but we have seen the pastime. It was long—long ago—some twenty years, and upwards, in our boyish days. The scene was a wide moor, just beginning to be enclosed, so that there were here and there in the wild, patches of barley, oats, and potato-ground, the birth-place and the haunt of many partridges. When it was rumoured through the parish that Lord Eglinton's hooded hawks, with bells, and lures, and setters, and gamekeepers, were to be that day on the Moor of Eaglesham, how we burst from the school-house at the play-hour, crossed the Bridge of Humby

like sunbeams in the rainbow, and scoured along the moor! All was wonderful and wild, and what eager rapture leapt at our hearts, when the Tarcel flew aloft, and kept circling in the air till the game was sprung, and then the flight of fury and of fear! But we forget ourselves, and therefore say, in the words of Auceps—

"But lest I should break the rules of civility with you, by taking up more than the proportion of time allotted to me, I will here break off, and entreat you, Mr Venator, to say what you are able in the commendation of Hunting, to which you are so much affected."

Venator now takes up the argument, and following the same train of reasoning with Auceps, who began with eulogizing the air, he pronounces the following brief panegyric on the earth:—

"Well, sir, and I will now take my turn, and will first begin with a commendation of the Earth, as you have done most excellently of the Air; the earth being that element upon which I drive my pleasant, wholesome, hungry trade. The earth is a solid, settled element; an element most universally beneficial both to man and beast: to men who have their several recreations upon it, as Horse-races, Hunting, sweet smells, pleasant walks; the Earth feeds man, and all those several beasts that both feed him, and afford him recreation: What pleasure doth man take in hunting the stately Stag, the generous Buck, the Wild Boar, the cunning Otter, the crafty Fox, and the fearful Hare? And if I may descend to a lower game, what pleasure is it sometimes with gins to betray the very vermin of the earth? as namely, the Fichat, the Fulimart, the Ferret, the Polecat, the Mouldwarp, and the like creatures that live upon the face, and within the bowels of the earth? How doth the earth bring forth herbs, flowers, and fruits, both for physic and the pleasures of mankind? and above all, to me at least, the fruitful Vine, of which, when I drink moderately, it clears my brain, cheers my heart, and sharpens my wit. How could Cleopatra have feasted Mark Antony with eight Wild Boars roasted whole at one supper, and other meat suitable, if the earth had not been a bountiful mother? But to pass by the mighty Elephant, which the earth breeds and nourisheth, and descend to the least of creatures, how doth the earth afford us a doctrinal example in the little Pismire, who in the Summer provides and lays up her Winter provision, and teaches man to do the like? The earth feeds and carries those horses that carry us. If I would be prodigal of my time and your patience, what might not I say in commendations of the earth? that puts limits to the proud and raging sea, and by that means preserves both man and beast that it destroys them not, as we see it daily doth those that venture upon the sea, and are there shipwrecked, drowned, and left to feed Haddocks; when we that are so wise as to keep ourselves on earth, walk, and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go a hunting: of which recreation I will say a little, and then leave Mr Piscator to the commendation of Angling."

Having thus extolled hunting as a game for princes and noble persons, observing that it was one of the qualifications that Xenophon bestowed on his Cyrus, that he was a hunter of wild beasts, and that hunting trains up the younger nobility to the use of manly exercises in their riper age, Venator sounds the praises of his pack.

"And for the dogs that we use, who can commend their excellency to that height which they deserve? how perfect is the Hound at smelling, who never leaves or forsakes his first scent, but follows it through so many changes and varieties of other scents, even over, and in the water, and into the earth? What music doth a pack of dogs then make to any man, whose heart and ears are so happy as to be set to the tune of such instruments? How will a right Greyhound fix his eye on the best Buck in a herd, single him out, and follow him, and him only, through a whole herd of rascal game, and still know and then kill him? For my Hounds, I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another, as perfectly as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily."

It is now Piscator's turn to speak; and, following the example of his two friends, he first of all pronounces a very long and a very learned eulogy on the element of earth. When that is finished, he exclaims,

"Pisc. O, Sir, doubt not but that Angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a Trout with an artificial fly? a Trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any Hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Merlin is bold? and yet, I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow, for a friend's breakfast: doubt not, therefore, Sir, but that Angling is an art, and an art worth your learning: the question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so: I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good Angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit; but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself;

but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but Angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself."

Piscator then descants on the antiquity of angling, remarking, that some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood; some that Belus was the inventor of it; while others maintain, that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and "that by them it was derived to posterity." Others say, "that it was engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge, and those useful arts, which, by God's appointment or allowance, and his noble industry, were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood." After a good deal more to the same purpose, Piscator, from treating the subject historically, turns to the philosophy of the occupation:—

"And for that I shall tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath risen, and it remains yet unresolved, whether the happiness of man in this world, doth consist more in contemplation or action.

"Concerning which some have endeavoured to maintain their opinion of the first, by saying, that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say, that God enjoys himself only by a contemplation of his own Infiniteness, Eternity, Power and Goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning and devotion, prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to Martha, (*Luke* x, 41, 42.)

"And on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent; as namely experiments in physic, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others; either to serve his country, or do good to particular persons; and they say also, that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of humane society; and for these and other like reasons to be preferred before contemplation.

"Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third by declaring my own, and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of Angling.

"And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found it to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an Angler to it: and this seems to be maintained by the learned Pet. Du Moulin, who in his discoursing of the fulfilling of prophecies, observes, that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

"And this seems also to be intimated by the Children of Israel, (*Psal.* 137,) who having in a sad condition banished all mirth and music from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow-trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon those banks bemoaning the ruins of Sion, and contemplating their own sad condition.

"And an ingenious Spaniard says, that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers and then of fish; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable: I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you."

Piscator now discourses "concerning rivers" most eruditely indeed, and must no doubt have astonished Venator and Auceps, who were not very learned persons. The grand conclusion he draws from this vast display of authorities, is, that

"In the Scripture, Angling is always taken in the best sense, and that though Hunting may be sometimes so taken, yet it is but seldom to be so understood. And let me add this more, he that views the ancient Ecclesiastical Canons, shall find hunting to be forbidden to Churchmen, as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation; and shall find Angling allowed to Clergymen, as being a harmless recreation, a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness."

Nothing in the whole volume is more characteristic of Walton's style than the following quotation. We wish we could also quote the effigy of old Dr Nowel; but we want the wood-cut-block—so, gentle reader, look at George Buchanan on our cover, and you will have a tolerably good idea of

the phiz of the honest angling "Dean of the Cathedral Church of St Paul's in London, 1550." By the way, we wonder if George Buchanan was an angler. Is there anything about it in his Latin poems? We hope that we are not shewing our ignorance in putting this query.

"I might here enlarge myself by telling you, what commendations our learned Perkins bestows on Angling: and how dear a lover, and great a practiser of it our learned Doctor Whitaker was, as indeed many others of great learning have been. But I will content myself with two memorable men, that lived near to our own time, whom I also take to have been ornaments to the art of Angling.

"The first is Doctor Nowell, some time Dean of the Cathedral Church of St Paul's in London, where his monument stands yet undefaced: a man that in the Reformation of Queen Elizabeth, not that of Henry VIII., was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence and piety, that the then Parliament and Convocation both, chose, enjoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a Catechism for public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many nor by hard questions, like an honest Angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed Catechism which is printed with our good old Service-Book. I say, this good man was a dear lover, and constant practiser of Angling, as any age can produce; and his custom was to spend besides his fixed hours of prayer, those hours which by command of the Church were enjoined the Clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians: I say, besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his time in Angling; and also, for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him, to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught; saying often, 'That Charity gave life to Religion:' and at his return to his house would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble; both harmlessly, and in a recreation that became a Churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an Angler, as may appear by his picture, now to be seen, and carefully kept in Brazen-nose College, to which he was a liberal benefactor, in which picture he is drawn leaning on a desk with his Bible before him, and on one hand of him his lines, hooks, and other tackling lying in a round; and on his other hand are his Angle-rods of several sorts: and by them this is written, 'That he died 13 Feb. 1601, being aged 95 years, 44 of which he had been Dean of St Paul's Church; and that his age had neither impaired his hearing, nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless.' 'Tis said that Angling and Temperance were great causes of these blessings, and I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.

"My next and last example shall be that under-valuer of money, the late Provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton, a man with whom I have often fished and conversed, a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind: this man, whose very approbation of Angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of Angling; of which he would say, ''Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent:' for Angling was, after tedious study, 'a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness:' and 'that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.' Indeed, my friend, you will find Angling to be like the virtue of Humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it.

"Sir, this was the saying of that learned man, and I do easily believe that peace, and patience, and a calm content, did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton, because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age, he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly in a Summer's evening on a bank a-fishing; it is a description of the Spring, which, because it glided as soft and sweetly from his pen, as that river does at this time, by which it was then made, I shall repeat it unto you.

"This day dame Nature seem'd in love;
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines;
The jealous *Trout*, that low did lie,
Rose at a well dissembled fly;
There stood my friend with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the eaves possest
With the swift Pilgrim's daubed nest:
The groves already did rejoice,
In Philomel's triumphing voice:
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smil'd.
Joan takes her neat rub'd pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;

Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain.
The fields and gardens were beset
With Tulips, Crocus, Violet;
And now, though late, the modest Rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks gay, and full of cheer,
To welcome the new livery'd year."

"These were the thoughts that then possessed the undisturbed mind of Sir Henry Wotton. Will you hear the wish of another Angler, and the commendation of his happy life, which he also sings in verse? viz. Jo. Davors, Esq.;

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place;
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace,
And on the World and my Creator think;
Whilst some men strive ill gotten goods t'embrace,
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.
Let them that list these pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill,
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh Rivers walk at will;
Among the Daisies and the Violets blue,
Red Hyacinth, and yellow Daffodil,
Purple Narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale Gander-grass, and azure Culver-keys.
I count it higher pleasure to behold
The stately compass of the lofty sky,
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye;
The watery clouds that in the air up roll'd,
With sundry kinds of painted colours fly,
And fair *Aurora* lifting up her head,
Still blushing, rise from old Tithonus' bed.
The hills and mountains raised from the plains,
The plains extended level with the ground,
The grounds divided into sundry veins,
The veins enclos'd with rivers running round;
These rivers making way through Nature's chains
With headlong course into the sea profound;
The raging sea, beneath the valleys low,
Where lakes, and rills, and rivulets do flow.
The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song,
Do welcome with their Quire the Summer's Queen.
The meadows fair where Flora's gifts among
Are intermix'd, with verdant grass between.
The silver-scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery stream.
All these and many more of His creation
That made the heavens, the Angler oft doth see;
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they be;
Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his heart from other fancies free;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is wrapt above the starry sky.

"Sir, I am glad my memory has not lost these last verses, because they are somewhat more pleasant and more suitable to *May-day*, than my harsh discourse, and I am glad your patience hath held out so long, as to hear them and me; for both of them have brought us within the sight of the *Thatched-house:* and I must be your debtor, if you think it worth your attention, for the rest of my promised discourse, till some other opportunity, and a like time of leisure.

"VEN. Sir, you have angled me on with much pleasure to the *Thatched-house*, and I now find your words true, 'That good company makes the way seem short;' for, trust me, sir, I thought we had wanted three miles of this house till you shewed it to me; but now we are at it, we'll turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink, and a little rest.

"PISC. Most gladly, sir, and we'll drink a civil cup to all the Otter hunters that are to meet you to-morrow.

"VEN. That we will, sir; and to all the lovers of Angling too, of which number I am now willing to be one myself; for by the help of your good discourse and company, I have put on new thoughts both of the art of Angling, and of all that profess it; and if you will but meet me tomorrow, at the time and place appointed, and bestow one day with me and my friends in hunting the Otter, I will dedicate the next two days to wait upon you, and we two will for that time do nothing but Angle, and talk of fish and fishing.

"PISC. 'Tis a match, sir; I'll not fail you, God willing, to be at *Amwell-hill* tomorrow morning before Sun-rising."

Next day the three friends meet, and Piscator undertakes to initiate Venator and Auceps into the mysterious craft of angling. Fain would we extract largely, but where should we stop? For we hear the very rustling of the reeds, we smell the field-flowers, and not a fish leaps that we do not list

his plunge. No doubt the angler alone can enter fully into the spirit of the dialogue; but its pure and natural English, so easy and idiomative, every scholar will feel—indeed, scholar or not, every reader with an ear and a soul. So let us conclude with a good long extract.

"Ven. A match, good Master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white, and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so: let's be going, good Master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

"Pisc. Nay, stay a little, good Scholar; I caught my last Trout with a worm, now I will put on a Minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, Scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all: have with you, sir! o' my word I have hold of him. Oh, it is a great logger-headed Chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good Scholar, towards yonder high honey-suckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

"Look, under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose-hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots, and pebble stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it;

'I was for that time lifted above earth;
And possess'd joys not promised in my birth.'

"As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome Milk-maid that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; 'twas that smooth song, which was made by Kit. Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the Milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

"They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the Chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

"God speed you, good woman, I have been a-fishing, and am going to Bleak-Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

"Milk-w. Marry, God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice in a new-made hay-cock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all Anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men: in the meantime, will you drink a draught of Red-cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

"Pisc. No, I thank you; but I pray do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song, that was sung by your daughter, when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

"Milk-w. What song was it, I pray? Was it, *Come Shepherds deck your herds?* or, *As at noon* Dulcinea *rested?* or, Phillida *flouts me?* or, *Chevy Chace?* or, *Johnny Armstrong?* or, *Troy Town?*

"Pisc. No, it is none of those: it is a song, that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

"Milk-w. O, I know it now; I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me; but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love Anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

"Come live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills or field,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yield.

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the Shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the Gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The Shepherd-Swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.

"VEN. Trust me, Master, it is a choice Song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause, that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a Milk-maid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night: and, without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's Milk-maid's wish upon her, 'That she may die in the Spring, and, being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet.'

THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.

"IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in ev'ry Shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy Love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields,
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy Love.

What should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain: that's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;—
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.

"MOTHER. Well, I have done my song; but stay, honest Anglers, for I will make Maudlin to sing you one short song more. Maudlin, sing that song that you sung last night, when young Coridon the Shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

"MAUD. I will, Mother.

"I married a Wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate:
I married her for love,
As my fancy did me move,
And not for a worldly estate:
But oh! the green-sickness
Soon changed her likeness;
And all her beauty did fail.
But 'tis not so,
With those that go,
Through frost and snow,
As all men know,
And carry the milking-pail."

Friend Major! for although thou knowest not us, yet we know thee, and all we know is good, thanks for our copy of this most praiseworthy edition of a most praiseworthy book. We have stept of old, wrapt up in our nameless obscurity, into thy tiny arch below the gateway of Bartholomew's Hospital. We have coft from thee, at fair and moderate terms, many an old odd book, which now we would not re-sell to thee, or any other bibliopole under the sun, moon, and stars, for quadruple the purchase-money. We looked, about a year ago, into thy snug shop in Fleet-street, and were happy at heart to see that thou wert prosperous. Should'st thou ever come down to Scotland, and if thou be'st a brother of the angle, which assuredly thou must be, else how love and know old Izaak so well, we shall shew thee such angling as never before gladdened thine eyne or tried thy trembling touch. For, is not the silver Tweed known unto us, with all its "sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays," from Drumelzier to the Trows, ay, and farther too; and who, now that poor Sandy Givan is no more, can beat us on that our beloved water? Alas, poor Givan! —And sweet Walton-Hall, art thou too silent? But the kind hearts that beat there are happy still, although for

a time removed from the murmurs of that little fountain-well. The Cigarium is smokeless now and desolate, and the beautiful leopard curtains shade windows now that look not out upon the woods of Fleurs. Yet we do not despair, before our locks are thin, to see our good friends seated there once more, when, to the tones of that matchless violin, (matchless in the hands of our dear S. B.) we shall sing together, as of yore,

"Then gie's your hand, my trusty fier,
And surely I'll gie mine,
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld langsyne."

SUNDAY EVENING.

I SAT last Sunday evening,
From sun-set even till night,
At the open casement, watching
The day's departing light.

Such hours to me are holy,
Holier than tongue can tell—
They fall on my heart like dew
On the drooping heather bell.

The sun had shone bright all day—
His setting was brighter still;
But there sprang up a lovely air
As he dropt down the western hill.

The fields and lanes were swarming
With holy-day folks in their best;
Released from their six days' cares,
By the seventh day's peace and rest.

I heard the light-hearted laugh,
The trampling of many feet;
I saw them go merrily by,
And to me the sight was sweet.

There's a sacred, soothing sweetness,
A pervading spirit of bliss,
Peculiar from all other times,
In a Sabbath eve like this.

Methinks, though I knew not the day,
Nor beheld those glad faces, yet all
Would tell me that nature was keeping
Some solemn festival.

The steer and the steed, in their pastures,
Lie down with a look of peace,
As if they knew 'twas commanded,
That this day their labours should cease.

The lark's vesper song is more thrilling,
As he mounts to bid Heaven good night;
The brook "sings" a quieter "tune;"
The sun sets in lovelier light.

The grass, the green leaves, and the flowers,
Are tinged with more exquisite hues;
More odorous incense from out them
Steams up with the evening dews.

So I sat last Sunday evening,
Musing on all these things,
With that quiet gladness of spirit,
No thought of this world brings.

I watch'd the departing glory
Till its last red streak grew pale,
And Earth and Heaven were woven
In Twilight's dusky veil.

Then the lark dropt down to his mate,
By her nest on the dewy ground;
And the stir of human life
Died away to a distant sound.

All sounds died away—The light laugh,
The far footstep, the merry call,
To such stillness, the pulse of one's heart
Might have echo'd a rose leaf's fall.

And, by little and little, the darkness
Waved wider its sable wings,
Till the nearest objects, and largest,
Became shapeless, confused things,

And, at last, all was dark—Then I felt
A cold sadness steal over my heart,
And I said to myself, "Such is life—
So its hopes and its pleasures depart."

And when night comes, the dark night of age,
What remaineth beneath the sun,
Of all that was lovely and loved,
Of all we have learnt and done?

When the eye waxeth dim, and the ear
To sweet music grows dull and cold,
And the fancy burns low, and the heart—
Oh, Heaven! can the heart grow old?

Then, what remaineth of life,
But the lees with bitterness fraught?
What then—But I check'd as it rose,
And rebuked that weak, wicked thought.

And I lifted mine eyes up, and, lo!
An answer was written on high,
By the finger of God himself,
In the depths of the dark blue sky.

There appear'd a sign in the east;
A bright, beautiful, fixed star,
And I look'd on its steady light
Till the evil thoughts fled afar.

And the lesser lights of Heaven
Shone out, with their pale soft rays,
Like the calm, unearthly comforts
Of a good man's latter days.

And there came up a sweet perfume
From the unseen flowers below,
Like the savour of virtuous deeds,
Of deeds done long ago.

Like the mem'ry of well-spent time,
Of things that were holy and dear,
Of friends, "departed this life
In the Lord's faith and fear."

So the burthen of darkness was taken
From my soul, and my heart felt light,
And I laid me down to slumber
With peaceful thoughts that night.

C.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days;
Meaning, "'Tis RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
"NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
"BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE I.—*The Chaldee Closet.*

Enter NORTH *and* MR AMBROSE.

MR AMBROSE.

I hope, my dear sir, you will not be offended; but I cannot conceal my delight in seeing you lighten my door again, after two months' absence. God bless you, sir, it does my heart good to see you so strong, so fresh, so ruddy. I feared this wet autumn might have been too much for you in the country. But Heaven be praised—Heaven be praised—here you are again, my gracious sir! What can I do for you?—What will you eat?—What will you drink?—Oh dear; let me stir the fire; the poker is too heavy for you.

NORTH.

Too heavy!—Devil a bit. Why, Ambrose, I have been in training, out at Mr Hogg's, you know. Zounds, I could fell a buffalo. Well, Ambrose, how goes the world?

MR AMBROSE.

No reason to complain, sir. Oysters never were better; and the tap runs clear as amber. Let me hang up your crutch, my dear sir. There now, I am happy. The house looks like itself, now. Goodness me, the padding has had a new cover! But the wood-work has seen service.

NORTH.

That it has, Ambrose. Why, you rogue, I got a three-pronged fork fastened to the end on't, and I used it as a lister.

MR AMBROSE.

A lister, sir?—I ask your pardon.

NORTH.

Ay, a lister. I smacked it more than once into the side of a salmon; but the water has been so drumly, that Sandy Ballantyne himself could do little or nothing.

MR AMBROSE.

Nothing surprises me now, sir, that you do. We have a pretty pheasant in the larder. Shall I venture to roast him for your honour?

NORTH.

At nine o'clock I expect a few friends; so add a stubble-goose, some kidneys, and hodge-podge; for the night is chilly; and a delicate stomach like mine, Ambrose, requires coaxing. Glenlivet.

MR AMBROSE.

Here, sir, is your accustomed caulker.

(NORTH *drinks, while* MR AMBROSE *keeps looking upon him with a smile of delighted deference, and exit.*)

NORTH, (*solus.*)

What paper have we here?—Morning Chronicle. Copyright sold for L.40,000. A lie.—Let me see; any little traitorous copy of bad verses? Not one. Tommy Moore and Jack Bowring are busy otherwise. Poor occupation for gentlemen, sneering at Church and King. "That wretched creature, Ballasteros!" Nay, nay; this wont do; I am getting drowsy.—(*Snores.*)

Enter MR AMBROSE. *A sound of feet in the lobby.*

MR AMBROSE.

Mr Tickler, sir—Mr Mullion—and a strange gentleman. Beg your pardon, gentlemen; tread softly. HE SLEEPS. *Bonus dormitat Homerus.*

STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

Wonderful city. Modern Athens indeed. Never heard a more apt quotation.

TICKLER, (*slap-bang on* NORTH'S *shoulder.*)

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen! Mullion, shake him by the collar; or a slight kick on the shins. Awake, Samson; the Philistines are upon thee!

(NORTH *yawns; stretches himself; sits erect; stares about him; rises and bows.*)

MULLION.

Capital subject, faith, for Wilkie. A choice bit. Odds safe us, what a head! Gie's your haun, my man. Hooly, hooly; your nieve's like a vice. You deevil, you hae jirted the bluid frae my finger-ends.

NORTH.

Mr Tickler, you have not introduced me to the young gentleman.

TICKLER.

Mr Vivian Joyeuse.

NORTH.

Young gentleman—happy to take you by the hand. I hope you have no objection to smoking.

JOYEUSE.

I have no objections to anything; but I shall hardly be on an equal footing with you Sons of the Mist.

NORTH, (*to* TICKLER.)

Gentlemanly lad.—(*Re-enter* AMBROSE.)—Hollo! Ambrose? What now? Have you seen a ghost? or has the cat run off with the pheasant? If so, I trust he has insured his lives.

MR AMBROSE.

Here is a gentleman in the lobby, inquiring for Mr Tickler.

TICKLER.

Shew him in. Hope it is not that cursed consignment of cotton from Manchester—raw-twist, and——THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER!—Huzza! huzza!

(*Three hearty cheers.*)

Enter THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER *and* THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

THE SHEPHERD.

Thank ye, lads; that's me your cheering. Haud your hauns, ye hallan-shakers, or my drums will split. Sit down, sit down; my kite's as toom as the Cornal's head. I've had nae four-hours, and only a chack wi' Tam Grieve, as I came through Peebles. You'll hae ordered supper, Mr North?

NORTH.

My dear late English Opium-Eater, this is an unexpected, unhoped for happiness. I thought you had been in Constantinople.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

You had no reason whatever for any such thought. No doubt I *might* have been at Constantinople—and I wish that I had been—but I have not been; and I am of opinion that you have not been there since we last parted, any more than myself. Have you, sir?

THE SHEPHERD.

I dinna ken, sir, where you hae been; but, hech, sirs, yon bit Opium Tract's a desperate interesting confession. It's perfectly dreadfu', yon pouring in upon you o' oriental imagery. But nae wunner. Sax thousand draps o' lowdnam! It's as muckle, I fancy, as a bottle o' whusky. I tried the experiment mysel, after

reading the wee wud wicked wark, wi' five hunner draps, and I couped ower, and continued in ae snore frae Monday night till Friday morning. But I had naething to confess; naething at least that wad gang into words; for it was a week-lang, dull, dim dwawm o' the mind, with a kind o' soun' bumming in my lugs; and clouds, clouds, clouds hovering round and round; and things o' sight, no made for the sight; and an awfu' smell, like the rotten sea; and a confusion between the right hand and the left; and events o' auld lang syne, like the torments o' the present hour, wi' naething to mark onything by; and doubts o' being quick or dead; and something rouch, rouch, like the fleece o' a ram, and motion as of an everlasting earthquake; and nae remembrance o' my ain christian name; and a dismal thought that I was converted into a quadruped cretur, wi' four feet; and a sair drowth, ay sook, sooking awa' at empty win'; and the lift doukin' down to smoor me; and the moon within half a yard o' my nose; but no just like the moon either. O Lord safe us! I'm a' grewing to think o't; but how could I CONFESS? for the sounds and the sights were baith shadows; and whare are the words for expressing the distractions o' the immaterial sowl drowning in matter, and warstling wi' unknown power to get ance mair a steady footing on the greensward o' the waking world?

MULLION.

Hear till him—hear till him. Ma faith, that's equal to the best bit in a' the Confessions.

THE SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongue, you sumph; it's nae sic things. Mr Opium-Eater, I used ay to admire you, years sin' syne; and never doubted you wad come out wi' some wark, ae day or ither, that wad gar the Gawpus glower.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

Gar the Gapus glower!—Pray, who is the Gapus?

THE SHEPHERD.

The public, sir; the public is the Gawpus. But what for are you sae metapheesical, man? There's just nae sense ava in metapheesics; they're a' clean nonsense. But how's Wudsworth?

THE OPIUM-EATER.

I have not seen him since half past two o'clock on the 17th of September. As far as I could judge from a transitory interview, he was in good health and spirits; and, I think, fatter than he has been for some years. "Though that's not much."

THE SHEPHERD.

You lakers are clever chields; I'll never deny that; but you are a conceited, upsetting set, ane and a' o' you. Great yegotists; and Wudsworth the warst o' ye a'; for he'll alloo nae merit to ony leevin cretur but himsel. He's a triflin' cretur in yon Excursion; there's some bonny spats here and there; but nae reader can thole aboon a dozen pages o't at a screed, without whumling ower on his seat. Wudsworth will never be popular. Naebody can get his blank poems aff by heart; they're ower wordy and ower windy, tak my word for't. Shackspear will sae as muckle in four lines, as Wudsworth will say in forty.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

It is a pity that our great living poets cannot be more lavish of their praise to each other.

THE SHEPHERD.

Me no lavish o' praise? I think your friend a great man—but——

NORTH.

I wish, my dear Shepherd, that you would follow Mr Wordsworth's example, and confine yourself to poetry. Oh! for another Queen's Wake.

THE SHEPHERD.

I'll no confine myself to poetry for ony man. Neither does he. It's only the other day that he published "a Guide to the Lakes," and he might as well have called it a Treatise on Church Music. And then his prose work about Spain is no half as gude as a leading paragraph in Jamie Ballantyne's Journal. The sense is waur, and sae is the wording—and yet sae proud and sae pompous, as gin nane kent about peace and war but himsel, as gin he could fecht a campaign better than Wellington, and negotiate wi' foreign

courts like anither Canning. Southey writes prose better than Wudsworth, a thousand and a thousand times. Wha's that glowering at me in the corner? Wha are ye, my lad?

MR VIVIAN JOYEUSE.

I am something of a non-descript.——

THE SHEPHERD.

An Englisher—an Englisher—I've a gleg lug for the deealicks. You're frae the South—but nae Cockney. You're ower weel-spoken and ower weel-faured. Are ye married?

MR JOYEUSE.

I fear that I am. I am fresh from Gretna.

THE SHEPHERD.

Never mind—Never mind—You're a likely laddie—and hae a blink in thae eyne o' yours that shews smeddum. What are all the people in England doing just the now?

MR JOYEUSE.

All reading No. II. of Knight's Quarterly Magazine.

NORTH.

A very pleasant miscellany. Tickler, you have seen the work. Mr Joyeuse, your very good health, and success to Knight's Quarterly Magazine. (*General breeze.*)

THE SHEPHERD.

Did onybody ever see siccan a blush? Before you hae been a contributor for a year, you'll hae lost a' power of reddening in the face. You may as weel try then to blush wi' the palm o' your hand.

TICKLER.

Mullion, who knows everything and everybody, brought Mr Joyeuse to South-side, and I have only to hope that his fair bride will not read him a curtain lecture to-night, when she hears where he has been, among the madcaps.

THE SHEPHERD.

Curtain lecture! We are a' ower gude contributors to be fashed wi' ony daft nonsense o' that sort. Na—na—But what's this Quarterly Magazine?—I never heard tell o't.

NORTH.

Why, I will speak for Mr Joyeuse. It is a gentlemanly miscellany—got together by a clan of young scholars, who look upon the world with a cheerful eye, and all its ongoings with a spirit of hopeful kindness. I cannot but envy them their gay juvenile temper, so free from gall and spite; and am pleased to the heart's core with their elegant accomplishments. Their egotism is the joyous freedom of exulting life; and they see all things in a glow of enthusiasm which makes ordinary objects beautiful, and beauty still more beauteous. Do you wish for my advice, my young friend?

MR JOYEUSE.

Upon honour, Sir Christopher, I am quite overpowered. Forgive me, when I confess that I had my misgivings on entering your presence. But they are all vanished. Believe me that I value most highly the expression of your good-will and friendly sentiments towards myself and coadjutors.

NORTH.

Love freedom—continue, I ought to say, to love it; and prove your love, by defending all the old sacred institutions of this great land. Keep aloof from all association with base ignorance, and presumption, and imposture. Let all your sentiments be kind, generous, and manly, and your opinions will be safe, for the heart and the head are the only members of the Holy Alliance, and woe unto all men when they are not in union. Give us some more of your classical learning—more of the sparkling treasures of your scholarship, for in that all our best miscellanies are somewhat deficient, (mine own not excepted,) and you may here lead the way. Are you not Etonians, Wykeamists, Oxonians, and Cantabs, and in the finished grace of manhood? Don't forget your classics.

THE SHEPHERD.

Dinna mind a single word that Mr North says about classics, Mr Joyous. Gin ye introduce Latin and Greek into your Magazine, you'll clean spoil't.

There's naething like a general interest taken in the classics throughout the kintra; and I whiles jalouse that some praise Homer and Horace, and Polydore Virgil, and "the rest," that ken but little about them, and couldna read the crabbed Greek letters aff-hand without stuttering.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

All the magazines of the day are deficient; first, in classical literature, secondly, in political economy, and thirdly, in psychology.

THE SHEPHERD.

Tuts, tuts.

TICKLER.

Mr Joyeuse, I agree with North in strenuously recommending you and your friends to give us classical dissertations, notes, notices, conjectures, imitations, translations, and what not. Confound the Cockneys! they will be prating on such points—and have smuggled their accursed pronunciation into Olympus. There is County Tims proceeding, step by step, from Robert Bruce to Jupiter Tonans; and addressing DianAR as familiarly as he would a nymph of Covent-Garden, coming to redeem two silver tea-spoons. There was John Keats enacting ApollAR, because he believed that personage to have been, like himself, an apothecary, and sickening, because the public was impatient of his drugs. There is Barry, quite beside himself with the spectacle of Deucalion and Psyche peopling the earth anew by chucking stones over their shoulders, —in my humble opinion, I confess, a most miserable pastime;—and there is King Leigh absolutely enlisting Mars into the Hampstead heavy dragoons, and employing him as his own ORDERLY.

THE SHEPHERD.

Capital, Mr Tickler, capital.—I aye like you when you are wutty. Gang on—let me clap you on the back—slash awa at the Cockneys, for they are a squad I scunner at; and oh! man, but you hae in troth put them down wi' a vengeance!

TICKLER.

Hazlitt is the most loathsome, Hunt the most ludicrous. Pygmalion is so brutified and besotted now, that he walks out into the public street, enters a bookseller's shop, mounts a stool, and represents Priapus in Ludgate Hill. King Leigh would not do this for the world. From such enormities he is preserved, partly by a sort of not unamiable fastidiousness, but chiefly by a passionate admiration of his yellow breeches, in which he feels himself satisfied with his own divine perfections. I do not dislike Leigh Hunt by any manner of means. By the way, Mr Joyeuse, there are some good stanzas about him, in Knight—for example—

They'll say—I sha'nt believe 'em—but they'll say,
  That Leigh's become what once he most abhorr'd,
Has thrown his independence all away,
  And dubb'd himself toad-eater to a lord;
And though, of course, you'll hit as hard as they,
  I fear you'll find it difficult to ward
Their poison'd arrows off—you'd best come back,
Before the Cockney kingdom goes to wrack.
The Examiner's grown dull as well as dirty,
  The Indicator's sick, the Liberal dead—
I hear its readers were some six-and-thirty;
  But really 'twas too stupid to be read.
'Tis plain your present partnership has hurt ye:
  Poor brother John "looks up, and is not fed,"
For scarce a soul will purchase, or get through one,
E'en of his shilling budgets of Don Juan.

NORTH.

Do you quote from memory? I remember a good stanza in Don Juan about John Keats, Hazlitt's Apollo, and Apothecary.

John Keats who was killed off by one critique,
  Just as he *really promised* something great,
If not intelligible—without Greek,
  Contrived to talk about the gods of late,

Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
Poor fellow! his was an untoward fate;
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

TICKLER.

Exactly so. Now, what a pretty fellow is the publisher of Don Juan? John Keats was the especial friend of himself and brother; and they both raved like bedlamites against all who were at all sharp upon the poor apothecary. But what will not the base love of filthy lucre!—Alas! his lordship is driven to degradation. And who but this crew would become parties to a libel on their own best-beloved dead friend?

THE SHEPHERD.

There's nae answering questions like these. The puir devil must be dumb. A crabbed discontented creature o' a neebour o' ours takes in the Examiner; and I see they are aye yammering and compleening upon you lads here, but canna speak out. They are a' tongue-tied, and can only girn, girn, girn. Blackwood here, and Blackwood there, but nothing made out or specified. Bandy-legged Baldy Dinmont himsel allows they are just like a parcel o' weans frighted at their dominie, when Christopher appears, and lose a' power to bar the maister out, when they see the taws ance mair, and begin dinglan in their doups in the very fiver o' an imaginary skelping.

NORTH.

It is all very true, my dear Shepherd. I often think that our weak points have never yet been attacked, for is it not singular that no impression has ever yet been made on any part of our whole line? Good gracious! only think on our shameful violation of truth! Why, that of itself, if properly exposed, and held out to universal detestation, would materially diminish our sale in this great matter-of-fact age and country. Who, like us, have polluted the sources of history?

THE SHEPHERD.

Hush, hush!—We dinna ken Mr Joyous weel aneuch yet to lippen to him. Perhaps he'll betray the sacred confidence o' private freenship! Isna that the way they word it?

MR JOYEUSE.

I shall make no rash promises. My reply to the Shepherd shall be in a quotation. Byron loquitur.

They err'd, as aged men will do; but by
And by we'll talk of that; and if we don't,
'Twill be because our notion is not high
Of politicians, and their double front,
Who live by lies, yet dare not boldly lie:—
Now, what I love in women is, they won't,
Or can't do otherwise, than lie; but do it
So well, the very truth seems falsehood to it.
And, after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but
The truth in masquerade; and I defy
Historians, heroes, lawyers, priests, to put
A fact without some leven of a lie.
The very shadow of true truth would shut
Up annals, revelations, poesy,
And prophecy—except it should be dated
Some years before the incidents related.

NORTH.

Well, well, we stand excused like our neighbours, the rest of the human race. But what say you to our gross inconsistency, in raising a mortal one day to the skies, and another pulling him an angel down? In one article you are so saluted in the nose with the bagpipe of our praise, "that you cannot contain, you ninny, for affection;" and at p. 36, you find yourself so vilified, vituperated, tarred and feathered, that you are afraid even to run for it, and would fain hide yourself for a month in a dark closet. Who can defend this?

TICKLER.

I can. The fault is not with us, but it lies in the constitution of human na-

ture. For, to-day, a given man is acute, sensible, enlightened, eloquent, and so forth. We praise and pet him accordingly—smooth him down the back along with the hair—give him a sop—tell him he is a clever dog, and call him Trusty, or Help, or Neptune, or Jupiter. The very next day we see the same given man in a totally different predicament, that is to say, utterly senseless, worse than senseless, raving. What do we do then? We either eye him askance, and not wishing to be bitten, and to die of the hydrophobia, make the best of our way home, or to Ambrose's, without saying a word; or we take a sapling and drub him off; or if the worst come to the worst, we shoot him dead upon the spot. Call you this inconsistency. Not it indeed. Shall I illustrate our conduct by examples?

NORTH.

There is no occasion for that at present. But what do you say to our COARSENESS?

THE SHEPHERD.

Ay, ay, Mr Tickler, what do you say to your coorseness?

TICKLER.

In the meantime, James, read that, and you will know what I say about yours. (*Gives him a critique on the Three Perils.*) But as to the occasional coarsenesses to be found in Maga, I am, from the very bottom (no coarseness in that, I hope,) of my heart, sorry to see them, and much sorrier to think that I should myself have written too many of them. They must be disgusting occasionally to delicate minds; nay, even to minds not delicate. And I verily believe, that to Englishmen in general, this is our very greatest fault. With sincere sorrow, if not contrition, do I, for one, confess my fault; and should I ever write any more for the Magazine, I hope to keep myself within the limits of decorum. Intense wit will season intense coarseness; but then I am at times very coarse indeed, without being witty at all; and am convinced, that some passages in my letters, although these are on the whole popular, and deservedly so, have been read by not a few whom I would be most unwilling to offend, with sentiments of the deepest and most unalloyed disgust.

MR JOYEUSE.

Not at all, Mr Tickler—not at all. Believe it not, my dear sir. Coarse you may occasionally be, but you are always witty.

THE OPIUM EATER.

I have always admired Mr Tickler's letters, there is such a boundless overflow of rejoicing fancies; and what if one particular expression, or sentence, even paragraph, be what is called coarse—(of coarseness as a specific, definite, and determinate quality of thought, I have no clear idea,) it is lost, swallowed up, and driven along in the ever-flowing tide; and he who should be drowned in trying to pick it up, could never, in my opinion, be a fit subject for resuscitation, but would deserve to be scouted not only by the humane, but by the Humane Society. If I were permitted to say freely what are your greatest faults, I should say that——

Enter Mr AMBROSE, *just in the nick of time.*

MR AMBROSE.

Gentlemen, supper's on the table.

NORTH.

Mr Joyeuse, lend me your arm.

(*Exeunt, followed by the Opium Eater, Tickler, the Shepherd, and Mullion.*)

SCENE II.—*Blue Parlour.*

TICKLER.

Now for the goose.—A ten-pounder. All our geese are swans. There, saw ye ever a bosom sliced more dexterously?—Off go the legs—smack goes the back into shivers—so much for the doup. Reach me over the apple sauce. Mullion, give us the old pun upon the sage. Who chuses goose?

MULLION.

I'll trouble you for the breast and legs, wi' a squash o' the apple crowdy. Ambrose, bread and potatoes, and a pot of porter.

THE OPIUM EATER.

Mr Ambrose, be so good as bring me coffee.

SHEPHERD.

Coffee!!—What the deevil are you gaun to do wi' coffee at this time o night, man? Wha ever soops upon coffee? Come here, Mr Ambrose, tak him ower this trencher o' het kidneys, I never hae touched them.

TICKLER.

Is your pullet tender, Kit? There be vulgar souls who prefer barn-door fowl to pheasants, mutton to venison, and cider to champagne. So there be who prefer curduroy to cassimere breeches, and the "Blue and Yellow" to green-gowned Maga. To such souls, your smooth-shining transparent grape is not so sweet as your small red hairy gooseberry. The brutes cannot dine without potatoes to their fish — — — —

THE SHEPHERD.

What say ye, Mr Tickler? wadna you eat potatoes to sawmont? I thought ye had kent better than to place gentility on sick like gruns. At the Duke's, every one did just as he liked best himself, and tell't the flunkies to take their plates to ilka dish that pleased their e'e, without ony restraint. But ye haena been muckle in hee life these last fifty years.

TICKLER.

My dear Mullion, I beseech you not to draw your knife through your mouth in that most dangerous fashion; you'll never stop till ye cut it from ear to ear. For the sake of our common humanity, use your fork.

THE SHEPHERD.

Never mind him, Mullion—he's speaking havers. I hae used my knife that way ever since I was fed upon flesh, and I never cut my mouth to any serious extent, above a score times in my life.

(*Mr* AMBROSE *sets down a silver coffee-pot, and a plate of muffins, before the Opium-Eater.*)

THE OPIUM EATER.

I believe, Mr Hogg, that it has been ascertained by medical men, through an experience of some thousand years, that no eater of hot and heavy suppers ever yet saw his grand climacteric. I do not mention this as any argument against hot and heavy suppers, except to those persons who are desirous of attaining a tolerable old age. You, probably, have made up your mind to die before that period; in which case, not to eat hot and heavy suppers, if you like them, would truly be most unreasonable, and not to be expected from a man of your acknowledged intelligence and understanding. I beg now to return your kidneys, with an assurance that I have not touched them, and they still seem to retain a considerable portion of animal heat.

THE SHEPHERD.

I dinna ken what's the matter wi' me the night, but I'm no half so hungry as I expeckit. Thae muffins look gaeing inviting; the coffee comes gurgling out wi' a brown sappy sound. I wonder whare Mr Ambrose got that ream. A spider might crawl on't. I wush, sir, you would gie us a single cup, and a wheen muffins. (*The Opium Eater benignantly complies.*)

NORTH.

Pray, Tickler, what sort of an eater do you suppose Barry Cornwall?

TICKLER.

The merry-thought of a chick—three tea-spoonfulls of peas, the eighth part of a French roll, a sprig of cauliflower, and an almost imperceptible dew of parsley and butter, would, I think, dine the author of "The Deluge." By the way, there is something surely not a little absurd, in the notion of a person undertaking the "Flood," whom the slightest shower would drive under a balcony, or into a hackney-coach. I have no doubt that he carried "The Deluge" in his pocket to Colburn, under an umbrella.

NORTH.

My dear Tickler, you cannot answer the very simplest question without running into your usual personalities. What does Byron dine on, think ye?

TICKLER.

Byron!—Why, bull-beef and pickled salmon, to be sure. What else would he dine on? I never suspected, at least accused him, of cannibalism. And yet, during the composition of Cain, there is no saying what he may have done.

THE SHEPHERD.

I'm thinking, sir, when Tam Muir was penning his Loves of the Angels, that he fed upon calf-foot jeellies, stewed prunes, the dish they ca' curry, and oysters. These last are desperate for that.

TICKLER.

Did you ever hear it said that Mr Rogers never eat animal food, nor drank spirits?

NORTH.

I have seen him do both.

TICKLER.

Well, you astonish me. I could not otherwise have believed it.

MULLION.

Never, never, never, in all my born days, did I eat such a glorious platefull of kidneys as that which Mr Opium-Eater lately transmitted to me through the hands of our Ambrose. I feel as if I could bump my crown against the ceiling. I hae eaten the apple o' the tree of knowledge. I understand things I never had the least ettling of before. Will ony o' ye enter into an argument? Chuse your subject, and I'm your man, in theology, morality, anatomy, chemistry, history, poetry, and the fine arts. My very language is English, whether I will or no, and I am overpowered with a power of words.

THE OPIUM-EATER, (*aside to* TICKLER.)

I fear that Mr Mullion's excessive animation is owing to a slight mistake of mine. I carelessly allowed a few grains of opium to slide out of my box into the plate of kidneys which Mr Hogg sent for my delectation; and ere I could pick them out, Mr Ambrose wafted away the poisoned dish to Mr Mullion, at a signal, I presume, understood between the parties.

MULLION.

I say, Opium-Eater, or Opossum, or what do they call you, did you ever see an unicorn? What signifies an Egyptian ibis, or crocodile of the Nile—I have an unicorn at livery just now in Rose-Street. Tickler, will you mount? Noble subject for John Watson. No man paints an unicorn better.

NORTH.

John Watson paints everything well. But (*aside to* THE SHEPHERD) saw ye ever such extraordinary eyes in a man's head as in Mullion's?

MULLION.

Francis Maximus Macnab's Theory of the Universe is the only sensible book I ever read. Mr Ambrose—Mr Ambrose—bring me the Scotsman.

THE SHEPHERD, (*to* NORTH.)

I have heard there was something wrang wi' Mullion at school; and it's breaking out you see noo. He's gaen clean wud. I wus he mayna bite.

TICKLER.

Sell your unicorn to Polito, Mullion.

MULLION.

Polito!—ay, a glorious collection of wild beasts—a perfect House o' Commons; where each tribe of beasts has its representative. Mild, majestic, towzy-headed, big-pawed, lean-hurdied lion, saw ye ever Mungo Park? Tiger, tiger, royal tiger—jungle-jumping, son-o'-Sir-Hector-Munro-devouring tiger! (*Rises.*)

THE SHEPHERD.

Whare are you gaun?—Wait an hour or twa, and I'll see ye hame.

MULLION.

I am off to the Pier of Leith. What so beautiful as the sea at midnight! A glorious constellation art thou, O Great Bear! Hurra! hurra!

(*Exit, without his hat.*)

THE OPIUM-EATER.

I must give this case, in a note, to a new edition of my Confessions. If Mr Mullion did really eat all the kidneys, he must now have in his stomach that which is about equal to 570 drops of laudanum.

THE SHEPHERD.

Eat a' the kidneys!—That he did, I'll swear.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

Most probably, Mr Mullion will fall into a state of utter insensibility in a couple of hours. Convulsions may follow, and then—death.

THE SHEPHERD.

Deevil the fears. Mullion 'ill dee nane. I'll wauger he'll be eating twa eggs to his breakfast the morn, and a shave o' the red roun'; luking fra him a' the time wi' een as sharp as darnin' needles, and paunin' in his cup for mair sugar.

TICKLER.

Suppose now that the conversation be made to take a literary or philosophical turn. Mr North, what is your opinion on the influence of literature on human life?

NORTH.

Why, after all, a love or knowledge of literature forms but a small and unimportant part of the character either of man or woman. Have we not all dear friends whom we admit to our most sacred confidence, who never take up a printed book (Maga excepted) from year's end to year's end? How few married women remember, or at least care a straw about, anything they read in their maidenhood, when in search of husbands! Take any lady, young, old, or middle-aged, and examine the dear creature with a few cross-questions, and you will not fail to be delighted with her consummate ignorance of all that is written in books. But what of that? Do you like, love, esteem, despise, or hate her, the more or less?—Not a whit.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

The female mind knows intuitively all that is really worth knowing; and the performance of duty with women is simply an outward manifestation of an inward state agreeable to nature; both alike unconsciously, it may be, existing in perfect adaptation to the peculiar circumstances of life. Books may, or may not, cherish and direct the tendencies of a female character, naturally fine, delicate, pure, and also strong; but most certain is it, that books are not the sine-quâ-non condition of excellence. The woman who never saw a book may be infinitely superior, even in all those matters of which books treat, to the woman who has read, and read intelligently, 10,000 volumes. For one domestic incident shall teach more wisdom than the catastrophes of a hundred novels; and one single smile from an infant at its mother's breast may make that mother wiser in love than even all the philosophy of Plato and the poetry of Wordsworth.

THE SHEPHERD.

There now—I just ca' that sound sense and a true apothegm. And what'll ye say to poets and siclike, that put meretricious thoughts into the nature of woman, and dazzle the puir innocent things' eyne till they can see naething like the path of duty, but gang ramstam and camstrairy, aiblins to the right hand and aiblins to the left? In that case, one might call his brother a fool, without danger of the fire.

TICKLER.

Well spoken, my dear James. I beg your pardon, once more, for having ever called you "a coorse tyke." You have a soul, James; and that is enough.

THE SHEPHERD.

We have all sowls, Mr Tickler, and that some folks will come to know at last. But I am nae dour Calvinistic minister, to deal out damnation on my brethren. All I say is this, that if the lowest shepherd lad in a' Scotland were to compose poems just on purpose to seduce lasses, he would be kicked like a foot-ba' frae ae parish to anither. And will gentlemen o' education, wha can read Greek, and hae been at a college-university, do that and be cuddled for't, that would bring a loon like Jock Linton to the stang, the pond, or the pump?

NORTH.

You don't mean to tell me that there are no such songs among the old Scottish poetry, Shepherd?

THE SHEPHERD.

No half a dizzen in the haill byke—and them wrote, I jalouse, by lazy

monks, lowels, and gaberlunzie-men. But what I say is true, that love-verses, composed wi' a wicked spirit o' deceit and corruption, are no rife in ony national poetry; and, least o' all, in that of our ain Scotland. Men are men—and, blessings on them, women are women; and mony a droll word is said, and droll thing done, among kintra folks. But they a' ettle at a kind o' innocence; and when they fa', it is the frailty of nature for the maist part, and there is true repentance and reformation. But funny sangs are the warst o' poets' sins in lowly life; and if siccan a chiel as Tam Muir, bonny bonny writer as he is, were to settle in the Forest, he might hae a gowden fleece, but in faith he would soon be a wether.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

Amatory poetry is not only the least intellectual, but it is also the least imaginative and the least passionate of poetry.

THE SHEPHERD.

Hoots, man—I dinna understand you sae weel now. What say ye?

THE OPIUM-EATER.

In mere amatory poetry—that is, verse addressed to ladies in a spirit of complimentary flirtation, there is a necessary prostration or relinquishment of the intellect: the imaginative faculty cannot deal with worthless trifles; and passion, which cleaves to flesh and blood, dies and grows drowsy on a cold thin diet of words.

THE SHEPHERD.

That's better expressed; at least, it suits better the level o' my understanding, and that's the criterion we a' judge by. Now, sir, this I wull say for the Lake folk, that they, ane and a', without exceptions, excel in painting she-characters. Wudsworth, Wulson, Soothey, Coalrich, and yourself, sir, (for confound me gin you're no a poet,) make me far mair in love with the "Women-Folk—the Women-Folk," [wait a wee and you'll hear me sing that sang,] than Tam Muir and a' that crew. Wulson's gotten awfu' proud, they say, since he was made a Professor; but let him lecture as eloquently's he likes, frae Lammas to Lammas, for fifty year—and by the Isle o' Palms and the City o' the Plague wull he be remembered at last. They're baith fu' o' havers; but oh! man, every now and then, he is shublime, and for pawthos he beats a'. Wudsworth wunna alloo that; but it's true, and I hae pleasure in saying it.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

If, by pathos, you mean mere human feeling, as it exists unmodified by the imagination, then our opinions respecting the two poets coincide. But in "the thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," I conceive William Wordsworth unequalled among the sons of song. Mark me—I do not say that the other poet has no imagination; he has a fine and powerful imagination. But——

THE SHEPHERD.

You may say onything against him ye like; but you needna ruze Wudsworth aboon everybody, leevin or dead. Ae thing he does excel in—the making o' deep and true observations and reflections, that come in unco weel amang dull and barren places, and wad serve for mottoes or themes. Wudsworth's likewise a capital discourser in a vivy-voce twa-handed crack, awa' frae his ain house. About yon Lakes, he's just perfectly intolerable.

TICKLER.

Come, come—have done with the Lakers.

NORTH.

I confess criticism is not what it ought to be, not what it might be. But am I a bad critic, sir?

THE OPIUM-EATER.

No, sir, you may justly be called a good critic. For, in the first place, you have a reverent, I had almost said a devout regard for genius, and not only unhesitatingly, but with alacrity and delight, pay it homage. You feel no degradation of self in the exaltation of others; and seem to me never to write such pure English, as when inspired by the divine glow of admiration. No other critic do I know since Aristotle, to compare with you in this great essential; and feeling that on all grand occasions you are cordial and sincere, I peruse your eloquent expositions, and your fervid strains of thought, not always with

entire consentaneiety of sentiment, yet, without doubt, always in a state approximating to mental unison; a state in which I am made conscious of the concord subsisting between the great strings of our hearts, even by the slight discords that I internally hear proceeding with an under tone, among the inferior notes of that mighty and mysterious instrument.

THE SHEPHERD.

Gude safe us!—that's grand—and it's better than grand, it's true. I forgie the lads a' their sins, for sake o' their free, out-spoken, open-handed praise, when they do mean to do a kind thing. They lauch far ower muckle at me in their Magazine; but I canna deny, I proudly declare't, that none o' a' the critics o' this age hae had sic an insight into my poetical genius; or roused me wi' sic fearsome eloquence. When they eulogise me in that gate, my blood gangs up like spirits o' wine, and I fin' myself a' gruing wi' a sort o' courageous sense o' power, as if I could do onything, write a better poem than the Lay of the Last Minstrel, fecht Bounaparte gin he was leevin, and snap my fingers in the very face o' "The Gude Man."

THE OPIUM-EATER.

But farther; you, sir, and some of your coadjutors, possess a fineness of tact and a delicacy of perception, that I in vain look for in the critical compositions of your contemporaries. You see and seize the beautiful evanescencies of the poet's soul; you know the regions and the race of those fair spectral apparitions that come and go before the "eye that broods on its own heart." Never can poet lament over your blindness to beauty, your deafness to the sounds singing for ever, loud or low, from the shrine of nature;—sir, *you have no common sense*, and that in this age is the highest praise that can be bestowed on the immortal soul of man.

THE SHEPHERD.

The deevil the like o' that heard I ever since I was born! The want o' common sense, the greatest praise o' a man's immortal sowl!

NORTH.

The Opium-eater is in the right, James; there is no common sense in your Kilmeny, in Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, in Wordsworth's Ruth, in our eloquent friend's "Confessions." Therefore dolts and dullards despise them—and will do to the end of time.

TICKLER.

I am of the old school, gentlemen, and lay my veto on the complete exclusion of common sense from a Critical Journal. But I understand what Opium would be at; and verily believe that he speaks truth, when he says, that the wildest creation of genius, and the fairest too, pure poetry in short, and not only pure poetry, but every species of impassioned or imaginative prose, is understood better, deeper and more comprehensively, by Maga than Mrs Roberts——

THE OPIUM-EATER.

Mrs Roberts? Pray, who is she?

TICKLER.

Why, My Grandmother. She edits the British Review. It was a whim of the proprietors to try a female; so they bought Mother Roberts a pair of spectacles, a black sarsnet gown, and an arm-chair; and made her a howdy. She delivers the contributors, and swathes their bantlings. However, she has been, it is said, rather unfortunate in her practice; for although most of the brats to whom she has lent a helping hand, have come into the world alive, and cried lustily, yet seldom have they survived the ninth day. Poor things! they have all had Christian burial; but resurrection-men have grown to a lamentable height; and several of the ricketty infant charges of Mrs Roberts have been traced to the dissecting-table. Lord Byron, it is said, has bottled a brace; but there is no end of such shocking stories, so push about the toddy, Christopher.

NORTH.

Pray, is it true, my dear Laudanum, that your "Confessions" have caused about fifty unintentional suicides?

THE OPIUM-EATER.

I should think not. I have read of six only; and they rested on no solid foundation.

TICKLER.

What if fifty foolish fellows have been buried in consequence of that delightful-little Tractate on Education? Even then it would be cheap. It only shews the danger that dunces run into, when they imitate men of genius. T'other day, a strong-headed annuitant drank to the King's health, standing upon his head, on the pinnacle of a church-spire. He afterwards described his emotions as most delightful. Up goes his nephew (his sister's son) next morning before breakfast; and in the excess of his loyalty, loses his heading; and at the conclusion of a perpendicular descent of 180 feet by the quadrant, alights upon a farmer's wife going to market with a pig in a poke; and without any criminal intention, commits one murder and two suicides. Was his uncle to blame?

NORTH.

The exculpation of the Opium-Eater is complete. A single illustration has smashed the flimsy morality of all idle objectors. And now, my dear friend, that you have fed and flourished fourteen years on opium, will you be persuaded to try a course of arsenic?

THE OPIUM-EATER.

I have tried one; but it did not suit my constitution either of mind or body. I leave the experiment to younger men.

TICKLER.

Pray, North, tell us how you kissed the rosy hours at Hogg's? Had you any rain?

NORTH.

I presume Noah would have thought it dry weather; but we had a little moisture for all that. The lake rose ten feet during the month I sorned upon the Shepherd. First Sunday morning we thought of going to the kirk; but looking through my snug bed-room window, I saw a hay-rick, with Damon and Phœbe sailing down the Yarrow at about seven knots; so I shouted to them, that if they were going to divine service, they would please to apologize for me to the minister.

THE SHEPHERD.

Lord, man, it was an awfu' spate! The stirks and the stots came down the water like straes; and in maist o' the pools, sheep were thicker than sawmon. I heucked a toop wi' a grilsh-flea, and played him wi' the pirn till I had his head up the Douglas-Burn, but he gied a wallop in the dead-thraws, and brak my tackle.

NORTH.

On the 20th day, the waters began to subside; and then how beautiful the green hill-tops!

THE SHEPHERD.

Ay, they were e'en sae. For the flocks on a hundred hills were snaw-white, and the pastures drenched and dighted by the rains and the winds, till they kithed brichter than ony emerald, and launched up to the bonny blue regions aboon, that had their flocks, too, as quate and as white as the silly sheep o' the earth.

TICKLER.

Did the Shepherd give you good prog, North?

NORTH.

Prime—choice—exquis. Short jigots of five year olds, taper-jointed and thick-thighed, furnished, but not overloaded, with brown, crisp fat, deep-red when cut into, and oozing through every pore with the dark richness of natural gravy that overflowed the trencher, with a tempting tincture not to be contemplated with a dry mouth by the most abstemious of the children of men.

TICKLER.

Go on, you dog—What else?—Please, Mr Joyeuse, ring the bell. Mr Ambrose must bring us a devil. Or what do you say to supping over again?

NORTH.

To such mutton, add potatoes, dry even in such a season; so great is the Shepherd's agricultural skill. Ay, dry and mouldering, at a touch, into the aforesaid gravy, till the potato was lost to the eye in a heap of sanguine hue, but felt on the palate, amalgamated with the mountain mutton, into a glorious mixture of animal and vegetable matter; each descending mouthful of which kept regenerating the whole man, and giving assurance of a good old age.

TICKLER.

Why the devil don't Ambrose answer the bell?

NORTH.

Then the salmon. In the Forest, fish follows flesh. It is the shoulder cut. Each flake is clear as a cairngorum—clear and curdled—sappy—most sappy.

TICKLER.

I say, why the devil don't Ambrose answer the bell?

(*Rises and pulls the worsted rope, till it snaps in twain.*)

NORTH.

But then the moorfowl! The brown-game! The delicious mullattoes! The dear pepper-backs! Savouriness that might be sucked without satiety by saint and sinner for three quarters of an hour! Oh! James, that old cock!

THE SHEPHERD.

He was as gude a beast as I ever pree'd; but I did nae mair than pree him; for frae neb to doup did our Editor devour him, as he had been a bit snipe—He crunched his very banes, Mr Tickler; and the very marrow o' the cretur's spine trinkled down his chin frae ilk corner o' his mouth, and gied him, for the while being, a most terrible and truculent feesionomy.

Enter Mr Ambrose.

TICKLER.

Bring in the cold round, a welch-rabbit, and a devil. (*Exit* Ambrose.

NORTH.

My dear Shepherd, you will be dubbing me of the Gormandizing School of Oratory.

THE SHEPHERD.

Oratory! Gude faith, ye never uttered a syllable till the cloth was drawn. To be sure, you were gran' company at the cheek o' the fire, out ower our toddy. I never heard you mair pleasant and satirical. You seemed to hate everybody, and like everybody, and abuse everybody, and plaud everybody; and yet, through a' your deevilry there ran sic a vein o' unendurable funniness, that, had you been the foul Fiend himsel, I maun hae made you welcome to everything in the house. Watty Bryden has had a stitch in his side ever sin' syne; and Fahope swears you're the queerest auld tyke that ever girned by an ingle.

NORTH.

Read that aloud, James. It is an article Ebony put into my hand this afternoon. Let us hear if it will do for next Number.

ON THE GORMANDIZING SCHOOL OF ORATORY.

No. II.—*Lawless.*

We were informed by an observing Whig friend, who sat within two or three of Mr Lawless's right or left hand at "The Glasgow Dinner," that never in his life did he see such a knife-and-fork played as by the Irishman. No sooner had Professor Mylne said grace, than Mr Lawless began munching bread, till the table-cloth before him was all over crumbs. After demolishing his own roll, nothing would satisfy him but to clutch his neighbour's; in which act of aggression, (to our minds, as unjustifiable as the partition of Poland,) he was resisted by the patriotic and empty-stomached constitutionalist, to whom, by the law of nature and nations, the staff of life did, beyond all controversy, belong. At this critical juncture, a waiter clapped down before the Irishman a profound platter of warm soup, and the vermicelli in a moment disappeared from the face of the earth. As good luck would have it, another waiter covered the emptied trencher, with one of hotch-potch; and our informant expresses his conviction, that Mr Lawless, while gobbling up the mess, retained not the most distant recollection of his own prior performance. A cut of salmon then went the way of all flesh. The fish was instantly pursued, "without stop or stay, down the narrow way," by the spawl of a turkey. It appeared to our astonished informant, that the Irishman had swallowed the shank; but in that, he had afterwards reason to believe himself mistaken. True it was, however, that a cold tongue, half as long as his own, but with a different

twang, went down the throat of the distinguished stranger from the sister kingdom. A dumpling, like a beetle, followed instanter; an apple-tart, about eight inches square, barely turned the corner before a custard, and our last fat friend was speedily overtaken by six sprightly syllabubs. At this stage of proceedings, our excellent Whig thought it high time to look after himself; and hence he was unable to keep an eye on Orator Lawless. But he distinctly remembers seeing him at his cheese. Paddy had manifestly exchanged his own plate, for one coming down the table with a full cargo; while ever and anon a gulp of Bell's Beer swept millions of mites into the great receptacle; and finally, a long delighted "pech," from the bottom of his stomach and his soul, told that No. II. of the Gormandizing School of Oratory, would ere long discharge a—Speech.

In this proud state of repletion did Mr Lawless sit for about three hours, more or less, digesting his dinner and his harangue. The IRISHMAN, like most of his countrymen, has rather a pleasant appearance; and now, with his brow bedewed, his cheeks greased, his eyes staring in his head, and his stomach, God bless him! tight as a drum, HE AROSE. You might have heard the faintest eructation, so dead was the silence of the Assembly-Room. Except that he seemed rather a little pot-bellied—as well he might—his figure shewed to no disadvantage after that of Mr Brougham. Yes! "After Mr Brougham had concluded, Mr LAWLESS, proprietor of the *Irishman*, of Belfast, rose and addressed the Assembly in a most impressive and animated manner."

Conscious of his own great acquirements, which our readers have seen were great, the eloquent gormandizer exclaimed,

"I hope that I do not presume too much when I say, that I am proprietor of a press which has some claims to independence. I am an IRISHMAN; and in my native country I have the conducting of a press, which, to the inhabitants of that part of Ireland, IS ITS GREATEST GUARDIAN AND CONSOLATION!!"

Here Mr Lawless put his hand to his stomach, and the room rang with applause. Well might he have said, "I feel it *here*, gentlemen." Soon afterwards he spoke of "a starving population," having himself, in one single half hour, devoured victuals that would have kept ten cabins in animal food from Mullingar to Michaelmas. But hear the glutton after deglutition and digestion!

"What is the situation of the Irish peasant? Goaded to madness by the law, he appeals for refuge to public opinion. That opinion is to be found in the press—IT IS FOUND IN THIS ROOM: it is found in the proverbial generosity of Englishmen; it is discoverable in the CHARITIES OF THE HUMAN HEART!" So the Irish peasant is, first of all, to read in Mr Lawless's Belfast newspaper what is public opinion, as it exists in the Assembly-Room of Glasgow, and what are the charities of the human heart as they breathe from the well-lined stomach of this most unconscionable gormandizer; and then he is to set fire to "haggards," far and wide over a blazing country, and murder families, father, mother, and son, in cold blood.

But now the dumpling begins to work, and the custard cries within him.

"Your illustrious guest has eloquently spoken of the wonders which he has witnessed in his tour through Scotland, this LAND OF CHIVALRY AND BEAUTY; but he has not touched upon a much greater wonder *than this*, nor has it yet been mentioned, namely, an Irishman addressing a Scotch assembly, in defence of the civil and religious freedom of his native land, and that Scotch assembly, not only listening to him with the utmost toleration, but actually cheering him in his progress."

Now, Pat, you are indeed an Irishman. How the devil could Harry Brougham call the attention of the company to the miraculous fact of a speech from Mr Lawless, before you had opened your great bawling mouth? "It had not yet been mentioned," you say; and again I ask you, how the devil it could? But where is the wonder in an Irishman spouting before Scotch Whigs, upon the miseries of his country? Both O'Connors have done so a hundred times, and many other traitors, now hanged or expatriated. Did you expect to be hissed for your rhodomontade, after praising the "Chivalry and Beauty" of Glasgow? And was your oratory a "greater wonder than these?" Thou art a most ungrammatical gormandizer, Mr Lawless, proprietor of the Irishman of Belfast; and yet so delightedly unconscious is the Devourer of

Dumplings of the bulls and blunders that have come roaring out of his jaws, that he winds up his sage exordium thus; and then we have no doubt, after cracking and creaking, lollopping and labouring, stood still for a short space of time, like an ill-appointed jack, that seems to get rusty as the weight is wound up, and then all at once recommences operations, as if a brownie had got into the wheel, and was making a fool of the machinery.

"HERE, GENTLEMEN, IS THE TRIUMPH OF THE PRESS, AND OF REASON AND LIBERALITY."

Our gormandizer then goes to Paisley, and by way of a little variety, he dines instead of sups. At Paisley, however, he is a much greater character; for he is the Brougham of the Saracen Head. The Scotsman tells us, "that the band and the spirits were excellent." So, we know, from the best authority, were the tripes, the black puddings, the hot cockles, and the red herrings, a Dutch importation of the 1821. Mr Lawless then made his expected speech—the sum and substance of which was this, in his own words—"What more does a radical reformer want than what Professor Mylne of Glasgow, in his own modest, softened phraseology, was pleased to call a substantial reform, at the late splendid dinner to Mr Brougham? I have been long an advocate for radical reform, understanding the term *radical* exactly in the sense of Professor Mylne; and what then does radical mean? It means this, that every honest man, of sound mind, should have the right to choose his representative.—The election should be frequent, and that to secure the honesty of the constituent, and the independence of the representative, the suffrage should be universal." Such, according to the Scotsman, is the opinion of the Reverend James Mylne, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, as expounded by his gormandizing commentator, Mr Lawless, of Belfast. We can no more.

At the request of the President, Mr Stewart, a friend and companion of Mr Lawless, addressed the meeting thus: "Mr Chairman, I am a Catholic. Here do I stand before you, with manacles on my hands, and chains on my legs!" He ought to have been re-committed on a new warrant.

THE SHEPHERD.

I hae read just aneuch o't. It will do for Balaam, and that fule Lawless for the ass.

NORTH.

James—James—you are getting personal.

TICKLER.

Why, this red-hot potato supposes itself something above common. Only think of his bouncing up after Brougham, and claiming both kindred and equality with that bird of passage. Brougham is not a phœnix, in my opinion; but as for this braying, bragging, bawling, bullying, brazen-faced blockhead, with his blundering blarney from Belfast, a greater goose never gabbled on a green, nor groaned on a gridiron, since the first introduction of that absurdest of all feathered fowls into the island of Great Britain.

THE SHEPHERD.

Stop Tickler as weel's me, Mr North.

TICKLER.

What brought the hound, with his Irish howl, into the Lanarkshire pack?

THE SHEPHERD.

What a confusion o' metaphors! First, this Mr Lawless is a potawto—then a guse, syne a jowler—and, forgie me, I mysel ca'd him an ass. What, what'll he be neist?

TICKLER.

What think ye, North, of the fellow's insolence in making free with Professor Mylne's name in that way.

NORTH.

It would be more interesting and instructive to know what Professor Mylne thinks of it, and also how he relishes it. Horrible degradation, indeed, to a man of genius, learning, and virtue! But if Pat would drag the Professor into the Saracen's Head, how could the Professor help it?

TICKLER.

He might have helped it by holding his tongue at the Glasgow dinner, and by being satisfied with saying grace, or, better still, by staying away. But this is not the first time the worthy Professor has been misrepresented; and let us

believe that Pat's report of his speech is as incorrect as (in days of old) Barbara's note of his prayer, and commentary on his selection of Scriptural paraphrases.

THE SHEPHERD.

That's a' utter darkness to me—some local allusion, I suppose—like so many jokes in your Magazine that nobody kens onything about, but some three or four o' yoursells; and yet the Magazine is read over all the world! I sometimes get sae angry at that, that I think you a' a set o' stupid sumphs thegither. I ken the English folk canna thole't. Gin Mr Joyous werena sleeping, he wad tell you sae.

NORTH.

I acknowledge the justice of your reproof; and to shew you that I mean to profit by it, there goes into the fire a long article of fourteen pages, and a good one, too, written by myself on the Glasgow dinner. Tickler's fragment is enough.

THE SHEPHERD.

Eh! what a bleeze. It's maist a pity to see the low. Nae doubt, you geed them an awfu' dressing; but far far better to prent in its place yon gran' article on Wallenstein, (Is that right pronounced?) or even that ane on my own Perils; for I have observed, that let the Whigs do or dine, or drivel as they choose, none but themsells recollect onything about it, aboon a week at the farthest; and therefore that article, now black in the awse, might, for ony novelty the public could hae seen in't, as weel been a description of Alexander's or Belshazzar's Feast.

NORTH.

Who, think ye, Tickler, is to be the new editor of the Quarterly? Coleridge?

TICKLER.

Not so fast. The contest lies, I understand, between him and O'Doherty. That is the reason the Adjutant has not been with us to-night. He is up canvassing.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

Mr Coleridge is the last man in Europe to conduct a periodical work. His genius none will dispute; but I have traced him through German literature, poetry, and philosophy; and he is, sir, not only a plagiary, but, sir, a thief, a *bonâ fide* most unconscientious thief. I mean no disrespect to a man of surpassing talents. Strip him of his stolen goods, and you will find good clothes of his own below. Yet, except as a poet, he is not original; and if he ever become Editor of the Quarterly, (which I repeat is impossible,) then will I examine his pretensions, and shew him up as impostor. Of Shakespeare it has been said, in a very good song, that "the thief of all thiefs was a Warwickshire thief;" but Shakespeare stole from Nature, and she forbore to prosecute. Coleridge has stolen from a whole host of his fellow-creatures, most of them poorer than himself; and I pledge myself I am bound over to appear against him. If he plead to the indictment, he is a dead man—if he stand mute, I will press him to death, under three hundred and fifty pound weight of German metaphysics.

NORTH.

Perhaps it is a young Coleridge—a son or a nephew.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

Perhaps. Mr North, I was most happy to see you let O'Doherty do something like justice to Don Juan. Why will you let political animosities prevent your Magazine being a real reflection of the literature of the Tories? I never saw poetry criticised except in Blackwood. The Edinburgh Reviewers know nothing about it. The Quarterly are hide-bound. The rest, with the exception of a stray writer or two, are both ignorant and hide-bound. Your criticisms on Shelly, in particular, did you immortal honour. Everybody of liberality and feeling thanked you. Why not be always thus? Cut up the Whigs and Whiglings, (God knows, they are vulnerable enough,) and the Radicals and Republicans, (God knows, they are prostrate enough,) to your soul's contentment. Only, don't *mix* politics with literature; nor

"To party give up what was meant for mankind."

NORTH.

We have got back to the old story. What, my dear sir, do you think of our personality?

THE OPIUM-EATER.

It is the only charge I have for a long time past heard urged against you. To me it seems a very trifling matter, and necessarily unconnected with the chief merits or demerits of a work so various and profound as your Magazine. Coarse attacks, if you have any such, and you know better than I do, fail in their effect, excepting upon animals too low for gentlemen's game. As a mere affair of taste, I should say, "use the dissecting-knife rather than the cleaver, and leave the downright butchering business of literature to those to whom the perquisite of the offal may be of consequence." As a general rule, I would say, "fight a gentleman with a Damascus blade, tempered with perfume; with a blackguard, why, order your footman to knock him down; but if you want exercise, and now and then choose to turn to yourself, and drub him in his own way, where is the objection, I should like to know? This is my personality creed.

TICKLER.

And a clear creed it is, thou most orthodox Opium-Eater. One thing all must acknowledge, that people cannot help judging of personality according to their amiable prejudices. A Whig reads a libel on a Tory, and chuckles over it as a most midriff-moving jeu d'esprit worthy of Moore himself, or Pirie's Chronicle, while the pluckless Tory shews it to his friends, who tell him not to trouble his head about it, as it is evidently a piece of low blackguardism from some hungry hack of The Old Times. A Tory reads a libel on a Whig, and instantly, in the joy of his heart, gets it off by heart, perhaps, sets it to music, and sings it at Ambrose's; while the enraged Whig consults counsel, carries the Tory before a jury of his country, and bites his nails over farthing damages. All this is very perplexing to a simple man like Timothy Tickler.

NORTH.

In that perplexity I humbly beg leave to join. There is good Mr Jeffrey, of whom I shall never speak but in terms of the highest respect, who calls Copplestone, the Provost of Oriel, a great, awkward, clumsy barn-door fowl, foolishly flapping himself into an unavailing effort at flight. He even changes the Provost's sex, makes him a hen, swears he saw him lay an egg, and heard him cackle. There, on the other hand, is good Mr Jeffrey, as fierce as a fiend upon me in a court of justice, because Dr Olinthus Petre thought he perceived some resemblance, either in face, person, dress, habits, or conversation, between a friend of his and a parrot. What am I to make of all this? Is a parrot an animal that ranks lower in the scale of creation than a pullet? Again, the same lively, and most exceedingly candid and consistent Mr Jeffrey, calls Mr Davison, a clergyman, (also once of Oriel,) a rat in a gutter, and all the fellows of the same College, cats, or retrouingent creatures, which Mr Jeffrey will confess is a most incredible accusation, if he will only try to qualify himself for admission into that society. Now, for anything that I care, Copplestone may be a barn-door fowl, Davison a rat, and Plumer a cat; but if so—you see the consequence logical.

TICKLER.

Clearly, most noble Festus. I have long observed that you never speak of Mr Jeffrey but in terms of the highest respect. So do I. For example, Baron Lawerwinkel was somewhat severe on the late Professor Playfair, insinuating, or asserting, I forget which, that he had ceased to be true to his early profession of faith. Up jumps Jeff., and sallies forth, *cap-a-pie*, against the Baron, like Jack the Giant-Killer; but thinking better about it, he doffs his armour, buckles his enormous two-edged sword, half as long as himself, and betakes himself to railing as bitterly as a north-east wind on a sleety morning. But soft, who comes here? Not a grenadier, but Jeff. himself, calling out upon Mr Southey, "apostate," "renegade," and every other most opprobrious epithet. The Baron eyes him for a while with increased, but calm contempt, and then, like a noble-minded mastiff, lifts him up gently by the nape of the neck, and drops him into a pool, out of which he scrambles with ludicrous alacrity, and, shaking his small sides, barks out, "Personality." Now, Mr North, ye may talk in high terms of respect of whomsoever you think proper to flatter; but of this priggish person, for this particular piece of priggery, I, Timothy Tickler, have chosen to speak in still higher terms of pity and contempt.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

I confess that my opinion of Mr Jeffrey is altogether different. I am rather disposed to think with Wordsworth, "that he who feels contempt for any living thing, has faculties that he has never used." Mr Jeffrey seems to me to be an amiable, ingenious man, without much grasp, and of no originality; petulant and fretted in his humours, but kind and cordial where he has a liking—not surely a bitter enemy, and, I can well believe, an attached friend. His great original error in life lay in his attempting to sway the mind of England: a giant could not do that, nor twenty giants; no wonder, then, that signal discomfiture befel one single dwarf. If I might be allowed to use an illustration, after the manner of Mr Tickler, I should say that Mr Jeffrey being ambitious of notice, conceived the scheme of going up in a balloon—that the machine was constructed of the proper material, a light silk, and not untastily ornamented; but that unfortunately there was a deficiency of gas, so that the *globus ærostaticus* was never sufficiently inflated. The cords, however, were cut, and the enterprizing voyager began to ascend. By and by, getting entangled somehow or other by the foot, there he hung with his head downwards, while the balloon cleared the roofs of the houses, but could make no approximation to the lowest strata of clouds. Finally, Mr Jeffrey got released, and he and his balloon came to the earth almost together, and without any serious hurt to the æronaut, but the vehicle was irremediably injured, and in all probability will never more be able to reach the chimney top.

THE SHEPHERD.

Odd's my life! that simile's just unco like Tickler, wi' a greater tinge o' eloquence; for, oh dear me! after all, a weel-educated Southron says things in a tosh and complete manner, that we modern and northern Athenians canna come up to for our lives. There's nae denying that.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

With regard to these ludicrous, and, as many persons may not unwarrantably call them, impertinent and insolent expressions of Mr Jeffrey, more especially impertinent and insolent when applied to gentlemen in the same rank of life as his own, and indeed somewhat superior, at least more dignified and authoritative, I should say, that most probably Mr Jeffrey employed them without any very culpable feeling towards the parties, and merely in compliance with the spirit of that vituperative system of contention with our real or supposed opponents, which he did not originate, but which, nevertheless, he, by his popular abilities, and by the favour which the Edinburgh Review found with a great portion of the reading public, helped to make of very general prevalence in the periodical literature of this country. A high-minded, and high-facultied man, could scarcely, I think, have written as Mr Jeffrey has too often done; but I do not wish rashly to assert that he might not, remembering the vulgar virulence of Milton, not truly to his equals or inferiors, for where were they, but to his inferiors indubitably, and without reference to individuals, to all that portion of mankind, or womankind, concerning whom he wrote in a controversial or polemical spirit.

NORTH.

Wisely spoken. But Mr Tickler chiefly despises him, as it seems to me, for the hypocritical claim he advances to perfect freedom from this failing, and for the bitterness with which he arraigns that conduct in others of which he is himself more frequently guilty than any other man of eminence in this age.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

That is another matter, and therein he is without defence.

THE SHEPHERD.

Weel, then, Mr Tickler, is party-spirit, think ye, likely to rin, like a great heavy sea, ower domestic intercourse in families, this winter?

TICKLER.

Why, James, I neither know nor care. My friends, for upwards of half a century, have been TORIES; and what is the sour sulky face of a captious Whig to me, any more than his portrait in a picture—falling from which, I turn in calm contempt, or deep disgust, to the well-pleased countenance of some staunch lover of his country and his King?

THE SHEPHERD.

But isna it a desperate pity to see sae mony clever chields keepit apart just for mere difference o' opinion about the government?

TICKLER.

Pray, where are all these "clever chields?" Take away about four Whigs, and are not all the rest confounded dull dogs? I cannot really be too grateful to party-spirit for keeping such gentry in their own circles. I hope, James, you are not going to join the PLUCKLESS?

NORTH.

I am more Whiggish than you, Tickler. What can be more amiable than the present zeal of the Whigs in the cause of Spain? They are doing all they can to wipe off the foul stain of their truckling to Buonaparte when he stormed Spain. They are crying shame upon their former selves; and why not believe them to be sincere?

TICKLER.

Hypocrites.

NORTH.

Then, have they not subscribed four thousand, three hundred, sixteen shillings, and eight-pence three farthings, for the Greeks?

TICKLER.

Scrubs.

NORTH.

Did they not wish us to go to war, like a brave people?

TICKLER.

Fools.

NORTH.

Did they not call Buonaparte the guardian of the liberties of the world?

TICKLER.

Liars.

NORTH.

Who but they would change our criminal law?

TICKLER.

Knaves.

NORTH.

Are they not for a "substantial reform?"

TICKLER.

Radicals.

NORTH.

Are they not adverse to the prosecution of the foes to Christianity?

TICKLER.

Deists.

NORTH.

Would they not fain overlook blasphemy?

TICKLER.

Atheists.

NORTH.

Are they not friends to the liberty of the press?

TICKLER.

Libellers.

THE SHEPHERD.

You stopt me a while since, and I cry stop till baith o' you now. I kenna wha's the worst. I hae nae notion o' sic desperate bitterness in politics. What can Mr Joyous be thinking a' this while? Mr Vivian, you haena spoken muckle the nicht, but the little you did say was to the purpose. I dinna like folk ower furthy a' at ance. Besides, you are sadly knocked up, man. That Gretna Green is a sad business.

NORTH. (*Laying his gold repeater on the table.*)

Twelve o'clock. Old Chronos smites clearly, and with a silver sound. My dear Vivian, we keep early hours, and your young bride will be in tears. I understand your silence, and know your thoughts. You are at Barry's Hotel. None better. Allow me to accompany you to the steps. Give me your arm, my good boy.

(*Exeunt omnes.* NORTH *leaning on* JOYEUSE *and the* OPIUM-EATER, *Mr* AMBROSE *bustling before with the blazing branches, and* TICKLER *arm-in-arm with the* SHEPHERD, *towering in the rear.*)

MANIFESTO.

*Lites componere magnos.**

NOTHING in the character and conduct of the literary men of this age has given us more displeasure than their excessive pettishness and irascibility. They are all, almost all, at loggerheads with each other; and all that we can do to pacify them, has hitherto produced, we are sorry to say, little or no effect. Now, gentlemen, we beseech you, once for all, to reflect on what you are about. 'Tis a shameful, an indecent spectacle; and very awkward things are said of you by the PUBLIC, who is fast losing all patience, and has been overheard threatening capital punishment. What is the meaning of this childishness? This most *bairnly* procedure of the understanding? Remember you are no longer boys—minors—springals—hobbletehoys—but elderly gentlemen, some of you too fat by far, pot-bellied—others bald or grey-locked,—not a few of you wig-wearers,—and more than one at that time of life when an insurance can no longer be effected upon you;—in short, that you are a set of silly old fools, quarrelling about straws and feathers, and like pigs snuffing a high wind. Should THE PUBLIC not better herself, and she is certainly getting very indolent, we purpose taking you, one by one, by the waistband, laying you seriatim over our knee, and after birching your bottoms, letting you off at a scamper, like so many sheep after shearing, or a still more formidable and fatal operation. THE PUBLIC, gentlemen, is but a sorry disciplinarian; and depend upon it, that, for every one single cut that tender-hearted matron would have inflicted, we shall inflict the devil's dozen, and such a devil's dozen as have not been experienced by human posteriors since the days of the Czar, Governor Wall, and Dr Busby.

Gentlemen, the longer we think on your behaviour, your idiotcy appears in a more glaring light. Who the deuce are you, who dare to behave in this manner? Have you not, sirs, generally speaking, and without insisting on any invidious exceptions, enough to eat and drink? Breeches or kilts to wear? Beds to sleep in, all with blankets, and the majority with sheets? Pray, who gives you all this? Why, THE PUBLIC, to be sure, you truly ungrateful puppies! and yet there you are quarrelling with your bread and butter, and your shake-downs—making mouths at her, turning up your noses at your benefactress, or pulling the noses of one another, creating constant disturbances in your various small neighbourhoods, in town or country, so that, go where the Public will, she is sure to find herself in a row, wondering, and of her wondering finding no end. "Where is the Police?"

Why, indeed, the only quiet literary men of the present day are those of the Fancy, *Messieurs de l'Imagination!* THE PUBLIC never sees them quarrelling, except it be a few White-feathers, who, fearing to enter the ring, knock up a street-fight now and then, by way of a pick-pocket concern. The Good-ones are all discharged for their peaceableness and suavity; and John Jackson, John Gulley, Jem Belcher, and Tom Crib, would rather have declined the championship, than used towards their opponents the Billingsgate that is now the daily speech of our leading articles! The First-raters have been imitated by every "pelting officer;" and the Muses' Bower is now more uproarious than Randal's lush-crib in Chancery-lane, or Harry Holt's Free-and-Easy Club in What-do-ye-call-it street, in Long-acre.

Our dearly-beloved friend, Charles Lamb, (we would fain call him ELIA; but that, as he himself says, "would be as good as naming him,") what is this you are doing? Mr Southey, having read your Essays, wished to pay you a compliment, and called them, in the Quarterly, "a book which wants only a sounder religious feeling, to be as delightful as it is original!" And with this eulogy you are not only dissatisfied, but so irate at the Laureate, that nothing will relieve your bile, but a Letter to the Doctor of seven good pages in "The London." Prodigious! Nothing would content your highness (not serene) of the India-House, but such a sentence as would sell your lucrubations

* If this quotation be anyhow faulty, Mr Hazlitt will please to set it right.

as a puff; and because Taylor and Hessey cannot send this to the newspapers, you wax sour, sulky, and vituperative of your old crony, and twit him with his "old familiar faces." This is, our dear Charles, most unreasonable—most unworthy of you; and we know not how to punish you with sufficient severity, now that Hodge of Tortola is no more; but the inflexible Higgins of Nevis still survives, and we must import him to flog you in the market-place.

Are you, or are you not, a friend to the liberty of the press? of human thought? feeling? opinion? Is it, Charles, enormous wickedness in Southey thus to characterize your Essays? If so, what do you think of the invasion of Spain, the murder of the Franks family, Pygmalion's amour with the tailor's daughter, the military execution of the Duc D'Enghein, Palm's death, the massacre at Scio, Z.'s Letters on the Cockney-School, Don Juan, John Knox, Calvin, Cock-fighting, the French Revolution, the Reduction of the Five Per Cents Navy, Godwin's Political Justice, the Tread-Mill, the Crusades, Gas fighting booty, D'Israeli's Quarrels of Authors, Byron's conduct to the Hunts, and the doctrine of the universal depravity of the human race?

Is there a sound religious feeling in your Essays, or is there not? And what is a sound religious feeling? You declare yourself a Unitarian; but, as a set-off to that heterodoxy, you vaunt your bosom-friendship with T. N. T., "a little tainted with Socinianism," and "——, a sturdy old Athanasian." With this vaunting anomaly you make the Laureate blush, till his face tinges Derwent-water with a ruddy lustre as of the setting sun. O Charles, Charles—if we could but "see ourselves as others see us!" Would that we ourselves could do so! But how would that benefit you? You are too amiable to wish to see Christopher North humiliated in his own estimation, and startled at the sight of *Public Derision*, like yourself! Yes—even Cockneys blush for you; and the many clerks of the India-House hang down their heads and are ashamed.

You present THE PUBLIC with a list of your friends. "W., the light, and warm—as light-hearted Janus of the London!" Who the devil is he? Let him cover both his faces with a handkerchief. "H. C. R., unwearied in the offices of a friend;" the correspondent and caricaturist of Wordsworth, the very identical "W——th," who "estated" you in so many "possessions," and made you proud of your "rent-roll." "W. A., the last and steadiest of that little knot of whist-players." Ah! lack-a-day, Charles, what are trumps? And "M., the noble-minded kinsman by wedlock" of the same eternal "W—th." Pray, what is his wife's name? and were the banns published in St Pancras Church?—All this is very vain and very viralent; and you indeed give us portraits of your friends, each in the clare-obscure.

We were in the number of your earliest, sincerest, best, and most powerful friends, Charles; and yet, alas! for the ingratitude of the human heart, you have never so much as fortified yourself with the initials of our formidable name—"C. N. the Editor of Blackwood." Oh, that would have been worth P—r, A— P—, G—n, and "the rest," all in a lump; better than the "Four-and-twenty Fiddlers all in a row." Or had you had the courage and the conscience to print, at full length, "CHRISTOPHER NORTH," why, these sixteen magical letters would have opened every door for you, like Sesame in the Arabian Tales. These four magical syllables, triumphant over the Laureate's "ugly characters, standing in the very front of his notice, like some bug-bear, to frighten all good Christians from purchasing," would have been a passport for Elia throughout all the kingdoms of Christianity, and billetted you, a true soldier of the Faith, in any serious family you chose, with morning and evening prayers; a hot, heavy supper every night; a pan of hot-coals ere you were sheeted; and a good motherly body, with six unmarried daughters, to tap at your bed-room door at day-light, and summon you down stairs from a state of "*otium cum dignitate*," to one of "gaiety and innocence," among damsels with scriptural names, short petticoats, and a zealous attachment to religious establishments.

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THE NIGHT WALKER.

"Midnight! yet not a nose, from Tower Hill to Piccadilly, snored!"

In a crowded and highly cultivated state of society, like that of London, the race of exertion against time is incessant. Take a distant village, although a populous one, (as in Devonshire or Cornwall,) and even discord, during the hours of darkness, is found forgetting herself in rest. The last alehouse closes before the clock strikes ten, sending the very scapegraces of the hamlet, in summer, to bed by daylight; no lady would choose, after curfew hour, (even by beating her husband,) to disturb her neighbours; and, unless some tailor happens to be behindhand with a wedding pair of small clothes; or some housewife prolongs the washing-day, and gives an extra hour to her lace caps; or unless the village be a Post-stage, where the "first-turn-boy" must sleep in his spurs; or where, the mail changing horses, some one sits up to give the guard his glass of rum, no movable probably like a lighted candle is known to such a community from eleven o'clock on the Saturday night to six o'clock on the Monday morning. In London, however, the course of affairs is widely different. As the broad glare of gas drives darkness even from our alleys, so multitudinous avocations keep rest for ever from our streets. By an arrangement the opposite to that of Queen Penelope, it is during the night that the work of regeneration in our great capital goes on; it is by night that the great reservoirs which feed London and Westminster, repair the vast expenditure which they make during the day. As the wants of twelve hundred thousand persons are not ministered to with a wet finger, this operation of replenishment does not proceed in silence. Its action is best observable (as regards the season) towards the end of spring; when, the town being at the fullest, the markets are most abundantly supplied. Then, every succeeding hour of the four-and-twenty, brings its peculiar business to be performed, and sets its peculiar agents into motion.

Between half past eleven and twelve o'clock at night, the several theatres of the metropolis discharge themselves of their loads; and at that hour it is (unless the House of Commons happens to sit late) that the last *flush* of passengers is seen in the streets of London. The forth-rushing multitudes of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane pass westward, in divisions, by King Street and Leicesterfields—eastward, by Catherine Street, the Strand, and Temple Bar; they are crossed at the points of Blackfriars, and St Martin's Lane, by the Middlesex-dwelling visitors of Astley's and the Circus, and may be distinguished from the chance travellers (pedestrians) of the same direction, by their quick step, hilarious mood, and, still more, by that style of *shouldering* in which

Englishmen, when they walk in a body, always indulge towards the single-handed. About this time, too, the hackney horses put their best feet (where there is a choice) foremost; knowing of old, that, whence comes one lash, there as easily come two. The less public and more peaceful districts of town are next flattered for some twenty minutes by the loud knocks of coachmen, occasionally commuted into "touches of the bell," for the sake of "the lodgers," or "the children," or, sometimes, "the old lady opposite." And before the stroke of midnight, in these comparatively pacific regions, the tom-cats and the watchmen reign with undisputed sway.

In the greater thoroughfares of London, however, and especially about Fleet Street and the Strand, the tumult of evening does not subside so easily. From twelve, by Paul's clock, until after two in the morning, the Gates of the Temple, and the nooks under St Dunstan's Church; the corners of Bell Yard, Star Court, and Chancery Lane; the doors of the Rainbow, the Cock, and the other minor coffee-houses of Fleet Street, are beset by habitual idlers, or late-stirring "professional people,"—members of spouting-clubs, and second-rate actors,—barristers without law, and medical students guiltless of physic; besides these, there flourish a set of City "choice spirits," who can't get so far west as "Pedley's Oyster-rooms," or "The Saloon," in Piccadilly, but must take their "lark" (moving homewards) between the Adelphi Theatre and Whitechapel; and now-and-then, perhaps, some grocer of Farringdon falls (*vino gravatus*) into the irregularity of a "set-to," and pays thirty shillings, "making-up" money, to his Jew-antagonist at St Bride's Watch-house, to save a *jobation*, at Guildhall, from the sitting Alderman, next day.

This is the very "witching time," *par excellence*, of night,

"When graves yield up their dead!"

(because resurrection-men will have it so), when lamps are "rifled at," and sots pushed out of public-houses; and when the sober wayfarer starts, ever and anon, at that prolonged Hilly-oh-ho-ho!—that bellow, as it were, *crescendo*,—peculiar, I think, to the throats of the English, which frightens watchmen into their hutches, and quiet citizens into the kennel. This whoop by the way prolonged, which invites MANKIND, as it were, to clear the way, is, with us, a pure national, and not a local, characteristic. Both high and low affect the practice; both "good men" and bullies. We have it at Oxford and at Cambridge, where the gownsmen, if opposed, strip, and buff to their work like stout "forty minutes" fellows; and again in London, where your flustered haberdasher, after defying perhaps a whole street, at last provokes somebody to thrash him, and is beat without a blow in his defence.

By two o'clock, however, the riotous get pretty well disposed of; some snug and flea-bitten, in their own personal garrets; more (and still flea-bitten) in the compters of the police. The wickets of the night-houses, after this, open only to known customers; and the flying pieman ceases his call. The pickpockets, linked with the refuse of another pestilence of the town, are seen sauntering lazily towards their lurking places, in gangs of five and six together. And when these last stragglers of darkness have swept over the *pavé*, the *debris* of the evening may be considered as cleared off; and, except an occasional crash of oyster-shells cast (*maugre* Angelo Taylor) from some lobster-shop, or the sharp rattle of a late billiard ball echoing from the rooms over Mrs Salmon's, silence, or something like it, obtains for some brief minutes, while the idlers of night give place to the dark-working men of business.

The earliest disturbers of London, until within these few years, were the market gardeners; who rolled lazily through the suburbs, about three, with their filled-up carts and waggons;—some "well to do," and pompous, parading their four high-fed horses apiece; others, poor (and modest,) drawing with a single quadruped, and he, God wot, looking as though stray cabbage leaves were his holiday-fare,—that is, supposing (what is not supposable) that such a thing as a holiday ever happened to him;—all the *spring* vehicles, however, top-heavy with baskets of raspberries, strawberries, and currants; and followed by heavier machines bearing gooseberries, or frame potatoes; the cauliflowers, pease, and such more pon-

derous and plebeian esculents, having creaked into town (as they might) in the course of the preceding evening.

But two or three mild winters, of late, in succession, have brought a new article of foreign trade into England. Ice, for the use of the confectioners, comes now to us all the way from Norway; where a gentleman, we understand, is making arrangements to send over even snow, at a far cheaper rate than it can afford to fall in this country;—so that frost, in fact, (as regards Great Britain and Ireland) may consider itself discharged from further attendance; and, with the help of a few more devices in the way of commercial arrangement, and perhaps a new improvement or two as to the application of steam, it shall go hard but we will, shortly, turn the seasons out of doors altogether. And this imported ice, (jealous of sunshine) is foremost in our streets now of mornings, moving along, in huge cart-loads, from the below-bridge wharfs; and looking, as it lies in bulk, like so much conglutinated Epsom salts.

Meantime, the river, above bridge, is not suffered to lie idle; but the fruits of Putney and Fulham walk upon the shoulders of porters, from Hungerford and the Adelphi stairs, to the great mart of vegetable matter, Covent Garden. And upon this spot (Covent Garden) which circumstances seem to have erected into a sort of museum for all the varied *staple of* a crowded capital city;—to which all the patron friends of all the ills that scourge mankind, seem to have rushed, with one consent, day and night, to hold divan;—where Luxury roams gorgeous through her long range of lighted taverns, and brims the bowl with wine, which Discord waits to dash with blood;—where hunger, squalor, nakedness, and disease, dance, antic, round our NATIONAL MONUMENTS of national wealth and superfluity;—where vices, too hideous to be contemplated in detail, assert their royalty over us, alike, in every class, and every condition;—blazing, in transient lustre, amid the splendid hotels of the Piazza; starving, in rags, (yet scarce more abject) amongst the horrid fastnesses of Bedford Court!—Upon this spot, where all things monstrous are crowded and jumbled together;—where the sounds seem all confused, and the sights all anomalous;—where the wild laugh of revelry, and the low moan of suffering; the subdued whisper of entreaty, and the hoarse bark of execration, mingle, and mix, and blend, and half neutralize each other;—upon this spot, Covent Garden,—jovial Covent Garden,—the darling haunt alike of folly and of wit,—the great mart of all London for oranges, outcasts, and old clothes,—where the jokes are mostly good,—where the cookery is always excellent,—where the claret is commonly the best in England; and the morality never failingly the worst;—on this spot, one continued uproar, of labour or dissipation, has endured, without intermission, for nearly a century gone by; and here, so long as London shall keep her holding as a city, silence, probably, by night or day, shall never find a resting place.

But we will tear ourselves from Covent Garden, even in "the sweet" (as Falstaff calls it) "of the night;" for we must take a peep at the other points of *provisional* concentration about town. We must look towards Cockspur Street, where the hay collects itself, in such quantities, that nothing but the stomach of a horse could ever hope to make away with it. And we must cross, too, into Smithfield, where herds of cattle keep coming in all night; and where it is amazing how anybody can get a wink of sleep, for the barking of the dogs, and the bellowing of the bulls, and, louder than all, the swearing of the drovers,—against whom, Heaven, Richard Martin, strengthen thine arm! Smithfield, however, to be seen to advantage, should be taken, from its eastern bearing, through the fogs of a November morning; when the lights, in the west quadrangle, at "The Ram," "The Goat," and "The Bull's Head," shew like beacons (though they shine but dimly) amid the total darkness on all sides of them; and when, looking at the hubbub of traffic which roars through the outward street, against the deep, unheeding silence that reigns within the houses, a man might fancy he witnessed the rush of an invading army, or division, into a town which the inhabitants had, the night before, abandoned. Then pick your way round (for there is no venturing to cross,) and peep through the steaming window-panes into the

parlour of an inn, where graziers and salesmen, in their fantastic, "auld world" dresses—flop-hatted, and top-coated—booted, and waist-be-girt—knee-capped, twenty handkerchiefed, mud-be-splashed, and spurred—snore, or smoke, in arm-chairs; and, between whiles, drive bargains for thousands. Mark the huge bulk of these men;—their bluff-bearing, and English countenances. Hark to their deep voices, strange dialects, and uncouth expression. Then take their attendant demons—the badged drovers—each his goad and cord in hand; and with garb so pieced together, patched, and tattered, that it might pass for the costume of any age; being like the costume of none. Catch the style of the old-fashioned building before you,—with its latticed windows and pent-house roof. Take the low ceiling of the sitting apartment, and the huge sea-coal fire that glows in it. Take the figures of the farmers within doors, and of the drovers hovering without,—of the gaitered, smock-frocked hostlers, carriers, and carmen,—of the ragged, patient, waiting ponies—and the still more ragged and patient sheep-dogs—the most faithful, intelligent, and ill-used beings of their species;—take these objects amid the darkness of the hour, and the exaggeration of the fog; and then, with a little natural romance, and a lively recollection of Shakespeare, you may (almost) fancy yourself thrown back into the glorious rudeness of the thirteenth century, arriving from a recent robbery, (ah! those indeed were days) rich with the spoils of "whereson caterpillars;" and calling for a light to walk between tavern and tavern!

But the sober clearness of a summer's morning is no nurse for these wild fancies. It shews all objects too plainly and distinctly for picturesque effect; the true secret of which, lies in never exhibiting anything *fully*, but in shewing just enough to excite the imagination, and in them leaving it room enough to act.—So we will turn back from Smithfield, just in the cold grey light of daybreak, and cross Holborn to Chancery-Lane, where the kennels by this time are overflowing; and rogues, with scoops, are watering the roads; that is, "making the *dust* one *mud!*" Now watchmen congregate round posts for a little sober conversation; old women make to their respective standings with hot saloop and bread and butter; and presently the light hung caravans of the fishmongers—built at first in imitation of the hearses, and now re-imitated into Paddington stage-coaches—begin to jingle along at a trot, by Thames Street, towards Billingsgate.

As the last stars fade in the horizon, and the sun coquets with the church spires, new actors, in sundry shapes, appear upon the scene. Milkwomen, in droves, clank along with their (to be filled) pails. The poorer fish dealers, on their own heads, undertake the "care of *soals*." Chimney sweepers shuffle on, straining out a feeble cry. And parties walk home (rather chilly) from Vauxhall, flaunting in satin shoes, silk stockings, and ostrich feathers; stared at now and then by some gaping, slip-shod baker, who fetches spring water from the pump to cool his *sponge*, and looks like the statue in Don Juan, or a sack of flour truant from the kneading trough; or hooted by some lost thing, all mad, and pale, and ghastly—some *creation* of gin, and carmine, and soiled muslin—which shews by day-light, as a being of other time and place,—an apparition—a prodigy—a denizen of some forbidden sphere,—a foul lump, thickly glimmering out its dregs, which the sun's light, by some accident, has omitted to extinguish.

Five o'clock, and the world looks as if stretching itself to awake. Coal-waggons and drays start forth upon "long turns;" their country intent denoted by the truss of hay placed above the load. Butchers step sturdily towards Islington or Smithfield. Anglers, children of hope! stride fieldwards with baskets on their backs. And Holborn and Snow Hill are crowded with pony-carts—(since the Chancellor of the Exchequer rides nothing under fourteen hands)—bearing butter, cheese, poultry, sucking-pork, and eggs, from Newgate market to the distant parishes of Mary-le-bone and Pancras.

Six! and 'prentices begin to rub their eyes and curse their indentures. Maid-servants at "the Piccadilly end" of the town, are not bound to stir just yet; but Russell Square and its dependencies set their spider killers in motion betimes; for courts of law and counting-houses both sit at nine

o'clock; and an advocate in practice of ten thousand a-year, must step into his carriage at five-and-thirty minutes past eight in the morning.

And now the different shops begin to open themselves for action. Our friend the baker is first, for he has been up all night, and he is to cool his loaves at the open windows as he draws them from the oven. Next comes the pastry cook,—lotting his remnant of cheese-cake,—selling yesterday's dainties at half-price to-day; and still making money (as it is said) by the dealing. Then coaches, splashed and dirty, come labouring into town; and coaches, fresh and clean, drive out; and, by this time, the mercers and jewellers set their portals wide, in favour of sweeping, sprinkling, and window cleaning; for the show glasses (and here again sigh our friends the apprentices) must be emptied all, and polished, and refurnished, before breakfast.

The clock strikes eight; and the night-walker must be seen no more. Hurry, and bustle, and breakfast, are on foot. The milkman cries in haste, and yet can scarce make his rounds fast enough. Maids with clean aprons (and sometimes with clean plates) step forth, key in hand, for the morning's modicum of fresh butter; and hot rolls (walk as you will) run over you at every corner. By nine, the clerks have got down to their offices—the attorneys have opened their bags; and the judges are on their benches,—and the business of the *day* in London may now be said to have begun; which varies, from hour to hour, as strangely as the business of the night; and (to the curious observer) presents even a more ample field for speculation.

TITUS.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XI.

To Christopher North, Esq.

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.

DEAR NORTH,—You have, I suppose, read over the proceedings of the Times—the bloody Old Times, as Cobbett calls it—against Dowling, commonly known among his compeers by the name of Spectacle Dowling, at present reporter on the Morning Chronicle. The Gazette of Printing-house Square on this occasion obviously deserved the sanguinary appellation conferred on it by the great ci-devant halberdier above quoted, for, by the way in which the business was brought forward, Dowling's life was aimed at, and the "dirty-faced editors" of the Times evidently looked forward to the gratifying sight of a gentleman of the press dangling at the end of a rope for the gratification of the plebs of Carlisle.

I honestly confess that I know nothing of Dowling, whether he is an honest man or a rogue, nor do I care, except that, for the sake of general morality, I hope he is the former. If he were hanged anywhere in my neighbourhood, I should go to his exhibition, having a fancy for such spectacles. He is nothing to me more than Haggart, or Mother M'Kinnon, or Abraham Moore, or *the* Treasurer, or Ivers from Carlow, or Ings the butcher. But I own I saw the whole history with ineffable delight. It is a glorious light and shadow of press-gang life. After this transaction, the title of *gentleman* is more beautifully applicable to the members of the amiable and enlightened body. O flesh! flesh! how art thou fishified! Once on a time we used to be told—I believe it was Louis Quatorze himself who first said it—that though the King could make a lord, it passed his power to make a gentleman; whereas, now-a-days, this being the nineteenth century, the era of civilization, the epoch of Orator Hunt, Princess Caraboo, Prince Hohenlohe, Princess Olive, Joanna Southcote, Ned Irving, Dr Eady, the Edinburgh Review, and other great characters, the existence and success of whom stamp a value on the age, there is not a proprietor of that amalgam of filth, called a Cockney newspaper, who cannot create his *gentlemen* ad libitum, by the simple process of paying a few dozen shillings per week, as wages, for retailing the Parliamentary wisdom of Peter Moore,

the mutton-fed mouthing of Waithman, the proceedings of Whig dinners, the hootings of radical heather-bloot-ers, (thank you, Hogg, for the word,) or the Billingsgate slang of bum-bailiff magistrates at Bow-street and elsewhere.

Let me tell the whole story, beginning with the beginning, as the giant said to the ram. Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, was gathered to his fathers, and another editor lied in his stead. Hang me, if, after all, I can think angrily of Jamie Pirie. Whig he was, to be sure, but it was all in the way of trade. True also it is, that Coleman's line,

"Brisk as a flea, and ignorant as dirt,"

painted him to the life. Gentleman Hazlitt has supplied us in the Edinburgh with a fine sample of his ignorance; but, Heaven help us! if we were to quarrel with all the good people of our acquaintance who happen to be ignoramuses, we should thin our visiting list most awfully. He affected learning, to be sure, which was rather a bore. It was a great sight to see him with Porson, who was married to his sister, shewing off want of knowledge, at the rate of nine knots an hour. There sat the great Grecian, Lycophron's Proteus, (see Wakefield to Fox,) ὁ γελως ασυχθιτο και δακρυ, unmoved at the nonsense, swallowing potations pottle deep in silence, meditating, most probably, some truculent epigram, some assassinating iambics, or some string of stringing jingles, at the expense of his erudite entertainer. As Porson bore with him, so well may we. Then his briskness; his doing fine gentleman; his ball-dancing; his compliments to the ladies; among whom he fancied himself irresistible—were inexpressibly amusing. We all have our follies and vanities, so I shall easily pardon Perry for these foibles. I honour his memory, for qualities which I honour wherever I find them. He was a man of strict editorial integrity, profound secrecy, considerable intrepidity, undeviating steadiness in keeping his promises, and fast allegiance to his party. Imprisonment or damages never shook him into betraying anything intrusted to his faith. Even after-quarrels, or defection from Whiggery, never induced him to give up any man who had compromised himself with him. He was honourable in his pecuniary concerns—a firm friend—a liberal paymaster—I might almost say, a munificent patron. Then his very consistency, Kit, ought to win him favour in the eyes of us thick-and-thin people, who hate sneakers, vacillators, shufflers, conciliators, half-measure men, all species and genera of the Pluckless. [I just stop for a moment, in order to take a caulker, to wash my mouth after having given utterance to the name of that shabby rout, whose claims on humanity seem scarce calculable; for nine Pluckless make a journeyman tailor.] There he was, year after year, singing the same song, unruffled by disappointed prophecy, or undeterred by convicted falsehood. He prophesied that England would be beaten by the Jacobins, by the convention, by Buonaparte, by everybody—that our navy would be exterminated, our army annihilated—that we would be kicked out of Spain—that we would lose India—that our agriculture was gone—our funds broken—our credit lost—All, of course, the acts of ministers, who were regularly called asses, goats, geese, ganders, apes, incapables, blockheads, dunder-pates, jobbernowls, noodles; as many nicknames, in short, as the fouaciers of Lerne poured on the subjects of Gargantua.* These very ministers, nevertheless, did all they said they would do, and did not suffer any of the calamities predicted by the brazen head of Whiggery. They beat everybody who came against them, right and left; and preserved entire the honour, character, credit, and institutions of the country. It did not matter a fig; still they were destined to undergo the pitiless storm; still doomed to be pronounced stupid and blockheadish. There is something magnanimous in this intrepid unvaying assurance. Light lie the stones upon his bones! He was, moreover, a jolly batterer, who never looked for a soft word when he could get a hard one; for which I respect him, that being a fashion of my own.

Perry, as I have said already, died, and another editor lied in his stead; but he left not his mantle behind. His trust-worthy qualities had procured

* Rabelais, Livre i. cap. xxv.

him the confidence of the Whigs. Lord Holland, or Lady Holland, would not scruple to tip him a paragraph, or intrust him with a political lampoon. Earl Grey occasionally vented his bile through Perry's columns. Hobhouse sometimes obliged the public in the same way; as did many other ingenious persons of quality of the Whiggish persuasion. I never heard, it is true, that the Duke of Bedford was ever a contributor to any extent; but that, in all probability, arose from the innate modesty of that enlightened philosopher. But even without writing a line, their patronage conferred a great value on the paper in another way. Secrets, even cabinet secrets, ooze out, every now and then, in certain classes of society. The Opposition leaders, who are on the *qui vive* for such things, pick them up in various ways. The upper rank of London society is drawn from a very small class; as their houses are very large, and they have a rage for filling them, it is altogether impossible to make political differences a ground of exclusion of *gens comme il faut*. In point of fact, it is not thought of. The Duke of Devonshire, for instance, all through the winter, entertains, almost every evening, two or three hundred people, of his own class of society of course, at his great house in Piccadilly. Where would he get those people if he were to go look for Whiggism as a *sine qua non*? Happy am I to say, nowhere. Men and women of this caste are consequently always mixing together, and it is almost impossible that something would not casually fall from Tory gentlemen or their ladies which could be turned to Whig account. There is in reality at all times an infinity of information, valuable to newspapers, floating in that circle, which, of course, I need not tell you, is quite inaccessible to the Knights of the Post, for such fellows could hardly expect to be let into the kitchen. Here it was Perry shone. He had always a fancy for rubbing his skirts to quality, and as he spent his very handsome income freely and genteelly, he moved in a very respectable circle, and had personal access to the nobility and gentry of his party. By this means articles appeared occasionally in his paper, which astonished the parties concerned, who could not conjecture how what they thought was a well-kept secret had got into print, and on such a side. Now, I well know that nothing could be meaner on the part of the Whig communicators than this pimping way of coming at intelligence, and *they* know it too; but they did it nevertheless, they being, as then said a thousand times, the meanest of all mankind. Look, for example, at the connection of Hume with Henry Constantine Jennings—Abercrombie's motion about Mr Arbuthnot's letter, which had casually fallen into his hands—Brougham's speeches about the late Irish Attorney-General's *private* letter, which he (B.) knew to have been purloined, and was obviously not intended for any one's inspection but that of the friend to whom it was written, with ten thousand other such acts of the faction. Do not we all know that the Whig Laureate, Tom Moore, actually published in the Morning Chronicle the substance of conversations which had occurred at the Royal table itself, to which he had been incautiously admitted? and that the most pungent and piquant things in those decorous poems, the Twopenny Post Bag, and the Fudge Family, which are lauded to the stars by the Whig abhorrers of personality, are derived from information picked up in the progress of social intercourse, and perverted to filthy slanders on reputation, male and female, which honest Thomas knew were not true. But though this kind of assassin treachery is a regular part of Whig tactique, yet few would wish it known that they were engaged in such business. Accordingly, though Perry was made the spitting-pot of their slaver, yet the good folks had a shyness in committing themselves to his successor. True it is, that the Morning Chronicle is still the great Whig *public* organ. You see in it the indications of forthcoming storms in Parliament and elsewhere against Ministers, to whom it consequently acts as a manometer. A week or so before

> Mr Tierney comes down like a wolf on the fold,

or Mr Tierney's ill-governed troops make a sally, the Morning Chronicle teems with paragraph and article tending to pave the way for the attack. This shews, as I said before, that it is still the public organ; but the private information is gone, and its place is

filled by blockhead correspondence from abroad, written by some atrocious garretteer.

The paper, even before Perry went the way of all flesh, was feeling the general calamity under which the Whig press, from Jeffrey to Hunt, suffered, in consequence of the failure of all their predictions, and the general prosperity of the country. But after his death, things, as was natural to expect, mended, as sour beer does in summer. A panic seized on the proprietors, and Perry's representatives determined on selling out. After some negotiations, Clement of the Observer, a man perhaps more extensively connected with the press than any other man in the world, an old *routier de guerre*, became the purchaser. He imagined that with his connections, experience, &c. he would be able to infuse new spirit into the concern, and bring it back again to its ancient palmy state. Accordingly he gave about L.15,000, —a very large sum, I think an absurdly large sum, but that is no concern of mine—for it, and glad were the sellers. Clement, from his old experience on the Observer, the great paper for exhibiting Warren's jet blacking, Day and Martin, Tom Bish and brethren, Steers's Opodeldoc, Sir Robert Wilson's begging box, Prince's Russia Oil, with its extra valuable ingredient, &c. &c. placed a deep reliance on puffing, and accordingly called an aggregate meeting of the bellows-blowers of London Town. Thither came the *gentlemen*, descending like Mercury from the celestial regions of the garret, or breaking way like the earth-born Tityus from the subterranean bowels of the cellar. Thither came they, redolent of tobacco much adulterated with brown paper, or the fumes of last night's gin-grog, or this morning's gum-tickler taken in lieu of breakfast. Some perhaps smelt only of beer, for all mankind cannot expect to indulge in expensive luxuries. The principal feature of the general costume of the company, was the coat closely buttoned to the throat, so as to prevent any impertinent investigations as to the state of the shirt. An intrepid assurance distinguished every brow, a dauntless contempt of principle shone forth in every eye. They are, indeed, men of liberal ideas, and, in general, members of the Descamisadvi. When they met in conclave, like the magicians in the last canto of Thalaba, Clement made to them a short speech, enforced by that mighty figure of rhetoric which lies in the breeches-pocket. "Puff," quoth Clement, and forth issued a volume of stinking breath. To drop the allegory, which I am afraid I have hammered out too long, no exertion in the puff-line was spared—and puff the first was to inform the public, that the paper was sold for forty thousand pounds—a circumstance which, if true, would insure to the purchaser a Christian burial when he hanged himself, which it is probable he would have done before the end of the year. No Coroner's Jury could hesitate to bring in a verdict of Lunacy on the strength of that one act. This puff outrageous was sent to all the provincial papers of England, Scotland, and Ireland for insertion, without distinction of their politics, with a bribe or advertisement fee, (never beggle at a word,) varying from two to five guineas. Hazlitt then got employed by Jeffrey, in return for having called him the King of men, and he too touched the coin to panegyrize the Morning Chronicle, at the expense of all its brethren in arms, in the degraded pages of Blue and Yellow.

This was of course eagerly extracted and set in general circulation. Cobbett was induced, I know not how, to devote some pages of his Register, which is still published, to an enumeration of the merits of the Morning Chronicle, in most insulting comparison with his old and inveterate foe, Anna Brodie, alias base old Walter, alias the Bloody old Times. In short, such puffery never was heard of; and the worst of all is, that it in all probability will not do. However, it is not easy to say, until the next Session of Parliament is over, how it will turn out. Clement boasts that he has an infinity of clever literary men in his pay. I doubt the fact: I know he turned off some half-dozen or so off the old staff, thereby perhaps incurring no great loss; but I venture to say, that their place is filled up with rubbish of no superior quality.

Meanwhile, the Old Times viewed the whole concern with jealous *ker malign*. It was stung to its very core by the disparagement with which its name was mentioned by everybody, and determined to shew fight. The *great* occasion of a Whig dinner in

Glasgow given to Brougham, was fixed on as a crisis. Down to the mighty city of Saint Mungo, the metropolis of cold punch, the pride of Scotland, and the western land, went the emissaries of the rival prints, and the local absurdity of the press on the spot, was enlisted in their cause. The dinner came and went. Brougham was great; Mylne was great; Lawless was great; Pillans was great; the Duke was magnificent. It was a great day for Europe. The French were driven out of Spain, and the ministers out of the cabinet; and The Liberty of the Press was given amid the usual lamentations over the inflictions they suffer by its means, from our unrelenting strappadoes. Lord Archibald turned out the company at a seasonable hour, by drinking, Good-night, much to the discontent of the half dozen, or so, Glasgowians, who happened to be present, and whose palates, annoyed by the unusual libations of the claret, yearned for the revivifying smack of the hot toddy, at the small hours of morn. The tongues of the eloquent were mute, and the pens of the erudite were let loose. Mr Prentice, of the Glasgow Chronicle, outdid himself in the splendour of his description. He was awe-struck at the exhibition, and every second sentence of his exordium breathed the very intensity of adoration. Nine columns were dispatched by Dowling of the Morning Chronicle—a goodly brigade of the gormandizing oratory—while the poor Bloody Old Woman of Printing-house Square had not a line. Coffee-house and coffee-shop, club-room and ale-bench, wherever the Whigs congregate, rung with calls for the Morning Chronicle, while the Times was left as unread as if it had been the last poem of Barry Cornwall. This was a cut to the bone. A blankness overspread all the countenances of the scribes of the Bloody Journal. You would have thought that Barry O'Meara had been seen that morning buying a new horse-whip. What was to be done! The Chronicle *must* be put down, and the only question that remained to be settled was, how this was to be effected. A bright thought struck some of the highly-principled members of the conclave of gentlemen. A packet has miscarried, said the first gentleman—or we imagine it has miscarried. It must have been stolen—ay, and stolen by some of the Chronicle people. Bravo! quoth the second; clear as a column of double pica. Who is on the beat for that paper? Which of their people is taking the air on the north road? Dowling was discovered to be the man, and they were determined to make a spectacle of him. He was to be accused of coach robbery. It was a touch worthy of the print which made the charge on John Bull, which, if it had been done *viva voce*, and not in type, would have sent the "gentleman" to decorate the front of the Old Bailey, or to swell the list of our countrymen in Australasia.

How Dowling was arrested—brought up—let loose—how he tossed up his hat, and wrote letters to his employers—all that, and those, the details of the affair, are they not written in the folios of the newspapers? With them I meddle not. As I said at the beginning of my letter, I know nothing of Dowling. I have a dim recollection of his horse-whipping, or being horse-whipped by, Orator Hunt, some years ago; and a misty vision of seeing him in London, surrounded by a halo of constables, to protect him from the vagabonds of that illustrious buffoon. But I write merely to expose a little of the inside of the London press—the shifts its people have recourse to, the honourable methods in which they carry on the war against one another, the real value of the information they possess, and the vast importance things are to them, which are but the laughing-stock of the rest of mankind. Conceive a rational being with a soul to be sent some hundred miles, kept writing at the rate of a forty-horse power steam-engine, obliged to squabble with mail-coachmen, coach proprietors, clerks, boots, &c. &c., and, after all, lugged up by the collar as a thief; for what? In order that the good folks of Cockaigne may be able to know what it was Brougham, and Denman, and Lawless, and M'Faddel, said at a tavern in Glasgow! I weep for the degradation of human nature. To listen to these people is bad enough—to read what they have said, is sufficient to make a man sick in his stomach; but to report it—to write it out, must be the devil itself. *O dura messorum ilia!* Yet it is comical that the poor people so employed, are quite proud of themselves. It is a kindly dispensation of Providence, after all. We see, in the same way, men and women la-

bouring under severe personal defects quite ignorant of their existence, and flattering themselves that they are beauties, in the style of Adonis and Venus.

The most sensible remark made during the whole business, was by a witness, a coach-clerk, I believe, who was examined before the magistrates. He was asked, What was the value of the parcel alleged to be stolen? Now, Kit, the parcel contained the collected Whig wisdom of the West—the patriotism of the noble House of Hamilton—the high principles of Brougham—the decorous eloquence of Mr Nero Denman—the imported sagacity of the well-stuffed Irishman—the professorial dicta of a Mylne—and the well-weighed political intelligence of a M'Gregor. At what price did the clairvoyant clerk value this glorious cargo?—Its weight in diamonds, at least?—No—Well, then, in gold?—Ah, no—At what, then? Why, said the inexorable controller of coachmen, "It is not worth TWOPENCE." Not more than the sixth part of the price an Edinburgh jury fixed on the character of my Lord Archibald!

The Whig dinner, the Whig eloquence, the Whig wit, the Whig principles of Glasgow, not worth twopence!

O, 'tis so moving, I can write no more.

Yours, therefore, without
further delay, Dear N.
TIMOTHY TICKLER.

Southside, Nov. 1.

P. S. I forgot to ask you whether you are sure that Lawless played so distinguished a knife and fork as your Whig friend described. If everybody else at the dinner were equally active, my fragment in your last is, I imagine, the only one preserved of that great constitutional banquet.

PUBLIC CREDIT—PROJECT IN AID OF IT.

"Base is the slave that pays!"
SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

I CONFESS I don't exactly remember any instance, Mr Editor, in which your work has puffed forthcoming publications; but I have a matter, nevertheless, so important in hand, that I shall give it the chance of a line in your Magazine.

My design, sir, is for a book (within reasonable price) to be entitled, "HINTS TO GENTLEMEN OF SLENDER INCOMES;" and these Hints, proceeding (I should tell you) from a gentleman of no Income at all, will amount to a Treatise upon the readiest methods of getting into Debt, and also upon the eftest management, generally, of Creditors; enriched with a running Commentary upon the avoidance of bailiffs; rules and expedients for getting rid of duns; and a few arguments (supplementary) for the repeal of the Insolvent Act.

It is laid down in I don't recollect which of the books of Don Quixote, by that admirable moralist and philosopher, Sancho Panza, that there are but *two* sorts of people in the world—those who *have* money, and those who *are without* it; and, if he (Sancho) does not so contend, I am prepared to contend for him, that the latter of these classes ought to live at the cost and charge of the former.

That this is *law*, I have precedent; for, from time immemorial, vast numbers of those *who have*, especially "Fashion Mongers" of all descriptions, have been treated by common consent as the *feræ naturæ* of society;—that this is *law*, I declare upon principle, for, answer me who can,—If those who "have not" are not to live upon those who "have," in what other manner are they to live?—It would be a pretty excuse truly, for a gentleman who was found naked in the street, to say that he went about without breeches, because he had no money to pay for them.

The press, Mr Editor, in this age, aids pursuits of every description. One writer counsels the "cutters of their acquaintance." Another assists "the bearers of walking-sticks and umbrellas." A third ingenious person offers "a shilling's worth of advice to any gentleman who happens to be looking for a horse;" and a friend of mine (a

widower just now for the seventh time) has in hand "a shilling's worth of advice to any gentleman who is looking for a wife." It is the debtors only—well may they be called "Poor Debtors," who seem on all hands to be neglected. The "olden time" teems with the assertion of their rights—the dramatists of all ages have fed fat upon their exploits,—and yet no one rises up to direct the wandering moderns in the path of profit and glory which was trodden by their ancestors. But there is still (as Dr Solomon says) "there is still a balm in Gilead:" I, Mr North, am the Samaritan who shall bind up the wounds of this bleeding and forsaken race! In short, my forthcoming work shall be a neat Pocket Manuel,—a kind, if I may so express myself, of Tailor Tickler's *Vade Mecum*—by which the student of Bond Street may read his way to the drab coat, as plainly as the student of Lincoln's-Inn reads his way to the stuff gown.

Now I shall throw out altogether, in the course of this inquiry, the trading debtor; that is to say, the merchant, dealer, or chapman. I will have no dealings with people who are subject to the bankrupt laws; nor anything to say about "Set off,"—that is, in the sense of the ledger. Neither, on the other hand, will I be of counsel with rogues, or with sharpers, who pass by feigned names, or obtain goods under false pretences. No: I mean to labour exclusively for the benefit of those (a very numerous class in the year 1823,) who find padded coats, and stiff boots, points of indispensable necessity, who cannot possibly "survive" without a "cabriolet," and a "tasca," and who must dine, while "things are," at a coffee-house in Bond Street; but who are careful, notwithstanding, never to incur a particle of debt, without religiously intending to discharge the same—"the very moment they can make it convenient." And it shocks me really, to think, how, for want of some such code as I propose—some regulatory system for men to wrong their neighbours by—the practice of *indebitation* has degenerated of late years. In the days of James and Charles, our chief debtors were the courtiers,—men of high fancy, faculty, and breeding,—fellows who had always wit, if they had not always money at their command,—who could overpower an importunate petitioner with a look;—sooth him with a jest, or terrify with an execration; and then give forth a fresh order in such terms of winning pleasantry, that the poor rogue could only giggle—admire—and be undone.

Oh, what a "falling off" is there now a-days, my countrymen!

Think of that tailor (he worked for John Dryden,) who could not contain his suits when a good jest was pronounced before him! Where is that tailor now?—He is gone from the shop-board.—He has fled like the colour of a kerseymere in the spring.—His goose has passed into another hand;—it should have died with him!

Long as the thread shall woo the needle's eye!
Long as silk, twist, and buttons, have their use!

But no; we will not weep. He is gone into Elysium. He wanders through those fields where the cabbages are ever green. He "makes" for Pluto now. But what are *we*?

Tempora mutantur: et nos, &c.

Attorneys, bankers' clerks, and even prentices, owe money now! Yet, writing, as I do, for "Sunday men," and not for these "Sunday gentlemen," fellows for whom the Tread-mill—*clarum si non venerabile nomen*—by a stretch of modern genius is made and provided—I will hope that my book will restore the science—the *gaye science* may I not call it, as the Provençals, for distinction's sake, called their art of poetry?—to a respectable, nay, even, again to a classical footing.

Then first,—as to the means of *getting into* debt; a point upon which different ages have held different opinions.

Goldsmith (I think it is) gives a specimen of one manner—the "free style"—which was considered effective in his day. "Master, what's your name—damme? Cut me off six yards of that blue velvet, damme. But harkye! Don't fancy that I ever intend to pay you for it—damme."

Of late years the "free style" has fallen rather into disuse; and an improvement, in the way of apparent caution, has been devised. For instance—"Six pounds six? That's not a price to suit me, Mr Staytape. Five pounds for the best article; and at the regular credit;—that's my *ultimatum*."

For my own part, I think the "free" manner was too hastily laid aside. Caution did something while the bloom of novelty was upon it; but in the long run there is nothing like trusting to the *natural* principal; and the hope of huge gain is the true key to the heart of a shopkeeper.

Whatever style, however, you adopt, half the battle lies in a proper introduction of the affair. Never run headlong—open-mouthed, at a tradesman with your proposal;—but keep your design behind you, as a tooth-drawer does his wrenching iron,—and let the same roar from your patient announce the developement of your intent and its completion.

Look carefully to the ushering in of the transaction. To use the name of an acquaintance by way of passport would be dishonourable; but, if you can manage to call in the company of a *friend*, it may do well. You can then be seized with a fancy for the "d—d fellow's cut." He may try "just one coat;" and, "if it hits," "you'll do something more for him." Give your order, if possible, in the presence of your acquaintance; because that, in fact, makes him bail by implication; and yet he can't, though he sees his danger, for decency's sake, interfere. Above all, take care that the whole appears to arise out of the whim of the moment. Seem to be well served already, but capricious.—Lead the creature gently, and he'll follow like a lamb. And be cautious always to take your measures, —or rather to have them taken—in good time; and as you hope for credit, don't go in an old coat to give orders for a new one.

And what a field does this practice throw open for bold and dexterous manœuvre! Talk of Talavera, Salamanca, or Waterloo? I saw a display of gladiatorship not six weeks ago, between a friend of mine (a half-pay captain) and a tailor in Covent-Garden, such as Agincourt nor Pharsalia ever beheld the like of. He of the needle, to do him justice, was as very a devil as ever sat cross-legged. He had been twenty years in business; dealing with all customers; taking the measures of all kinds of men;—he was a member of seven societies for the prosecution of swindlers; a list of insolvents hung behind his counter; it was a bailiff's brother who managed his books; and his eldest son was clerk to an attorney! My friend opened the ball by paying an arrear of twenty guineas, meaning to "give it" the schneider, (as the phrase is) at least, for a hundred; and the set-to was the sweetest thing I ever beheld in my life! All the high ground was on the enemy's side. The slightest symptom of purpose,—the smallest shew of eagerness—anything like a hasty offer, or promise too good to be kept, would have ruined us. But, as good as the tailor was, it was nine to one against him from the beginning. The captain was over him —length and science—every way. He gave his large order with detail and precision; stood the hint that followed as to "what credit?" without changing colour.—The victim doubted.—His head was in Chancery.— "Probable profit;"—"possible loss!" —At length it came to "last cards" on both sides. The Schneider was forced to speak first. "Will you give me a bill for the whole at three months?" he asked—It was well played for the king; but we had the ace behind.—"I can't do it on a certainty at three months," replied my friend; "but you shall have your bill at six." —He bit.

Upon the *general management of creditors*, my first direction is—*see* all your duns. When you have made up your mind to pay *nothing*, what possible risk can you incur?

There is good authority upon the books for receiving such dependants as these at breakfast. Take especial care always to keep about you that cheap corner-stone of credit—a handsome, nay, an expensive appearance in *trifles*. Loll upon a rich sofa—though unpaid for, 'tis no matter. Wear a magnificent dressing-gown—it shall strike awe into the very artist that made it. See that you have a sufficiently expensive tea equipage upon your table; with show of flowers, perfumes, and such perishable commodities as mark the habittual carelessness of money, if not its habitual abundance.

For your manner, let it be easy; yet never so free but that you can *be offended* on the sudden if you happen to find it convenient. If the enemy is civil, talk of disappointments, low prices, no rents, agricultural distress; these are good topics now. Property in Ireland may always come in well. Whiteboys, Shanavats, outrages, and Captain Rock. You may burn crops

of wheat, if you like, on the bog of Allan; or even have three acres of land and a windmill all carried off your estate in one night! On the other hand, never suffer yourself to be disturbed by an insolent or pertinacious demand. Remember on such occasions that the *power* is in you. If a fellow is troublesome, tell him plump that "he shall wait three months for his impertinence"—meantime, "you withdraw your custom from him altogether"—and, if he plagues you a moment longer, "you shall be compelled to kick him down stairs."—Indeed I have known that course taken in the first instance with very admirable effect.

Then, as a rule which deserves to be written in the Fives Court and at Tattersall's, I say—Do things (I say) *upon an extensive scale*. I will not talk about the proverb of the Sheep and the Lamb, because there is something of an unlucky turn about the first half line of it; but, depend upon it, it is more creditable to owe for claret than for port; besides that the former is the more pleasant and gentlemanly drinking. Tradesmen have, from some instinct in their nature, a predilection, nay, a kind of veneration, for anything that leads to a long bill. I am not sure that a shopkeeper could refuse a 500*l.* order, even although he were certain that he should never get a shilling of the money. I am clear that he would like a man better for owing him 500*l.*, than for paying him 250*l.* And as regards arrangements (after the ceremony) with sufferers in *esse*, the mere circumstance of having issued a command to the amount of a thousand pounds, gives you such a hold upon a tradesman's weakness and *bonhommie!* He remembers the lordly air with which the order was given. The profits which have accrued—no, which are to accrue, when the money is paid. And he hopes that it will be paid. He thinks it must—"Not now, Francis; but to-morrow; or on Friday, Francis." A man never sure can have ordered for five hundred pounds, and have no means at all!—I shall have infinite to say, in my to-be-esteemed work, on behalf of an order to the extent of Five hundred pounds.

But I am running this sketch to an impracticable length; and must pass, therefore, in silence, over a variety of important topics. My book will be printed in a neat octavo volume, with copious index, references, and notes, after the manner of our law digests, along with which, indeed, it will take its place. For example, looking to the article of TAILOR in the index, the reader will find the following instructions:—"TAILOR; from the French, *Tailler*, to shape or cut. TAILORS, flourished first in Germany, p. 138; pilloried for cabbaging, pp. 42 and 165; men in law, p. 273; have a *hell* of their own, p. 364; ruined by giving credit, pp. 4, 13, 27, 30, 92, 101, 253; paid, p. 16; humorously cajoled, p. 196; tossed in a blanket, p. 222; felony to kill, p. 391.—TAILOR (*Tailleur*), see Sufferer; Schneider; Goose; Brentford, &c. &c. &c.

A total change in the condition—a reorganization, indeed—of society must arise, or I am mistaken, from the publication of this work I contemplate. To simplify and extend the means of getting credit, is, in effect, to open a new mine of subsistence to the community. It is not to our home policy alone that the operation of my principle will extend; thousands upon thousands from our superabundant home population shall go forth, not to starve in the back woods of America, but to live upon the fat of the land in the choicest countries of Europe.

Then, considering that the man who once pays for my book will be relieved, as long as he lives, from the necessity of paying for anything else, I cannot doubt of an unprecedented sale. Thirty English editions at least, and translations out of number; some token of the national gratitude—it can't be less than 20,000*l.*; these, in a confined view of the matter, are profits which I may reckon upon. I look that, Mr Editor, your numerous contributors (more than any set of men perhaps interested in this new prospect thrown open), will send you at least an article a-piece upon the occasion. For myself, I can accept nothing beyond approbation from my fellow-craft; but, if "a particular ballad," in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine, should commend the true alchemist of the year 1823, who abandoned the hopeless task of making gold, and pursued the true secret of philosophy—that of doing without it—such a tribute might perhaps ease the grateful hearts of those who offered it; and (in that view) would not be unacceptable to

PIERRE PHILOSOPHE.

The Pewter Quart.

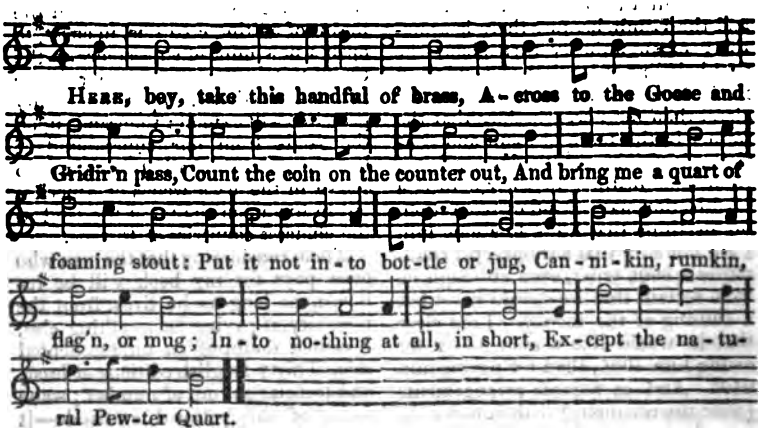
A New Song to an old Tune.

Written and Composed for the Jollification of Bibbers of Beer, Porter, Ale, Stout, Nappy, And all other Configurations of Malt and Hop.

Preface to the Reader, which serves also for Invocation.

Gentle Reader!

Poets there were, in ages back,
Who sung the fame of the bonny Black Jack;
Others tuned harmonious lays
In the Leathern Bottle's praise;
Shall not I then lift my quill,
To hymn a measure brighter still?
Maidens, who Helicon's hill resort,
Aid me to chaunt of the Pewter Quart.


Here, boy, take this handful of brass, A-cross to the Goose and
Gridir'n pass, Count the coin on the counter out, And bring me a quart of
foaming stout: Put it not in-to bot-tle or jug, Can-ni-kin, rumkin,
flag'n, or mug; In-to no-thing at all, in short, Ex-cept the na-tu-
ral Pew-ter Quart.

2.

As for the glass, though I love it well,
Yet the quart I take to be prefera—ble;
For it is solid and stout, like what
Bubbles and froths inside the pot:
Why should anything, brittle or frail,
Fence England's liquor, valorous ale!
He was a man of taste and art,
Who stowed it away in a Pewter Quart.

3.

In the bowels of England's ground,
Its materials all are found,
From its sides should flow again,
What cheers the bowels of England's men:
Can the same be said, I ask,
In favour of foreign flagon or flask?
None can of them the good report,
We can of our national Pewter Quart.

4.

Pleasant it is their shine to see,
Like stars in the waves of deep Galilee;
Pleasant it is their chink to hear,
When they rattle on table full charged with beer;
Pleasant it is, when a row's on foot,
That you may, when you wish to demolish a brute,
Politely the lad to good manners exhort,
By softening his skull with a Pewter Quart.

5.

As for the mallet-pate, pig-eye Chinese,
They may make crockery if they please;
Fit, perhaps, may such vehicle be,
For marrowless washes of burst Bohea;
That is a liquor I leave to be drunk
By Cockney poet and Cockney punk;

Folks with whom I never consort,
Preferring to chat with my Pewter Quart.

6.

Silver and gold no doubt are fine,
But on my table shall never shine;
Being a man of plain common sense,
I hate all silly and vain expense,
And spend the cash these gew-gaws cost,
In washing down gobbets of boiled and roast,
With stingo stiff of the stiffest sort,
Curiously pulled from a Pewter Quart.

7.

Beakers and bowls, I am told, of wood,
For quaffing water are counted good;
They give a smack, say the wat'ry folks,
Like drinking after artichokes.
Devil may care! I never use
Water in either my belly or shoes;
And shall never be counted art or part
In putting the same in a Pewter Quart.

8.

Galvani one day, skinning a frog,
To pamper his paunch with that pinch-gut prog,
Found out a science of wonderful wit,
Which can make a stuck pig kick out in a fit,
Make a dead thief dance a Highland reel,
And butcher a beast without cleaver or steel:
And he proves by this science, with erudite art,
That malt must be drunk from a Pewter Quart.

9.

If Hock then loves the glass of green,
And champagne in its swan-necked flask is seen;
If Glasgow punch in a bowel we lay,
And twist off our dram in a wooden quaigh;
If, as botanical men admit,
Everything has its *habitat* fit,
Let Sir John Barleycorn keep his court,
Turban'd with froth in his Pewter Quart.

10.

So, boy, take this handful of brass,
Across to the Goose and Gridiron pass,
Count the coin on the counter out,
And bring me a quart of foaming stout;
Put it not into bottle or jug,
Cannikin, rumkin, flagon, or mug—
Into nothing at all, in short,
Except the natural Pewter Quart.

HERE FOLLOWS
A DISSERTATION ON THE LEATHER BOTTLE AND THE BLACK JACK.

In the works of the ingenious D'Urfey, which he who studies not with nocturnal and diurnal attention, is worthy of infinite reprobation, not to say worse, will be discovered two poems, which have not, as yet, excited the notice of the learned in the manner which they deserve. I shall therefore, as briefly as the importance of the matter will admit of, dissertate somewhat upon them; inviting the attention of the sage and erudite to my remarks; perfectly regardless of the approbation or disapprobation of those whom my friend, the Reverend Edward Irving, calls "the flush and flashy spirits of the age;" thereby making an agreeable and euphuistical alliteration at head and tail.

In the third volume of "Pills to Purge Melancholy," the two hundred and forty-seventh page, and first verse, will be found these words:—

The Leather Bottle.

Now God above, that made all things,
Heaven and earth, and all therein;
The ships upon the seas to swim,
To keep foes out, they come not in.
Now every one doth what he can
All for the use and praise of man.
I wish in Heaven that soul may dwell
That first devised the leathern bottle.

A more splendid exordium is not in the whole compass of our poetry. The bard, about to sing of a noble invention, takes high ground. His eye, with a fine frenzy rolling, glances at the origin of the world, the glories of Heaven,

and the utilities of earth; at old ocean murmuring with its innumerable waves, and the stately vessels walking the waters in all their magnificence; and then, by a gradual and easy descent, like Socrates bringing philosophy from the abodes of the gods to the dwellings of men, chaunts the merits of him who, for the use and praise of man, devised the Leathern Bottle. Compare Pindar's celebrated opening with this, and you will see how short is the flight of the Bœotian muse, contrasted with that of our own swan. Observe, moreover, the solid British feeling of the illustrious poet. No sooner does he mention ships, than the national spirit breaks forth.

> The ships upon the seas to swim,
> To keep foes out, they come not in.

Had the man who wrote this, one idea inconsistent with the honour and glory of Britain?—I lay a thousand pounds he had not. Had he lived in our days, he would have consigned the economists to the devil and the Scotsman. Conceive, for a moment, this great man, big with beer, and thoroughly impressed with veneration for our walls of wood, reading that article in the Edinburgh on the Navigation Laws. What an upcurled lip of indignation would he not display! How hearty would be his guffaw of contempt! How frequent his pulls at the vessel inserted in his dexter paw, in order to wash down the cobweb theories he was endeavouring to swallow! How impatiently would the pigtail turn under his nether-gum, until at last, losing patience, he would fling the Balaam over the bannisters, and exclaim, "Here, John, take it away from me, and put it in the only place where it can be at all for the use and praise of man." What place that is, it is not necessary for me to mention.

> Now, what do you say to the cannns of wood?
> Faith, they are nought, they cannot be good;
> When a man for beer he doth therein send,
> To have them filled, as he doth intend:
> The bearer stumbleth by the way,
> And on the ground his liquor doth lay;
> Then straight the man begins to ban,
> And swears it, 'twas long of the wooden can;
> But had it been in a leathern bottle,
> Although he stumbled, all had been well;
> So safe therein it would remain,
> Until the man got up again.
> And I wish in heaven, &c.

The ambling pace of the verse cannot be sufficiently commended. Here we go on jog trot, as Sancho Panza on Dapple. Nothing stops the full gush of poetry poured out in a ceaseless, murmuring flow, like a brook rolling at the feet of two lovers by moonlight. Remark, too, the insight this verse gives us of the manners of the poet. His habits are completely anti-domestic; they have what King Leigh calls "all the freshness of out-of-doors life." He has no store at home. When he wants to drink, he sends for the quantity required. All the bother of butlers is done away with. The whole tribe of tapsters are his footmen, and the wide world his cellar. You perceive, too, the habit of his household: it is in a state of perpetually blissful intoxication. Nothing can be more a matter of course than that any messenger of his should stumble by

the way; it is a regular affair of ordinary speculation. And then see his magnanimity. Grieved as he is at the loss of his liquor, he has no indignation against the drunken bearer, but transfers his wrath to the vessel, resolving henceforward to alter his measures. In all this, there is something Christian-like and philanthropic.

> Now for the pots with handles three,
> Faith, they shall have no praise of me,
> When a man and his wife do fall at strife,
> (As many, I fear, have done in their life,)
> They lay their hands upon the pot both,
> And break the same, though they were loth;
> Which they shall answer another day,
> For casting their liquor so vainly away:
> But had it been in a bottle filled,
> The one might have tugged, the other have held;
> They both might have tugged till their hearts did ake,
> And yet no harm the bottle would take.
> And I wish in heaven, &c.

The philosophy of this verse is worthy of Lord Bacon or his commentator. The philosopher, knowing the pugnacity of human nature, feels no surprise at a matrimonial scuffle, but instantly his great object occurs to his mind. "Fight it out," quoth he; "fight it out by all means; but don't spill the drink." The whole forms a pleasant domestic picture; the husband on one side of the table, warming his bunnions at the fire; the wife, mending a pair of breeches at the other; and a three-handled pot, lying in quiet serenity between them, upon a a deal table. Suddenly arises a storm, occasioned by what we are not informed by the poet, but most probably by an unequal division of the contents of the aforesaid pot—and a combat ensues. Both seize the pot, and the liquor is spilt. How touchingly, and yet with a just indignation, does our friend reflect on this!

> For which they shall answer another day,
> For casting their liquor so vainly away.

The solemnity of this threat is awfully impressive. It sounds like a voice from Delphi, or like a deep-toned imprecation, uttered from the mystic groves of Eleusis. There is nothing like it in all Paradise Lost.

> Now what of the flagons of silver fine?
> Faith, they shall have no praise of mine.
> When a nobleman he doth them send
> To have them filled, as he doth intend,
> The man with his flagon runs quite away,
> And never is seen again after that day.
> Oh, then his lord begins to ban,
> And swears he hath lost both flagon and man:
> But it ne'er was known that page or groom,
> But with a leathern bottle again would come.
> And I wish in heaven, &c.

You see here the touches of a fine archaic simplicity. The silver flagon indicating that its possessor is a nobleman—the provision for life which it affords

the flying footman, *who never again is seen after that day*—the baronial swearing of his lordship—and his regret at the loss of his property, first in the flagon, and then in the man; all take us back to the feudal times, and make us think of beetle-browed castles frowning over foaming cataracts; of knights clad in the panoply of plate and mail pricking forth upon the plain; of ladye love, and chivalrye;

Of tilting furniture, emblazoned shields,
Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights,
At tilt and tournament; then marshall'd feast,
Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals.

It is agreeable to yield the mind occasionally to these soft delusions of fancy, and to let our souls revel in the beauties and splendours of times past by. But, alas! as Burke says, "the day of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe is departed." I agree with that great orator, but shall nevertheless proceed with the Leathern Bottle.

Now what do you say to these glasses fine?
Faith, they shall have no praise of mine.
When friends are at a table set,
And by them several sorts of meat,
The one loves flesh, the other fish;
Among them all remove a dish;
Touch but a glass upon the brim,
The glass is broke; no wine left in:
Then be your table-cloth ne'er so fine.
There lies your beer, your ale, your wine;
And, doubtless, for so small abuse,
A young man may his service lose.
And I wish, &c.

I am sorry the poet wrote this verse. There is something flunkyish and valleydeshammical in the whole passage. Something, in fact, Moorish—I mean Peter-Moorish; and, I suspect, an interpolation. What need we care for the discarded skip, or the stained diaper? Get it washed. Warrant it will not add a shilling to your washerwoman's bill in the twelvemonths. But perhaps you are afraid of the stains remaining to offend your optic nerve. Make your mind easy on the subject. You will find your remedy in the two hundred and ninety-ninth page of the Book of Rundell. "Rub your part," says that she-Kitchener, "on each side with yellow soap; then lay on a mixture of starch in cold water, very thick; rub it well in, and expose the linen to the sun and air, till the stain comes out. If not removed in three or four days, rub that off, and renew the process. When dry, it may be sprinkled with a little water." Observe, it *may* be sprinkled; for she does not insist on *that* with dogged pertinacity. Nothing can be more simple than the process; and I am sorry the matter was mentioned. If it really be a *bona fide* part of the composition, I must only class it among the follies of the wise; and mourn over the frail condition of human nature.

Now when this bottle is grown old
And that it will no longer hold,
Out of the side you may cut a clout,
To mend your shoe when worn out;

Or hang the other side on a pin,
'Twill serve to put many odd trifles in,
As nails, awls, and candles' ends;
For young beginners need such things.
I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell,
That first invented the Leathern Bottle.

This is a brilliant verse, and displays a genius for mechanical invention, which would do honour to a Perkins. The thrifty management, too, is highly commendable; and the care he manifests for young beginners, marks a parental and humane disposition, which converts our admiration of the poet into love for the man. He appears to be of the opinion of that eminent statesman —the Mr Maberley of his day—who declared that there is nothing like leather. Much may be, and indeed has been, said, on both sides of the question; but though the controversy is far from being set at rest, I shall not agitate it on the present occasion.

Let me now turn to the second head of my discourse; namely, the Black Jack.

'Tis a pitiful thing, that now-a-days, sirs,
Our poets turn Leathern Bottle praisers;
But if a leathern theam they did lack,
They might better have chosen the bonny Black Jack;
For when they are both now well worn and decayed,
For the Jack, than the bottle, much more can be said.
And I wish his soul much good may partake,
That first devised the bonny Black Jack.

I, for one, am free to admit, that I do not like this commencement. There is something, as Leigh Hunt says, base and reviewatory in it. Why need he disparage the valuable labours of his predecessor bard? The world was large enough for them both. But the poetic tribe is irritable. This very moment, there is barbarous civil war going on among them. Southey calls Byron Satan; and Byron compliments the Laureate with the soothing title of Rogue. Bernard Barton has been heard to declare, that he did not think ODoherty's poetry had anything Miltonian about it—to be sure it was in private; and he qualified the assertion by adding, that he gave it merely as matter of opinion; but after all, it was shabby on the part of Broadbrim. I say nothing; and mention the business just in illustration.

And now I will begin to declare
What the conveniences of the Jack are.
First, when a gang of good fellows do meet,
As oft at a fair, or a wake, you shall see't;
They resolve to have some merry carouses,
And yet to get home in good time to their houses;
Then the bottle it runs as slow as my rhime,
With Jack, they might have all been drunk in good time.
And I wish his soul in peace may dwell,
That first devised that speedy vessel.

The writer of this is evidently an intensely moral and domestic man. It being an object of necessity to get drunk, the question arises how this is to be done with the most decorous propriety. Arguing, then, with Macbeth, that when

a thing is to be done, 'twere well that it were done quickly; and, anxious to delight the family at home with an early visit, he naturally prefers the jack, or, as he most poetically calls it, the Speedy Vessel. He manifestly hates loitering and lingering in any work in which he is engaged, and is quite shocked at the idea of intruding on domestic arrangements by any absence of his. He feels the duties of the head of a household too keenly; he is too much interested in the proper ordering of affairs at home. Certain I am that family prayers were the regular order of the day in his establishment.

And therefore leave your twittle twattle,
Praise the Jack, praise no more the Leathern Bottle;
For the man at the bottle may drink till he burst,
And yet not handsomely quench his thirst:
The master hereat maketh great moan,
And doubts his bottle has a spice of the stone;
But if it had been a generous Jack,
He might have had currently what he did lack:
And I wish his soul in Paradise,
That first found out that happy device.

The lament of the unsated beer-bibber is given here with a pathos which must draw tears from the eyes even of the most hard-hearted. No words are thrown away. We see him endeavouring to effect his purpose at the bottle's mouth, and finding his efforts vain, he "*thereat maketh great moan.*" How simple, yet how tender! Had Shiel, or any other poetaster of that stamp, such a passage in his hands, into what a bladder of wordy amplification would he not have blown it! We should infallibly have had the wife and children drawn in to participate in the father's sorrow; but here we have a strain of higher mood.

Be your liquor small, or thick as mud,
The cheating bottle that cries good, good;
Then the master again begins to storm,
Because it said more than it could perform:
But if it had been in an honest Black Jack,
It would have proved better to sight, smell, and smack;
And I wish his soul in Heaven may rest,
That added a Jack to Bacchus's feast.

On this verse I make no remark, as I am sure that by this time the reader of moderate abilities, or proper application, will be able to discover its scope and tendency.

No flagon, tankard, bottle, or jug,
Is half so fit, or so well can hold tug;
For when a man and his wife play at thwacks,
There is nothing so good as a pair of Black Jacks:
Thus to it they go, they swear, and they curse,
It makes them both better, the Jack's ne'er the worse;
For they might have banged both, till their hearts did ake,
And yet no hurt the Jacks could take:
And I wish his heirs may have a pension,
That first produced that lucky invention.

I am afraid my friend Joe Hume would hardly agree with this last prayer, but it is evident that Joseph has no taste for the fine arts. The philological student will discover in this verse the origin of the phrase, "leathering a man's wife." On the moral propriety of conjugal fistycuffery I had prepared some copious remarks, when I received information from a sure hand, that my Lord Holland has a folio on the subject nearly ready for the press, and I bow to his Lordship's superior talents and experience.

Socrates and Aristotle
Sucked no wit from a Leather Bottle;
For surely I think a man as soon may
Find a needle in a bottle of hay:
But if the Black Jack a man often toss ober,
'Twill make him as drunk as any philosopher;
When he that makes Jacks from a peck to a quart,
Conjures not, though he lives by the black art.
And I wish, &c.

I care not a fig for the black art, and defy the foul fiend, Prince Hohenlohe, and Ingleby the Emperor of the Conjurors—so shall make no remark on the last two lines. It would lead us into too deep a historico-metaphysical disquisition, were I to enter into a history of the fortunes of the Aristotelian philosophy. During the life of Aristotle, he was looked on as the prince of philosophers; and such did his estimation continue, as long as there were minds in the world manly enough to understand him. While Europe was sunk in darkness, he was taken up by the acute Arabians, then at the head of the intellect of the earth. From them the schoolmen caught him, badly translated and imperfectly understood; and when their day was over, the puny whipsters who had got possession of the ear of the metaphysical world, thought nothing could be finer than to disparage, because he had been caricatured, him whom they could not read; and we see, in our own day, Stewart mumping and mumbling pretty little nothings, with full assurance that the Peripatetic whom he cannot construe, or who, if construed for him, is far above any reach of thought he could bring to the consideration, is unworthy to unloose the latchet of his shoe. But to his fortune in our poetry I may briefly advert: it is a fine illustration of the elder Mr Shandy's theory of the influence of a name. That he was a hard drinker I hope, for he was a great man; but whether he was or not, no name of the ancients occurs so often in juxta-position with the bottle. See the verse above. So also the eminent Harry Carey,

Zeno, Plato, Aristotle,
All were lovers of the bottle.

So in MS. penes me,

To moisten our throttle,
We'll call the third bottle,
For that was the practice of wise Aristotle.

All owing to the two last syllables of his name. With respect to the remark in the text, that

If the Black Jack a man often toss ober,
'Twill make him as drunk as any philosopher,

I can vouch, from my own experience, that the illustration is correct; for I have had the honour of being intimately acquainted with fifteen of the first philosophers of the age, fourteen of whom went to bed drunk as widgeons every night of their lives, and the fifteenth retired when he found himself tipsy.

Besides, my good friend, let me tell you, that fellow
That framed the bottle, his brains were but shallow;
The case is so clear, I nothing need mention,
The Jack is a nearer and deeper invention;
When the bottle is cleaned, the dregs fly about,
As if the guts and the brains flew out;
But if in a cannon-bore Jack it had been,
From the top to the bottom all might have been clean.
And I wish his soul no comfort may lack,
That first devised the bouncing Black Jack.

I am not antiquarian enough to decide on the correctness of the above objurgation against the uncleanliness of the bottles of the olden time, and willingly leave the consideration of the matter to Mr John Nichols, who presides, and long may he preside, over the archæologists who wield the pen for the Gentleman's Magazine, in which, perhaps, he will favour us with an engraved likeness of a leathern bottle, as, I think, churches are running rather low. But, be that as it may, he must have little gusto for the sublime who can fail to admire the splendid epithet of the CANNON-BORE Jack. What vast ideas of stupendous bibosity does not it excite? Conceive a nine-pounder-like machine charged with ale, levelled on your table, in full range against your brains! Nay, the very word is good. It makes us think of battle and blood—of square column and platoon mowed down in unrelenting sweep—of Sir William Congreve, the Duke of Wellington, and the field of Waterloo—of Buonaparte, St Helena, and Sir Hudson Lowe—and thence, by the association of ideas, of Barry O'Meara, and the horse-whipping of old Walter of the Times. I shall lump my dissertation on the four following verses:—

Your leather bottle is used by no man
That is a hair's-breadth above a plowman;
Then let us gang to the Hercules pillars,
And there let us visit those gallant Jack swillers;
In these small, strong, sour, mild, and stale,
They drink orange, lemon, and Lambeth ale:
The chief of heralds there allows,
The Jack to be of an ancienter house.
And may his successors never want sack,
That first devised the long Leather Jack.

Then for the bottle, you cannot well fill it,
Without a tunnel, but that you must spill it;
'Tis as hard to get in, as it is to get out,
'Tis not so with a Jack, for it runs like a spout:
Then burn your bottle, what good is in it,
One cannot well fill it, nor drink, nor clean it;
But if it had been in a jolly Black Jack,
'Twould come a great pace, and hold you good tack.
And I wish his soul, &c.

He that 's drunk in a Jack, looks as fierce as a spark,
That were just ready cockt to shoot at a mark;
When the other thing up to the mouth it goes,
Makes a man look with a great bottle nose;
All wise men conclude, that a Jack, new or old,
Tho' beginning to leak, is howeber worth gold;
For when the poor man on the way does trudge it,
His worn-out Jack serves him for a budget.
And I wish his heirs may never lack sack,
That first contrived the leather Black Jack.

When bottle and Jack stand together, fie on't,
The bottle looks just like a dwarf to a giant;
Then have we not reason the Jack for to choose,
For they can make boots, when the bottle mends shoes;
For add but to every Jack a foot,
And every Jack becomes a boot:
Then give me my Jack, there's a reason why,
They have kept us wet, they will keep us dry.
I now shall cease, but as I am an honest man,
The Jack deserves to be called Sir John.
And may they ne'er want, for belly nor back,
That keep up the trade of the bonny Black Jack.

Amen! and virtue be its own reward!

On the above, four things are to be particularly noticed.

I. That the Hercules Pillars is the *ne-plus-ultra* of signs.

II. That the progress of time has extinguished various sorts of ales—for who, now-a-days, drinks Orange, Lemon, or Lambeth—they sleep with the Chians and Falernians of the days of Greece and Rome.

III. That a partiality for a man's favourite pursuit may lead him to bestow on it unjust and undeserved praise; for, after various and repeated experiments in drinking out of every vessel under the sun, I can give it as my unbiassed opinion, that the shape of the instrument imparts no additional value to the liquor drunk, and that therefore the idea that he, who imbibes from a black jack, acquires a superior fierceness or martiality of aspect, must be classed among such innocent delusions as induced the barber to recommend white-handled razors as the best fitted for abrading of beards.

Lastly and finally, we cannot help being pleased by the vein of genuine and unaffected piety which runs through both these dignified compositions. The prayers which in both conclude each verse, though more varied and poetical in the latter, are not more solemn and impressive than the solitary ejaculation of blessing bestowed on the earlier production. There is something striking, which sinks into the soul, in the constant choral-like repetition of the one formulary which amply compensates for the picturesque diversity, which excites our admiration, but fills us not with awe. The one goes to the head—the other to the heart. To conclude, if the brows of the inventors of the Bottle and Jack deserve to be bound with snow-white fillets, as being men who civilized life by new productions of art and genius, the bards who hymned their exploits may justly claim the same honour, as being pious poets, who spoke things worthy of Apollo.

M. OD.

LEAVING PORT.—A PASSENGER'S OLIO.

THE Fortune sails to-night—a ship
New rigg'd, and ready for her trip.
Magnetic centre for a while
Of bawling din, and strenuous toil;
Of rushing, running to and fro
Of querulous clerks that pant and blow;
Of tidesmen, men of soft appearance,
Skill'd in declining interference;
Of porters, patiently who fag,
Oppress'd with trunk, and box, and bag;
Of carters, and their carts that scamper,
Rattling along with cask and hamper;
Of seamen, confident, conceited,
And leaving port with liquor heated,
One—elevated, joyous, free,
And swaggering, stepping from the quay
Into the vessel, o'er a plank,
Slipp'd—down into the water sank,
That upwards in a fury splash'd;
Ropes, oars to succour him are dash'd,
And boats, with hubbub fell and loud,
Are storm'd by an officious crowd,
More willing, certainly, than able,
To save th' existence of Kit Cable,
A man quite full of flesh and vigour,
If near, you could not miss his figure;
But sought by every eye in vain,
No traces of him now remain.
After a space, however, past
In deep anxiety, at last
His body found, they brought on shore,
And to a neighbouring tavern bore.
The frowzy hostess would complain,
But deems it wiser to refrain,
Pardoning th' entrance of dead guest,
In favour of the living rest.
The sight of death full well she knows
The mind is apt to discompose,
And either joyfulness is bred
At finding we ourselves not dead;
Or sorrow rises, when we view
The corpse of him we haply knew.
The one state or the other causes
In many dryness of the *fauces*,
Which water never will allay,
Imbibe what quantity they may;
'Tis quench'd alone, or render'd weaker,
By copious draughts of good strong liquor.
Before the attendants think it fit
At Bacchanalian board to sit,
They roar and brawl in fierce debate
How Kit they may reanimate.
Noised round the town the misadventure,
Gossips in shoals begin to enter;
The filthy riff-raff of the port,
Mingled with those of better sort;
Women, who gaze with silly stare,
While infants in their arms they bear,
Unconscious brats, whose gloating lust
Is fix'd upon a mumbled crust,
That, deviously directed, comes
At times in contact with their gums;
Ship-boys with cowls, and matted locks;
Watermen in their long brown cloaks;
Train-oil men in soil'd linen frocks;
Skippers, with broad and shining face,
Who push their way in bustling pace,
Clad in respectable attire,
They yet with pliant air inquire
From ragamuffin standing near,
How happen'd the mischance, and where.
Dogs too run in—a certain cur,
Who cannot understand the stir,
Panting, and open mouth'd and nosing,
Through legs and petticoats opposing,
Trots on, until he gains the place
Where, arguing upon the case,
Stand in the heat of disputation,
The agents of resuscitation.
He, with an air secure and free,
Exploring what the thing might be,
If 'twere for food, or for diversion,
Snuffs at the sufferer from submersion;
His face, arms, body, all about
Scenting, he still remains in doubt,
When, with a sudden kick assail'd,
At once his thirst for knowledge quail'd,
Yelping he scuds away—a crew
Of barking tykes his flight pursue.

Of varying voices the collision,
At length produces the decision,
That, by the heels the body taken,
Should be suspended, and well shaken.
A practice sage, to ascertain
Whether the vital spark remain;
If so, 'gainst being thus opprest
'Twill surely enter its protest.
Already, they with eager zeal
Were swinging Cable by the heel,
When came an order that forbade
Farther attempts should here be made
The extinguish'd flame of life to rouse,
Seeing 'twas but a common house,
Unauthorised by any patent
To bring to light the spirit latent.
It also stated, that a place
Existed, whence a legal chase
Arising, truant sprite would meet,
And turn it though in full retreat.
That proper messenger, or bailiff,
Would be at hand to capture stray life,
Furnish'd with writ 'gainst fleeting sense,
And fugitive intelligence.
Th' injunction was convey'd, in short,
That they the body should transport
To the establishment intended
Particularly for lives suspended,
(House of Recovery by name,)
And medical assistance claim.

Check'd now restorative exertion,
The crowd moved off in quick dispersion.
His party, Kit, with brine still moist
And heavy, on their shoulders hoist,
And tow'rds the 'Spital take the road
As fast as may be with their load.
Arrived—a ready aid is lent,
And spite of rude experiment,
So lately tried, restored the heat,
And sinking pulse's firmer beat,

Symptoms of consciousness Kit gives,
And once more breathes, and moves, and lives.

From each quarter of the town
Passengers, perturb'd, come down,
Flaunting figures making stir,
In their cloaks and caps of fur.
Maudlin comrades, who have ta'en
Parting cups with might and main,
With demeanour frank and free,
Give their escort on the quay.
Ample dame, and slender miss,
Wrapt in shawl and long pelisse,
Mincing tread, or waddling walk,
While engaged in eager talk.

Comes the time to try the heart,
Best of friends at length must part;
Right hand with the right conjoin'd,
Shakes away with fervour kind,—
Nay, both hands of some are taken,
Squeez'd, then eased, then squeez'd and shaken;
Friendly fist in such a crisis,
Oft no better than a vice is;
Sensibility no balm
Yields, when leagued with horny palm,—
Instead, she makes, with her effusion,
Your fingers tingle from contusion.
Swaggering blades, with manners rough,
Feelings hearty, voices gruff,
Give their *benedicite*
In a hoarse half whimpering key.
Damsels in close contact stand,
Murmuring in accents bland,
To each other loves and dears,
While their eyes are fill'd with tears,
Not forgetting, 'mid the show
Of deep valedictory woe,
E'en the most minute direction,
Touching care and circumspection
In the choice of silks and laces,
To be sent from foreign places.

As if he from a cloud had dropp'd,
Or quickly out of earth had hopp'd—
A very maggot, blown with pride,
The Captain comes, with sprawling stride.
A thing no bigger than a goose,
Yet with an air precise and spruce,
Upon the quay he struts about,
Giving his orders with a shout,
Accompanying each high command
With flourish of his tiny hand.
The creature boasts a voice of brass,
And brays with it more loud than ass.
That out of nothing such a thunder
Should come, is surely cause for wonder.
This small, pot-bellied, huffing dwarf
Plays chanticleer upon the wharf—
"Make way, make way," with downward snip
Tom Thumb now lords it in his ship.

The signal given for embarkation,
The passengers make preparation
To go on board, and soon a row
Of figures on the deck bestow
A fond attention to explore
What friends still linger on the shore.
At present oft occurs the thought
Of something heedlessly forgot;
Or the wish rises in the heart,
Some new-sprung impulse to impart,
Or love-engender'd hope or fear,
To pour into the trusty ear
Of parted friend still standing near.
A meaning look the while convey'd,
Maugre night's interposing shade,
Produces mutual fix'd regard,
When intercourse of words is barr'd;
The mournful smile, and shaking head,
Marking the time for utterance fled.
A numerous and pensive band
Persisting on the deck to stand,
Two strapping youths of sturdy mood,
Who comfort deem the sovereign good;
And sentiment a thing of air,
Which men nor eat, nor drink, nor wear;
Keen hunters of accommodations,
Shrewd spies of easy situations,
Hastily towards the cabin steer,
Duck low their heads, and disappear.
The rest, resolved above to stay
Until the ship gets under way,
Continue earnestly to mark
Sights, sounds, that penetrate the dark.

The organ slowly moves its round,
With rolling, winding, winning sound.
The organist—was once elate
With fortune's gifts, but fall'n his state.
His country—haps—I may not tell,
But music loved he passing well.
His muffled form, and vesture poor,
Are suited to his fate obscure.
Youth's stamp hath faded from his face,
Its outlines wherefore should we trace?
Each wintery night he wanders late,
Silent, and sadly desolate.
No fellowship he seeks or owns,
Save with his organ's mellow tones.
Rich, pleasant, slow, the airs it plays,
Discoursing, sure, of other days;
Of situations—feelings deep,
That in the heart have lain asleep;
The warmth, and vivid glow of soul,
Which present modes of life control;
Of persons—places—powerful ties;
All that the wishes wont to prize,
With destiny's dark cloud between;
That have—but no! that might have been.

A ballad-singer putting down
The organ's music with her own,
Twangs through her nose a flippant strain,
Suited to servant-wench and swain.

BALLAD.

Oh!—Would you hear how Spanish lady
Woo'd and won an Englishman?
Wooing, sweethearts! is a trade ye
Mar with shilly shally plan.

He a master stout and brave was
Of a tight built merchantman;
But sore stress'd by wind and wave was,
When on Spanish coast he ran.

Sound and strong his heart as biscuit,
Love had never known before;
He ne'er thought that he could risk it,
Coming to a foreign shore.

A lady in famed Cadiz city,
Saw his handsome form and face;
But a stranger—'twas a pity
No acquaintance could take place.

Still, however, she admired him,
Wondering much who he could be;
As a husband she desired him,
If she thought he would agree.

Of fine lovers she had many,
But the Captain bore the bell!
No Spaniard, Frenchman, nor any
Dutchman, Briton can excell.

When she heard that he was going,
In her tears she nigh was drown'd;
Very bad with sorrow growing,
Down she fell on the cold ground.

Faint heart gains nor man nor woman.
All in jewels the Spanish lass
To his lodgings goes—her true man
Drinking was his parting glass.

She cries, "Captain, I adore you,
Can you loving maid requite,
Here I am that stands before you,
Ready hand and heart to plight."—

He cries, "Madam, I adore you,
Loving maid I can requite;
True to death I stand before you,
Hand and heart to you I plight."—

Married—both a wife and cargo
Carried off the Englishman.
On a wife there 's no embargo;
Catch a rich one if you can.

Unmoored, the vessel glides along,
From high balcony—hark! a song.

SONG.

Solitude pervades my room
With a sadly silent gloom;
Watches here my mortal frame,
In quiescence dull and tame.

Far my soul upon the sea
Wanders, where my love should be;
Seeking all that may disarm
Winds and waves of power to harm.

Through the swiftly whirling crowds,
Of the swarthy growling clouds,
Entering his pavilion vast,
With the spirit of the blast

Parleying, it fondly tries
Soothing terms of compromise,
In behalf of one small bark,
Now careering in the dark.

Through the chambers of the deep,
By coral rock—sea-weed steep—
Shelly grove, and spongy bower,
Where sea-monsters prowl and lower,

Roaming on, it seeks to find
Sea-nymph pitying and kind;
Who, when stormy waves are near,
May avert them from my dear.

Oft it speeds in eager course,
Where night winds with murmur hoarse,
By a careless impulse led,
Sport around his rocking bed.

Mingling with, it rules their quires;
Lulling harmony inspires;
Careful vigil then it keeps,
Round his pillow as he sleeps.

S. MEIKLE.

LETTER FROM GABRIEL SOUTH, ESQUIRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Cape Clear, September 30, 1823.

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?
Quem sese ore ferens?

SIR,—I dare say you are the only Editor in the three Kingdoms, as these two great islands used to be called in the days of our grandfathers, who would not stare with inexpressible astonishment on receiving a letter from this sequestered spot. Not that it is without a reasonable share of that notoriety which belongs to all great capes or headlands, from the circumstance of affording a point of direction to the several vessels in whose course it happens to stand. Of my place of residence I can indeed say more than many persons of noble birth and high distinction; namely, that there is not a map of Europe, however small, in which it is not particularly specified, while their princely mansions, villages, and even towns, are passed over without notice. I cannot, however, speak very highly of the literary attainments of my insular associates, in number about 600, among whom, at this present writing, are but seventeen who can converse in the English tongue, and but three of us who can read and write, viz. the priest, the keeper of the light-house, and your humble servant.

Yet remote as I am from you, and far removed as you appear to be

from the wrangling discussions of our Irish politics, I know no one to whom I can with more satisfaction address a series of papers on our affairs. With your sentiments on general politics I entirely coincide. I rejoice at the success which your Magazine has met, and hail in it an auspicious omen of the revival of those true British feelings which had been for a while depressed, discountenanced, and almost sunk under the imposing speciousness of a false philosophy, assuming the garb of liberal sentiment, civic freedom, and universal philanthropy. The mask has been torn off its face, and the features of the monster appear in their native deformity. In every case of combination against his health or life, the British lion, often appearing inert and sluggish in the beginning, but wanting only to be roused, has, when he put forth his strength, never failed to defeat the machinations of his foes, whether internal or external. Of this remarkable fact your own experience will point out numerous instances.—May the justice of the observation be equally confirmed by the experience of all who will come after us!

But our Irish affairs appear cut off from all effective sympathy. We are made a regular butt for the shooting off of Whig liberalism and Whig condolence. You see fellows writing about us as if we were people of different passions and affections from the rest of mankind. You hear orators, in Parliament and elsewhere, drunk or sober, as chance directs it, lamenting over the Helotism of Ireland, and the savage oppression of its rulers. But you neither see nor hear anything real or practical on the actual state of the country. We have got plenty of disquisitions on bottles and rattles, sufficient of investigations as to whether Sir John Newport has read the Bible enough to distinguish one ancient nation from another, an abundance of detail whether Sheriff Thorpe was correct or incorrect in likening the Marquis of Wellesley to the jack of trumps, and an overflowing measure of tropes and figures on the unheard-of oppression of not allowing Mr O'Connell to wear a gown of finer texture than that which envelopes the shoulders of Mr Brougham—of the true state of the country next to nothing. Through your pages, which have been at all times more attentive to Irish affairs than any of your contemporaries, I shall venture to make some observations—perhaps, if you so permit me, at some length. The advantages I possess, however highly to be rated in some respects, are yet such as will draw no envy on my head, as they are chiefly derived from what none of us is in a hurry to attain—length of life. Some of your contributors, sir, lay claim to this distinction, but the youthful blood which occasionally wantons in their productions, plucks the assumed coronal of grey hairs from their heads. In my case it is, I am sorry to say—but why should I be sorry to say that I have lived through a life of smooth and happy current?—it is quite true. Though not altogether unacquainted with other countries, I have passed the greatest part of my time in this, where I have been neither unobservant nor inactive. The state of Ireland engages, and has for some time occupied, a considerable share of the attention of the sister island, particularly since the cessation of foreign alarms and continental warfare has enabled her to turn her thoughts, with more unremitted energy, on the important subject of domestic concerns; but, as I have already said, the picture presented to the view of England is partial, and clouded with passions and prejudices. There are, no doubt, many intelligent and well-educated Irishmen capable of doing justice to the subject, and amply qualified for the task, by the moderation of their sentiments and the liberality of their minds; but these very qualifications prevent the undertaking. Having no particular inducement to the labour, they remain quietly in the back-ground, leaving the field in the possession of clamo-

rous partizans and factious writers, with whom sober facts and simple truth are objects of very secondary importance. In compassionate consideration of Ireland's want of a veracious historian, an English gentleman did her the favour to visit her shores some years since, with the express purpose of supplying that deficiency, and possessing one capital qualification, a perfect confidence in his own ability. His ability to write a book was indeed very apparent; for after a short sojourn in what was to him a strange country, and to which, had he still remained in it, he would be a stranger, he did certainly put forth two huge quarto volumes, of what he was pleased to call a Political and Statistical Account of Ireland. To this I may perhaps hereafter advert, particularly as I find it used as the unquestioned text-book of the philosophers of Constable's Review, the Scotsman newspaper, and other deep speculators on Irish affairs. At present my purpose is to give you some sketches, for I do not pretend to write a formal history, of the actual state of this country and its inhabitants, on the correctness of which I think you may depend; because, though not divested of prejudices and prepossessions, I am altogether exempt from the agitations of party animosity, sectarian rancour, the irritation of disappointed hopes, or the animosities attending the pursuits of honour or emolument. For this degree of self-commendation you will be the more disposed to give me credit, when I tell you that the merit I claim is founded on my incapacity to mix in the animating pursuits of youth. I have no wish for more than I possess. I take an interest, indeed, in the welfare of my friends and the prosperity of my country; but the coolness of age, and the distance from which I view the bustling scenes of life, enable me to regard these scenes with comparative indifference, and, as far as other circumstances will permit, to paint them with fidelity. I shall endeavour to avail myself of the Horatian precept, of using a style "modo tristi sæpe jocoso," somewhat—"longo sed intervallo"—on the plan of your own audaciously original publication.

But I shall not intrude on your space with farther introductory remarks, and conclude this preliminary letter by wishing you every success, and subscribing myself as, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

GABRIEL SOUTH.

THE IRISHMAN. No. I.

PAMPHLETS ON IRELAND.*

DURING the late session of Parliament, our Irish affairs obtained a surpassing degree of attention. More hours, I believe, were wasted on us than on all the other topics of Parliamentary investigation. The effect on the House of Commons was, that everything connected with us was voted a bore of unendurable magnitude. No sooner had the voice of Sir Robert Heron been heard from the chair, announcing "that the House had resolved itself into a committee, to take into consideration the conduct of the High Sheriff of Dublin," than there was a general flight, leaving the arena in the possession of those, who, I may say, were almost professionally engaged, reinforced occasionally, towards the end of the evening, by those choicer spirits, who had screwed themselves to the sticking place by the stimulant of the jolly god. I am afraid that a similar satiety has seized on the British public—that a kind of Hiberno-phobia prevails, very unfavourable to my design of giving a series of articles on our concerns. Yet when so many take pen in hand on the same subject, may not I too roll my tub

* Observations on Ireland. By the Earl of Blessington, 8vo. London, Longman and Co. 1822.

Views of Ireland. By J. O'Driscoll, Esq. 2 vol. 8vo. London, Longman and Co. 1823.

as busily, perhaps you may say as unprofitably, as Diogenes himself?

I believe the easiest way to come at the consideration of my subject, and to accomplish my design of speaking truth and common sense about my country, is to devote a paper to the exposure of the falsehoods and follies now fashionably current on that head. I shall take them of the freshest water, the latest impression. I speak not, of course, of newspapers, which are for the most part mere organs of party, and very convenient receptacles for the good or ill humour of their supporters. They furnish a daily supply of light food for the public palate, which habit has now rendered indispensably necessary, and which, whether wholesome or noxious, never fails to find consumers. The compositions to which I refer are of much higher pretension; professing to be works of superior intelligence, of men divested of all illiberal prejudices, intimately acquainted with the state of Ireland, competent to prescribe to the legislature a cure for all her ills, and kind enough to communicate it. I have lately seen a pamphlet, written by a patriotic Irish nobleman, with the good-natured purpose of explaining to his Excellency the Marquis Wellesley the nature of the country he was coming to govern, and the measures he ought to pursue. The acute mind of the noble Marquis may perhaps have derived useful knowledge from instruction so generously communicated. If so, his Excellency has been more fortunate than I; the only inference I was able to draw being, that his Lordship would have been better employed in cultivating his Irish estate, and improving his tenantry, than in writing political rhapsodies in London. One observation, however, deserves notice. In enumerating the raw materials of profitable trade in Ireland, his Lordship mentions granite, (I suppose for its rarity,) which he earnestly recommends to the citizens of Dublin as superexcellent stuff for staircases, because, as he was credibly informed by a person whom he had reason to think a competent judge of such matters, *it will resist fire*. This, indeed, was a notable discovery.

Another political pamphlet, if I may, without degradation, bestow such a name on two octavo volumes, published by John O'Driscoll, Esq., and offered at the price—a modest and encouraging one—of fifteen shillings per vol., has more recently fallen under my view. If I spend more time in the consideration of this book, than it is, in any point of view, worth, you must excuse me. It is brought out under the patronage of a great Whig nobleman, a vast Irish absentee proprietor; and really, as a fair representative of its class, shews how such things are usually written. I perceive, too, that some London periodical—I forget which—gives it some praise, as exhibiting Irish feeling and talent; and I had heard it considerably extolled for the beauty of its composition, even by those who disapproved of its doctrines; and, though likely to be of that number, I was nevertheless pleased with the account. I felt fully prepared to welcome and applaud a rising star of Irish genius, although its lustre might be more calculated to dazzle than illumine. Dazzle it unquestionably did—not, however, like a first-rate star, but like a second-rate comet; for it contains an ill-defined nucleus of meaning, enveloped in a halo of verbiage encumbering what it is unable to adorn. I have every respect for the author's private and personal character, and speak only of his book, now public property, which every man is free to censure or approve according to his judgment. To me, I must confess, had I not been told it was a serious work, it would have seemed a burlesque on fine writing—a Chrononhotonthologos turned politician. It is far from being agreeable to me to expose the absurdity of a writer of my own country; and were there nothing in the book reprehensible besides the style, it might wend its way to the "gulph of all human possessions" without any molestation on my part. But, in animadverting on the work, it is impossible to pass by a feature so remarkable, a defect so little to be expected in the present day, when so many models of just composition exist, and when, in almost every newspaper, are to be found well written paragraphs. In public declamation, pompous inanity has some chance to escape; flash succeeds flash so fast, that we have not time to analyze and examine; but the *litera scripta* has a more serious trial to undergo, and must abide the deliberate verdict of critical inquest and examination.

I know no writer more peremptory, and yet more unfortunate, in his dicta,

than the author of the two octavo volumes. His very preface begins with a false position, owing to the puerile affectation of saying old things in a new manner, and clothing trite meanings in florid diction. Alluding to the success of a few modern novels and poems, he says, "Fame and Fortune are the slaves which obey the master spirits of our time, whose choice it is to dwell in the enchanted regions of the imagination." Now the truth is, that Fame or Fortune, or both, are the very idols to which those master-spirits bow; they are the main incitements of honourable ambition, and instead of being slaves to men, the fact is that men are slaves to them. But Mr O'Driscoll is not just to himself in confining imagination to novelists and poets—his own book will shew that he knows how to employ it, not only in adorning facts, but in creating them. In the same kind of inflated diction he proceeds through many a page, using a profusion of words to express badly, what might perspicuously be unfolded in a few, a fault too often found, I am sorry to say, in the compositions of my countrymen. One of his subsequent affirmations I am the more willing to admit, because (as Pope observes of Longinus) he exemplifies it himself. "There is no country about which so much has been written, and so badly and imperfectly, as Ireland." Even this, however, is ill expressed—it should be, there is no country upon which so much has been written badly and imperfectly as Ireland; for unquestionably there are many countries on which much more has been actually written. Putting the fabulous history of Ireland, as it deserves, out of the question, perhaps there is no nation in Europe on which so little has been written. The substance of all which this gentleman has composed in elucidation of its state might, if written in plain English, be comprized in the fourth part of one of his own octavos. As it is, the appendix, particularly in the first volume, though apparently less, because the print is smaller, is in reality more than the book to which it is appended. And what do those appendices contain? Some tedious extracts from old documents, of no value but to the rakers into antiquity, Mr Grattan's obsolete philippic against tithes answered and refuted over and over, quotations from the dull quartos of Wakefield, the worst of all bad authorities, some brilliant observations of his own, and a few extracts from works already sufficiently appreciated. This superfluity of appendage, argues either a very short memory or an ignorance of the contents of his own volumes; for in his preface he thus speaks. "*We* have *not* valued numerous references, nor extensive details, nor a *voluminous appendix*. These might *have had* their use," in former times I suppose, "and we have not wholly neglected them!" No truly, unless you call dividing the book with them neglect. I cannot forbear quoting the remainder of the paragraph as a specimen of the author's peculiar manner, though it is simplicity itself, compared with other passages. "But our chief object was to convince—to persuade—to give to the cause of Ireland, if we could achieve it, that interest which is created not by cold detail and barren documents," such as his appendices, "and a cheap parade of learning; but by those warm and living pictures, which as they can be painted only by him who feels, are calculated to seize on the feelings of others, and to convince the understanding, while they possess themselves of the heart. *We* do not say we *have* done this, but we would have done it." There is something in this which at first looks like meaning, but on consideration it eludes our grasp. His object, he says, *was* (*is* it should be,) to convince—to persuade, but we are not told whom he is to convince, or of what they are to be persuaded. The cause of Ireland is a vague and indefinite expression; it conveys no distinct meaning, such as might be expected from a political philosopher, writing at his ease in the quiet retreat of Lisnabrinny, and wishing to contribute his humble mite towards the improvement of his native country. Warm pictures, and addresses to the passions, are not the safest modes of convincing the understanding, particularly in that which of all sciences requires the clearest head and the coolest judgment, the science of legislation. The concluding sentence is neither sense nor English. The intended meaning, if I do not mistake it, is as follows. This it *is* my aim to accomplish, but I do not take upon me to say that I *shall* be successful. *We* is certainly a very improper designation of a single person, wri-

ting in the individuality of his own private character, and possessing no peculiar title, privilege, or authority, to issue mandates or monitions. It would sound oddly enough with one of the prefaces appertaining to plurality, We, by the grace of God, J. O'Driscoll of Lismabrinny, Esq. &c. &c. do declare so and so.

Antithesis is his favourite figure, and it is in numerous instances a very simple one, merely setting one part of a sentence at variance with the other; other faults there are, confused ideas, giddy and unwarranted assertions, misrepresented facts, and false conclusions. Few pages are exempt from one or more of these imputations, and some exhibit an unlucky combination of them all. The reader who has not seen the work, may judge from the following specimens: "It *was*," says Mr O'Driscoll, *ex Cathedra de Lismabrinny*, "our purpose to make the people of England acquainted with their fellow-subjects in Ireland," (taking it for granted, I presume, that, to obtain this knowledge, they would all have recourse to his 30s. pamphlet, an event highly advantageous to the author at least,) "and the people of the latter country with" —(the people of England, one would naturally suppose, in order to make the acquaintance mutual; but no, that would be descending to common modes of speech, it is to make them acquainted with the only people with whom nobody but our sagacious author would suppose them unacquainted, viz.) "each other!" Well, what is the next part of his purpose? "to exhibit a sketch of Ireland, rapid, irregular, but faithful; a view of what it was, what it is, and what it might be; to suggest, to urge changes which have become indispensable, and at the same time to expel, if it were possible, the fierce demon of *radical* change from its abode in the tormented bosom of the populace. We need great improvements in Ireland, but we have had enough of revolutions in *that*" (anglice *this*) "tortured country."

Old Æsop gave us a mountain producing a mouse; here we have a mouse producing a mountain, viz. a hasty and irregular sketch, purporting to give a faithful view of what Ireland was in days of yore, a perplexed and puzzling skein to unravel; what she is now, a subject on which neither historians nor politicians are quite accordant; and what she might be, a matter of still more difficulty and doubt among sages and speculators! The next part of the author's undertaking seems as superfluous as the preceding was hopeless; for changes which are *become indispensable*, cannot well be unknown, and therefore do not require his urgency, being, according to him, things which *must* take place. The succeeding sentence is so expressed as to make his readers believe, that the dæmon of radical change is to be expelled by his book from the bosom of the tortured populace, a description of persons little given to reading, and of whom very few indeed are able to purchase thirty shillings worth of admonition. In his aversion to revolutions, every honest and intelligent reader will heartily concur, as well as in acknowledging that we are in need of great improvements, among which I should be glad to see the style and temper of political composition included. Improvements and changes, however, are not synonimous.

But, if the next paragraph is to be credited, (the information given in which is entitled to the full praise of novelty, having never, I believe, been contemplated by any preceding writer,) our author's pains, for the far greater part at least, might have been spared, inasmuch as he has discovered a much more certain guide than human wisdom, viz. instinct. There is, he tells us, "a kind of instinctive feeling which belongs to our species, intimating when great changes are at hand. It is something of that kind by which the *lower* animals foreknow the changes of the weather, and *are warned to provide for their safety!*"

This doctrine, as I have already observed, is new, and not the least ingenious among our author's singular opinions, though, to most readers, it will probably appear paradoxical. Animals, not possessed of reason, are endowed with that faculty called instinct, which a wise Providence has rendered subservient to their uses, and sufficient for their welfare. Now, as experience and observation have shewed our author that there are among the creatures professing rationality, and particularly among those who call themselves political reformers, a very considerable number of persons exhibiting little or no symptoms of the reasoning faculty, he has kindly provided

them with a substitute in that which has proved so excellent a guide to other irrational animals, instinct. This certainly serves to account for what otherwise would seem wholly unaccountable, the ravings of certain persons composing political clubs or conventions, in Dublin and other places. Many think them to be only mistaken and puzzle-headed agitators, abusing their reason, and over-rating their talents; but it now appears that reason and talents have no concern in the matter, and that they act under the mere impulse of an instinct foreboding the probability of bad weather in the political horizon, as sea-birds usually scream most on the approach of a storm. Mr O'Driscoll's error consists in improper exemplification. Had he applied his doctrine to those said agitators, it would have been easily admitted; but he has unfortunately selected his proofs from classes least likely to forebode state changes, or feel disturbance from political foresight, viz. "the barefooted peasant on the mountain, the citizen employed at his trade, the professional man, the country gentleman, and the farmer; all these," he says, "are agreed that changes are necessary. On this point there is perfect unanimity." That certain changes would be acceptable to most of these, I am willing to admit, but I strenuously deny the circumstance of perfect unanimity. The barefooted peasant on the mountain feels little interest in any change save the change of weather, or the change of pasturage for his flock or herd. The citizen would change a bad trade into a good one, and a good one into a better, if he could. The country gentleman, and the farmer, agree perfectly in the contemplation of one change, viz. a change in the prices of corn, and other provisions; but they differ widely in another, the gentleman wishing to change low rents into high, and the farmer wishing to change high rents into low. Professional men, by whom are meant, I suppose, lawyers, physicians, and attorneys, when they are fortunate enough to have good business, are seldom fools enough to wish for a change. When this is not the case, some of them are apt to try their fortune in another way, and so change themselves into patriots, politicians, orators, and pamphlet writers; for it is become a sort of axiom in modern politics, that they who discover least ability, and are least successful in the management of their own private and personal concerns, are the fittest to direct those of the public.

To this new doctrine of human instinct, there is one little objection, that though it shews with sufficient certainty approaching changes, it does not, as in the case of lower animals, necessarily enable the foreknowers to provide for their safety, which, according to the old school of philosophy, was the sole purpose intended by the wisdom of the Almighty Giver of instincts. In the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI. French instinct pointed clearly enough to a great approaching change, but it seems to have been sadly deficient in warning the people to provide for their safety. It does therefore appear to be by no means impossible, that those of our countrymen who are most agitated by this instinctive prophetical furor, may happen to meet a change not only contrary to their expectations, but injurious to their safety. In the French National Assembly, were men full as wise, and, I believe, almost as noisy and tumultuous, as those of the Dublin Convention, and they succeeded both in effecting a change, and in putting themselves at the head of it, but the subsequent part of the example is not very encouraging. However, those who act from instinct, are, of course, exempt from any impressions that can be made by precedent, reasoning, prudence, or reflection.

Mr O'Driscoll has made curious discoveries—he makes Voltaire a predestinarian, and Cromwell a saint. That brilliant writer, he says, speaking of the former, "thought that Ireland was foredoomed to slavery, but he was mistaken." Now, this seems a very unlucky observation for one whose *faithful* Sketch of Ireland represents her as having been in a state of slavery not only for ages prior to the brilliant writer's time, but down even to the present day. What she may be *hereafter*, one prophet knows just as well as the other. Within three lines of his refutation of Voltaire, he has these words: "Never were there more turbulent or reluctant slaves than the Irish." This is at least an admission of the fact. As to reluctance and turbulence, I am inclined to think them general characteristics of slavery in all countries. In

one respect, certainly, no slaves were ever tamer then the Irish, that is, in their blind submission to a despotic church. This, however, is, in a great measure, ascribable to the gross ignorance of the people, and the vigilant bigotry of the priest; a change in both of which is indeed a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

Cromwell's saintship, I believe Mr O'Driscoll will find in no calendar but his own. The religion of that curious compound of hypocrisy and enthusiasm was, if I mistake not, that of the sect called Independent Dissenters. Whether sects of this description still produce religious saints, I do not know, but they are said to be sufficiently fertile in political sinners. I hope they and their various coadjutors may not verify the old proverb, of too many cooks. Perhaps they may reply to me with a proverb of still greater age and respectability—that "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety." The retort would certainly be in their favour, did we not know that the word counsellors, in ancient days, signified wise men.

Mr O'Driscoll apologizes for inaccuracy of language by the hurry of publication, being anxious to put out his book, lest "the interest which passing events had *collected* upon Irish affairs, might have been dissipated and lost," before its appearance. Passing affairs must have been of a trivial nature indeed, if their impression was so very transitory as to refuse to wait one little month for an Irish pamphlet. Surely he who looked to the return of tranquillity in so short a space, could not have been very seriously impressed with the horrors of misgovernment. The feverish symptoms which were likely to abate before the political quack had time to compound his nostrum, could not have been very dangerous. But he needed not to have felt such alarm. The Dublin agitators are not of a character to be easily tranquillized, and Captain Rock is a sturdy belligerent. It is a very questionable matter, whether either the former or the latter would abate one iota of their turbulence, even although Mr O'Driscoll's pamphlet were to be read every week *by* one, and *to* the other, and all his salutary and sagacious recommendations adopted into the bargain. A later appearance would have been favourable to the prophetic character of his work, as it would have made him suppress the paragraphs predictive of the terrible consequences to be apprehended from France's interference with the affairs of Spain. Great politicians, like Mr O'Driscoll, are apt to confine the name of "*the people*," to the opposers of established authority; and when they hear of a few discontented spirits in a country, it is *the people rising in the cause of freedom against their tyrannical oppressors*. That rulers will sometimes oppress, and that oppression ought to be resisted, I am very far from denying; but that factions should be encouraged to overthrow established authorities, I can never admit. There are few countries as yet prepared for what we call a free government, and a premature introduction of one in them, would do more harm than good. The French, we see, have been received in the Peninsula as friends; and a great majority of the people are decisively in favour of the old system, which time, it is to be hoped, will improve, but which, at present, it would be madness to change. Poor Wilson is now probably of the same opinion. What a pity that so much heroism has been "dissipated and lost!"

Mr O'Driscoll begins his work with a general view of Ireland, from which it is difficult to collect anything precise, significant, or satisfactory. Had he been content to express his thoughts in plain language, though his statements and opinions might be controvertible, they could hardly be misunderstood. Affectation of fine writing has disfigured what was just, amplified what was injudicious, made errors more glaring, and thrown an air of ridicule and absurdity over the whole. A plain writer, comparing these islands, would be satisfied to tell us, that Ireland was still far behind her more favoured and fortunate sister, in arts, in industry, in opulence, and in renown. How is this expressed in the *sesquipedalia verba* of Mr O'Driscoll? "While Great Britain sits in the brightness of the glorious age which she has almost created, Ireland is still in the dimness of antiquity!" In the former sentence, we have clear and definite ideas of British superiority, and the things in which it consists. In the latter we have nothing specific, nothing precise,

nothing satisfactory — *inania verba*. But this is not the worst; what we *do* understand of it, is not true. Ireland is *not* in the dimness of antiquity, and Mr O'Driscoll himself shall be brought to prove it. The national character of Ireland, he tells us, is best represented by its women; and, with patriotic gallantry, he prefers them to the English and the French, for all the qualities that can adorn the sex. They could hardly reach such excellence in *the dimness of antiquity*. In vol. ii. p. 224, he thus speaks:—"The question is not now, Will you instruct the people? But will you give a safe direction to that instruction which they have received, and are receiving? The people can no longer be deceived *upon any subject*," (he might have excepted miracles and prophecies,) "too much light has gone down to *the lowest depths of society*." If this be the case, Ireland cannot be said to be in the *dimness of antiquity*. It is true, the learned gentleman here seems to forget what he insists upon in other places, and what forms the only valuable part of his books, the extreme ignorance of the common people, and the best means of removing it by the establishment of proper schools. But what of that? It is only one out of ten thousand inconsistencies and contradictions, things too trifling to stand in the way of a brilliant period, or a favourite position. So the present point can be established, no matter at what expense; common sense and simple truth are easy sacrifices. In another place, we have an eulogium passed on the metropolis of Ireland. *We* should be glad, he says, (and no doubt such authority will be attended to,) to see it established as a settled habit of the Crown, that the King should frequently, and at stated times, hold his court in Dublin." (The crown, it seems, is to settle when and where the King shall wear it.) "The city of Dublin is worthy of the royal presence." With such a city, the second in the British empire, with such cities as Cork, Belfast, Waterford, Limerick, and others of inferior note, to say nothing of her nobility, clergy, and landed gentry, methinks it is a *little* too much to say that Ireland is *still in the dimness of antiquity*. Her best antiquity possessed no city equal to the worst of them.

It is, however, but fair to give Mr O'Driscoll an opportunity of explaining what *he* means by this dimness of antiquity, and the extract will give such readers as have not seen his work a fair specimen of the elevation of his style, and the felicity of his illustrations. "She (Ireland) has had her shining spirits, not few nor inconsiderable (shining spirits seldom are); but they have been unable to dispel the darkness of an antiquity, *which is* without pomp, or beauty, or chivalry; not elevated, not dignified, not polished; preserving only the fierce passions, the feuds, and the barbarism of ancient times, without the generous attachments of clanship, without the oftentimes noble fidelity and high honour of feudal obligations. The lumber, and the dross, and the deadly weapons of antiquity (qu. what are they?) are scattered over the land; but whatever was brilliant or beautiful (surely he should have excepted the women) is gone for ever! We walk as upon a stage, where (Anglice, whence or from which) the pageant has been withdrawn, and the lights extinguished, and some coarse and vulgar materials strown in the darkness, suggest an indistinct idea of what might have been performed."

What Mr Pope observes of some writers, who

"From vulgar rules with brave disorder part,"

may be justly applied to the passage here quoted. I would gladly learn the substantive intended for the first relative, "which," whether it is an antiquity, or the darkness of an antiquity. If the former, as the grammatical construction of the sentence seems to intimate, then we have the word antiquity used in a new sense, and made to signify the present time. If darkness be the substantive, it was hardly necessary to tell us that darkness was without pomp, or beauty, or chivalry, &c. &c. For my own part, I cannot bring myself to feel any regret for the loss of clanship, however generous, or of feudal obligations, however noble their fidelity, and high their honour, deeming them symptoms of barbarism at best, and worse than even the *darkness of our present antiquity*. His theatrical illustration does any thing but throw light upon the subject. When a man is in darkness, it makes no difference whether the materials strewn

about him are coarse or fine, or whether the place be in a playhouse or a prison—his first thought would be to get out, and his most probable speculation how to do so without falling on his face or breaking his shins.

If Mr O'Driscoll's ideas of what Ireland is, and what Ireland ought to be, are not more pertinent and rational than those which he entertains concerning what Ireland has been, little indeed can be expected from the lucubrations of Lisnabrinny; and, truly, in the words of honest Dogberry, it will go near to be thought so shortly. Though he has renounced the old religion of his country, he retains his belief in her legendary tales, in defiance of all the external evidence which authentic history supplies, and without regard for the utter want of any evidence internal. The reader shall have it in his own words: "The *old* Irish appear to have had an indisposition for trade, which could hardly be expected in the descendants of the celebrated traders of Tyre, the mart of nations, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth." No, truly. Their *indisposition* to trade, which is a soft way of expressing their general ignorance of it, ought to have been employed as a decisive proof that they were *not* the descendants of those honourable traffickers, and mercantile princes, because if they had been, it is altogether impossible that such an indisposition could exist, especially in a country whose mercatorial advantages he so highly extols. But what is his logical conclusion—that "this, *i. e.* their being a Tyrian colony, (though it indisposed them to the very pursuit it should have encouraged most) will account for the degree of *knowledge* and *refinement* which they possessed at a very early period, and which were lost in the overwhelming calamities of their country!" From such perversity of intellect, what can be expected?—But wearisome as it must be, let us follow up the subject, and see how successfully he explains the loss of their early knowledge and refinement. Those "overwhelming calamities," in which both were lost, were, as he tells us, the invasion of the Danes, who were repulsed, and the invasion of the English, which was partially successful.

Before we proceed to those invasions, it will not be amiss to have recourse to two of the earliest accounts of Great Britain and Ireland, furnished by persons of unquestionable veracity, and almost unequalled abilities. The learned reader will perceive that I allude to Julius Cæsar, one of the greatest men the world has ever beheld, and the historian Tacitus. Though Cæsar's object was conquest, he has minutely described the extent and position of the countries he overran, and the character, manners, and dispositions of their inhabitants. The barbarism of the English, whom he twice invaded with success, though not without danger, is sufficiently known to every reader of English history. The inhabitants of the eastern coast about Kent were by far the most civilized (*longe humanissimi*) from their proximity to the continent, and their occasional intercourse with its merchants. Of Ireland, he only describes the situation and the size, on the west side of Britain, and smaller by half. A man, who sought all opportunities of knowledge, whose ears were always open to information, and on whom no information was ever lost, could not have failed to receive some intimation of Ireland's Tyrian colonization, and consequent learning and refinement, had such a state of things then existed. Had it even escaped the knowledge of the Gauls and Cantians, it could not have been unknown to Spain, with which country Cæsar was perfectly acquainted. Tacitus was the friend and companion of the Roman general Agricola, who greatly extended the Roman conquests in Britain, where he governed for a considerable time, in the century after the death of Julius Cæsar. His geographical description is less exact than that of Cæsar, for he places Ireland between Britain and Spain, but he supplies the deficiency of his precursor, in other respects. It is remarkable enough that the information conveyed by Tacitus should disagree with the Lisnabrinny account, both in respect to the Irish indisposition for trade, and also in respect to the *learning and refinement* of the people. He says expressly, that the situation of Ireland, (meaning of course the south coast) from its neighbourhood both to France and Spain, had produced a degree of intercourse between the several inhabitants, and that the Irish harbours were better known to traders than those of England. In mind and manners, he observes, there was little difference between Britons and Irish.

men, and of the *power* of a people *so learned and refined*, he was led to entertain a very contemptible idea. An Irishman obliged to fly his country for sedition, (I suppose under an insurrection act) had been harboured by Agricola for his own purposes. "I have often heard him say, (Tacitus thus writes) that one legion, with a few auxiliaries, would amply suffice for conquering and keeping possession of the whole island, and he pressed the undertaking on Agricola as useful towards the quiet subjection of the Britons, by removing the jealousy they might feel from the vicinity of a people unconquered by the arms of Rome, and retaining their native liberty." It seems pretty certain that the Irish refugee, who appeared so desirous to reduce his country under a foreign yoke, would have used stronger arguments for invasion, had the state of Ireland been able to supply them. The project was declined by Agricola, who probably thought the barbarians of Britain quite enough for his purpose. The fair, and indeed unavoidable conclusion resulting from such testimony, and confirmed by the want of a single internal vestige of early refinement, is, that this Tyrian colonization, which must have long preceded the Roman conquest of Britain, with its consequent knowledge, arts, learning, and refinement, must be numbered, as, in truth, I thought it had long been, among the dreams and deceptions of monkish idleness.

The progress of men from barbarism to refinement, unaided by adventitious circumstances, is so extremely slow, that the exemption of Ireland from Roman subjugation may be considered more in the class of her misfortunes than her felicities. Of that mighty people, it may be said, that they conquered rather to civilize than enslave, and when resistance was at an end, the work of improvement was assiduously commenced. The prosperity of Britain advanced rapidly under their auspices, suffering for a long time no interruption but from the barbarous part of her own population, who maintained their wild independence by means of inaccessible mountains and morasses. The calamitous invasion of the northern tribes, which finally overthrew the Roman Empire, was equally destructive to the prosperity of civilized Britain. Had Ireland been fortunate enough to reap the benefits, which would necessarily have followed a Roman possession of the Island, she would at least have had the advantage of keeping them much longer, and possibly of retaining them altogether. Her remote and secluded situation rendered her less known, and less exposed to hostile invaders, of whom very few in comparison, and none with final success, approached her shores previous to the descent of the English in the time of the second Henry. Had Ireland been colonized from Tyre, and instructed in all the arts of civilization at the early period assigned by the fabulous writers, she must have possessed such a mass of population, and such a power of resistance, as would have contemned the feeble attacks of a single enemy—the Danes. We know how her population has increased in one century under what such people as Mr O'Driscoll call discouragement and persecution, and may therefore easily conceive the rapidity of its progress during a long state of prosperity and independence. Mr O'Driscoll's notion of her strength being broke, her refinement lost, and her people disunited by an unsuccessful invasion, is too absurd for serious refutation. But it is in a peculiar degree the misfortune of this writer to wage perpetual hostility with the principles of logic. He seems to lay down premises only for the purpose of drawing false conclusions. It is indeed true, that remoteness of situation and difficulty of access did, for a long time, protect Ireland from foreign attack; and, while England was harassed by continual inroads, she remained in fortunate tranquillity. During this period it was that learning flourished, seminaries were filled, foreign students sought refuge in her quiet retreats, and she obtained the appellation of *insula sanctorum*. But her learning, confined within a few monkish walls, and such as no student of this age would read, was little calculated to enlighten the minds, or improve the manners, of the people. She had some saints, but she had no citizens. They who praise her for learning, praise her for nothing else; and whoever has a mind to obtain a just knowledge of its value, will find it in musty legends, and obsolete divinity.

Better consequences, indeed, might have been expected, had the primit-

ry and more liberal establishment of Christianity in Ireland—of which the reader will find a good account in Dr Ledwich's Antiquities—been able to preserve its independence. But the conquest which heathen Rome had been unable or unwilling to achieve over the persons of the Irish, was successfully obtained by pontifical Rome over their minds, and a degree of mental servitude established, destructive of one of man's most valuable rights, the right of conscience, and decidedly incompatible with human freedom. This has been the main bar to Irish improvement, as it has been to improvement everywhere else; and strange indeed it must appear, even in these strange times, that they who are here most violent and vociferous for the full, the unrestrained, and the most unlimited acquisition of civil liberty for themselves, are at the same time most strenuous for strengthening the power of ecclesiastical domination in a despotic church, and withholding from the people of their communion even the puny privilege of daring to entertain a doubt. This is Irish patriotism, this is Irish consistency!

Mr O'Driscoll is lavish in his encomiums upon his countrymen for that fidelity of attachment to old dogmas, which, however, he was too wise to imitate himself, not considering that this same fidelity is a proof not of light but of darkness, an invariable accompaniment of the rude and ignorant. If he has a mind to learn still stronger instances of such meritorious fidelity, he will find them among the willing victims of Juggernaut, and the burning widows of Seringapatam. Wishes are vain, and we must endeavour to make the best of things as they are; but let any man of sense and observation consider for a moment what a large portion of this island *now is* under the religious influence of a pure, pious, and unchanging priesthood, and what it *would have been*, if, like Scotland, her mental energies had been roused by some such daring heretical reformer as John Knox; whether she would have had a safer road to heavenly beatitude I shall not say, but unquestionably she would have found a safer way to light, learning, industry, and riches.

Ireland, according to Mr O'Driscoll, having lost her refinement and prosperity by repelling the Danes, who, (in his phraseology, understand it who may,) "left the rock upon the seashore, shattered in all its length and thickness," was fortunate enough to recover them again before the arrival of the English, when, it seems, they were lost a second time.

It is not much to the credit of Irish fidelity, that of the three invasions which did or might have taken place, two were incited by the treachery of natives. We need not waste the reader's time in taking any pains to shew, that neither the invaders nor the invaded were, in the time of the second Henry, endowed with much refinement, or possessed of any considerable degree of civilization. Of the two, I am afraid the invaders had the advantage. Supposing, however, Mr O'Driscoll's statement to be true, he has himself furnished us with a complete exculpation of the accused. I quote his own words, vol. I. p. 39, "Down to the reign of Elizabeth, the English government in Ireland extending over no more than a portion of Leinster, and a few towns on the eastern coast, was wholly occupied in a struggle to preserve this small territory, or occasionally, in efforts to extend it." Here, then, we have an interval of four hundred years, during which the native inhabitants of near three-fourths of Ireland, and who had *never* been conquered or overrun by the English, had full leisure to cultivate the arts and sciences for which they were so famous, to enjoy their happy and learned independence, and to make that progress in national glory and prosperity which free and enlightened countries may naturally be expected to do. Even Mr O'Driscoll will hardly charge the "wretched policy" of England with crimes which it *could* not commit, or with oppressing inhabitants with whom she had no connection. English usurpation, if he so chooses to call it, could affect only "a *portion* of Leinster, and a *few* towns on the eastern coast," the inhabitants of the remainder continuing subject to the mild domination of their native princes, and being governed by their own free, equal, and equitable laws. It therefore remains with him to explain how it came to pass, that all this learning and refinement, all the splendid arts of native civilization which were left to themselves, utterly disappeared; and how it has happened that the subjugated and ill-governed part of the Irish

territory became the best cultivated, the most opulent, and the most civilized. English oppression is a very pretty plea for those who wish to cover their own defects, imperfections, and vices, under the cloak of others' sins; but it would be far more creditable to Ireland honestly to avow, that her genius had never been duly cultivated; that her native talent had never been fairly called into action, than to maintain the preposterous and degrading notion of her unnaturally retrograding from knowledge and learning, to darkness and ignorance, from civilized industry to sloth and barbarism. This is reversing the ordinary progress of the human mind, and making the country which they would celebrate for mental ability, a perverse example of mental tergiversation. It may serve to account for Irish bulls and blunders, but never to the elucidation of Irish genius. It is true, the doctrine of retrogradation in science, by abusing the advantages of classical education, by professing patriotism for any purpose but to serve the country, by haranguing only to inflame, by writing only to mislead, and by affecting superior taste only to shew a total want of all the qualities which constitute it, *does* receive some countenance and support from too many representatives of the original stock in the present day. It can be no just reproach to Ireland to say, that in times of general barbarism, she was barbarous too, and that a more remote situation from the seat of arts and knowledge, necessarily operated to retard her advancement, which is the real state of the case. But it is seriously reproachful to invest her with the splendour of science and civilization, without being able to give any rational account of its disappearance. The arguments we have seen prove the very reverse of their intended conclusion. English policy may have been often bad; and I never heard of any policy that was uniformly good; but the breast which is not altogether devoid of gratitude and humanity, will never forget the substantial benefits of British connection; that it is to her we are indebted for the vast stores of knowledge communicated by the introduction of her language; that it is to her we owe all that we possess of commercial spirit, and agricultural skill; that it is to her we owe our municipal laws, our legal knowledge, and a form of government, the admiration and envy of surrounding nations; that it is to her we owe exemption from servitude to foreign despotism; that it is to her we owe the protection of our trade, and the security of our independence; that she is our neighbour, our friend, our instructress, and our example; and that if half the pains which are taken to vilify her character, were employed in following, and in endeavouring to make others follow, her example, and emulate, what they must long despair to equal, her prudence, her honesty, her industry, her decorum, her subordination, her sobriety, and all those qualities which compose the character of a genuine Briton, it would serve Ireland more in seven years than all the vapouring efforts of her brawling and scribbling patriots, in seventy times seven. *Quid prosunt leges sine moribus?* Were everything to be conceded to the demands of the clamorous; were the Houses of Parliament to cry *peccavimus*, we will give you all you desire; were the dear object of Roman Catholic ascendency to be established; were there, in short, nothing refused which newborn arrogance could ask, or expect, let any man look to the minds, the habits, the morals, the training of the people, and say what it could possibly avail, until those minds, those habits, those morals, and that training, shall have undergone complete and entire alteration. If, indeed, it be their object to restore the splendour of Mr O'Driscoll's Irish antiquity, to revive the soul of music, which (as Mr O'Driscoll's only minstrel has so happily expressed,) the harp once *shed* within the lamented walls of Tara's revelry, to bring back the generous clanship, and the noble fidelity of feudal obligations, mayhap these worthies are taking the right course. The moral reformation of such a people as the mass of Irish population exhibits, must be undertaken by very different instructors, and accomplished by means very unlike those *they* employ, or, as far as hitherto appears, are capable of employing. That there may be some sensible and honest men among them, I shall not deny; but their presence does more harm than good, serving only to give colour and support to that turbulent spirit which it is out of their power to repress, to modify, or to *moderate*. "*Haud tali auxilio aut defensoribus*

istis, tempus eget, scandit fatalis machina muros." The stalking horse of false patriotism, pregnant with combustibles, has entered the city—Let its rightful guardians beware of the explosion!

But to return to our more immediate subject—is it possible that any man of the present day who can write, or any man who can read, would take such paragraphs as the following for English composition, or for any other than a design to burlesque the tawdry affectations of false taste? Talking of the river Shannon, to which he ascribes the protection of some of the old Milesian stock, who dwelt in the remote region on its western side, not recollecting that a fine and navigable river would rather invite the invader, had there been anything on the other side worth invading, he thus proceeds,—"There is something in the *serene* magnificence of the Shannon, rolling his long line of *waves* in splendid continuity, and spreading occasionally into vast lakes, and exhibiting in the bosom of his great waters a thousand beautiful islets," (Irregular lakes, and thousands of islets, being, I suppose, the Milesian idea of long and splendid continuity, as waves are of serenity,) "Like," (who can guess what? why, like) "the expansions of some mighty mind in the stillness of deep thought, or," (if that will not do, like what is the very reverse of it,) "like the flowing of a rich imagination, wave tumbling over wave, until at length it displays" (what?) "its fairy formations sparkling upon a calm and sunny surface." The same brilliancy of thought and language, wave tumbling over wave in beautiful disorder, adorns the whole passage, which thus happily concludes: "Here we meet" (that is among the rocks and mountains of Cunnemara and Clare,) "at every step, a wild and fantastic luxuriance of imagination, the literary genius of the bog, and the poet of the glen and mountain; rude and often ludicrous indications," (I defy any Englishman, native or imported, to tell of what,) "of the richness of the soil!" The chapter on Ireland concludes, consistently, it must be confessed, with a bull. Ireland, he tells us, though inferior in power and prosperity, is, however, England's eldest sister—she is also the oldest and the newest country in Europe, *ergo*, she is her youngest sister also. The complexion of the relationship defies my ability to unravel.

His chapter on national character is perfectly Socratic; all we are enabled to know from it is, that we know nothing. Nor is this at all surprising, the reader being prepared for that result by the initiatory sentence. "There is," says our author, "nothing more real, or better understood than national character."—Had he stopped here, and gone on to the ladies, the theme of his next chapter, all would have been well; it was perfectly unnecessary to explain a thing, than which "nothing was more real or better understood." But the subsequent part of the period, like the obverse of a medal, presents a new and quite dissimilar picture, "and yet it is an abstract idea of no small complexity," that is, it is a thing unreal, and very hard to be understood. Readers may take their choice; such as follow the author's guidance, however, will abide by the latter. His account of Irish authors and orators, shews not only much critical acumen, but some novelty, particularly in making Swift junior to Burke, Grattan, and Curran, and ranking him among the orators of Ireland. Tom Moore is an especial favourite, but unfortunately has been classed among the harpers, rather than the poets of Ireland, probably because he forgot to look into his dictionary for the word minstrel.

The next in order is the chapter upon Irish women, to whom, in addition to their native charms, and almost unequalled accomplishments, he has given a quality certainly attributable to the women of no other country since the time of the Amazons. "The women of Ireland represent the national character better than the other sex." This was intended for a compliment, no doubt; yet after the definition of national character, which has been just now quoted, the degree of praise so conferred may admit of question. For what is it they represent? is it not an "abstract idea of no small complexity?" The explanation is, indeed, complimentary, for it gives them all the "kindness, goodness, faithfulness, and devotedness of the Irish heart," leaving to the other sex, all its "depravity, and all its fierceness." I shall not be ungallant enough to dispute the praise, though I deny the representation, not being able to conceive

how a national character, in which great vices are mingled with great virtues, can be best represented by excellence without a fault.

In one of his observations, where he draws a parallel between French and Irish ladies, I cannot concur,—"The French woman dwells and delights in *mystery*—the Irish woman in *the light*." Perhaps there has been a typographical error, which has made the ladies change places, for as it stands, their characters are unquestionally reversed. I never understood that French ladies affected mystery in anything, not even in their gallantries, and it is perfectly undeniable that there are some things of which Irish ladies make, and, I hope, will continue to make a mystery, which are done by French ladies without the least scruple in open daylight. I don't think they order these matters better in France, and, therefore, though he and I differ in the statement, we agree in the praise. We also agree entirely in another observation, and a deep one it is—that the women of Ireland are all Irish. Unwilling as I am to deduct from their merits, I must be permitted to doubt one part of his panegyric, "that they sooner free themselves from the trammels of party prejudices, and sectarian antipathies." Weak minds are most easily held in trammels; and even his gallantry will hardly allow superior strength of mind to the fair objects of his adoration. It is a pity this writer did not turn his thoughts to the composition of a novel. The store-house of imagination, from which novelists are free to draw their facts, is a very unsafe repository for those of the statist, or the historian.

It is dangerous for a man to draw his own character. Few are capable of doing it impartially, and they who are, have too much sense to think of obtaining credit by self-praise. Mr O'Driscoll thus exhibits his pretensions to superior knowledge of British policy, and the difficult task of legislating for Ireland—"*We* do not pretend to be of no party; but our leaning to party is without *enmity* or *acrimony*. We can value merit, admire genius, and love goodness, wherever we find *it*." (But one need not find *it* unless he chooses.) "We are not without some political partialities; but we profess to have *no prejudices*, and we happen to have some valued friends among those from whom we differ in important points." Truly I believe so, if he has any valued, or valuable friends at all. I should be glad to know what meaning is here annexed to the word "prejudices," for this is the first instance of exemption from them I have ever met. Some may be less biassed by prejudices than others; but all *have* them, and this very disclaimer of their influence, *inter primos*.

This gentleman's fourth chapter professes to treat of the policy of England, the most part of which referring to times long past, and somewhat better detailed by preceding writers, occupies room very uselessly in a work intending to promote the present welfare of Ireland. Even on beaten subjects, however, ingenuity will find means to novelize. Lord Strafford's character and conduct, in particular, are curiously related. "Lord Strafford," he tells us, "conceived himself at liberty to practise all manner of enormities."—"This *able* minister," he says afterwards, "keeping an eye upon his *master's interests*, administered *injustice* and *oppression* with an equal hand to all parties." Here we have novelty with a witness! First, to conceive himself at liberty to practise all manner of enormities, and in consequence thereof to administer injustice and oppression alike to all, forms a summary of the qualities which constitute an *able* minister. Surely his denial of ability to the ministers of the present day, must be considered as no small compliment. Secondly, we are informed, that it was the interest of Charles the First that his prime minister should administer injustice and oppression to all parties. Cromwell himself never made such a charge, and if Mr O'Driscoll, who seems unacquainted with English history, will take the trouble of reading the account of that unfortunate king's reign, he will find that the accusers of his faithful minister found it extremely difficult to fix even one instance of injustice and oppression on him. How could that foolish historian, David Hume, who, to do him justice, had no religious partialities, write thus:—"The articles of impeachment against Strafford are 28 in number, and regard his conduct as President of the Council of York, as Deputy Lieutenant of Ireland, as Counsellor or Commander in England. But though four months were employed in framing the accusation, and all Strafford's answers

were extemporary, it appears from comparison, not only that he was free from the crime of treason, but that his conduct, making allowance for human infirmity, exposed to such severe scrutiny, was innocent, and even laudable.

"In the government of Ireland, his administration had been equally promotive of his master's interest, and *that of the subjects committed to his care.* A large debt he had paid off; he had left a considerable sum in the exchequer; the revenues, which before never answered the charges of government, were now raised to be equal to them. A small standing army, formerly kept in no order, was augmented, and was governed by the most exact discipline, and a great force was there raised and paid for the support of the king's authority, against the Scots covenanters." (Terrible enormities!)

"Industry, and all the arts of peace, were introduced among that savage people." (What profanation of the Tyrian descendants!) "The shipping of the kingdom augmented a hundred fold; the customs tripled upon the same rates; the exports double in value to the imports; manufactures, particularly that of linen, introduced and promoted." (Shocking enormities!) "Agriculture, by means of the English and Scots plantations, gradually advancing; and to sum up the measure of guilt, the Protestant religion encouraged *without the persecution or discontent of the Catholics!*" Really Mr Hume's book ought to be burnt by the common hangman of the Tyro-Hibernian Parliament, now sitting in Dublin. The worst of it is, that the fellow mentions his authorities, but what are they to Mr O'Driscoll's *ipse dixit,* who, though he owns to some partialities, disclaims *acrimony* and *enmity,* and has *no prejudices.*

Among many sagacious observations, Mr O'Driscoll points out one very serious cause of national irritation, and which is represented as operating powerfully on the minds of the people, namely, the Custom-house formalities, which are so annoying to a gentleman travelling from Cork to Bristol, or a trader shipping his wares from one of those towns to the other. "It may be thought," he says, "that these duties and Custom-house regulations have but little effect upon the intercourse of the two nations." (So it may indeed, the more especially as of Ireland's seven millions, there are but a few hundreds that know one tittle of the matter.) "*We* know they have a very serious influence, and the worst is their *moral* effect upon the minds of the *people.*" That is, upon those who are ignorant of their very existence!

"We were told," says this sagacious politician, "that the county of Cork was to be like the county of Kent or Suffolk, so complete was to be the union between the two countries. But the trader who ships his wares from Cork to Bristol, or the gentleman who travels for business or pleasure, from one town to the other, will find to his cost and annoyance, that this imaginary unity is no more than a name." He need not travel quite so far to make that discovery. "He will be able to discern no distinction in the formalities *he,*" *i. e.* the *Cork* man, "has to encounter, whether he come from Cork, or Dublin, or Brest, or Bourdeaux!" I believe the reader will be able to find no distinction between this passage and absolute nonsense.

Towards the conclusion of his chapter on Policy, he assumes a menacing attitude, of which let our readers beware. "This policy," of which the dreadful annoyance of the assumed Cork gentleman and trader, forms a material part, "is full of peril. In our days no partial or injurious system of government can endure. If it is thought safe because of the weakness of Ireland, this too is a mistake. Ireland is not weak. She is poor, but poverty has sometimes the strength of desperation. She has been *disciplined* by her own repeated insurrections; she has been trained in the wars of the French Revolution, and she is *now full* of veteran soldiers, *the* conquerors of Spain and Portugal, and the field of Waterloo!"

We may smile at folly, vanity, and ignorance; we may make allowance for the misguidings of prepossession, and the ardour of party attachment, but bold and barefaced falsehood calls for unequivocal reprobation. To say nothing of making Irishmen *the* conquerors of Waterloo, &c. which may be set down as simple folly, Mr O'Driscoll *knows,* what no Irishman, even with half brains, can be ignorant of, that Ireland, so far from being *full* of those veteran soldiers, contains at this moment exceedingly few, (save those who continue attached to the army now on

duty here) and that those few resemble the arguments in his octavo volumes. We very seldom meet one, and when we do, he is generally *lame*. But were it otherwise, so unfortunate is he in every attempt at argument, that the very circumstance, which, supposing the administration a bad one, he brings forward *in terrorem*, would operate as encouragement, viz. baffled insurgents, and veteran soldiers, pensioned by the very government they are to pull down, and ready at a moment's warning to resume their ranks in its defence.—*O lepidum caput!*

The whole of his chapter on English policy presents such a jumble of incoherencies and inconsistencies, that it is like Pindar's definition, σκιας ονας —the dream of a shadow; and much more resembles the wildness of a dream, than the sober production of a waking mind. "There is," he tells us, "a moral power which *has assumed* the government of the world, and will rule henceforth over the kings of the earth." I wish it would exert some of its influence over our political instructors. Well, what is to become of those subject kings? Why, they are to be for a while at war with this omnipotent power, which has assumed the government of the world, and then you will suppose, of course, that they are to suffer the fate of rebels, and be dethroned. No such thing—they are to remain *in statu quo* in every thing but name—they will become lords lieutenant, and after lowering their "crowns and sceptres" before this imaginary potentate, he, or she, or it, for you may take your choice, "will confirm their vicegerency as a reward for their rebellion, and then there will be peace in the world!" If peace comes not till then, Heaven help the world. At present the kings of the earth seem to have the advantage; and truly, if by moral power be meant modern reform, Jacobinical influence, disregard of religion, and factious opposition to ancient establishments, I do not feel disposed to wish success to the new potentate.

The confusion of ideas occurring in Mr O'Driscoll's book, is really hardly conceivable. Mark the following passage, with which I shall close my observations on his chapter of *Policy*.

"Ireland is nearly in the situation in which France was previous to the Revolution, or perhaps a worse one." (Whether better or worse, no two countries could be less alike than France and Ireland.) "A population crowded to excess, without employment, and almost without food. It seemed to be the policy of the state that war and agriculture should form the staple of *that* kingdom." (*Anglice*, France, *Hibernice*, Ireland.) It is dangerous to tamper with the staple of any country." Unquestionably when war is the staple. "But the peace has utterly destroyed the twofold staple of Ireland." Not quite, for Captain Rock keeps up the war, and the only difference between her agriculture in war and her agriculture in peace is, that the price of its produce is greatly diminished. "What will the government now do for this people, for whom they first provided a staple, and then took it away?" Ridiculous puerility. So the government of England undertook and maintained a long, doubtful, dangerous, and expensive war, for the purpose of providing a staple for Ireland, and when this grand object was obtained, fearing that Ireland would grow too rich, with her usual talent for misgovernment, she made peace for the malicious purpose of taking it away!

In the appendix to his second volume, Mr O'Driscoll quotes a passage from Mr Burke's letter to his son, which strongly reproves the continuation of any practice calculated to recal the memory of things long past, and which in their revival cannot fail to produce and foster disunion, discontent, and irritation. The sentiment was good, and the admonition seasonable. Retrospect furnishes nothing very flattering to the mind of an intelligent Irishman of any party, previous at least to the reign of the third George. Our business is to look forward; to bury, if possible, in prudent oblivion, scenes of disgraceful and calamitous occurrence, whoever might have been the actors; to reflect, that what is done cannot be undone, and to bend the best faculties of the mind to promote present, and establish future prosperity. This is unquestionably the mode of proceeding which a true patriot should adopt, and one which no country, in want of improvement, more imperiously demands than our own. Of this Lethean draught, though Mr O'Driscoll has, to do him justice, drank pretty largely, as far as regards

the faults and offences of his own favourites, yet it has not only served to quicken his recollection of the pristine errors and criminalities of those against whom his enmity is directed, but even to subject them to charges and imputations of which they were not guilty. They not only get no credit for any good done, or intended to be done, but are obliged to bear the double load of other men's sins and their own. Of everything purely Irish the very faults are virtues; of everything in which English blood, English manners, or English policy is concerned, the very virtues are construed into crimes. This may accord well enough with the blind zeal of a partizan, but is somewhat inconsistent with the character of a man who professes to have no prejudices. However justly we may blame the frequent ill policy of England, however justly we may censure the occasional misconduct of English settlers and their descendants, we must not forget that those who are made to complain so loudly of them were frail, fallible, and erring mortals themselves, and frequently the cause of their own calamities.

Did *they* never commit acts of violence, treachery, cruelty, or atrocity, imposing on their objects the necessity of self-defence, and the expediency of providing against similar aggression? It would be no difficult task to reverse Mr O'Driscoll's picture, and to shew that, in arts, in knowledge, in liberality of sentiment, and humanity of conduct, the *general* advantage was in favour of the Anglo-Irish, not in consequence of natural superiority, but of derivation from a more civilized stock; that if their acts were sometimes cruel or unkind, their humanity and kindness were also often requited by treachery and ingratitude; that the state of Ireland, under her native chiefs, was a state of barbarous vassalage, petty tyranny, and perpetual commotion; that her own barbarism has been a principal cause of her own sufferings; and that her great misfortune, as a nation, is, that she had not sense, or spirit, or if Mr O'Driscoll pleases, luck enough to shake off the trammels of ancient superstition, and, like the Sister Island, availing herself of the light of Reformation, become entitled to a full participation of all the blessings which accompany the possession of spiritual as well as civil liberty. But I willingly decline an argument, useless if successful, and injurious under every point of view. They who have this country's good at heart, instead of bringing forward questions leading to interminable dispute, recollections tending to revive animosity, discussions only calculated to irritate and inflame, will endeavour to throw the kind veil of oblivion over the past faults and failings of *all*. They will not do what those who are pleased to call themselves representatives of the native population are doing, they will not foment turbulence, embitter dissension, disseminate discontent, revile authority, and give a loose to the malignant feelings of the heart, under the shallow pretence of healing the wounds, removing the grievances, and promoting the prosperity of Ireland. They will not act as Mr O'Driscoll has done—first, employ the sanction of Mr Burke's great name for reprobating the revival of things better forgot, and, next, present their readers with laboured chapters on obsolete grievances, on the penal laws, and on the rebellion of 1798; subjects so happily calculated to sooth, to conciliate, to edify, and to amend!

His motive for exhibiting to public view, a horrible and exaggerated account of penal inflictions, with which, he is compelled to confess, the Protestants of present times have nothing to do, I shall not trust myself to conjecture. "The memory," according to his own admission, "was fading away, and would soon be past." There was some excuse for bringing up the rebellion of 1798, because it gave an opportunity of indulging two favourite propensities, one of abusing the King's ministers, who are shrewdly suspected of exciting rebellion for the pleasure of putting it down; and another of extolling the heroic conduct and character of Irish rebels. His view of that calamitous event, and the reflections which accompany it, form the very worst essay I have ever seen upon the subject. Probably Mr O'Driscoll has heard of, certainly he has never *seen*, the Examination and Confessions of Arthur O'Connor, and other members of the Irish Directory before the House of Lords. I beg leave to recommend them to his perusal. They are, indeed, a statement of authenticated facts, and, therefore, not altogether in the direct line of his favourite studies; but they

are, nevertheless, both interesting and extraordinary.

"Sed quo nunc tendis?" Let me consider what I am about—wasting words in exposing and animadverting on errors, improprieties, inconsistencies, and misstatements, too palpable to escape any intelligent reader's detection. If such a work be capable of making an impression on the public mind, then are we indeed returned to what Mr O'Driscoll calls *the dimness of antiquity*. That, in such a jumble of subjects, the reader will sometimes stumble upon a just thought, an authenticated fact, or an advisable measure, is indeed true; but it is not possible perhaps to find a composition of the same length in which they are more rare. Lady Morgan herself, the *ne plus ultra* of Hibernian impudence, is not more giddy in assertion, more regardless of logical inference, or more at variance with classical propriety. But I carry the comparison no further. Mr O'Driscoll is, I believe, an honest and a religious man. His errors spring not from the heart, nor do I mean to charge him with anything worse than setting up for, what he has been unfortunately led to think himself—A Wise Man. He is more than singly wise—he is an host in himself. The style of his annunciations not merely resembles that of a committee of the House of Parliament, it goes beyond them—their *we* is at most recommendatory, his *we* is dictatorial. *They* confine themselves to some particular inquiry, *his* range is unlimited—the past, the present, and the future, all pass in review before him, all present the same facility of decision, the same confidence of certitude, and are all probably entitled to nearly the same degree of credit. *One* of his conclusions is perfectly logical, provided you allow his premises—Tithes are the greatest evil—Tithes belong to the Established Clergy—*Ergo*—dispossess the clergy, and abolish the establishment, and the thing is done, Q. E. D. Captain Rock knows something more of the matter—He indeed made tithes his pretext, but as soon as he began to feel his strength, he despised the petty claimant, and turned his arms against the landlord. It may even be doubted whether the ejectment of the Bishops, proud as they are of their lawn-sleeves and mitres, and the spoliation of the universities, objectionable as they may be with their old-fashioned Greek and Latin, and Divinity, and so forth, would, upon the whole, be attended with national advantage. This at least is the opinion of many wise men, and, if I am not mistaken, of both Houses of Parliament also, with a few notable exceptions. True indeed it is, that those seminaries are not necessary for producing such writers as Mr O'Driscoll, such politicians as the Dublin Conventionists, such reformers as the Radicals, and such subjects as the Rockites.

"Sed tandem amoto quæramus seria ludo." We have dwelt rather too long in the region of folly and fable, and I am weary of gauging an empty vessel. A calm inquiry into the real state of affairs here, may be acceptable, if it were but for the novelty of the thing.

Next month then, for fresh fields and pastures new.

G. S.

*** I am willing to impute Mr O'Driscoll's error to the weakness of his head—but what am I to think of the following note, vol. I. p. 136. Had he stated it on hearsay, we might have supposed it a fair quiz, like one of those which have passed current with the wise Wakefield; had it appeared in the shape of a report transmitted from a preceding generation, one might allow for the embellishments of a creative fancy; but it is not a little puzzling under the statement of "*we have* KNOWN." Miraculous or extravagant opinions may be accounted for by a peculiar conformation of brain. Miraculous or extravagant facts, of which this author's book treats pretty largely, rest for the most part on traditionary rumour, or the credit of others—both of which support, and the former particularly gives a fine scope to poetic imagination. Thus, when in vol. I. p. 14, he tells us that "she (Ireland) has enjoyed no peace that could be called peace for the last thousand years; that during this period she has been three times a wooded wilderness," (uninhabited of course,) "and that three times the plough has passed" (on men's shoulders beyond

question, there being no other way conceivable) "over even her high hills!" these indeed are facts which the reader will vainly endeavour to find in any historic record, for a very obvious reason—namely, because they never happened; but though positively asserted by Mr O'Driscoll, we are not to consider them as guaranteed by the testimony of his actual observation, his life having adorned only the last thirty or thirty-five years of the said millenium. Vestry abuses, however, he states, as coming within his personal knowledge. "We (he says) have *known* 20*l.** charged for washing a surplice, which was proved to have been washed three times in the year. In the parish where this was an annual item, the whole ordinary charges for the service of the church were nearly 1000*l.* a-year, exclusive of repairs." Mr O'Driscoll was enumerating, among other public injuries occasioned by the establishment of a Protestant Church in Ireland, the shocking abuses of the power of vestries to levy money in the several parishes, for the use and service of the church. This power, he says, the churchwardens employ for the private emolument of themselves and their friends; and if his account be correct, the office of churchwarden must be one of the most lucrative situations in the realm.; I really wonder how it has so long escaped the lynx eye of Government patronage. Yet, as far as my own experience goes, there is no office parishioners are less willing to accept than the post of churchwarden—with a view, perhaps, of concealing the emoluments. I have frequently heard them complain of loss, and know the complaint to be true. Mr O'Driscoll, however, tells us, that HE *knows* a parish where the sum of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* is annually charged for one washing of a surplice, which the prudence of the churchwardens, who allow it to be washed only three times, forbids to amount to more than 20*l.* *per annum.* The charge is certainly high, but nothing to the rest of the expenditure, of which I wish he had given the items, amounting (*exclusive of repairs*) to near 1000*l.* *per annum.* The parson, before whom all those accounts are passed, and whose influence generally preponderates in the vestry, must have had some good pickings out of it, though Mr O'Driscoll, I suppose out of respect to the cloth, does not include him, at least expressly, among those who pocket the booty. His words are, "A few Protestants collected at vestry, have the power of voting the property of the Catholic parishioners to themselves or their friends, in the shape of money for repairs of the church, for *music*, for sextons," &c. I must of course suppose, that he speaks of country churches and parishes, those of cities and large towns being under a different system. Now, I am pretty well acquainted with most parishes in his own county, and particularly with those of Mr O'Driscoll's vicinity; and yet I am as much to seek for anything like the sentence to which he alludes as if he had spoken of ecclesiastical affairs in Kamschatka. To be sure, he speaks of Ireland in general; and if challenged to produce the instance in this diocese, may refer us to the North, and give us Southerns the consolation of seeing it enrolled among the other enormities of the Orange faction. If beat out of that province, and even out of Leinster, still he has the Wilds of Connaught open, to which friendly retreat of aboriginal civilization, nobody will probably think it worth while to follow him. Really, were I a churchman, I should be disposed to propose a vote of thanks to Mr O'Driscoll at the next Episcopal visitation, for his powerful though unintended support of the Establishment; because the criminator who is obliged to have recourse to falsehood in support of his charges, is one of the best possible evidences for the innocence of the accused.

G. S.

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* Scotch, qu.?—C. N.

SHORT RULES FOR PLAIN PEOPLE RESPECTING THE EVIDENCE OF MIRACLES. TO * * * * * * * * ESQ. DUBLIN.

DEAR SIR,

You frequently complain that the affairs of Ireland fail to excite a due degree of attention; and that, happen what may in your devoted country, (as the phrase is) the sister kingdoms are as little interested as with the occurrences in China or Japan. It is very hard that I cannot succeed in convincing you that such complaints have no foundation; whatever may have been the case heretofore, I am quite persuaded, the time for this lamentation is now passed away. Instead of the alleged indifference, I find, go where I will, an intense, I could almost call it a morbid anxiety, respecting your concerns; everywhere I perceive a disposition to treat you like a favoured invalid—all arrangements are made to bend to your wants and wishes; and if from time to time you prove yourselves a little froward and unruly, this is regarded only as an established case for the exercise of forbearance, and we call upon each other not to correct the fault, but to mourn over the infirmity, arising, as all are ready to acknowledge, out of the peculiar circumstances of your condition. It is a mistake, then, on your part, thus continually to renew this obsolete complaining; still it is impossible not to admit that the mistake is pardonable; for it does happen, that, notwithstanding all our pains, we are sometimes wholly at a loss to make out what you would have. We look at your doings as we would regard the caprices of the sick baby above alluded to, and a pause of unfeigned astonishment intervenes, which you perhaps mistake for indifference. As an illustration of the truth of this, I would refer to the recent transactions respecting Prince Hohenlohe's alleged miracles. The behaviour of all the parties connected with this affair, has indeed excited no small degree of astonishment in the minds of all persons with whom I have conversed. Those who know Ireland best, were not quite prepared for such a display: The excess of boldness exhibited by the Romish priesthood, the eager acquiescence of the laity, and, above all, the utter supineness of the Protestant clergy, when the very foundations of Christian truth are so insolently attacked; these things in combination have assumed a novelty of aspect startling even to those who were most familiar with the anomalies that make your history remarkable. Amongst our own clergy, I am well aware that there are many excellent men, who shrink from the bare suspicion of controversy, knowing how hard a thing it is to sail on that stormy sea, and keep their Christian course with steadiness. But surely it would not be in the indulgence of a controversial spirit merely, if they, one and all, had entered their caveat against the pretensions of this modern Thaumaturgist, and freely declared that the claims so loudly and so pertinaciously urged, will not bear the test of ordinary examination; that they are absurd, illusory, and *blasphemous*. They should have performed this duty, were it only to discharge their consciences, and to acquit themselves of the debt they owe their people; and, in truth, there would be little room for any other motive to operate; secular ambition would find easier avenues to success, and the reputation of intellectual novelty would hardly be attained in a road so well known and so often travelled. For it is no new thing that the defenders of the Romish superstitions should have resort to imposture and delusion; nor is it new that the imposture should be detected, and the delusion exposed. The few short rules I am about to submit through you to the judgment of all my Protestant friends and brethren, disclaim any such pretensions to novelty. They are written in the understanding of every plain man, and have already been collected and put into form for our use, by an eminent prelate* of the Church of England.

An alleged display of miraculous power, confidently supported by a long array of attestations, must, in the first instance, have a tendency to stagger the faith of sincere and unsuspecting believers. "I have been told," such an one may perhaps say to himself, "that the evidence of miracles rests on testimony, and here seems to be testimony in abundance. What shall

* Bishop Douglas.

I do then? Shall I, with the Romanist, receive implicitly all that is told me, or, with the sceptic, reject everything which is not supported by the evidence of my senses?" To a mind thus wavering, it is impossible to bring either support or consolation, unless we bid him enter fearlessly into an investigation of the nature of the testimony to which he is required to assent. He will thus be enabled to decide for himself, and to perceive that, while the Protestant Christian admits the miracles recorded in Scripture, as furnishing an irresistible proof of the truth of revelation, and rejects those which are told of the Pagans of old, or the Papists of modern times, neither this admission, nor this rejection, can be considered as arbitrary; both rest on the same foundation of reason. It is the same exercise of the understanding which constrains him to yield his assent in one case, and to withhold it in the other.—Nor will he be in the least afraid that by this rejection of false miracles he should weaken either the authority or the evidence of those which bear the stamp of truth, any more than, in the occurrences of ordinary life, he will hesitate to refuse base coin, lest he should diminish the credit of that which is genuine. Indeed, the very existence of false miracles serves, if rightly considered, as an additional proof, that at some time and place there must have been true ones; just as we know that the coiner would never attempt his fraud, if there had not been originally some good money, which it was his object to imitate.

We may pursue this illustration farther, by adding, that, as it is every man's interest, in his every-day concerns, to obtain some means of knowing good money from bad, forged notes from genuine, so,—though in an infinitely higher degree, as the interests of eternity transcend those which are secular only and transitory—is it desirable that every man should possess the means of finding out those tricks of human imposture which are passed off on the ignorant or unwary, as the interpositions of divine agency.

I would lay down, therefore, these broad and general rules, as applicable, with safety and certainty, in all cases.

1. *That, whenever a fact can be ascribed, however remotely, to natural causes, any reference to divine interposition is absolutely excluded.*

2. *That, whenever the testimony affords ground even for a suspicion of fraud, it must be rejected entirely, and at once.*

In neither of these cases is there any room for compromise; nor need we be under any apprehension that we shall weaken the authority either of the Old or New Testament miracles, by the most unsparing application of these rules. The events therein recorded will not merely endure these tests, but they will serve to put their truth and strength in the clearest point of view; for by no exercise can the mind be so well prepared to detect falsehood, as by being made habitually conversant with the lineaments of truth. But our second rule will admit of a more detailed explanation.—A suspicion of fraud may reasonably exist in any case.

1. *If the accounts of the alleged miracles were not published to the world till long after the time when they are said to have been performed.*

2. *If the accounts were published at a distance from the place where the miraculous agency was supposed to be manifested.*

3. *If at the time when, and the place where, they are said to have happened, they have been suffered to pass without due examination.*

By the application which all may make for themselves of these simple rules, we get rid at once of the whole mass of legendary folly by which the records of the Romish Church are disgraced. For example, the Jesuits have been fond to represent their founder, Ignatius Loyola, as a worker of miracles; and many and various are the wonders they record of him; but apply our first rule, and down go these pretensions; for, upon examination, it appears that none of these accounts were written, or these stories told, till he had been dead fifty years; and even then, the statements were made in direct contradiction to the authority of Ribadeneira, the only one of his biographers who was personally acquainted with him, and who, instead of laying claim to supernatural powers on behalf of his master, expressly labours to find a reason for his wanting this distinguishing mark of the candidates for canonization.

Again, St Francis Xavier is deservedly celebrated for his missionary labours in India; but his brother Jesuits, not satisfied with giving a plain

statement of his actual labours, published—(not in India, remark, but in Europe, forty years after his death! so that two of our rules apply)—the most marvellous stories concerning him. Yet his own letters, which may be referred to, contain no allusion whatever to the possession of the powers thus attributed to him; and Acosta, who was engaged in the same service, actually assigns it as one reason of their want of success, that no supernatural interference had been manifested in their behalf. These facts are here adverted to, merely for the sake of recalling to your recollection the boldness and pertinacity with which the fraudulent pretensions of the Romish Church have uniformly been sustained.

The application of the third rule falls more within our present purpose, as enabling us to form a right judgment of the circumstances which are actually taking place under our notice. In reference to this rule, I would remark, that it is morally impossible that *due* examination should be instituted, where the alleged miracles coincide with the favourite sentiments and prejudices of those to whom they are reported; and where the accounts originate with, and rest upon, the authority of those who alone possess the means of detecting the fraud, and who have it in their power to prevent all inquiry which might tend to undeceive the world. There is in most minds a disposition to credulity, and when this is encouraged by the condition of blind ignorance in which the people are kept by their *Teachers*, there must exist an inclination to receive with unquestioning delight any story which is out of the ordinary course of events; especially when related by those whose acknowledged superiority in intellectual attainment is strengthened by the influence of their spiritual character. Amongst such hearers, and with such relaters, I contend that no account of miraculous agency can have a chance of obtaining due examination; nor can the advocates for the credibility of Prince Hohenlohe's miracles point out a single narrative of any alleged cure, which is not so deeply imbued with this taint of suspicion, that the eye of childhood may detect it. And in fact, the published and attested statements carry with them so palpably their own confutation, that no reader of plain understanding can bring himself to conceive how those who drew them up can refrain from laughing in the face of those who are so besotted as to receive them. Yet we are told that they have been generally received, and the tone in which they are referred to by the priests, proves that among the people there is little or no disposition to question them. Can there be a more convincing proof that their state of mind is such as has been described above, and that they are absolutely disqualified as judges in the matter?—It is curious and edifying to observe how closely this whole affair resembles, in all its leading features, that notable display of Romish credulity and fraud which took place in France about a century ago, at the tomb of the *blessed deacon*, as he was called, the Abbè Paris. Exactly the same sort of cures, confirmed by the same sort of attestations; and all resolvable into one of these three classes: gross and demonstrated frauds; cures effected by the agency of natural causes, or those brought about by the influence of the imagination. It is quite as much in sorrow as in anger that this comparison is instituted; it would be more gratifying to believe that the Romish clergy of the present day were too conscientious to make themselves parties to such delusions, or at least too prudent to expose themselves to the disgrace of detection. But the manner in which some of their prelates have been identified with these transactions, casts a stigma on the whole body.—Nevertheless, the sincere Christian will not have any fears lest the pillars of his faith should be shaken by these occurrences; the sacred fortress which has so long resisted the malice of enemies from without, is not, we are confident, doomed to fall by the treachery of the garrison within; yet it may be put to the conscience of every man who, bearing the character, and discharging the functions, of an ordained minister, has given countenance to those pretensions, whether he has not, as far as in him lay, contributed to sap the foundations of our common Christianity.—The citations from Holy Scripture, and the comparisons little less than blasphemous which have been instituted between this German and our blessed Lord himself, must have afforded an occasion of triumph to the infidel, while to pious minds they have caused

the deepest affliction.—Men who could be rash enough to make such appeals, are little likely, I fear, to retract them, or even to revise the grounds on which they are supposed to rest. If, however, there be any one who entertains a real confidence in the soundness of his cause, let him answer, if he can, these demands:—

Why, if the cures were miraculous, they should have been gradual, partial, and incomplete?

Why, if they were intended to confirm the peculiar doctrines of the Romish church, and to put heretics to shame, they never have been wrought where hereties might have the means of judging concerning them?

Why, if they are supposed to depend on the efficacy of simultaneous prayer, no notice was taken of the difference of longitude in the first reputed miracle at New Hall, though that difference has since been most ostentatiously insisted on?

But there is no end to the queries which common sense would suggest on this subject; to *common sense* I am well satisfied that the whole matter should be left, though in the interval it is impossible not to entertain feelings of indignation against those persons with whom the fraud has originated, contempt for those who have wilfully made themselves parties to it, and pity for all who have been deluded by it.

I remain, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully.

MODERN DRAMAS, AND DRAMATIC WRITERS.

Whenever a new play is damned at either of our great theatres, and that is the case, (or ought to be,) nine times in ten that a new play is produced, we are sure to have a homily from a certain class of critics, about "The decline of the national drama."

If by this "decline of the national drama," nothing more was meant to be conveyed than that our dramatic novelties (number and value) have ranked low within the last thirty years, that is a statement which I should not contradict; but the principle meant to be asserted is this,—that the *power* of dramatic writing has declined in England during the last half century; and that decline, (if it exists at all), seems to me to be very much exaggerated.

It will be admitted, and perhaps even by that enlightened class of disputants, who are content to perceive effects without embarrassing themselves as to causes, that, if the force of our dramatic composition has abated at the present day, that style of writing is the only one in which we fail.

Byron, and Moore, and Scott, and Coleridge,—Wordsworth, Southey, Shelley, and Crabbe,—Milman, Wilson, and twenty others, whose names I only omit because my list is strong enough without them,—these are writers, I think, to challenge rank with the very first poets of the sixteenth century; and in that delightful species of composition, second only to poetry, I mean in the construction of prose romances and novels, what have we up to the present period, take away alone Defoe, to set against Smollett, Fielding, Richardson, and the author (whoever he may be) of Waverley?

To the drama, however; and, first, to the composition of Tragedy.

Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, and the dramatists, in general, of the days of Elizabeth and James—(men whose powers no human creature can be readier than I am to admit); since these writers are so held up *in terrorem*, against modern dramatic adventurers, let us see in what manner modern dramatic taste treats their productions. So loftily as the plays of this school are commended, and so universally as they are read, is it not strange, (if they be, as plays, so excellent) that so few of them are in course of acting?

We can't lay the blame here upon the bad taste of managers. Their taste is bad enough in general, Heaven knows; but, as regards the old authors, managers have not been to blame. They have submitted to have the force of the old dramas made apparent to them; they have tried the revival of them over and over again; and yet, in spite of their repeated endeavours, not a single tragedy of Beaumont and Fletcher's has been able to keep the stage;

and even Shakespeare—(the exception to the poets of his day)—even Shakespeare lives only so altered and refashioned, that scarce half the tragedies now acted under his name, could be recognized for those which he originally composed.

It is pleasant to talk of the "presumptuous interpolations," or of the "absurd alterations," of Tate, Dryden, and Cibber; but it is under the versions of those writers (presumptuous though they be) that one half the tragedies of Shakespeare are applauded at the present day. We are bored to death about the "superiority" of the plays "in their original shape;" why are not the plays, in their original shape, performed? I do not speak of preserving precisely the old text, or of giving such passages, as, from their coarseness, modern refinement would revolt at; but the plays as (in the main) they were originally written; with the original plots, the original dialogues, characters, action, and arrangement; and since the plays, in this shape, are so surpassingly admirable, why is it, I ask again, that, in this shape, they are not acted?

Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, and *Julius Cæsar,* are the only (popular) tragedies of Shakespeare which are played with any approach to the original reading. Shakespeare's *Richard the Third,* is no more like the *Richard the Third* now acted, than Massinger's *Fatal Dowery* is like the *Fair Penitent* of Rowe. *Henry the Eighth,* and *King Lear,* have suffered as much change almost as *Richard the Third. The Tempest* is anything (as it is acted) but Shakespeare's play; and great liberties have been taken with both *Romeo and Juliet* and *Coriolanus.* And the alterations in these plays are not confined to alterations of the text. They do not stop at the exclusion of offensive passages from the dialogue, nor even at changes in the business and interest of the piece. Whole scenes—nay, almost whole acts—are frequently struck out, and replaced either with matter entirely new, or with matter transferred from some other of the author's productions. Plots are altered—incidents are omitted—characters are changed, or added, or subtracted; and half the tragedies, in short, as I have said before, now acted as the plays of Shakespeare, are little more, at the best, than Shakespeare's conceptions, put into shape for the modern market, by men of practical knowledge and ability.

The truth is—no disparagement to Shakespeare, or his contemporaries—that it was easier to write a successful play in their time, than it is in ours. The audiences of the sixteenth century, although alive to excellence, and eager of it, were less fastidious in their criticism than ours of the year 1823. Along with a certain quantity of that which was admirable, they would accept of a good deal which was weak or absurd.

Look through the productions, generally, of our dramatists of the Golden Age. Three-fourths of their plays abound in beauties; but scarce one in twenty is complete. We find instance upon instance, through volume after volume, of two or perhaps three acts of lively fable and spirited writing in a play, rendered wholly unavailable by the monstrosity of the matter that follows. In fact, the difficulty, two hundred years ago, lay where the difficulty lies now—not in the opening, but in the finishing of a work. Half our modern novelists—and I speak of the best of them—break down (the fact is notorious) in their catastrophe. "Sketches," "Remembrances"—"Fragments"—"Wayside Conversations,"—every form of publication which can enable the author to begin, without considering in what manner he shall finish—is grasped at eagerly by the lighter writers of the present day.

But though such tales, "signifying nothing," pass muster in the closet, yet they will not, in these fine times, do upon the stage. Our theatrical audiences now *will* have their *reasonable solution;* that *desideratum* which the audiences of the sixteenth century were always contented to forego. The old writers sat down with all nature open to them for material; they wrote themselves, hand over head—right on—into a difficulty; and cut the knot without scruple, whenever they were unable to untie it. With them, to use a phrase of familiar illustration, "all was fish that came to net." They had no nicety about the choice of a subject—they were bound to no regularity in the arrangement of a plot—they cared little about maintaining interest, and nothing about keeping up consistency, from the beginning to the end of a five act drama—they gave four or five

dialogues of exquisite poetry—four or five situations (such as, by the way, we must not give now)—and, when so much was accomplished, their task was complete.

There is this essential difference between an old tragedy and a tragedy of the present day, that the one was a work merely of genius; the other must be the work of genius combined with art. Your modern dramatist must not only produce the diamond, and polish it, but he must set it, and set it, too, according to a given form and fashion. He is limited, first, as to the length of his piece; very much limited indeed as to the choice of his subject; and, what is more, his fable must arrive at a consistent—reasonable—termination. Give him excellence to his heart's content through the first four acts of his play; and yet one good round absurdity in the fifth act shall defeat him. He may be feeble—trite—trashy; still, so that he keep his way evenly, he may hope to pass muster; but let him commit a single thumping *non sequitur*, (and our golden dramatists generally committed about two in every act)—let him break course only once, and his ruin is inevitable.

I cannot doubt that there are poets, and many to be found at the present day, who could produce in abundance, the same irregular kind of drama which passed current in the days of Massinger and Fletcher; but these men will not endure the drudgery of writing plays to suit the strictness of modern fashion, when they may attain fame and fortune (far greater) by twenty roads less rugged. The rule and compass is, in any shape, so abhorrent to genius. It is so much more delightful to write a book like "Beppo" or "Don Juan," where a man puts down everything that comes uppermost, and writes carelessly forward. Take notice, for instance, whether almost all our modern acting tragedies are not written by men of comparatively slight poetic faculty? Byron, indeed, has produced dramatic poems, (and very dull things dramatic poems commonly are;) but I can scarcely think that Byron wrote with any view to representation on the stage. Coleridge wrote one tragedy,—and an excellently good one, although he was unfortunate in the acting of it,—Kean's acting would make it tell;—but Coleridge is almost the only *poet* who has lately written for the stage. Maturin's *Bertram* was effective; but Maturin cannot write verse. And, again, with a vast deal of energy and imagination, Maturin has so much of the wildness and irregularity of the sixteenth century school about him, that his plays, since *Bertram*, have not been successful. Indeed, it stands, I think, past all question, that the mass of men who now write for the stage, are of those who (from whatever cause) have not found the more profitable fields of composition open to them.

It would extend this article to a length beyond the limits of a magazine, if I were to point out even a few instances of the laxity in which our earlier dramatists indulged, and of the advantages which, even independent of their irregularity, they possessed over the modern writers; but there are two propositions which I may lay down, I think, without fear of contradiction:—such tragedies as those of Beaumont and Fletcher, (and the other authors of their school,) if they could be written now by libraries, would be of no value to the stage;—and such tragedies as are demanded by the taste of the present day, those authors probably *would* not, and perhaps could not, have produced.

But if the altered tone and taste of society in the modern day, may account for some apparent abatement in the force of our English tragedy, that same change, as regards comedy, will be found to operate with still greater force.

Those great natural sources of subject, which supplied material to the old writers;—which were drawn upon first by Fletcher and Massinger, afterwards by Dryden, then by Shadwell, and, still later, by the school of Congreve, Wycherley, and Farquhar;—of those sources, scarcely one is left to the dramatist of the present day. A freedom from all restraints, of morality, or even of decency, was the birthright, if I may so express myself, of a poet of the sixteenth century. His free license was the soul of everything he did. Vice furnished his plot; vice pointed his dialogue; vice was in his characters—in his interest—in his wit. He lashed vice, sometimes, it is true; but, even in lashing, he paraded it. Even where he affected to give a moral tone to a play, his morality was al-

ways reserved for some absurd recantation in the last scene;—he exhibited the sin, and lived upon it, through four acts and a half of his piece, and protested against it in the *denouement*, when he wanted it no longer.

I will not say whether this course should, or should not, be forbidden; but I say, that it *is* forbidden upon the stage at the present day. Few of the older comedies—few indeed of the date of Congreve or Farquhar—are acted now. The few that do still keep the stage, may be said to linger rather than to live. They are acted more and more rarely from season to season; when acted, they are barely endured; and they will shortly be acted no longer.

To wonder that similar plays are not written, when, if they were written, no theatre could dare to produce them, is as absurd as to expect that a modern comic poet, cramped as he is, and shackled, at every corner and on every hand, should produce the same free, bold, dashing, daring picture, which the old artist painted, whose pencil moved at liberty.

If the appeal to any passion—no matter what—is to be cut off, a certain quantity of excitation, and consequently of interest, must be lost. Vice, even where it offends, almost constantly merits attention. A fire—an execution—a public riot—these are sights which give birth only to painful sensations; and yet multitudes flock, even at personal risk, to gaze upon them. The same disposition may be found existing in all times and in all places. Murder, in ancient Rome, was a popular *spectacle*. The Spanish *auto da fe* interested hundreds, who cared for the preservation of the faith not a farthing. A boxing-match, a bull-bait, a theft, or an accident in the street,—the smallest of these incidents, will attract a crowd of spectators in London now. In short, that which is uncommon, and especially that which is in any way *forbidden*, will always be attractive to the great mass of human kind. No one cares to see that done which may be done with impunity by everybody. Who ever thought of going to look at a grocer selling figs?—but a thief draws a crowd round him, because he is the exception to the common rule. Three-fourths of the charm in the comedy of our old dramatists, lie in their developement of those matters which it is usual to conceal. Half the point (even of the dialogue) of Farquhar and Wycherley, lies in their constant popping out of bold sentiments and unexpected truths. All their heroes are, to the multitude, exquisite fellows to be amused with;—they are so eternally saying that out, which common people only venture to think.

We are told, that our modern comedy is weak, and flimsy and farcical; that it shews the pertness of soda water, rather than the spirit of champagne. I take that simile readily, for it suits my own purpose:—Soda water, rather than champagne, is the drink of the present day. There is a want of *stamina*, it is said, about our modern writers of comedy. How is it possible for a man to intoxicate us, if we will drink nothing stronger than milk and water? How shall the modern comedy writer display a vigour, if he has it? In what form—in what style of dramatic character—shall he embody his strong conception? The lady cannot (now-a-days) speak her mind freely—the lover (of the drama) must set bounds to his passion—The honest gentleman, time out of mind, has been notoriously a dead weight upon the stage;—and from the "gay bold-faced villain," who was the life of all our old comedy, the dramatist of the modern day is entirely shut out. Into the *depths* of the human heart, the dramatist is now forbidden to penetrate. He has the sperries of fashion to work upon, instead of the propensities of nature. He may burlesque, if he can, the follies and fopperies of society; but he must not give the drama that interest which it held in the hands of his predecessors, by either exhibiting or chastising the real vices of mankind.

I know I shall be told that, subject to all these checks, comedies have been produced—and sterling comedies—within the last few years. I admit the fact, and it forms part of my argument. If the authors of those comedies quoted have done so much under restraint, how much more would they not have accomplished, if the field had been open to them? Sterling comedies have been produced, but how few they are in number! The fact is, that, under modern restrictions, the labour of production is too great. There is so little variety of subject left, that effective

comedies cannot be numerous. For the last ten years, I believe, nothing like genteel comedy (and perhaps genteel comedy is the only sterling comedy,) nothing in the shape of genteel comedy has appeared at all.

I say again, that the labour of production now is too great. In Fletcher's vein, or Farquhar's, a man would run on for ever. The mere *esprit* of their characters, and the force of their situations, would do sufficient alone to carry a play through. But what a different principle of producing effect do we see at work in the School for Scandal! There is more labouring of points, more expenditure of epigram, in that single play, than would have sufficed for sixteen comedies of Shirley, Massinger, or Fletcher. And, after all, the reliance of the piece is upon a display of art, rather than a display of nature. There is epigram in abundance in every scene, but very little of that *gaieté de coeur* which charms us in the older writers, and which was a quality (unlike epigram) inexhaustible where it existed. No one would suppose the School for Scandal to have been written in three weeks, or a month, under the influence of claret half the time, and of exuberant animal spirits the other half. In fact, the reign of genteel comedy is pretty nearly at an end. The force of a play now has changed its former bearing. Clowns and coxcombs were minor personages with the older writers—the gentleman was the author's organ for the diffusion of jest and gaiety. But the point of honour now has passed into other hands; the gentleman is but an appendage to carry on the plot of the piece, and the author's reliance is upon some tailor—some Jew with a humped back—some fop—some Frenchman, or other ridiculous personage, who may be pushed through a series of farcical dilemmas, and whose mishaps (not his triumphs) are to form the amusement of the audience.

And the older writers, both of tragedy and comedy, beside that irregularity in which they were indulged as to plot—beside that appeal to one particular source of sympathy which gave them sure means of effect whenever a woman was on the stage—besides this, they selected such subjects, and such incidents, for their plays, as could not fail to produce strong interest; and upon that interest almost alone they often depended for their success. The great object (in the school of Fletcher) was to throw the hero, or heroine, into such a situation as must, of itself, excite attention. How the party was to be got into that situation, or how he was to be got out of it again, were minor considerations, or rather no considerations whatever.

Without quoting extreme examples, like the *Unnatural Combat* of Massinger, the *Woman Hater* of Fletcher, or the *'Tis Pity she's a Whore* of Ford—without referring to instances so monstrous as these, there are examples to be met with at every step in the writings of the sixteenth century, of those *certainly* effective situations to which I now advert. Shirley, in one of his plays, makes a young lady of rank entrust a secret of vital importance to the servant of her father, and the villain afterwards forces her to yield up her chastity, on pain of having this secret discovered. Now the whole structure of this play of Shirley's is of the clumsiest description, but it was evident to the author, that he might depend upon a very strong interest in those scenes where the treacherous servant bends his mistress to his purpose.

Again, in the *Maid's Tragedy* of Beaumont and Fletcher, a young nobleman having married *Evadne*, to whom he is devotedly attached, is told by her (*ceteris paribus*) in her chamber, on her wedding night, that she despises him, and that she has only submitted to marry him, in order to cloak her intrigue with somebody else.

In the more modern play of *The Mysterious Mother*, the manner in which *the Countess* falls in love with her son is most ingeniously contrived, and it is impossible not to be carried forward, to a certain degree, by such an event; but still the interest here, as in the two former plays, is interest upon which modern feeling will not suffer a play to turn.

In comedy, take the point of Shirley's excellent play, *The Gamester*, where the husband believes, that, by a series of contrivances, he has unwittingly become accessory to his own dishonour. The scenes between Wilding and his wife, while he is under this belief, are spirited (and can hardly fail to be so) in a very high degree; but the whole matter is such as the stage, now, cannot talk about.

So, again, in another of our old Dramas, where an old law is supposed to be discovered, which con-

demns all people to die at forty, the anxiety of heirs—the searching of church-books for registers—and the seizure (personal) upon grandfathers, great-uncles, and elderly ladies—all this is very laughable in the reading, but it would not do now for stage representation.

For, among those inclinations inseparable from our nature, which the usages of society compel us to conceal or deny, is the propensity to laugh sometimes at the misfortunes of our fellow creatures. I will not admit this disposition to be, *per se*, any argument of evil feeling; for I am convinced that there are circumstances under which the best regulated mind might be disposed to laugh even at the commission of a wrong.

Sultan Selim, for instance, goes the other day to put out a great fire in Constantinople, and, seeing the firemen backward to face the danger, orders three to be thrown into the flames by way of encouragement to the rest. This act is atrocious, but we laugh (I think) notwithstanding.

Again, the story of the monkey at Bartholomew fair.—A showman of wild beasts has his booth inclosed with canvass, but a boy takes advantage of a nook in the cloth, and peeps from time to time at the exhibition for nothing. A monkey within (piqued, probably, at being beheld *gratis*) watches his opportunity with the felonious peeper; and, when he peeps again, pokes a skewer into his eye. Now, one does not exult a jot here in the suffering of the boy, but one would purchase such a monkey, and adopt him as one's son.

And, without multiplying cases in which the older writers, both of comedy and tragedy, have dwelt upon matters forbidden to the stage at the present day, I think it will be obvious that (except only perhaps Shakespeare) they all of them have taken that course, and, more or less, succeeded in it. Shakespeare, certainly, whatever his irregularities or excrescences, did not, upon principle, always take the easiest path to effect; and the consequence is, that there is almost the same difference between his plays and those of his contemporaries, as there is between the poem of Don Juan, and the novels of the Author of Waverley, whose most singular attribute perhaps is, that he constantly contrives interest without touching upon the more unseemly passions of mankind; and that there is not a line, (at least I don't recollect one,) from the beginning to the end of his works, which might not be read aloud in a circle of ladies, without exciting an unpleasant emotion.

Admitting, as who can question it, the splendid genius of the old writers—admitting that their plays are, for any but stage purposes, so superior to our modern trifles as to admit of no comparison with them, still, I think, that it was to the subjects which they were allowed to select, and to the freedom with which they were permitted to write, more than to any general superiority in talent over the moderns, that they were indebted for the vigour, and above all, for the fertility, of their pens. Nature, in all her shapes, must be powerful; and from nature, in any shape, they were allowed to paint. Where they have condescended to describe humours and fashions, it must be remembered, that we now look at such descriptions as curious from their antiquity. An antick of the day of James the First, or Charles the Second, will excite interest with those who pass over a modern coxcomb with contempt.

I cannot believe but that either the author of Don Juan, or the author of Anastasius, could produce, with ease, the same irregular fancies which succeeded, as plays, with Fletcher and with Massinger. I cannot help thinking, that the author of Waverley might write historical plays with admirable effect, if he would devote his attention to such a style of writing; but I believe that he gets too much, both of fame and money, by his novels, to be tempted to adventure on a less certain and less profitable pursuit.

And I think, to go farther, that even those who do write for the stage, changed as it is—for I maintain that the change is in the stage, and not in the power of writing for it—I think that even *some* of these, judging by what they have produced in their trammels, might have brought forth pieces not unworthy of at least the second class of writers of the 16th century, if they had enjoyed the same advantages which those earlier writers possessed. —This *some* being understood as distinctly excluding those gentlemen who assist our patent managers in making the public taste even worse than it need be; and who are content to act, either by the year or by the piece, as *illustrators* to the work of the decorator and the machinist.

TITUS.

THE MEMORABILIA OF WILLIAM FAUX.*

When we first saw a book announced by the title of "Memorable Days in America," we of course expected something about Cortez, Pizarro, General Washington, or, at the lowest penny, General Bolivar or Sir Gregor Macgregor. But the "Memorable Days" now in hand, turn out to have no relation to the doings of any such memorable men. The days are *memorable* in the language of this author, simply because they are frequently the subject of conversation at his own fireside. He himself is his own and his only hero,—and the days he spent in America are thus qualified in the true spirit of Mrs Quickly, who *dated* from the æra of Goodwife Keech the butcher's wife's coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar.

There is a great deal of *bonne-foi*, or, if you will, of *bonne-hommie*, about this. The moment we saw what the man's drift really was, we pricked up our ears, we freely confess it, with a double sprightliness. This is the age of pretensions and make-believes—the greatest of all luxuries, is a book written by one who knows nothing about the tricks of book-making—and that author may be sure of success, who establishes, as this man does, by the very wording of his title-page, (that is to say, when it is understood rightly,)—a clear and indubitable right to be considered as one of "The Fine Bodies."

Authorship and book-making will be the end of books and of authors: this is God's truth; but those only who are somewhat hackneyed in the ways of literature, will at once acknowledge it to be so. Good Heavens! through what a *vista* do we look back upon those days when we should as soon have thought of turning to the shipping corner as to the publishing corner of a newspaper—when we read through fifty volumes without having the smallest guess who possessed the copyright of any one of them—when we devoured a quotation without having the remotest suspicion that it might be put in merely to fill up the page—and had, perhaps, never even heard it whispered that the author of a modern masterpiece may wear the same pair of slippers with its reviewer.

The spirit of Grub Street has already made its way into the regions *prima facie* most remote from its pestilential influence. It infests the very core of *action*:—No matter for the bullion-epaulettes, the anchor-button, the iron-bound hat—no matter for the *colonel*, the *captain*, or the K.C.B.—it is still the *author* we have to do with. When the modern commander of one of his Majesty's frigates happens to light upon a new coast, the very first thought that comes into his mind, is whether the costume of the natives will look best in line-engraving or lithography. For every letter he sends home to his mother, there are three to our friend John Murray: and when he reaches London, after three years' absence, he bids the hackney-coachman drive to Albemarle Street, before the Admiralty.—Aides-du-camp, as they are galloping about the field of battle, consider the outlines of the clouds, and observe how a distant hill will *come in*, if they live to pen a description of the affair. Lieutenants of the heavy dragoons pick up *hits* and *graphic touches*, when a town is sacked. Even *men-of-war's-men* have all their eyes about them for *effects* and *ideas* when the grog is piped: and John Nicoll himself, gay deceiver that he is, does not kiss his pretty convict, without a sly notion that she will make a pretty paragraph.—People will woo and marry an' a', by and by, we take it, only that they may be able to paint more from the life the delicate whimsies which sharpen "the edge of that day's celebration."—But Mr Jeffrey once embodied the whole soul of authorship in three syllables. We were sitting close by him in the High Court of Justiciary, when a tolerably sentimental-looking murderer was called up to receive sentence of death—(this was *Ante Chaldæum Scriptum*)—"Well, now," said the

* Memorable Days in America: being a Journal of a Tour to the United States, principally undertaken to ascertain, by Positive Evidence, the Condition and probable Prospects of British Emigrants; including Accounts of Mr Birkbeck's Settlement in the Illinois; and intended to shew Men and Things as they are in America. By W. Faux, an English Farmer. London, W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, 1823.

Editor-Advocate, "one would not grudge a trifle to know exactly what that fellow is feeling just now. Hang it! I should almost like to be in the *dock myself for once and away.*" *Ipse dixit!*

Nobody but "a literary character" can estimate the feelings of distrust with which our intimate knowledge of the prevalence of this paragraph-spirit makes us turn over the leaves of anything in the shape of a new book of travels. It is in that department, perhaps, that its influence is at this moment the most predominant and the most disgusting. We used to have people that saw things, and described them because they had seen them—the modern race go to see things, because they are resolved to describe. Men (ὁιοι νυν βροτοι εισιν) take the nattiest note-books with them into the densest spray of Niagara—Boxes of Brahmas are worn to the stumps upon the highest ridges of the Blue Mountains—Pounce and steel-gratings pollute the breezes of Chimboraco—and "leading articles" are littered by the score upon the very sarcophagus of Cheops. "The wild beasts of the desert," said the Prophet of old, "shall also meet with the wild beasts of *the island*, and the Satyr shall cry to his fellow. There also shall *The Great Owl* make her nest, and lay and hatch, and gather under her shadow!"—A most excellent text for "my Pocket-book," Miladi Morgan, and Hadgi Rae Wilson.

Whether the present "wild beast of the Island" has more of the Satyr or of the Great Owl in his composition, our readers shall by and by be in a condition to form their own opinion. In the mean time, this much is certain, that he has very highly amused us. He is, as we hinted already, a real member of The Fine Body School of Prose Writers. He is a simpleton of the first water. He thinks himself a wonderfully shrewd, noticing, observing, *canny* fellow, and, in point of fact, he has no more *nous* than a hedge-sparrow. In spite of himself, however, he is a satyrical writer; because the things he describes are not capable of being described at all, without producing somewhat of the effect of satirical writing: and, *Minervâ minime invitâ*, he is also a bit of an Owl.

If we do not thoroughly understand him, no wonder: for it is extremely evident, that he is very far from understanding himself, or indeed from understanding what his own mind is as to almost any one subject his book in any way touches upon. He is horribly shocked with the profanity of the oaths he hears on board the good ship Washington, which conveys him part of the way to America: and yet we have since seen him figuring in the character of an "admiring and constant reader," in by far the most impious newspaper now suffered to exist in England. His whole descriptions of the American polity, &c. are tinged with a most republican colouring, and yet, the first thing he does on coming back to England, is to send a present of a fine walking-cane, he had cut in one of the Transatlantic forests, to "our gracious Sovereign King George." Inconsistent Mr Faux! Had you gone out an admirer of republicanism and infidel journals, and come back with a horror for profane swearing, and a walking-cane for the King, we should have understood and applauded you; but you have split the difference, and we fairly give you up as a Great Owl.

From a person of this sort, our readers do not of course expect anything like what is really wanted in England, in the shape of a book of Travels in the United States of America. We have no work which gives us any tolerable notion of the state of manners in that country, as compared with the state of manners with which we are acquainted at home—and we do not, to confess the truth, see any great probability of our being soon in possession of any such work. In point of fact, very few persons who are at all qualified to speak as to the state of manners *here*, ever dream of going across the Atlantic Ocean; and the few who might be able to do anything worth while in this way, have other matters to think of when engaged in such peregrinations. They are merchants: they transact some business which they did not choose to entrust their agents with, and make the best of their way home again. Or they are persons, who have, by some accident or other, been chucked out of their line of life here: they settle in America; and it is by no means their interest to be too busy in the drawing

of comparisons between what they have been obliged to leave, and what they have had the fortune to find.

By far the greater part of those educated Europeans, who have chanced to make any remarks upon American manners, it is but justice to say, do not appear to have penetrated beyond the region of taverns and lodging-houses, steam-boats and stage-coaches. The little sketches given by our friend John Howison, and others of this class, are *too* ridiculous. We have all seen in Americans travelling in this country, sufficient evidence, that *these* are either *not* faithful portraitures, or the portraitures of what nobody cares much for having painted. No English gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the modes of society here, and in possession of the means of access to the best society of America, has as yet come before the public in the character of an American traveller. Indeed, so very few such persons go to America, that any one individual of the class would be sure to attract to himself, by describing what he saw there, such a degree of scrutiny and animadversion, and probably of ill-will, that it is no wonder there should be so much reluctance. Besides, the chances are, that every gentleman so qualified, who makes such a tour, has personal connections on the other side of the water—friends and relatives, in all likelihood, whose feelings he would be very sorry to run the least risk of wounding, merely for the sake of affording entertainment or even instruction (of this sort) to his friends at home.

Almost our only means of judging, then, consists in our own observation of Americans sojourning occasionally among ourselves: and such (we speak for ourselves) we can never be persuaded to regard otherwise than with exceeding distrust. The Americans whom we see, are for the most part very young; and it would be extremely unfair to take them in their unfledged condition, for proper specimens of the same animal in maturity of years and experience. No doubt, they must improve very much after they leave us: the cares and occupations, as well as the ties and affections, of manly life, must exert their usual influences in chastising the exuberance of self-love, or at least in softening the glare of its outward manifestations. At the same time, it can do no harm to say, that the manners of these young men *are* for the most part characterized by a measure of free-and-easiness, which would have no chance of being altogether pardoned in Europeans of the same condition, merely on the score of youth. What the cause may be, we know not: but it is impossible to deny the fact, that nineteen out of every twenty young Americans, (even of the best class,) are intolerably cool fellows. It is not boyish coxcombry: they in general dress very ill, and are slovenly in their exterior. It is a sort of precocious garrulity, and worse even than that calm hardened affectation of having outlived the feelings of youth.

The doctrine of absolute political equality, may be at the root of this somewhat unpleasing style of manners; but that is no excuse. One man is not necessarily entitled to treat another as his equal, merely because he has the same right to vote for a member—but these people appear to act exactly as if this were the case. This sentiment seems to overrun every corner of their minds. They have no respect of persons; they assume a certain loftiness, as if they were giants to us, because their rivers are seas to ours. They have settled the whole matter ere they started. And yet—it is not quite so neither. They feel unhappy in the knowledge that there may be a lord in the room; and one of them actually published a book not long ago, the object of which was to prove that an American gentleman has no reason to walk behind an English baronet! This is the sort of thing that lets the cat out of the poke. They cannot get entirely rid of the old prejudices, and they live in a feverish anxiety to shew themselves in the minutest particular under the influence of the new. They are not at home, and in endeavouring to appear so, they overact their part.

They stare from an excessive dread of being caught in the unfreemanlike sin of blushing—and chatter *a l'outrance*, because they would not have anybody to suppose that Shakespeare's rule

> —Be checked for silence,
> But never taxed for speech—

could be intended for A President in *posse*.

Of all this, as we have said, there can be no doubt the experience of after

years must render the better spirits thoroughly ashamed. Indeed, the few Americans who do visit us at a more mature period of life, are comparatively quite free of such impertinences; and it need scarcely be added, that the most accomplished of them are entirely so. We must not name names—but how can we avoid mentioning the one delightful name of Washington-Irving—a man whose genius must have been at all times too fine to live elsewhere than in the companionship of most perfect modesty?

We wish from our hearts *he* would turn, or rather return, to the portraiture of Transatlantic manners.—His Sketch-book was admirable; but how infinitely superior the American part of it to the English! His Bracebridge-hall was admirable too; but what did it contain that could bear a moment's comparison with Rip van Winkle, or the Legend of Sleepy Hollow? But to speak the plain truth, Diedrick Knickerbocker is, after all, our favourite. There is more *richness* of humour, and there is more *strength* of language too, in those earlier efforts—and why?—why, simply because the humour is thoroughly Transatlantic, and the language that of a man describing what he knows in all the secure knowledge of native experience. We have plenty of people who can describe English manor-houses more from the life than he, and there is no want of people, who can describe German *Schlosses*; but who, except Washington Irving, can portray the manners of America, in a style fitted for the thorough comprehension of European readers? If he takes to it now, he will describe them infinitely the better for the experience he has had of other men and modes of life. He may, in neglecting this walk, be a most elegant English author, but, by adhering to it, he must be the first man in a walk of his own.

Never were more abundant materials in the (almost) exclusive of any one man of genius—and we cannot but regret to see him neglecting them so much as he seems to do now-a-days. He can never be a Fielding, a Smollet, or even a Goldsmith here; but *there*, what might he not be? Even his countrymen will prefer English pictures of English manners, and German descriptions of German manners, to the best he can ever produce—But who is there to fill his place in the description of American manners, either for our behoof, or for the behoof of the Americans themselves?—Who would not have preferred a Pennsylvanian farm house, to an English hall from him? Who would not give fifty such English generals as he can fashion, for one distinct portrait of a genuine old Washingtonian? Why should he dabble among English poachers, when we have our own Crabbe, and the hunters of a thousand Savannahs *carent vate sacro*? We don't want him to describe the lap-dogs of our maiden aunts—what are the pets of *his*? As for "Students of Salamanca," "Serenades," and "Donna Isabellas," we had certainly indulged the hope that they were all entombed for ever in the same grave with Hassan the son of Albumazar, the Dervis of Mount Libanus, and the Vision of Osmyn Benomar.

Meantime, such as we can get, we must make the best of—and certainly, in spite of all that was said a page or two ago, this Mr William Faux is not the least amusing of those who *have* written travels in America. There is no pretension about the man, and, to be candid, though the days are not very memorable, they seem to be, on the whole, very honestly described. We wish very much the good man had had vanity enough to put his face opposite his title-page; but even as it is, we think we have been able to form a tolerably exact notion of him. We guess him nearer fifty than forty—a plain stout-looking yeoman—probably knowing enough about Swedish turnips—a sober man, yet entertaining no mortal antipathy to a can of brown-stout—one that won't take it very sweetly if the rasher be over-broiled.—He seems to have been brought up in a christian manner, and to have sound religious feelings, notwithstanding a few little circumstances, one of which has already been alluded to. He has an old father—a wife—and an only child—whether male or female, he does not say, and appears to be an exemplary family-man; politics not well defined—apparently whiggish at the end of the book—republican about the middle of it—and radical at the beginning: but we do not speak confidently as to any of those points. Delicacy he has no more idea of, than Hogg has of a minuet. He accepts, or rather, indeed,

seises upon, the hospitality of a family, and then tells all the world (if all the world pleases) in a printed book, that their beef was badly dressed, and that he detected the young ladies of the house in assisting personally about the apple dumpling. He gives these sorts of details in every page with name and surname, as calmly as if he were eating his breakfast. In short, he is a capital specimen of a village John Bull, for the first time roaming far away from his native valley—staring at everything, and grumbling at most things.—If there be a puddle near his way, he is pretty sure to have a foot in it—but this is what he cannot help. We should strongly suspect him of being somewhat whimsical in some part of his stomach economy—at least we see no other way of accounting satisfactorily for the inequality of his spirits, and the mutability of his opinions. Mr Dryden always took physic ere he began a tragedy—and perhaps Mr Faux would do well to carry a box of aloetics with him when he sets out on his next travels.—*Well* for himself, we mean—for as to us and the world at large, it is perhaps more amusing to have him in the old state.*

Altogether, the man appears to have read his Bible, his Cobbett, and his Tull's Husbandry, to considerable advantage; and there is often a naivete about his descriptions, that would make an apostle laugh. The profundity of his reflections—the variety of his views—the sagacity of his judgment—and the brilliancy of his imaginative organ, shall all be sufficiently illustrated in the specimens we are about to quote.

The following are some of the *Memorabilia* of the voyage itself.

"*Jan.* 1st, 1819.—The ship has yet no motion, nor is there any sickness, *except among the poultry, and first mate, who seems sick and ready to die.*"

"Continued thirty-six hours in bed with but little sleep, drinking neat Hollands, and eating biscuit only, so avoiding seasickness, though morally sick at heart."

This is from the conversation in the cabin.

"At a recent anniversary in Boston of Free Blacks, met to celebrate the abolition, or as they term it, the *Boblition*, of the slave-trade; the chairman rose after dinner, and said, 'Mr Wilberforce be the blacky-man's friend, and may he never want polish to his boots.'"

"*Sunday*, 21*st*.—How merciful is the God on whom I called! For instead of drowning, starving, or *eating each other*, I am living on the new and *interesting* luxuries of the east, and surrounded with many rare curiosities of unseen lands; a bleating goat of Owhyhee supplies me with milk; and in the morning, the shrill clarion of Canton cocks, the cackling of geese, and the grunting of swine, early rouse me from my warm and downy bed; and, *all together, make me fancy I am in my farmyard, although* 4000 *miles distant.*"

"*Monday*, 22*d March*.—I now sleep in high style every night, having under my pillow a bottle of Madeira, and a basket of China sweetmeats; at my side nine muskets and a huge broad-sword; and underneath me a magazine of gunpowder and balls."

"30*th*.—At five this evening, the affectionate mother of one dear and only child was, by the violent rolling of the ship, impelled overboard, and sunk to rise no more, being buried instantly in a huge billow. She was a native of Owhyhee, and *is deeply lamented by all on board, who had shared in her kindness, for she was milk and honey* TO ALL *during a long passage.*"

"31*st*.—Saw several pieces of wreck. *This is the last day of March, and was expected to be the last of our lives.*"

"*April* 1*st*.—The captain, during yesterday's gale, sulked, and would eat nothing, nor suffer anything eatable to be cooked; I was therefore pining 24 hours on tea, coffee, wine, China sweetmeats, and dry, hard biscuit."

"*April* 2*d*.—At ten a. m. blessed with the heart-cheering sound of *Land, O!* and saw the island of Nantucket from our topmast, distant 15 miles, and marked by three windmills and a few high white houses. *My heart now rebounded with gratitude, at being made so signal a monument of providential mercy.*"

"From two passengers, (shoemakers), I learn that first-rate hands will turn out from five to six pairs of ladies' shoes per

* We mention aloetics, as he seems, in vain, to have tried salts. Nevertheless, we shall quote from page second, his American *vade-mecum*.—"Received from my physician a prescription, costing, and really worth, three guineas, and fit for both land and sea. Take two-thirds of Celtenham salts, and one-third of Epsom salts, mixed; a quarter of an ounce, dissolved in a pint of hot spring water, and drank an hour before rising, is a dose which may be often repeated, if necessary, by patients disposed to indigestion."

day, and earn from ten to twelve dollars per week. One of these *gentlemen*, a staunch republican, Mr Atman, of Lynn, near Boston, and an intelligent man, says, in reference to the federalists, that for every Julius Cæsar, there is a Brutus."

So much for the voyage. At length we have our elegant friend safe in Charleston.

"Presented my kind introductory letter from Mr W. Gray, to Messrs Prescot and Bishop, two eastern gentlemen, who *politely introduced me to Mr Bird, landlord of the Planters' hotel*, where I became immediately acquainted with the *high-minded General Young Blood*, then boarding at this house, and on a visit to the city, to meet his excellency the governor, and *also the President of the United States*, who, on the morrow, was expected to make his entry here. *The general and I became very friendly*, and held a *long and interesting conversation, and that without a formal introduction*, which is generally held to be indispensable amongst almost all ranks in this country. In our politics, foreign and domestic, we seemed one. *At nine this evening, I plunged into a warm bath, to wash off all marine impurities, paying for it half a dollar.*"

We think our friend should have taken the bath first, and "the high-minded General" afterwards; but *de gustibus.*

"*6th.*—Colonel M'Kinnon was this day refused claret at dinner. The landlord was called to account for so refusing, and instructing the bar-keeper. He appeared, and said, 'You, colonel, have referred me to your father for payment of your bill of 250 dollars, contracted here during the last three weeks, but he says he cannot, and will not pay any more for you. And that I know from your father's friend, Captain Bell, of the ship Homer, now in port.' After this, the colonel looked thoughtful, and requested I would accompany him to the captain. I did so. After the captain had politely spread out his brandy, the colonel, with pistols in his hand; said, 'If you will not meet me, I will shoot you instantly.' The captain, with an angry laugh, replied, 'O fear not! I am ready with either sword or pistol, and to-morrow morning, at ten, expect me at the hotel.' He fulfilled his promise, but the colonel had cooled and fled. *After our return from the ship, the colonel wanted to shoot the landlord, and then attempted to shoot himself, but had no prime.* He then begged round for prime, but could get none. I endeavoured to reason with him, but with as much effect as with a woman possessed with seven devils. 'I have a right, sir,' said he, 'to do as Brutus did. 'What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong.' *I am a blasted lily, and a blighted heath.*' This young gentleman, naturally *witty*, and *highly gifted*, has married and abandoned three wives, and yet is only 22 years of age."

"*Sunday, 9th.*—Met a small genteel auditory, in a splendid edifice; but the parson seemed dull. He prayed not for George IV., but for the President!!! not for lords temporal and spiritual in Parliament assembled, but for the Congress!!! &c. I walked nearly all day through a dissolving heat, and thought myself the better for it. *So necessary is exercise to the continuance of health.*"

"*Sunday, 23d.*—I dined, this day, at my cousin Captain Rugeley's, with Mr Irvin and family. At sunset, I visited the negro-huts, in which I found small nests, or beds, full of *black* babies. Slept at the *Captain's in a good bed, curtainless, alongside the one in which himself and lady and children slept; all in one room, the only one in the house;* with a *fine negro wench* on the floor, at our feet, as our body-guard, all night, in readiness to hush the children. Thus patriarchally did I and my cousins dress and undress, talk and sleep. *What lovely simplicity!* It is all pure, unsophisticated nature."

"*June 7th.*—Terribly stung by mosquitoes, fleas, and bugs. Feeling inflammatory symptoms, something like bilious fever, I took two grains of calomel, and a very warm relaxing bath, and found relief. I drank also less toddy and punch, which, in this country, are certainly bilious."

"*10th.*—I visited the high court of justice, where but little talent seems necessary, and where the judge upon the bench and the counsel and crier below, all seem upon an easy, familiar footing of equality; consulting together, tete-a-tete, about the time of opening court next day. His lordship then left the bench, and stepping into his sulky, with a negro-boy behind him, drove off. No ceremony, *no trumpets told the multitude that he was a judge*, and that it was judgment day."

Here is a small specimen of the manner in which the business of the Court of Common Pleas at Charleston is conducted.

"*12th.*—I spent this day in the Court of Common Pleas, witnessing the eloquence of the American bar. The cause, a negro wench, to whom two citizens laid claim. *Twelve witnesses on both sides swore to her identity. This trial, being the sixth on the same case, lasted four whole days.* Colonel Haines, the young Attorney-General, displayed a pleasant species of eloquence, quite conversational. Mr Barrister Hunt was low and stormy. The jury, unable to come to an unanimous decision, were locked up till midnight, when they could dissolve themselves, but they remained until

eleven on Sunday morning. Food was furnished to them by stealth. The state immediately altered the law to compel juries to sit until they can decide, or be liberated by consent of parties. On the Monday, the jury again met, and were locked up again for four days, and liberated by consent of parties without giving a verdict. *The case therefore remains to be tried a seventh time.*"

Now for a specimen of real delicacy in a traveller! Mr Faux is visiting "Messrs Coote and Dumbleton, good brewers of brown stout, on the banks of the great river Potowmack, late of Huntingdonshire, Old England." Hear his account of the table-talk.

"My host," says he, "*everywhere the public eulogist of America, says*, 'that England is the place for men of fortune, but this land for the industrious bees who cannot live there. Fools must not come; for Americans are nationally cold, jealous, suspicious, and knavish, *have little or no sense of honour*, believing every man a rogue, until they see the contrary; *thinking imposition and extortion fair business, and all men, fair game;* kind, obliging conduct is lost upon them. A bold, saucy, independent manner towards them, is necessary. They love nobody but themselves, and seem incapable of due respect for the feelings of others. They have nothing original; all that is good or new, is done by foreigners, and by the British, and yet they boast eternally. Such is the rough sketch of an admiring artist, once in a state of infatuation, but now getting sane and sober."

Mr Faux is now in the city of Washington. In that great capital, he informs us,

"White men sell their own yellow children in the ordinary course of business; and free blacks also sell their immediate offspring, male and female."

As also, that

"Almost every private family chariot in this city is found daily on the stand as a hackney coach for hire, to either whites or blacks; to all who can pay."

And moreover,

"It is remarkable that the cows graze loose all over this huge metropolis."

The next is a very fine quotation!

"Being now in the neighbourhood of his excellency THE PRESIDENT's country-seat, or farm-house, the patrimony of his family, I find that his neighbours are rejoicing because *his excellency, on coming here last week, was arrested three times in one week, by neighbours whom he ought to have paid long ago;* the debts being money borrowed on his estates. He has long been under private pecuniary embarrassments, and offered all his estates for sale, in order to discharge the demands of his creditors."

Mr Faux is now at Zainsville.

"I wandered in the fields shooting pigeons, which is here fine sport; they fly and alight around you on every tree, in immense flocks, and *loving to be shot!!!*"

"At noon, I roamed into the Supreme Court, where I saw my new friend, the supreme judge, Wilson, on the bench, in the midst of three rustic, dirty-looking associate judges, all robeless, and dressed in coarse drab, domestic, homespun coats, dark silk handkerchiefs round their necks, and otherwise not superior in outward appearance to our low fen-farmers in England. Thus they sat, presiding with ease and ability over a bar of plain talkative lawyers, all robeless, very funny and conversational in their speeches, manners, and conduct; dressed in plain box-coats, and sitting with their feet and knees higher than their noses, and pointing obliquely to the bench of judges; thus making their speeches, and examining and cross-examining evidence at a plain long table, with a brown earthen jug of cold water before them, for occasionally wetting their whistles, and washing their quid-stained lips; all, judges, jury, counsel, witnesses, and prisoners, seemed free, easy, and happy. The supreme judge is only distinguished from the rest by a shabby blue threadbare coat, dirty trowsers, and unblacked shoes. Thus sat all their lordships, freely, and frequently chewing tobacco, and appearing as uninterested as could be. Judge Wilson is, however, a smart intelligent man, rather jocular, and, I think, kind-hearted."

"A genteel young man was boarding here, and had a room to himself. 'Who is it?'—'Why, it is Judge Grimpe.'"

"Six miles west of Chilicothe, the land is remarkably rich. Here I met and passed General M'Carty, to whom my friend nodded and said, 'How do, General.' The General looks dirty and butcher-like, and very unlike a soldier in appearance, seeming half savage, and dressed as a backwoodsman."

"Here we met, at breakfast, the high-sheriff of the county, a grey-headed, rustic, dirty-looking old man, meaner than a village constable in England, but a man of good understanding."

"Called at the seat of Squire Lidiard, a rich English emigrant, who, with his lady and two elegant daughters, came to this western country and city in consequence of having read and credited Birkbeck's notes and letters, and having known and visited the Flower family in England. Mr Lidiard was well known on 'Change; had a counting-house in London, and a house at Blackheath. When I first called upon him, he was from home. I left a message for him, saying, that an old countryman, known to

his friend Wardour of Philadelphia, had called, and was at the stage-house. On his return home to dinner he soon came down to me and said I should accompany him to pot-luck. I did so. The sight of an English face was mutually refreshing, and a sufficient introduction to each other. Mr Lidiard scarcely knows what induced him to emigrate, having a fortune enabling himself and family to live in ease anywhere. 'One thing, however, which weighed with me, was the probability of seeing my children well married in America. I must, however, complain much of American roguery. Hardly anybody cares about poor honesty and punctuality. If a man can, or is disposed to pay, he pays; if not so disposed, or not able, he smiles, tells you to your face, he shall not pay. I saw an execution defeated lately by that boasted spirit, which they call liberty, or independence. The property, under execution, was put up to the sale, when the eldest son appeared with a huge Herculean club, and said, 'Gentlemen, you may bid for and buy these bricks and things, which *were* my father's, but, by God, no man living shall come on to this ground with horse and cart to fetch them away. The land is mine, and if the buyer takes anything away, it shall be on his back.' The father had transferred the land, and all on it, to the son, in order to cheat the law. Nobody was, therefore, found to bid or buy. I, therefore,' continues Mr L., 'decline all transactions with Americans, it being impossible with safety to buy or sell anything of importance under their present paper system. I keep my money in the funds. Housekeeping is very cheap; 100lbs. of fine flour costs only two dollars; a fine fat sheep, two dollars; beef equally cheap, three or four cents, twopence per pound, the hide and tallow being thought the most valuable; one dozen of fat fowls from three quarters to one dollar. Land here gives a man no importance; store-keepers and clerks rank much above farmers, who are never seen in genteel parties and circles. Yet, here is the finest arable and pasture land in the known world, on which grass, the most luxuriant, is seen rotting for want of cattle. Just kill a few of the large trees where there is no underwood, and you have a beautiful clover-field and other grass intermixed, as ever art elsewhere produced. There is no laying down here; it is all done by nature as if by magic. The land is full of all useful grass seeds, which only want sun and air to call them into a smothering superabundance. But what is land, however rich, without population to cultivate it, or a market to consume its produce, which is here bought much under what either I or you could raise it for. Farmers are consequently men of no importance. They live, it is true, and will always live, but I much doubt if ever the important English farmer could be satisfied with such living and farming. I feel great difficulty in advising any friends on the subject of emigration. I mean to wait two years longer before I do it. Liberty and independence, of which you and I thought so much and so highly, while on the other side of the Atlantic, sink and fade in value on a nearer view. Nobody here properly appreciates, but almost all abuse, this boasted liberty. Liberty here means, to do each as he pleases; to care for nothing and nobody, and cheat everybody. If I buy an estate, and advance money before I get a title, it is ten to one but I lose it, and never get a title that is worth having. My garden cost me, this summer only, 50 dollars, and all the produce was stolen by boys and young men, who professed to think they had the liberty to do so. If you complain to their friends and superiors, the answer is, 'Oh, it is only a boyish trick, not worth notice.' And again, I tell the gentlemen, that if I wished to be social and get drunk with them, I dare not; for they would take the *liberty* to scratch me like a tiger, and gouge, and dirk me. I cannot part with my nose and eyes. The friendly equality and intercourse, however, which can be had with all ranks and grades, and the impossibility of coming to absolute poverty, are the finest features of this country. 'You are going to Birkbeck's settlement?'—'I am, sir.'—'I visited both Birkbeck and Flower in June last. Birkbeck is a fine man, in a bad cause. He was worth about 10,000*l.* sterling, but has deceived himself and others. Both his and Flower's settlement (which are all one), *is all a humbug*. They are all in the mire, and cannot get out; and they, therefore, by all manner of means and arts, endeavour to make the best of it. Birkbeck tells me, the reason why he does not cultivate his land is, because he can buy produce cheaper at Harmony, much cheaper than he can raise it, although its price is double what I am giving at Lexington market. The Harmonites all work, and pay nothing for labour. Mr Birkbeck, in June last, was the proprietor of 10,000 acres, and forfeited his first deposit, ten cents an acre, on 30,000 acres, which prove to be, as is his settlement generally, the worst land in Illinois. Nobody now cares to buy of, or settle down, with either him or Flower. I like Flower the least; I would prefer Birkbeck for a neighbour, dressed up, as he is, in a little mean chip hat, and coarse domestic clothes from Harmony, living in a little log-house, smoking segars, and drinking bad whisky, just as I found him, rough as he was. Mr G. Flower is inducing mechanics to come from all parts to settle, although there is no employment for them, nor any market now, nor in future, at New Orleans, or

elsewhere, for produce, unless a war comes, which may require America to supply other nations in want. Sometimes I think Birkbeck is right. But still I think that both he and Flower will get rid of all their dollars, and never raise more; dollars and they will part for ever. They will live, but not as they did, and might have lived, in England or in the Eastern States. Labour costs more than double what it does in the east. The west is fit only for poor men, who are the only proper pioneers of the wilderness. I do not believe that land will improve in value, but that much money will be wasted in improvements. Slavery, sir, is not so bad as we thought it to be, provided the slaves are not hired out like pack-horses, but kept by their own proper owners. They would then be gentlemen-servants. You know that we never prize a pack-horse, nor treat it so kindly as one of our own.' "

"The American, considered as an animal, is filthy, bordering on the beastly; as a man, he seems a being of superior capabilities; his attention to his teeth, which are generally very white, is a fine exception to his general habits. All his vices and imperfections seem natural; those of the semi-barbarian."

Here is another amiable family picture.

"To his honour *Judge* Chambers's to breakfast. *His log-tavern is comfortable;* he *farms* two and a half quarter sections, and raises from 40 to 60 bushels of corn an acre. Nearly all the good land on this road is *entered*. 'I had,' says he, 'hard work for the first two or three years.' The judge is a smart man of about 40, and not only a *judge*, but a *senator* also, and what is more, the best *horse-jockey* in the state. He seems very active, prudent, cautious, and industrious, and, like all the rest of the people on this road, kind-hearted. He fills the twofold station of *waiter and ostler in part;* I say in part, for, as he has no servant, the drudgery must be done by the traveller himself, if he have a horse or horses. His honour left my driver to do all, and hastily rode off to a distant mill for his grist, now much wanted, and with which he returned in about two hours, while her honour, Mrs Judge, and the six Miss Judges, prepared my good breakfast. These ladies do all the work of the house, and some of the field; everything seems comfortable and easy to them, although the blue sky and the broad sun stare and peep through cracks and crevices in the roof of their house. While I sat at breakfast, his honour's mother, a fine smart young woman of fourscore, came briskly riding up, and alighted at the door; as good a horse-woman as ever mounted a side-saddle. She had been to pay a distant visit, and seemed as though her strength and youth were renewed, like the eagle's. She reminded me of Moses, 'with his eye not dim, nor his natural force abated.' "

Twofold character indeed, Mr Faux! judge, senator, tavern keeper, farmer, hostler, horse-jockey, and waiter, all one! Call ye this TWOFOLD?

"Another Judge! a Daniel come to Judgement!"

"I had a long and interesting conversation with a *young* lawyer, the *supreme Judge* Hart, living in this town, but proscribed and suspended for *sending a challenge* to three agents of his estates in Kentucky, who, after injuring him, caricatured him, and then refused to fight."

"The Supreme Judge, Hart, is a gay young man of twenty-five, full of wit and humorous eloquence, mixing with all companies at this tavern, where he seems neither above nor below any, dressed in an old white beaver hat, coarse threadbare coat and trowsers of the same cloth (domestic,) and yellow striped waiscoat, with his coat out at the elbows; yet very cleanly in his person, and refined in his language. What can be the inducement for a young man, like him, equal to all things, to live thus, and here?"

Yet one more judicial sketch.

"Judge Waggoner, who was a notorious hog-stealer, was recently accused, while sitting on the bench, by Major Hooker, the hunter, gouger, whipper, and nose-biter, of stealing many hogs, and being, although a judge, the greatest rogue in the United States. This was the Major's answer to the question *Guilty, or Not Guilty*, on an indictment presented against him. The court laughed, and the Judge raved, and bade Hooker go out and he would fight him. The Major agreed, but said, 'Judge, you shall go six miles into the woods, and the longest liver shall come back to tell his tale!' The Judge would not go. The Major was now, in his turn, much enraged by the Judge ordering him into court to pay a fine of ten dollars for some former offence, the present indictment being suffered to drop."

"Judge Waggoner recently shook hands at a whisky shop, with a man coming before him that day, to be tried for murder. He drank his health, and wished him well through."

"A pigeon roost is a singular sight in thinly settled states, particularly in Tenessee in the fall of the year, when the roost extends over either a portion of woodland or barrens, from four to six miles in circumference. The screaming noise they make when thus roosting is heard at a distance of six miles; and when the beech-nuts are ripe, they fly 200 miles to dinner, in immense flocks, hiding the sun and darkening the air like a thick passing cloud. They thus travel 400 miles daily. They roost on the high forest trees, which they

cover in the same manner as bees in swarms cover a bush, being piled one on the other, from the lowest to the topmost boughs, which so laden, are seen continually bending and falling with their crashing weight, and presenting a scene of confusion and destruction, too strange to describe, and too dangerous to be approached by either man or beast. While the living birds are gone to their distant dinner, it is common for man and animals to gather up or devour the dead, then found in cart-loads. When the roost is among the saplings, on which the pigeons alight without breaking them down, only bending them to the ground, the self-slaughter is not so great; and at night, men, with lanterns and poles, approach and beat them to death without much personal danger. But the grand mode of taking them is by setting fire to the high dead grass, leaves, and shrubs underneath, in a wide blazing circle, fired at different parts, at the same time, so as soon to meet. Then down rush the pigeons in immense numbers, and indescribable confusion, to be roasted alive, and gathered up dead next day from heaps two feet deep."

"The term elegant is nowhere so little understood as in this country. One of Mr Birkbeck's neighbours' sons falling sick, the father applied to Mr B.'s chest for medicine, and received it. Mr B. next morning said to the father, 'Well, sir, how did the medicine operate?'—'Oh, sir, elegantly,' was the reply."

The following incident occurs at Philadelphia.

"At night, I went into the black church, where the black minister shewed much uncultivated talent After sermon they began singing merrily, and continued, without stopping, one hour, till they became exhausted and breathless—'Oh! come to Zion, come!' 'Hallelujah,' &c. And then, 'O won't you have my lovely bleeding *Jasus*,' a thousand times repeated in full thundering chorus to the tune of 'Fol de rol.' While all the time they were clapping hands, shouting, and jumping, and exclaiming, 'Ah Lord! Good Lord! Give me *Jasus*; Amen.' At half past ten this meeting broke up. For an hour it seemed like Bedlam let loose. At the close, one female said, striking the breasts of two male friends, 'We had a happy time of it.'"

"*A common hot day at Washington.*—The wind southerly, like the breath of an oven; the thermometer vacillating between 90 and 100; the sky blue and cloudless; the sun shedding a blazing light; the face of the land, and everything upon it, save trees, withered, dusty, baked, and continually heated, insomuch that water would almost hiss on it; the atmosphere swarming with noxious insects, flies, bugs, mosquitoes, and grasshoppers, and withal so drying, that all animal and vegetable life is exposed to a continual process of exhaustion. The breezes, if any, are perfumed by nuisances of all sorts, emptied into the streets, rotting carcases, and the exhalations of dismal swamps, made vocal and alive with toads, lizards, and bellowing bull-frogs. Few people are stirring, except negroes; all faces, save those of blacks, pale, languid, and lengthened with lassitude, expressive of anything but ease and happiness. Now and then an emigrant or two fall dead at the cold spring, or fountain; others are lying on the floor, flat on their backs; all, whether idle or employed, are comfortless, being in an everlasting steam-bath, and feeling offensive to themselves and others. At table, pleased with nothing, because both vegetable and animal food is generally withered, toughened, and tainted, the beverage, tea or coffee, contains dead flies; the beds and bed-rooms, at night, present a smothering unaltering warmth, the walls being thoroughly heated, and being within inside like the outside of an oven in continual use. Hard is the lot of him who bears the heat and burthen of this day, and pitiable the fate of the poor emigrant, sighing in vain for comforts, cool breezes, wholesome diet, and the old friends of his native land. At midnight, the lightning-bugs and bull-frogs become luminous and melodious. The flies seem an Egyptian plague, and get mortised into the oily butter, which holds them like bird-lime."

Ohe jam satis!—Nobody will suppose that we have been quoting these things with any other view than that of amusing our readers with this modern Socrates, and the amiable manner in which he has played the part of his own Xenophon. At the same time, we have no reason to suppose, that Socrates tells anything but what he believes to be the truth, and his anecdotes certainly body forth the form and pressure of most strange and picturesque modes of human existence.

The result of his researches seems to be exactly the same with that which "Cobbett's Year's Residence in America" points to. He has seen the Birkbecks and the Flowers, &c. &c. all cleaning their own shoes, and washing their own potatoes, for the want of servants—he has seen English damsels, who used to finger the piano-forte at home, skinning pigs, and undressing themselves and sleeping in the same room with both men and pigs—he is satisfied that all the Prairie gentry, who have any money, are losing that as fast as possible, along with every other good thing they brought with them from the regions of civilization. We

have not quoted from this part of his book, however; for, in the first place, we believe the public is quite satisfied as to the *subject* of which it treats, and as for the *garnish* of Mr William Faux, we really cannot imagine that any one feels much desire to be informed about the family sparrings and jarrings of the Flowers and the Birkbecks, the amours of young Flower and Miss Andrews the governess, or even the airs of Biddy the chambermaid, with the whole method and mystery of her exemplary humiliation.

Of course, there is nothing whatever in this book concerning what *we* might have been most anxious to receive some information about—viz. the present condition of *literature*, in the United States of America. This was a matter entirely out of our friend's way: and we do not mean to say, that if *he* had touched thereupon, we should have thanked him.

We wish very sincerely, however, that some American scholar would write something like a sketch of what has been, and is going on. Their Reviews, &c. seldom or never travel so far as this; and when a stray number does find its way, it is sure to be, three-parts out of four, occupied with English books of the preceding year, which are either perfectly well known to everybody here, or irremediably forgotten. Why have they no journal exclusively their own—their own in subject, as well as in execution?—as much their own, for example, as our English journals are English?

We see but few of their books either. A life of "James Otis" was lately put into our hands, and we expected much entertainment from the history of one of the great men of the Revolution. We were sadly disappointed. It is such a book as a young Irish student fresh from Trinity might be supposed to write about Emmett—for we will not mention Curran—a mere piece of boyish drivelling—nay, "worse of worst extended," of boyish book-making. "Letters on the Eastern States," seemed to us to be another very mediocre affair; and as for "The Idle Man," "Koningmarke, the Long Finne," and all the other endless imitations of the Sketchbook, and Knickerbocker, they are to us utterly unmeaning imbecility. The only tolerable attempt in the poetical way that we have happened to meet with, is a very little book entitled "Percy's Masque,"—and it is much more than tolerable. It is really, if the author be a very young man, a most promising Essay. There is an elegance of language, which shews perfect and intelligent familiarity with our models of the best age; and there is a certain elegance of thought and conception, which renders us even more anxious to be informed of the posterior proceedings of the author. Two different editions of our Magazine, by the way, are published every month within the United States: and one of them at least beats the original hollow, in the weighty matters of paper, ink, and typographical execution, as well maybe, where there is neither the hurry, nor the expense of authorship. Would it be too much for one or both of the publishers who are thus thriving upon our exertions, to make some return now and then in the shape of a parcel of American books? We throw out the hint, not doubting that our good friends will take it in good part; and we shall certainly be disappointed if it meets with no attention at their hands.

Since we are talking of such matters, there is a notion that has long been in our heads, and we shall take this opportunity of mentioning it—assuredly not with any views, or the possibility of them, as to ourselves. We regard the Americans—how could we do otherwise?—as immeasurably nearer to us than any other people in the world; and in spite of all jealousies and prejudices, the two nations must continue kindred as long as they speak the same tongue. Now, although we are living under different governments, we really can see no good reason why that circumstance should at all affect the literature which is, and ever must be, the common food of both. In the last age, English authors had no remedy when their books were pirated in Ireland—that has been corrected—it was corrected long before the Union. Why, merely because the Americans have President Munroe, and we stick to King George, should the author who writes equally for England and America, (as all authors who write in the common language must do,) why should he be paid for his writings only by one half of his readers? This is not fair in itself; and the doing away with such a thing, would tend, we suspect,

much more than most people can have any notion, to the diffusion of friendly and benignant feelings between the inhabitants of the two countries. Look to Germany for an example. Surely there are more natural ties between us and our American cousins, than between the subjects of the different states of that country. Yet their literature *is* considered as a common property, which it were sin and shame to leave unprotected; and the poet who writes and publishes in Berlin, draws as much profit from the copies of his book sold in Dresden, Munich, or Hanover, as if these were the capitals, not of other kingdoms, but of other counties. Why should it not be so with those who have the same Shakespeare, and the same Franklin?

The proposal would certainly come with the best grace at present from the other side of the Atlantic: but they must hope that the benefit would ere long be quite reciprocal; and far be it from us to hope otherwise. As things are, they have the mortification to see their best writers publishing here rather than at home; and in fact, even at this moment the thing tells much more *against* American genius, than it does *for* American purses.

There would be something very delightful in the spectacle of two great nations, whose blood is the same, and the far best part of whose feelings and manners must be the same also, thus recognizing the rights of that genius, which, whatever may be the course of external events, nothing can prevent from being and continuing to be a common property,—and, we should fain believe, an equal pride.

LETTER TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ. CONCERNING MR TICKLER'S LAST APPEARANCE IN MAGA.

Dear North,

How is Tickler? I have not had the pleasure of seeing him these some months, but have vast fears for his sanity. Did you observe him at his last potation at Ambrose's look any way rabid, and manifest a stupendous horror at the vision of a tumbler of punch? Does he froth at the mouth, and make articulate noises, very much resembling the barking of a dog? Does he imagine his posteriors transmogrified into flint-glass, and his head sprouting out into the configuration of a cabbage? Answer me, my dear friend, by return of post, for I love the senior in my inmost heart, and feel an interest in his welfare. I think his last letter on Lawless decidedly insane. Not at all that I object to his badgering the Irishman to his heart's content—he may growl at the gormandizer until he bursts; but I am truly sorry to see him dragging in the cursed question of Emancipation, and talking in the fashion of Sir Harcourt Lees, Bart.

In short, Kit, let that question and all belonging to it be far from your pages. Let it furnish quaking for the Quarterly, and elegiacs for the Edinburgh; but let it not be manufactured into Balaam for Blackwood. I agree with Tickler, of course, in his reprobation of the Whig people, and am sorry that we have ever suffered the Roman Catholics to fall into the hands of that fanatic faction; but let Tim rave as he pleases about the ingratitude of the Roman Catholics, it would be contrary to all the plain dictates of human nature, if they did not cling to that body of men by whose agency they imagine they will be able to accomplish their admission to what every one of every sect must be anxious for—rights equal to those enjoyed by their fellow-subjects. Now, the bulk of us Tory folk are ram-stam, right-a-head against that; and what wonder is it, let me ask you, that they should flee into the bosom of Whiggery, and lie among the pots? If I had no other reason of wishing for Catholic Emancipation, than the certainty that the carrying of that measure would make the Roman Catholic party come over to us without delay, —would make them quit the colours of the ungodly—*that* one consideration would make me wish for it. At present, a Roman Catholic gentleman is much to be pitied. Being a gentleman, of course he hates whiggery as he does swindling—but is nevertheless obliged to look to it as the pass for him into the citadel of the Constitution. He is obliged to butter Brougham, magnify Mackintosh, ay, and even knuckle to Newport! *Turpe et miserabile!* His

stomach is beyond doubt turning, and his gorge rising; but what will you have him to do, as long as *we* are determined to keep him away from us, except catch hold of any implement, however filthy, which will buoy him up? Tickler, I am sorry to say, has used some very disingenuous arguments. For example, he says, the peasantry are murdering, burning, brain-battering, crowbar-twisting, *et cætera, et cæterorum,* in the south of Ireland—the peasantry are Catholics—therefore the Catholics should not be emancipated. Now, this is not fair, Timotheus. It is not their Catholicism, but their ignorance, their want, their oppressed state, that sets them in mischievous motion. Make them as comfortable as your fat Yorkshire clown, ay, or as the snug shepherds round your own snug cottage at Southside, and you will soon see that their religion will not excite them to the deeds of arms which you so pathetically deprecate. Your bantling is, I am sorry to *hear,* of a sickly temperament, cross, of course, inclined to squall eternally—most destructive of your peace of mind, and, in fact, the complete bane of every domestic enjoyment. I shall not easily forget the scene that was going forward, on that memorable evening, when I had the misfortune to drop in unexpectedly on you. I need but barely hint at it, Tim, to make all the facts at once present to your mind. If I might venture to intrude on domestic privacy, and to interfere with family arrangements, I would beg leave to recommend you and Mrs T. to put young Timothy out at nurse *instanter,* especially if you intend to see your friends occasionally, as I am sure you do. I suspect that your infant's unevenness of temper is the cause of your late increasing bitterness, and, very probably, of your last month's indignation against the Irish. Now, the heir of Southside is a staunch member of the kirk, and still, neither you nor your beloved spouse ever thought of attributing his unhappy disposition to his connection with that body, which had for its founder the sourest of all the polemical gentlemen of his time. No, my old boy, contrive to make the child as fat and fair as the young sons of Erin, and your cot will once more be the scene of quiet and content.

In fact, North, between you and me, the old fellow is gulled, bammed, humbugged, bamboozled, and bit. I forget who it is that says, "*Nullum est magnûm ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ.*" Whoever said it, was a sensible fellow, and I now feel the full force of it. You know I have my own mad fits now and then; but I never set them down to the cause of my great genius, until I beheld Timothy's wonderful aberration from common sense. Now, indeed, I have reason to feel proud of them, and I am confirmed in my opinion when I look about me. Byron's *affection* is evident to the whole world—it has certainly lasted an alarming length of time. Coleridge too, is, I think, pretty generally allowed to be rather frequently a *fit* subject for St Luke's. Southey's Vision is in itself evidence sufficient as to *his* state of mind at no distant period; and Shelley *must* have been insane, when bemoaning his friend Johnny as Adonais, and roaring forth his horrors in the Cenci. Leigh Hunt, I must confess, is a favourite of mine—there is something ingenuous and jaunty about him that pleases, and I shall therefore admit him into my list of mad geniuses. I pronounce his madness to be something like Ophelia's, who, like him, sung "hey, nonny nonny" songs, and adorned her head with flowers, blue, red, and yellow, as he does his thighs with inexpressibles of the last-mentioned colour. Perhaps, however, more strictly speaking, his malady is a nervous affection, arising from his being too much addicted to tea.

Be this as it may, it is no wonder that Tickler should share in the weakness of his contemporaries, but it is very ridiculous to behold the old cock, who has been crowing so vociferously over the remains of detected and vanquished humbug in the Quarterly, in the Edinburgh, in everywhere, in fact, where it existed, shewing in his own person that human nature will still ever be liable to its inroads. He talks of Ireland, and of Irish affairs, with as much earnestness and gravity, as if he were Secretary for that country, and gives as dismal a picture of priests and of their doings, as if he were the Laureate himself, holding forth on Spain and the Inquisition in the Quarterly. This is very foolish. I will not feel at all surprised if in your next Number he gives an equally luminous dissertation on the Sibalams and Lisators of

Tombuctoo, who, I am grieved to learn, are the two parties who at present distract that fine country. He raves, too, about Orangeism, and Irish papers, and such small deer, as if he were one of the herd, and most deeply interested in the subject; but he just knows as much of the politics of the sister kingdom, as a very different character, (but equally ancient as Timothy, if not more so, being a grandfather,) M. Jay, does of its geography. This worthy Liberal, in that very silly work, "*L'Hermit en Prison*," introduces a young gentleman, saying with all the appearance of *vraisemblance*, "I proceeded to Cork, and took lodgings in a tavern near the harbour." Now, M. Jay, knowing that Cork had a harbour, never thought of inquiring how far distant it might be from the city, but clapped down the above, chuckling, no doubt, at his knowledge, and in no danger of being detected by his Parisian admirers. As well might your friend Dr Scott declare, in his forthcoming tour to France, "I put up at an hotel in Paris, within a few doors of Versailles." Tickler acts just as oddly, and with as great an air of absurdity, as Monsieur; but who has been quizzing him, I can't conceive. Sir Harcourt Lees has, I find, had the sense to give up scribbling, seeing, I suppose, the folly of the thing; but is it possible that he has transmitted his materials to Tim? It is, at least, the only probable supposition that occurs to me at present, and certainly my friend's effusion has all the appearance of being half-brother to some of the Reverend Baronet's lucubrations.

Grieved to behold such prostration of intellect, I shall pick out, and dismiss with a few words, some of the most prominent fooleries to be found in the "Fragment," for Tim's benefit, and that of the public, as my friendship for both parties will not permit me to remain silent. I hope to be able to convince the one, of the prudence of remaining taciturn, until his faculties be perfectly restored; and to prevent the other from unwarily adopting his last insane imaginings as the sentiments of THE Tickler, for whom, in common with myself, it must ever entertain the most profound affection and esteem.

Amongst other silly matters, then, he gravely expresses his suspicions that some person or persons, friends of John Lawless, Esq. the Irishman, hope, or make efforts, to have the Roman Catholic Church predominant in Ireland. What idea does the senior endeavour to convey by this awful hint? Is it that these mysterious persons are sighing to have their religion the general religion of the country? If so, let me tell him, that they are taking trouble at interest, since such has been the case for more years than even Timotheus, in all the pride of his seniority, can remember. Or is it that they entertain an expectation of seeing theirs the Church established, and loaded with the riches and honours which now adorn the Protestant? I will scarcely suspect him, with all his insanity, to be guilty of such stupidity. No—the greatest blockhead in Great Britain would not be ass enough to imagine, that such a thought could ever enter into the head of the most inveterate fool in the whole Emerald Isle. I will lay any wager, that, upon the strictest examination, there would not be found, from North to South, three old women, (even extending the phrase to its metaphorical sense,) who, in the course of their long career, bestowed one thought on the matter. I believe Sir Harcourt was the first to make the discovery, and even he had sense enough to perceive, that eighty thousand pilgrims, each with a piece of artillery on his back, were to be landed from Loretto in the south, before the business began. If this be thy meaning, Tim, to what art thou reduced? WHO HATH BEEN BAMMING THEE?

This, too, I am ashamed to say, is Tim's chief weapon. He brandishes it in superior style in three different places, and even says, that if we were convinced of the futility of this *argument* against emancipation, all our opposition would be at an end! This is surely reducing the question to a point, and if the present were the only objection, we should not be long getting over it. I shall only say, that if it be *his* great resting-point, his intellect must verily be in a most deplorably shattered condition.

Indeed, shocked as I must be to declare it, I fear that this is indubitably the case. In a lucid interval, evidently, he wrote some good sense about the appearance of the Shiels, O'Connells, &c. in Parliament, but in less than half a page afterwards, he raves most

emphatically about surrendering one of the bulwarks of the Constitution. This is certainly the most decided piece of BAM to be found in the whole fragment, and I shall therefore beg leave to say a word or two concerning it. In the first place, the "Bulwarks of the Constitution" is a fine, full-mouthed, imposing πολυφλοισβος of a phrase, and is consequently caught at most greedily, and hackneyed most grievously, by the humbuggers at both sides of the water. This being the case, it has, of course, lost all definite meaning, and Tickler, if called on candidly by a friend, could no more explain what he meant by the expression, than could his own most interesting babe. To make use of it, therefore, is BAM of the most pellucid description—and that is to say enough about it. But supposing it to have a signification, what does it amount to? That by allowing the *possibility* of the sages above-mentioned obtaining a seat in the House, the British Constitution would lose one of its chief protections!!! Yes, Tim—stare at me as much as you please with your great protruded eye-balls, and exclaim, "Stop there, my man. Have I not proved most satisfactorily in the very same paragraph, that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see these gentlemen drawn out, as it were, for decimation, in the parliamentary ranks of Whiggism?" I allow you have, most excellent Timotheus, is my reply; and, *therefore*, does your marvellous incoherence afford another melancholy proof of your humbug or insanity. Take which cap you choose. I think the former, on the whole, will fit you better.

Another insanity of frequent recurrence in the "Fragment," is some blustering about "millions." It appears to me, on mature consideration, that a very probable cause of my friend's unhappy state of mind, has been the prospect of providing for an increasing family, which has brought into action the avariciousness of disposition, natural to old age, that would otherwise have withered beneath the noble and ardent imaginings of his soul. That I have some ground for the supposition, will seem clear to any one who casts his eyes over the pages of which I am speaking. He will there see the word "millions" staring him in the face at every corner, as if Tim othy were burning to be a Nabob, and found pleasure even in writing down the measure of his wished-for wealth. Tim! Tim! I fear thine is a broken spirit; but even in its fall, it may do mischief to unreflecting minds; and I shall therefore say a few words about the dazzling argument against the "millions." I deny then, flatly, that it is the same thing whether the Penal Code affects a thousand or a "million." If the omnipotence of Parliament had enacted, that whoever presumed to wear yellow silk breeches, should be subject to certain penalties, it would be of very little consequence at the present moment. Leigh Hunt would be the only person affected by it, and the injustice would not be very material. But if some "millions" of the population imagined, truly, or otherwise, that such inexpressibles became them, and shewed their figures to advantage, and therefore adopted them, I stoutly maintain that such a statute would then be most oppressive, and most worthy to be repealed. I, of course, agree most cordially with Tim, that if it weighed heavy on L. H. alone, or affected not a single member of the community, it should not for a moment disgrace our statute-book, but be abolished as effectually, as was the act against witchcraft some time ago. Every one, not actually *non compos*, will side with me in this point, and admit that it is therefore perfectly fair for the friends of emancipation to bring forward as an argument the number of the injured;—as to its being an argument to our fears, the eighty thousand pilgrims stand up most imposingly to deny the fact. I will not be so mad in my turn as to advance the position that emancipation would *directly* and *immediately* affect the "millions." Most certainly not; but it is in the nature of things, that by raising the political condition of the few thousands who compose the head of that immense mass, the Catholics of Ireland, it would also help, by slow and certain degrees, to drag the whole body from the depth into which political degradation, in union, it is true, with many other causes, has contributed to plunge it. I could say more on this subject, if I were not writing, not on that eternal question, but on the woeful insanity of Tickler.

The next proof of his lunacy, shall be derived from what he says of

Orangeism and Orangemen. Rational men have been sickened of late with hearing of them and their politics; so I shall say as little as possible of the folk. Tickler declares, that the much misrepresented and unoffending gentlemen composing the society, have been driven into union by their fears—that they do not like visits from Captain Rock; and that *therefore* they flock together—that their secret signs are convincing evidence of their shrinking timidity and apprehension; something, I suppose, like ἰχθυς of the primitive and persecuted Christians. This is a pitiable description of the association; but, from first to last, it only shews that Tim is insane, or quizzed. In the first place, Captain Rock holds his court about two hundred miles from the seat of Orangeism; so that to depict their fears of a visit from the gallant leader of the Dahallow forces, is quite in the M. Jay style—nothing can be more so. In the next place, instead of their modest and retiring habits, which the author of "Lights and Shadows" could not touch more tenderly than Tickler, there is not a body of men in the empire, at least from the specimens which I know of it, which comes up, in any degree, like this band of lily-of-the-valley-like gentlemen, to the *beau idèal* of ranting, roaring Irishmen. If anything, they are too savage for the character. To speak seriously, the Orange system, with all its secret, and timid, and cautionary signs, and symbols, and regulations, is an engine, which, if at present merely ridiculous, may, in the twinkling of an eye, become most perilous to the state—an institution, in fine, of which no man of Tickler's *late* good sense, would have ever brought himself to speak in the manner he has done. Poor distressed beings! What an extinguisher of their comforts must it be to refrain in public and mixed assemblies from huzzaing to a toast which five-sixths of the kingdom think an insult,—whether prudently or not, is no consideration,—but, on the other hand, how must they be consoled to see Tories on your side of the water most consistently bewailing their misfortunes! The plebeians concerned in the play-house riot have also found commiseration from Timothy. If the Paisley radicals, some years ago, had done an action of the same nature, and if the like importance had been attached to it, would we have seen him distilling such tears of sorrow over the men of the loom?

The last assification I shall notice, is one that would settle the business in the most scrupulous court *de Lunatico inquirendo;* I mean what is said of the non-resistance of the people to a sacerdotal horse-whipping. This is so extraordinarily *frappant*, that the celebrated controversial baronet I have so often alluded to, only ventured to put it forth once, to the great delight of his fellow-mortals! As Tim takes such an interest in Hibernian affairs, he cannot do better than reside for a summer among the bogs; and, as he is of a venerable and portly appearance, he may easily pass himself for a priest, by making the necessary alteration in his habiliments. Provided with a horse-whip, let him stalk forth to experimentalize on the non-resistant Milesians; and if he returns to his expectant spouse with a whole head and an unbroken shank, he may serenely pass the remainder of his days in penning most piquant papers against the prostrating power of popery, and the pernicious popularity of the priesthood. Ah! TIM, WHO HATH BEEN BAMMING THEE?

Sorry am I to find that all he has written is most destitute of originality—Not a single invention of his own is to be discerned—all is copied and borrowed, without acknowledgment, from the most stupid sources, so that there is even no pleasure in perusing it. John Bull acts differently; for John invents most indefatigably, and sports an ever-varying stock of novel circumstances, for the entertainment of his subscribers, which is certainly highly praiseworthy. Tickler, on the other hand, is not ashamed to derive dulness from the Morning Chronicle! nor even (what is still more atrocious, and in "vile bad taste") to call the Pope an "old woman," having borrowed this exquisite *bijou* from an old, foolish, forgotten oration of—of—of—Sir Francis Burdett!!! "*Quantum mutatus ab illo,*" &c.

In writing the above, I have been merely proving Tickler's *non-composity*, (which, I fear, I have done too satisfactorily,) not writing on Catholic emancipation. This is a subject on which you well know my opinion. *I* think the measure a measure of justice, and, being so, of policy. You

need not fear that I am going to tell you why. But I strenuously hope and request, as I said at the commencement of this epistle, that you will, for the present, keep it far away from your pages, and make Maga silent on the topic, until the time comes when it will become her to speak out unhesitatingly upon it. When this period arrives, Christopher, you will take a manly and decided part, very unlike Tickler on the present occasion, who flirts with it, as a monkey would with a hot potato; now "scouting it;" then "not against it;" and, at last, "trusting the time will come" when the vegetable will cool, and may be touched with safety.

In conclusion, I need hardly say, that I am heartily vexed to see the old fellow's backsliding into humbug at this time of life. You should positively restrain him from scribbling, at least in public, until you have a doctor's certificate of his complete recovery. I am glad you were so prudent as to keep back the rest of his Essay on the Glasgow Dinner, for, if it were written in the same mad strain as his Fragment on Lawless, it would have been sufficient to damn him irrecoverably in the opinion of all sensible persons. His ranting on Ireland ran less chance of being detected; but still you would have done better by sending it back to him unpublished. Do not forget to send me news of him by return of post, for I shall be most anxious until I hear from you. I shall be with you before the end of the month.

Yours ever,

DENIS BULGRUDDERY.

Stockestown, Co. Roscommon,
Nov. 6.

P. S. I think it fair to state, that I have just discovered that Lawless was most boisterous in protesting against the personal attack made upon the editor of the Evening Mail. Tickler evidently was not aware of this, when he said the *whole* Whig press exulted at it.

HISTORY OF THE GARDEN OF PLANTS.*

PART II.

IN a recent number we presented an Historical Sketch of the Parisian Museum of Natural History, from its foundation under Louis XIII., until towards the termination of last century. The taste for the study of this branch of science has so rapidly increased of late years, that we shall deem no apology necessary for a somewhat lengthy article, containing a farther analysis of the volumes of M. Deleuze, and such observations as we may deem it necessary to make upon them. We shall, in the first place, however, with a view to exhibit at a single glance the immensely increased extent of our knowledge of nature within these few years, present the numerical amount of species in each of the great divisions of the animal kingdom, taken at three different periods within the memory of the existing generation. We do not, of course, pretend to perfect accuracy in such a calculation; but the general results may be relied upon, as closely approximating to the truth.

In the year 1766, naturalists seem to have been well acquainted with only about 230 species of viviparous animals, among which were included such as are aquatic; 946 birds; 292 amphibious animals, and reptiles; 404 fishes; 3060 insects, and 1205 *vermes* or worms.

Rather more than 20 years after the above period, Gmelin published the 13th edition of the *Systema Naturæ*, an ill-digested compilation, it is true; but, as Cuvier has observed, "necessaire comme la seule table un peu complete de ce qui a été fait jusques vers 1790." It contains descriptions of 557 quadrupeds, and other mammiferous animals; 2686 birds; 366 species of the amphibious class; 889 fishes; 10,896 insects, and 4036 worms. In this last division it may be observed, that both Linnæus and Gmelin included the molluscous and testaceous

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* History and Description of the Museum of Natural History and Royal Botanic Garden of Paris. Translated from the French of M. Deleuze, assistant Botanist. By A.A. Royer. 2 vols. 8vo. with 17 plates. Price 21s. Sold by G. B. Sowerby, 33. King Street, Covent Garden, London.

animals, of which later writers have formed a separate class.

It is not so easy to estimate the known amount of the animal kingdom at the present day, because vast additions have been made in all its departments since the publication of the last General System of Zoology; of these additions the more recent are as yet undescribed, or at least unpublished; others form the subject of memoirs and monographs in the transactions of numerous learned societies throughout Europe; or, (*renovare dolorem,*) have contributed to increase the confused labours of a few unsettled and partial systematists, whose works are already useless, and will soon be forgotten. The following statement, however, will probably afford a tolerably accurate idea of the amount of the animal kingdom, as at present known. Quadrupeds or mammiferous land animals, above 500; birds according to Temminck, about 5000. Reptiles, 600; fishes, 3000; molluscous animals and shells, forming *part* of the vermes of the preceding enumerations, 8000. Insects, about 25,000. Vermes properly so called, zoophytical animals, &c., forming the remainder of the class called *vermes* by the older writers, 4000.

The preceding statements shew an increase in the amount of zoological objects, from 6137 species, to at least 46,100 species, within little more than 50 years. There can be no stronger or more conclusive proof than this, of the rapid progress, and successful cultivation, of natural history in recent times. Now this great increase of knowledge has been owing, no doubt, in a great degree, to the liberal establishment and judicious administration of public Museums; a subject which brings us again in contact with our friend M. Royer, and the Garden of Plants.

No foreign animals had for some years been added to the menagerie, and if we except the lions which had produced young, and the elephants from Holland, it contained few that were of much value. Several were said to exist in London, which the owner, Mr Penbrock, wished to dispose of, and in July, 1800, M. Chaptal, then Minister of the Interior, sent M. Delaunay to England on this errand. He purchased a male and female tiger, a male and female lynx, a mandrill, a leopard, a panther, a hyena, and a number of birds. For these he paid 17,500 francs. Sir Joseph Banks took the opportunity of presenting to the Museum several curious plants. At this period all the parts of the establishment were conducted with equal judgment and zeal, because each was confided to a separate chief, and its progressive movement was no longer retarded.

Nevertheless, in October, 1800, the professors had reason to apprehend its ruin, from a measure which the minister of the interior, brother of the first consul, wished to extend to this, in common with other public institutions, viz. That of appointing, under the title of accountable administrator, a director-general, or intendant, charged with the general administration, and the correspondence with the government; thus reducing the officers of the Museum to the simple function of delivering lectures, and preserving the collections.

The professors made the strongest representations to the minister on this subject; they proved that each part of the establishment required a separate director; that the administration was essentially linked with the instruction; that intendants were always inclined to favour particular branches; and that they could not be acquainted with all the parts of so vast a whole; that all those intrusted with the direction of the Garden, excepting Guy de la Brosse, Dufay, and Fagon, who were, in fact, its founders, had neglected it, and that several had checked its progress; that Buffon, the only person who had since taken pride in the institution, and employed his credit for its advancement, had felt the necessity of a different system; that Daubenton upon principle had refused the title of perpetual director, offered him by his colleagues through respect for his age, and gratitude for his services; that since the new organization the general order had not been an instant troubled, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of politics, and the public misfortunes; that the Museum being immediately dependant on the minister, it was sufficient that an account should be rendered by the annual director, and that no extraordinary expenditure should be made without permission; that the place of intendant, given at first to some person distinguished in

the natural sciences, might at length be bestowed on a man destitute of any just idea of their utility; that the funds destined for the Museum might be converted to other uses; that the professors would be placed in a state of subordination, which would damp their zeal, and paralyse their efforts; and that some amongst them, who held eminent posts under government, could no longer preserve their chairs, when subjected to the control of a perpetual chief. Happily nothing was determined until M. Chaptal became minister of the interior, and he succeeded in persuading the first consul to yield to the representations of the professors.

The steady progress, and harmonious concurrence of all parts of the Museum, demonstrate the utility of the present form of administration; and it is to be hoped that the project of concentrating an authority which has no connection with politics, will not again be brought forward under the existing government. At its foundation the Garden was of so small an extent, that a single person sufficed for its administration and improvement; and at that time, though botany, anatomy, and chemistry only were taught, with a view to medicine, it was often necessary to solicit the favour of the court. Its funds are now fixed by the budget, and it is for the administrators to consider how they may be the most usefully employed. Each proposes improvements in his own department, and all unite to justify the confidence of the government, and to ensure the prosperity of an establishment, the glory of which is their common property; a succeeding professor may present a science under a different form, but the administrative assembly is constantly animated by the same spirit; its progress is more or less rapid according to circumstances; but its motion is never retrograde, being always directed towards the same end. The ministry of M. Chaptal was of great advantage to the Museum.

We must here speak of an enterprise which more than any other contributed to spread the fame of the establishment, and to diffuse the knowledge of which it is the source, viz. the publication of the *annals*, for the conception and execution of which a tribute should be paid to the memory of Fourcroy. When this learned man saw the Museum fixed upon a stable basis, he persuaded his colleagues to unite in publishing their observations, with a design principally to make known the riches of the collections. The proposal being adopted by the professors, they determined on publishing ten sheets every month, with five or six engravings, executed by the ablest artists, under the inspection of M. Vanspaendock. The first volume, consisting of six numbers, was published in 1802, and the work immediately acquired a reputation which it has constantly sustained. To the twentieth volume it bore the title of *Annals of the Museum*, and has since been continued under that of *Memoirs*: it now forms twenty-six quarto volumes. Communications from foreign and other Naturalists, not connected with the Museum, are occasionally admitted.

About this period the superb collection of minerals, formed in Paris by a German named Weiss, was offered for sale, and purchased by the Government. In a report upon it by the council of mines, it was valued at 150,000 francs. The same year (1802,) M. Geoffroy presented to the Cabinet a collection of objects in Natural History, formed during a four years' residence in Egypt, in which were found several of the sacred animals preserved for thousands of years in the tombs of Thebes and Memphis. It was on this occasion that the true Ibis of the ancient Egyptians was ascertained. Previous to the researches of MM. Cuvier and Savigny, the Senegal species, or *Tatalus Ibis*, was looked upon as the sacred bird. It is not even found in Egypt. The sacred Ibis may be seen in the fine ornithological collection of the Edinburgh Museum.

About the same time the French Cabinet was greatly enriched by some very precious geological collections. The Emperor Napoleon presented that of fossil fishes obtained from the Count Gazola, that offered him by the city of Verona, and that of Corsican rocks, received from M. Barral, an officer of the island; these fill one of the largest rooms of the Cabinet.

The anatomical preparations were continued with such activity, that in 1805 one hundred and one quadrupeds, five hundred birds, and as many reptiles and fishes, were placed in the Cabinet. The male elephant from

Holland having died the preceding year, M. Cuvier undertook its dissection, assisted by his pupils in zoology and anatomy, and by the painter Marrechal. Since that period two other elephants have died in the Menagerie, so that the anatomy of that animal is now as well known as that of the horse.

In the year 1804, the Museum was enriched by the most considerable accession in Zoology and Botany that it had ever received. In the beginning of 1800, the Institute had proposed to the first Consul to send two vessels to Australasia, for the purposes of discovery in geography and the natural sciences. The project was embraced, and twenty-three persons were named by the Institute and the Museum to accompany the Expedition. The two ships, the Geographer and the Naturalist, the first commanded by Captain Baudin, and the second by Captain Hamelin, sailed from Havre on the 19th of October, 1800. They touched at the Isle of France, where the greater part of the persons embarked with scientific views remained—reconnoitred the western shore of New Holland, and repaired to Timor, where they lay six weeks. They then revisited the same coast, made the circuit of Van Dieman's Land, and steering northwards to Port Jackson, lay by in that harbour for five months: thence they resumed their course to Timor, by Bass's Straits, and returning to France, entered the port of Lorient on the 25th of March, 1804.

Of the five Zoologists who went out in this expedition, two remained in the Isle of France, and two, Maugé and Levillain, died on the passage. Peron, the only survivor, attached himself intimately to Lesueur, the painter of Natural History, an excellent observer; and these two indefatigable men amassed an infinite variety of subjects. "Every day," says Cuvier in his report to the Institute, "affords new proofs of the value of this collection, consisting of more than one hundred thousand specimens of animals of all classes. It has already furnished several important genera; and the number of new species, according to the report of the Professors of the Museum, exceeds two thousand five hundred. Everything that it was possible to preserve, has been brought home, either dried, carefully stuffed, or in spirits; nor has the preparation of skeletons been neglected, whenever it was practicable; of which that of the crocodile of the Moluccas is sufficient proof." The botanical collection was not less important. It is worthy of remark that the plants of New Holland, from Port Jackson to the Straits of Entre Casteaux, do not require to be placed in hot-houses like those of the tropics, but pass the winter in the open air in the southern parts of France, and many of them even in Paris. Thus the metrosideros, the melaleuca, and the leptospermum, which at first excited so much admiration by the beauty of their flowers, have been introduced into the French gardens. The magnificent eucalyptus, which is one hundred and fifty feet in height, and seven or eight in diameter, is also beginning to be propagated in the southern departments. The season at which they bloom requires that they should be preserved in the orangery, but their habits in this respect may be changed by raising them from the seed.

In December 1805, M. Frederic Cuvier, brother to the Professor, was appointed Keeper of the Menagerie, and a set of regulations framed, in consequence of which the animals are observed in all the circumstances of their habits, gestation, &c. If an animal dies which is not in the galleries of zoology and anatomy, its skin is stuffed, the skeleton is prepared, and the soft parts are preserved in spirits; thus besides the advantages of studying living nature from the menagerie, the cabinet and collection of drawings are daily enriched.

While occupied in making certain arrangements in the cabinet, M. Cuvier discovered that the greater proportion of fossil bones have no specific identity with those of existing animals; and wishing to pursue his researches, he neglected no opportunity of assembling a collection of remains. Some very remarkable ones were found in the quarries of Montmartre; others were sent him from Germany and other countries. In a series of memoirs in the Annals of the Museum, he made known several species of quadrupeds which existed before the last revolution that changed the surface of the globe, far more ancient than those found amongst the mummies of Egypt, and differing from those that now inhabit

the earth in proportion to the remoteness of the periods at which they lived. His investigations, in this department, form an era in the history of modern science, and, upon the whole, may be regarded as among the most signal productions of the age. M. Cuvier has since presented his fossil treasures to the Museum, accepting in exchange only the duplicates of books on natural history in the Library. This collection, with that of fishes from Mount Bolca, fills one of the saloons of the cabinet.

The botanical department was also greatly increased during this period. Many botanists enriched it with the plants which they had discovered or described, and Mr Humboldt in particular, presented the Herbarium of his travels in the Equinoxial regions of America, consisting of 5600 species, 3000 of which were new to the Museum. Besides the additions of 1801, three new galleries were planned in 1807, by prolonging those of the first and second floors. These important works being terminated in 1810, the interior arrangements were made with such celerity, that the new saloons, as they at present stand, were occupied in 1811. The necessity of these additions to the buildings must be obvious, from the enumeration of those made to the cabinet. Besides the collections already mentioned, the Corsican rocks of M. Rampasse were purchased by the Emperor to complete the series of M. de Barral. In 1808, M. Geoffroy brought from Lisbon a very beautiful collection in every branch of natural history. In 1809, the minister procured the samples of North American wood, collected by M. Michaux, author of a valuable history of the forest trees of that country; and also a herbarium, containing the original specimens for the Flora of his father, who died in Madagascar. In 1810, twenty-four animals arrived from the menagerie of the King of Holland; animals were sent from Italy and Germany, by M. Marcel de Serres; and presents of several animals, and a beautiful herbarium from Cayenne, by M. Martin, superintendant of the nurseries in that colony.

In the disastrous year of 1813, the budget of the Museum was reduced, and important enterprises were deferred till better times. Even the expenses of the menagerie were curtailed, all correspondence with foreign countries was interrupted, and the number of students was diminished by the calls of the army. In 1814, when the Allied troops entered Paris, a body of Prussians was about to take up its quarters in the garden; the moment was critical, and the Professors had no means of approaching the important authorities; the commander consented to wait two hours, and this interim was so employed as to relieve them from all farther apprehension. An illustrious son of science, whose name does honour to the country which gave him birth, and to that which he has chosen for the publication of his works, obtained from the Prussian General a safeguard to the Museum, and an exemption from all military requisitions; and although no person was refused admittance, it sustained not the slightest injury. The Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, visited it to admire its riches, and to request duplicates of objects in exchange, and information regarding the best means of promoting similar institutions in their own dominions.

In 1815, when Paris was condemned a second time to receive the visit of those military strangers, returning with more hostile intentions, there was reason to fear, that the Cabinet would be emptied of a great part of its contents; and that the Museum of Natural History, like that of the fine arts, would be obliged to restore most of the objects obtained by contribution from conquered countries. In fact, the magnificent Cabinet of the Stadtholder was reclaimed; and M. Brugmann was sent to Paris, to receive and transport it. This mission caused the liveliest solicitude to the administrators of the Museum. By the restoration of those objects the series would have been interrupted, and the collection left incomplete. M. Brugmann was too enlightened a man not to perceive that they would no longer possess the same value when detached; and that in the galleries of Paris they would be more useful even to foreign naturalists. But he was obliged to execute the orders of his Sovereign, and could only observe the utmost delicacy in his proceedings; listen to any plan of conciliation, and plead the cause of science in defending that of the Museum. In this dilemma the professors addressed themselves to M. de Gagern, Minister Plenipoten-

tiary of Holland, who alone could suspend M. Brugmann's operations, and obtain a revocation of his orders. The application succeeded to their wish; it was agreed that an equivalent should be furnished from the duplicates of the Museum; and this new collection, consisting of a series of 18,000 specimens, was, in the opinion of M. Brugmann himself, more precious than the Cabinet of the Stadtholder.

The Emperor of Austria behaved himself like a gentleman in causing M. Boose, his gardener at Schœnbrun, to transport to Paris such plants as were wanting in the King's Garden; he also presented to the Museum two beautiful collections; one of fungi, modelled in wax, with the greatest accuracy of form and colour; and the other of intestinal animals, formed by M. Bremeer. Several wrought stones of price were returned to Coleridge's friend, "that good old man the Pope;" and objects of natural history, and books belonging to individuals, which had been sent to the Museum in the time of the emigration, and which were considered as a deposit, were restored with the permission of the government.

For two years after the peace, a reduction took place in the annual grants, from 300,000 francs to 275,000; but soon after, matters were placed on their former footing; and since the administration of M. Lainé, extraordinary funds have been granted for building the new menagerie, and other operations.

Buffon had obtained permission from the King to send naturalists into foreign countries; and the travels of Commerson, Sonnerat, Dombey, and Michaux, had procured considerable accessions to the Garden and Cabinet. Since the new organization, the two expeditions, commanded by Captain Baudin, had doubled the collections. At the restoration the government continued the same advantages, and ordered travellers to be sent into regions little known, to examine their natural productions. Considerable remittances have already been made from Calcutta and Sumatra, by MM. Diart and Duvaucel; from Pondicherry and Chandernagor, by M. Leschenault; from Brazil, by M. St Hilaire; and from North America, by M. Milbert. M. Lelande, who visited the Cape, and penetrated to a considerable distance into the country, has lately brought back the most numerous zoological collection since that of Peron. Many other travellers, without any special mission, have also proved their zeal for science, by transmitting numerous and valuable collections, both in zoology and botany.

These fortunate circumstances have hitherto happened at indeterminate periods; but a measure lately adopted by the government, insures, for the future, their regular annual recurrence. According to a plan submitted to the King by M. de Cazes, a yearly sum of 20,000 francs has been appropriated to the support of travelling pupils of the Museum, to be appointed by the professors. During the first year they are to prepare themselves under the direction of the professors; and are then to be sent to such other countries as promise the most abundant harvest of discoveries in natural history. They are required to keep up a constant correspondence with the Museum; and to transport the natural productions of Europe to other quarters of the globe. Unfortunately, the first use of this munificence has been productive only of regret. Of the four travellers commissioned in 1820, two fell victims to their zeal, on arriving at the place of destination. M. Godefroy, from whose extensive knowledge important services were expected, perished in a fray with the natives on landing at Manilla; and M. Havet, a young man distinguished by sound erudition and nobleness of character, died of fatigue at Madagascar. He had studied the language of that island, and was recommended to one of the kings, whose two sons were residing in Paris for their education. It was expected that he would have made known the productions of a country, the interior parts of which have never been explored by any naturalist.

We have now detailed the principal improvements and acquisitions of the Museum; and shall next notice the progress of instruction, and the professors to whom the teaching of the different branches of natural history was confided, after the new organization, which, as we have already mentioned, took place towards the end of last century. The mineralogical chair was at first filled by M. Daubenton, who had professed that science during twenty years, in the College of France.

It is unnecessary to say how much the Museum in particular, and the sciences in general, were indebted to his co-operation with Buffon. He assembled and disposed all the contents of the former cabinet; and when specially intrusted with the mineral collection, he bestowed the utmost pains upon its arrangement; passing his mornings in the gallery, in examining specimens, answering questions, and attending to the observations of his pupils. Every person listened with respect to this patriarch of natural history, who, at the age of eighty-four years, retained all the force and clearness of his intellect, and that freedom from prejudice which rendered him always accessible to truth. He died on the 31st December, 1799, and was buried in the scene where he had spent his life, and where every object recalls the memory of his services.

M. Dolomieu, who had been long celebrated as a mineralogist, and as the founder of geology in France, was chosen by the professors as Daubenton's successor. This learned man, whom love of science had determined to join the expedition to Egypt, had been thrown into prison at Messina on his return, on a most groundless and absurd suspicion of his having been accessary to the invasion of Malta. The powers that interfered in his behalf had been unable to loosen his chains, or to soften the rigours of his captivity, and the professors were ignorant of the probable period of his deliverance; but they preferred leaving the chair vacant for a time, to forego-ing an opportunity of rendering justice to a man, whose elevated character, and devotion to science, had not shielded him from the most ridiculous calumnies, and the most odious persecution. M. Dolomieu was liberated on the 15th of March, 1801, by an article in the treaty between France and Naples. He hastened to Paris, and, on his first appearance in the Amphitheatre, was received by the audience with an enthusiasm which manifested their opinion of his merit, and their interest in his sufferings. He delivered a course of lectures, and then set off upon a mineralogical tour among the Alps; but his constitution was injured by the hardships which he had previously undergone, and he died at Neuchatel in the Charolois, on the 26th of November, 1801.

The ingenious observations of Bergmann and Romé de Lisle, had, for several years, fixed the attention of mineralogists on the regular and constant forms of crystals; but they had presented only detached facts, of which M. Haüy divined the cause, and, by the aid of geometry, attained the general results which have changed the basis of the science. He was called, on the 18th December, 1801, to fill a chair for which there could be no competition; and from that time, the instruction has been conformed to the new method. The influence of this method has been felt in foreign countries. The Germans associate the new characters with their own classification; and several works have been published, uniting the principles of Werner and Haüy, or those of the German and French schools.

In regard to Botany, M. Desfontaines has had no occasion to change the method introduced by him in 1786. M. de Jussieu has continued his herborisations during summer, since the year 1770. The course of agriculture is delivered by M. Thouin, with such illustrations as are possible from the practice in the Garden, and the collection of models. He is charged with the correspondence with all the public gardens of France and other countries; and with the yearly distribution of more than 80,000 parcels of seeds, the produce of the Garden, or collected by travellers.

Our limits forbid our entering into any detail regarding the well-known advancements of chemical science, under the successive auspices of Fourcroy, Laugier, Brongniart, and Vaquelin; all of whom were Professors in the Garden of Plants.

The progress of Zoology was less rapid during the greater part of last century, than that of Botany, not so much from any neglect of that science, as from the want of resources. Separate descriptions of animals were published, many curious observations were made upon insects, and Linnæus had presented in systematic order, and described in precise and picturesque language, the varieties of animated nature. Nevertheless, the greater part of the animals of the old and new world were imperfectly known from want of opportunities of comparing them, and of observing the differences produced by age and other circumstances on the

same species. To the collections of the King's Garden, and to the works of which they facilitated the execution, are owing, in a great measure, the wider range and greater exactness of Zoology at the present day. The History of Quadrupeds by Buffon and Daubenton, that of birds by Buffon and Montbeliard, and that of cetaceous animals and fishes, by the Count de Lacépède, made known, with accuracy, the species which Linnæus had only indicated, and many others the existence of which he had not suspected. The galleries of the Museum furnished M. de la Marck with materials for his History of Invertebrated Animals, and enabled M. Latreille to perfect his great work on Insects. M. Cuvier soon after accomplished in favour of Zoology, what M. de Jussieu had done for botany, by founding, upon natural relations and invariable characters, a classification now very generally adopted.

The three chairs for Zoology are still occupied by the professors first appointed to fill them. M. Geoffroy de St Hilaire resumed his lectures on his return from Egypt, where he was employed for four years. He had previously taught the history of all the vertebrated animals for eighteen months, when the law of the 7th December, 1794, at the request of the professors, erected a separate chair for oviparous quadrupeds, reptiles, and fishes; to which M. de Lacépède, who had left the garden two years before, was called in January, 1795. Not contented with completing his course of lectures, M. de Lacépède resumed his former labours in the Cabinet, and soon after, on M. Geoffroy's departure for Egypt, took charge of the birds and quadrupeds, in addition to the objects especially committed to his care. By him the collection of birds, the most magnificent that had ever been assembled, was arranged in beautiful order for exhibition, and rendered classical for the study of ornithology. The celebrity which he had acquired by his works, and by his connection with Buffon, attracted crowds of young men to his lectures, whom he induced to attach themselves to a branch of Natural History which had been little cultivated in France. During ten years his whole time was employed in facilitating the study of a science which owe much of its progress to himself; and when called to a post under government, which left him no leisure for these pursuits, he insured the solid instruction of his pupils by choosing for his assistant M. Dumeril, author of the Analytic Zoology, and the co-operator of M. Cuvier in the first volumes of his Comparative Anatomy.

The Chevalier de la Marck, so highly distinguished by his works on invertebrated animals, has for twenty-five years taught the History of Mollusca, Crustacea, Insecta, and Zoophytes. He has also classed the shells and polypi after a more scientific and exact method, and has characterized all the genera, and determined a great number of living and fossil species. His loss of sight not permitting him to continue his demonstrations, his place is filled by M. Latreille, whose numerous writings, and especially his great work on the classification and generic characters of crustaceous animals and insects, rank him among the first entomologists of Europe.

The course of geology in the Museum is now distinct from that of mineralogy. The chair was first filled by M. Faujas St Fond. Without the precise characters afforded by mineralogy, the geologist cannot ascertain the genera and species in their pure state, nor discern the elements of an aggregate body, and the alteration of the primitive forms by the mixture of different substances; but the history of the great masses which cover the globe, the relative situation and different formation of rocks, of subterranean fires, and volcanic productions, of thermal waters, of fossil bones and shells found at different depths, forms a peculiar science, founded on innumerable observations, and exempt from the systematic absurdities that have disgraced the theory of the earth. If the science, notwithstanding the facts with which M. Faujas had enriched it, was not sufficiently advanced for the establishment of positive laws, he at least had the merit of rendering it popular, and of contributing to its progress since the commencement of the century. He died at his estate of St Fond, near Montelimar, on the 18th of July 1819, at the age of seventy-eight.

M. Cordier, an Inspector of the mines, and the pupil and travelling companion of Dolomieu, was named by the professors of the Museum, and

by the academy of sciences, to succeed M. Faujas, in September 1819. In his lectures he contents himself by exposing the actual state of the globe, by a connected view of facts ascertained by observation; and he insists particularly on the mineral riches of France, and the means of rendering them subservient to the progress of the arts and to the wants of society.

As it is necessary in general to adapt instruction to the greater number of pupils, the professors cannot in their courses enter into minute details, nor expose discoveries and principles which would be understood only by men versed in science; for these objects the annals of the Museum already noticed form an appropriate medium of communication. In this work, M. Haüy has fixed the characters of different minerals recently added to his Cabinet, and shewn the simplicity of the laws of chrystallography, and the advantage of analytic formulas; MM. Fourcroy, Vaquelin, and Laugier, have communicated the most important results of their experiments in the chemical laboratory; M. Desfontaines has described new genera of Plants, that have bloomed in the garden or been found in the herbarium; M. de Jussieu has defined the characters of the principal natural families, with such additions and corrections as the progress of the science has rendered necessary; M. Thouin has explained in detail the management of the seed beds and plantations, and the processes of grafting; MM. Geoffroy and Lacépède have published new genera of quadrupeds, reptiles, and fishes; M. de la Marck has described the fossils of the environs of Paris; M. Cuvier has made known the anatomy of Molluscs, and the skeletons of extinct animals, whose bones he had collected; and the professors in general have contributed extracts from their correspondence with other establishments, or with travellers and foreign naturalists.

Two thousand pupils yearly attend the lectures of the Museum, of whom a few only become distinguished naturalists; but all acquire a share of useful knowledge and a talent for observation. It has been said by Bacon, that ignorance in philosophy is preferable to superficial knowledge; and it cannot be denied that shallow notions of history and philosophy are often employed to sap the foundations of morality and politics. But it is otherwise with the knowledge of nature; in this unbounded science every acquisition is useful, from the simplest perception to the deepest researches, and from the minutest details to the most general views; the study of it accords with every age, with every disposition of mind, and every profession in life; it yields assistance to agriculture, medicine, and the arts, and powerfully contributes to the wealth of nations. As its object is to ascertain and connect facts, and not to investigate causes, it is free from the uncertainty of hypothesis; and if observation is sometimes incomplete, nature is always at hand to dissipate doubt, and to rectify error.

But to obtain the results that may be hoped from it, and spare the student the laborious researches of his predecessors, there must exist a repository of knowledge, from which he may borrow to enrich it in his turn. This repository is the Museum founded by monarchs, adorned by men of genius, and governed by enlightened administrators, it has hitherto resisted every shock, escaped amid every scene of devastation, and excited the admiration of rival nations. The warrant of its duration is its utility, and the protection of a sovereign, whose glory can only increase as the progress of knowledge shall render more evident the wisdom of his institutions.

The expenses of the garden in 1789, were 104,269 francs, and those of the menagerie at Versailles, 100,000 francs; making a sum of 204,269 francs; at present the current expenses of the establishment are 300,000 francs. But in 1789, the Garden contained only 43 acres; it now consists of 79. The galleries of Natural History have been raised one story, and nearly doubled in length, and a library of more than 12,000 volumes has been added to the collection. The buildings at present are to those of the former period in proportion of seven to one, and the extent of the agricultural, horticultural, and botanical culture, is as nine to one. The collection of living plants has been doubled; that in the herbarium is six times as great. The collection of birds and quadrupeds is twenty times more numerous; that of fishes, formerly insignificant, is now the most extensive in the world;

that of insects, which consists of 40,000 individuals of 22,000 different species, contained only 1500 specimens; the menagerie of Versailles offered but a small number of animals, and was of little use to zoology; that of the Museum has presented successively more than 500 species, and has given rise to many important observations. The present establishment employs one hundred and sixty-one persons, of whom ninety-nine are paid by the month, and sixty-two by the year. So that, from their comparative extent, value, and importance, the expenses of the present Royal Museum should be four times as great as those of the King's Garden and menagerie, instead of exceeding them by only one third. This surprising economy is due to its organization; and to a careful, provident, and accountable administration, attentive to every detail, and immediately inspecting the execution of every undertaking.

We have already occupied so much space by the preceding historical abstract, and general observations and reflections connected with it, that we find ourselves unable to enter into anything like a detailed description of the contents of this celebrated collection, in its present completed state. Passing over the botanical department, as well as the geological and mineral treasures, we shall therefore merely intimate a few of the more important features of the Cabinet of Zoology.

The number of quadrupeds and other mammalia now amounts to about one thousand, five hundred individuals, belonging to more than five hundred species. Amongst these may be observed, more than eighty species of bats. The most formidable species is the Vampyre (*Vespertilio spectrum, Lin.*) which is very noxious in several parts of South America, by killing cattle. The polar bear lived for some time in the menagerie. He seemed to dread heat more than any other animal, and used to have eighty pails of water decanted over him daily. By the side of the northern bear is a species brought by M. Leschenault from India, which feeds on wild honey. The specimen of the sable, so celebrated for the richness of its fur, was presented by the Empress of Russia to Buffon. In the fifth case, there are thirteen species of foxes. Of the genus *Felis*, including the lion, the tiger, the cat, &c., there are twenty-three species. Among these we may observe the caracal, the true lynx of the ancients. There are thirty-three species of didelphis, including the opossums, kangaroos, &c.; one of these, the opossum of the Americans, with party-coloured ears, has fifty teeth, the greatest number observed in any quadruped. Among the Rodentia is the chinchilla, highly prized by ladies, for the value of its fur; and twenty-three species of squirrels. The larger animals, besides the elephant and Indian rhinoceros, are the double-horned rhinoceros of Africa, the double-horned rhinoceros of Sumatra, the hippopotamus, the Arabian horse, the baskir horse covered with long hair, the zebra, quagga, &c. In the room devoted to the order *ruminantia*, there are the male giraffe, (*cameleopardalis*,) eighteen feet high, shot in Africa by M. Levaillant, and the female of the same species, more lately sent by M. Delalande; the buffalo, (*bos bubalus*,) originally from India, whence it was taken to Egypt, and thence into Greece and Italy, during the middle ages; and the aurochs, (*bos urus*,) from the marshy forests of Lithuania and Caucasus, which have been erroneously considered as the primitive stock of our large cattle; the great elk; and the camel and dromedary, both of which species have of late years produced young in the Rotundo of the garden. There are twenty-two species of antelope, and a large collection of deer. Among these is the *hippelaphos*—an animal hitherto known only from the description of Aristotle. The pasan of Buffon, (*antilope oryx*,) is in the ninth case. It is supposed by Cuvier to be the unicorn of the ancients. Near it is the *guevi*, or pigmy antelope, a beautiful little animal, only nine inches high; and in the next case, affording a striking contrast in point of size, are the great antelope of India, and the striped antelope from the Cape, each nearly as large as a horse. There is also a large collection of goats; among which we shall only specify the Caucasan ibex, (*capra ægagrus*,) which lives in herds on the mountains of Persia, where it is known by the name of *pasang*; it is supposed to be the parent of all our varieties of the domestic goat. There are also examples of many and various races of sheep, from different countries and climates.

On leaving the gallery of ruminating animals, we enter that of birds. The collection comprehends upwards of 6000 individuals, belonging to more than 2300 different species. There is not so numerous a collection existing anywhere else; and yet it has been formed within these few years; for at the death of Buffon, there were only 800 species.

It is well known that a great number of birds, especially those remarkable for the beauty of their colours, have a totally different plumage, according to their age, and even sometimes according to the season of the year. It is owing to this that the same bird has often been described and drawn several times under different names. We frequently see ten or twelve individuals of one species presenting the same essential characters, but differing totally in the colours of their plumage. Thus it is only after many researches, and the examination of numerous suites of specimens, that the different varieties, and the passage from one to the other, can be determined. Most of these varieties of age, sex, and season, may be observed in the Parisian collection, which, for the future, will fix the type for many new, or hitherto obscurely described species.

In this collection there are 120 different diurnal birds of prey. Among these we may remark the lammergeyer, or vulture of the Alps, which is the largest European bird of prey; it measures ten feet between the extended tips of the wings. Absurd stories have been told of its carrying away children, and even cattle. This is quite a mistake; for its talons are in fact very weak, and, as Temminck observes, *faiblement crochus*. We read some time ago a repetition of such tales, in a Tour through Switzerland, by that ingenious Frenchman, M. Simond. He probably never saw the bird in question. We beg to assure him, for the satisfaction of his family, "qu' ils mangent sur la place, sans rein emporter dans leur serres, qui ne sont point propres à saisir;" it is a wild, solitary animal, and inhabits the steepest rocks of the Swiss Alps. In the fifth case, we see the *falco destructor*, or great American harpy, of a size larger than the common eagle; it is considered as having the claws and beak stronger than any other bird; but the power and velocity of its flight being greatly diminished by the shortness of its wings, its ravages, as a bird of prey, suffer a corresponding decrease. It generally feeds upon the sloth, and can carry off a fawn. There is a fine specimen of this rare bird in the Edinburgh Museum. The hawk called *pygargus*, deserves attention as an object of worship among the ancient Egyptians, who embalmed it after death. It was brought in the mummy state from Egypt, by M. Geoffroy St Hilaire. In the ninth case may be observed the *falco cerulescens*, from Sumatra, which is the smallest of all birds of prey.

The eleventh and twelfth cases contain thirty-four species of owls, or nocturnal birds of prey. The collection of parrots and toucans is unrivalled. There are one hundred and sixty species of the thrush-genus. Of the *motacillæ*, which include the wrens, wagtails, and smaller warblers, there are 172 species. Among these are the nightingale and redbreast. The latter, which in Britain is a pugnacious, solitary bird, in some of the French provinces assembles in such numerous flocks, that the sky seems covered by them. The golden-crested wren is the smallest of European birds; its heart is no bigger than a pea, and weighs between four and five grains. Of the fly-catchers, now divided into several genera, there are 150 species in the Museum. The twenty-second case contains twenty-seven species of swallow. "The first," says M. Deleuze, "is the *hirundo apus*, or swift, of all birds, best formed for flight; its feet are so short, and its wings so long, that when it is on the ground, it cannot rise again; it therefore passes the greater part of its life in the air; and when it has rested for a short while on a wall, or on the trees, it falls to recommence its flight." We have reason to discredit this. Let M. Deleuze catch a swift, place it on the ground, and see whether he or it will rise highest within a given time. We back the hirundo apus, or swift. "There is a white variety in this case; near it is the *h. riparia*, (sand martin,) which builds its nest in the banks by the water side; it does not quit us in the winter, but plunges deep into the mud, where it remains torpid until the return of warm weather." Is this a fact, or an imagination?—There are seven hundred individuals of the linnet and bunting tribes, belonging

to 150 species. Then follow the grosbeaks and cross-bills; of which last the European species is remarkable for building its nest and hatching in January, and for holding its food between its claws like a parrot. There are nine species of Paradise birds, forming a magnificent series. In the 25th case may be seen, sixty-four species of humming birds, and fifty-three creepers. In the same case is the *epimachus* of New Guinea, one of the rarest and most beautiful birds in the collection. Passing to the twenty-sixth case, we may observe thirty-four different species of kingfishers; and in the twenty-seventh, no less than eighty-four various kinds of pigeon. In the next division, there is an example of the wild peacock from Bengal, which is the origin of our domestic kind; and to the right of it is another and distinct species from Java, the same as that fine specimen lately added to the Edinburgh Museum. The thirtieth case contains the turkeys. By comparing the domestic species with the wild one sent by M. Milbert, from the forests of Virginia, it will be seen that domestication has deprived them of that metallic lustre which adorns their plumage in the native state. At the bottom of the case is the *meleagris ocellata*, a new species, described by M. Cuvier. It is one of the most beautiful birds known; it comes from the Bay of Honduras, and is the only specimen in Europe.

The thirty-second case exhibits a series of the different varieties of domestic poultry, and several wild species from India and the Moluccas. It cannot yet be decided from which of the latter our common barn fowls have sprung. Probably from more species than one. Temminck is decidedly against the claims of the Jungle Cock to that honour. The Museum possesses ten species of pheasant, besides that rare bird the napaul, or horned pheasant from Bengal; of which there are several specimens in the Edinburgh collection. The numerous family of the grouse, of which they possess fifty-nine species, entirely fills the thirty-fourth case. Among these is a white quail, shot by Lewis the XVth, and presented by him to Buffon. The birds of the two next genera differ from all other land birds, in being deprived of the power of flight. The first is the ostrich, (*struthio camelus*,) celebrated in the remotest ages. It is sometimes eight feet high, lives in herds, in the sandy deserts of Africa, and is the swiftest of all running animals. They leave their eggs, which weigh three or four pounds, to be hatched by the heat of the sun in the tropical climates; but in colder regions they sit upon them like other birds. In the thirty-seventh case, there are nine species of bustard, three of which have not yet been described; that of Europe lives in plains, and uses its wings chiefly to accelerate its course along the ground. The male, which is double the size of the female, is very rare, and is the largest of European birds. After these come 30 species of plover, and different kinds of ibis; the most brilliant of which, is the *tantalus ruber*, from Cayenne and Surinam. There is a fine series of this bird in the Edinburgh Museum, shewing the singular changes which the colours of its feathers undergo, from the plumage of the young to that of the adult bird. The 39th case contains 50 species of the genera analogous to the woodcock (*scolopax*.) The common woodcock, which, in Britain, is a winter bird of passage, in several of the continental countries of Europe dwells on the mountains during summer, and descends into the plains in autumn. In the 41st case, there are 39th species of heron. Among the cranes is the agami, or trumpeter, a South American bird, which is frequently trained to protect and drive the barn-yard fowls, as dogs do sheep. There are thirty species of rails in the 45th case. By the side of the coots is a very rare bird, which forms a genus by itself, called the sheath-bill, (*vaginalis*, Lath,) on account of the singular form of its beak. There is nothing known of the habits of this bird, which is found in the Malouin Islands, whence it was brought by the naturalists attached to M. Freycinet's expedition. Passing over several genera, we come to the 50th and 51st cases, which contain the *longipennes*. Some of these have been met with 600 leagues from land. The frigate birds are in the 53d case. Their wings, which measure from 10 to 12 feet, are so powerful, that they fly to an immense distance from land, especially between the tropics; they dart upon flying fish, and strike the birds called *boobies*, to make them quit their prey. The tropic birds occupy the bottom of the

case; they keep constantly in the tropical latitudes, the approach to which they announce to sailors. The swans and ducks occupy the remaining four cases of the gallery. The beak of the wild swan is yellow at the base, and black at the extremity; it is a distinct species from the domestic swan, which has a red beak. The black swan from New Holland, and that with a black neck sent from Brazil, by M. St Hilaire, are remarkable species. Among the geese is an Egyptian bird, very common in Africa. We see it often represented on ancient monuments; it was worshipped for its attachment to its young, and the Egyptians called it *chenalopax*, or fox-goose. The ornithological department is terminated by 78 species of the duck genus, and the mergansers.

The collection of reptiles is unquestionably the richest in the world. It consists of 1800 individuals belonging to more than 500 species. But what renders it of incalculable advantage to the student is, that it contains almost all the individuals from which the plates of Seba were copied; and that it was from them that Linnæus composed his descriptions. Here also are to be found the originals which served for the work of M. de Lacépède. Our limits forbid our entering into any farther detail.

The collection of fishes is also the most complete that anywhere exists of that class of animals. It comprehends about 5000 specimens belonging to more than 2200 species. It offers the elements of the classification which M. Cuvier has established in his Règné Animal, the type of the ichthyological memoirs which he has inserted in the Annals—the far greater part of the fishes which M. de Lacépède has described or figured in his great work—and almost all the known genera. Of each species, it possesses generally one preserved in spirits of wine, which affords the facility of examining its interior organization in case of necessity. The greater number of those which are dried, have been covered with a varnish which has revived the colours; and they appear almost as brilliant, as they were some hours after being taken out of the water. This collection has been newly arranged according to the method of Cuvier, and all the species have been ticketed with the greatest exactness.

Of crustaceous animals, including the crabs, lobsters, &c. the Museum possesses about 600 species belonging to 54 genera.

In regard to the collection of insects, we have already mentioned, that prior to the new organization of the Museum, it contained very few animals of that class. These came chiefly from the private cabinet of Reaumeur. The great additions made of later years by Olivier, and many other scientific travellers, have now rendered it equal to any in Europe. Including the *arachnides*, (the spiders, scorpions, &c.) it is composed of about 50,000 specimens belonging to more than 20,000 species, remarkable for their variety of form, and the wonderful instincts by which they are distinguished. Insects are equal to birds in the richness and splendour of their colours: They even surpass them in some respects, particularly in regard to the phosphoric light which emanates from many species, and while they divide with them the empire of the air, they far exceed them in number, for their tribes are even more numerous than those of plants.

The researches of M. de la Marck on conchology have proved, that the characters of a shell indicate those of the animal to which it belongs, as the genus of a quadruped is indicated by its teeth. Prior to this observation, shells were of little interest in zoology, as the animals to which they belonged were not thought of, and they were collected chiefly as objects of an ornamental nature. The distinction between terrestrial, river, and sea shells, and the comparison of those belonging to living subjects with those in a fossil state in different strata of the earth, have also led philosophers to decide upon the origin of different formations. In consequence chiefly of the numerous researches and the classification of M. de la Marck, conchology has become not only an important branch of zoology, but also one of the principal bases of geological science. The first shells in the cabinet were brought by Tournefort from the Levant, and presented by him to Louis XV. When Buffon had the superintendance of the Garden, he obtained permission to have them deposited there. Adanson presented those which he had collected in Senegal—the specimens which came from the cabinet

of Reaumeur were likewise added, and, since the new organization, the travelling naturalists have enriched it by numerous collections from all quarters of the globe. In addition to the shells, there is a large assemblage of radiated animals, corals, sponges, &c.

We shall terminate this summary by a reflection of our amiable author's, which will not fail to gratify those to whom the spectacle of social harmony and domestic felicity is not less interesting, than that of Nature. How delightful, amid the agitation of a great city, to behold an establishment, in which are united fifty families, living in peace, usefully occupied, contented with their lot, attached to the place of their abode, and priding themselves in its prosperity; strangers to professional rivalry and political dissensions, and grateful at once to the government which supports, and the administration which directs them. May their joint efforts continue to be guided by the same spirit of unanimity, and those enlightened views, which have hitherto pervaded them; and every liberal mind will rejoice in applying to them the dying words of Father Paul to the sacred institutions of his country,—"Estote perpetuæ!"*

* In order to complete the history of this establishment, we shall here mention some additions which have been made to the Museum since the main body of the work, of part of which we have presented the preceding abridgment, was sent to press. M. Leschenault de la Tour, and M. Auguste de Saint Hilaie, returned a few months ago: Among the mammifera brought by the former, is the bear of the Mountains of the Gates, two apes of Ceylon, the *paradoxurus typus*, which was wanting in the cabinet, and also some fishes and reptiles of the Isle of Bourbon. The latter, who for six years had been travelling throughout Brazil and the settlements of Paraguay, from the 12th to the 34th degree, has taken notes upon all the animals, and has brought home one of the most considerable and curious collections, both of botany and zoology, that ever arrived at the Museum. The following is an extract from a report, by the professors to the Academy of Sciences:—"The collection contains, 1st, 129 individuals of the mammifera, forming 48 species, of which 13 were not in the Museum.—2d, 2500 birds, forming 451 species, of which 156 were not in the Museum. The greater number of these make us better acquainted with the birds described by Azzara.—3d, 21 reptiles.—4th, About 16,000 well preserved insects, of which M. Latreille judges there are 800 unknown.—5th, An herbal, composed of about 30,000 specimens, forming nearly 7000 species of plants in good preservation, two-thirds of which M. Desfontaines judges to be new, and which will furnish new genera, and perhaps new families." M. Duvaucel, who continues his researches in India, has just sent home the skeleton of a very large elephant, a gangetic dolphin, more than six feet long, and a great number of birds, amongst which 43 species are unknown to the cabinet. From the same quarter a collection of fishes is ere long expected, amounting to 500 species, and 2000 individuals. From M. Leseur, have been received the greater number of the fishes and mollusca described by him in the Journal of Sciences of Philadelphia; and M. Milbert has transmitted several unknown fishes from the lakes of the United States. Lastly, M. Dussumier, on his return from India, presented a gazelle of Bassora, a species of dolphin, and 28 species of birds not in the cabinet.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A FOOTMAN.

"I've done the state some service."

Mr Editor,

Seeing that the world, through the medium of the Press, is rapidly becoming acquainted with the miseries of all classes; that drunkards, hypochondriacs, water-drinkers, and opium-chewers, are alike received with sympathy and commiseration; I take leave shortly to address you upon the grievances of footmen; a set of men, I do believe, more universally persecuted than any other body of artists within his Majesty's dominions. I will not occupy your time, sir, (for time I know is precious,) with complaining of the nick-names bestowed upon us by both high and low; of our being "Bone polishers" with one party, "Piebald rascals" with another, and "Bipeds," (as I once heard a gentleman of peculiar fancy express himself)—"Bipeds bedizened with lace," with a third; although, if we do polish bones, what is that but an argument against the cruel-

ty of our masters, who allow us no meat? And for lace, Heaven knows we reap little advantage from that! for, now-a-days, they make it almost entirely of worsted! And, as for the livery—is it our fault that every *demi fortune* driving fiddler will clothe his kidnapped charity boy in a coat of many colours? or what is such a coat but a symbol, and usually, God help us! too true a one, of the snubbings and bodily inflictions, which said charity boy is to suffer?

And here, Mr Editor, I cannot help thinking, that the players and play-writers of modern times help very much to delude the public, as to the condition of us servants. People of all ranks go to the theatre; and scarcely a new play, or an after-piece, ever comes out now, but we find some footman in it, set up quite upon equal terms with his master—represented to be as well maintained, and often better dressed; advised with, and rewarded, and treated quite with familiarity. And the spectators, I do believe, many of them, sit looking sometimes at this romance, until they fancy that what they have seen is a true picture of life, and that every man who stands behind a carriage has the better of him that rides in it; while, in truth, Mr Editor, a footman gets no more by the frippery that he wears than a soldier, (as my tall brother in the 10th hussars used to say,) than a house soldier does by the feather and sheep-skin, with which he is loaded; the dragoon having, indeed, at one point, the worst of the comparison; *viz.* that a good deal of his foppery is paid for out of his own pocket.

But my wish is to reason with the world about its treatment of serving-men—(pray, don't ever call them "Flunkies" any more, Mr Editor!) and so, instead of wasting time upon grievances in the beginning, which will be more than sufficiently illustrated in the close of my narrative, I should rather tell you, at once, how it happened that I joined the "party-coloured" society. In sooth, Mr Editor, my being a footman is a matter of accident. I began the world in quite a different line—as a barber's apprentice in Birmingham. When I was a lad I had always an ear for music; and was within an inch of becoming a soldier like my brother, for I should have gone to India, to a certainty, if the serjeant of horse had thought me tall enough for a trumpeter. Indeed, there was a corporal of militia, as it was, that wanted to enlist me for a drum-boy, and declared that the fife was every way a prettier instrument than the trumpet. But I disliked the uniform of infantry soldiers; and, perhaps, it was my fate to be first a country barber, and afterwards a London servant; at all events, I resisted the temptation of Corporal Stock's "seven guineas," and took my first degree in life with Mr Latherbrush, hair-dresser of Birmingham.

"From Indus to the Pole!"

* * * * *

Mr Latherbrush was a tradesman, who lived in the great square of Birmingham, called "The Bull Ring," and stood, as the folks said, in his business, "something betwixt and between;" that was, between the avowed tonsor of the *canaille*, Mr Snickchin, and Frizzlewig, in New Street, who used to dress the gentry. He wrote up a motto over his door, which a schoolmaster gave him,—

"Qui facere assuerat—
Candida de nigris,"

with "Perfumery from Paris," on one side the window, and "Walk in and be Shaved," on the other. He kept a chair in the open shop for the once-a-week customers; had a little back parlour, with a fire in it, for the three-day people; and took his penny for shaving, with "Thankye," when twopence was not forthcoming.

My father apprenticed me to Mr Latherbrush, in all the usual forms; and sixpence was paid down, as the nominal premium, for which I was to learn the art of removing people's beards, without at the same time displacing their noses; the real "consideration" of my indenture being, however, that I should wash the shaving cloths, and boil the potatoes; sweep the shop, and light the fires; scour the saucepans, and make our beds; for Mr Latherbrush, who was a widower, kept no female domestic.

I entered upon these avocations with a gay heart and ready hand; for I had read in an old volume of Gil Blas, which I borrowed from Corporal Stock, of so many strange adventures, and strokes of luck befalling barbers, that I looked upon even the initiated of the calling as a protected class of beings; the "magnetic strap," duly wielded, seeming more potent to me

than a conjuring wand; and the "Six-inch hone," the only veritable stone of the philosopher.

My place, however, was no sinecure at the commencement of this new career. Besides the washings, sweepings, boilings, scourings, and other domestic duties which I have already enumerated, I had the minor arrangements of "the business," in great numbers, to attend to. First, I had to dress the false curls of half the shop girls in our neighbourhood; pick the new hair that we bought, and mend the old wigs. Then I had to wait upon the motions of my *Magnus Apollo*, our eldest 'prentice—heat his irons when he dressed hair, and bear the blame when he did mischief. And, beyond this, I had to assist my master in a sort of laboratory, up in our back garret; where we imitated the patent oils of "Russia" and "Macassar;" manufactured "Ruspini's tooth powder," and "Day and Martin's blacking;" and transmuted, by the aid of so many varieties in colouring, simple hog's-lard into "bear's grease," "French lip-salve," or "Marrow pomatum."

I overcame the first difficulty in my trade—that of *setting razors*—tolerably well. I practised, indeed, upon those which strangers left at our shop to be sharpened, not on our own, which were used in the trade. The owners, too, used sometimes to come back and complain, that their steel, after my labour, cut worse than it had done before. But my master, who had little feeling for persons who shaved themselves, uniformly threw the blame, in such cases, upon the awkwardness of the complainant. Either he had not "strapped" the razor enough—or he had strapped it too much—or he had not dipped it in hot water—or he had dipped it in water which was too hot—or (and that was an objection which no grumbler ever could get over) there was something *wrong* in his manner of holding the weapon. The dispute commonly closing, on the part of Mr Latherbrush, with a proposal (for twopence more paid) to adjust the restive machine himself, or to sell the beard-pestered complainant a "tried pair of razors," which "had shaved thousands," and "would shave thousands more;" which proffer, if accepted, probably produced to the ingenious propounder half a crown for a pair of blades, which had been bought at an iron-stall for fourpence.

But I had conquered the difficulty of sharpening a razor; and had made so much progress in the faculty of using one, that generally, in the joyous haste of a holiday eve, or Saturday night, when all was hurry and bustle in our shop—when our five chairs were all full, and our *Observer* was quite thumbed to pieces—when the fire shone bright, and the shaving-pot hissed and bubbled—when the candles were fresh snuffed, and master was in good humour, and even our old Dutch clock seemed to tick with unwonted alacrity—mostly, upon pressing occasions like these, when a steel, as may be supposed, twirled in every available finger, I had been entrusted with the chins of our smock-faced customers—(the blackbeards, besides that they were more choleric and dangerous of temper, being the more difficult clients to dismantle of the two)—when an accident fell out, which blighted for ever my prospects in the "mystery" and occupation of a barber.

"Like reeds, not hair!"

* * * * *

You may recollect perhaps, Mr Editor, that, about thirteen years ago, certain Orders of Council (issued during the war) shut out the Birmingham manufacturers, for a time, from the American market. The joy which pervaded my native town, when these Orders were taken off, was boundless. Some people illuminated their houses; others blew themselves up with gunpowder; balls, routs, and concerts, night after night, were given by every family of any gentility; and the six hackney coaches of Birmingham were bespoke for full-dress parties sixteen deep. But, if it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, I am sure I may say, that's a good wind which blows nobody evil; it happened, on one of these evenings of general rejoicing, that a traveller, who was staying at the "Hen and Chickens" hotel, took a fancy to require the assistance of a hair-dresser.

For my sins, not a single fashionable barber was to be met with! Mr Frizzlewig's people were all engaged for the next week. Mr Tailcomb was sent to; but he "could not come in less than two hours." At last, the waiter (who was to bring a barber,

whether he could get one or no) bethought him of us, and ran down with the gentleman's commands.

Mr Napkin's intimation produced an immense sensation in our back parlour. My master had met with an accident the day before—he was the real barber of whom the story is told, that cut his own thumb through the cheek of his customer. Our big 'prentice was gone out for all the afternoon, to decorate the young ladies, by contract, at "Hollabaloo House" boarding-school. I—the *enfant perdu* of the scissars—was the only disposable force! But great exigencies must be met with appropriate exertions of daring. An introduction at the "Hen and Chickens" was an opportunity not to be neglected. John Blowbellows, the blacksmith, who had been grumbling because *I* was going to shave him, was now informed that he could not be shaved at all; and, with instructions to "cut gently," and "to charge at least half a crown," I was hurried off to "the gentleman at the inn."

The first sight of my new patient set my nerves dancing in all directions. He was a huge, tall, brawny, red-hot Irishman, with a head of hair bright orange, and as curly as that of a negro.

"Cut my hair, boy," he said, in a voice like the grating of waggon-wheels; "and, you spalpeen, be handy, for it's these twenty-four hours that I'm waiting for you."

I had cut two descriptions of hair in my time; but Mr M'Boot's was neither of these. In the smooth, straight lock, I succeeded pretty well; for I could cut an inch or so off all round, and tell by my eye when all was even. And in the close crop of the charity-school, I was at home to facility; for it was only running the comb along, close to the scalp, and against the grain, and cutting off everything that appeared above it. But the stranger's hair was neither in the lanky, nor the close hogged mood. It was of a bright red colour, as I have said before—stiff as wire—of an inveterate tight round curl—and bushy to frightfulness, from excess of luxuriant growth. He had started from London with it rather too long; worn it, uncombed, on a three months' journey through Wales; and waited till he reached Birmingham, that he might have it cut in the fashion.

"Cut my hair, I say, you devil's baby," repeated this knight of the appalling chevelure, imbibing a huge draught from a tumbler of brandy and water, which he was consuming while he dressed, and recommencing, in a horrible voice, to sing "The Lads of Shillelagh," a measure which my entrance had for the moment interrupted. I obeyed, but with a trembling hand; the very first sight of his head had discomposed all my faculties. I plunged into the operation of adjusting it as into a voyage over sea, without rudder or compass. I cut a bit here, and a bit there, taking very little off at a time, for fear of losing my way; but the detestable round curl, rolling itself up the moment I let go the end, defeated every hope, every chance, of regularity.

"Thin the rest," blasphemed the sufferer, "and so leave it, for I'll not wait." This command put the finishing stroke to my perplexity. Thinning was a process entirely past my skill; but a fresh execration, interrupting "The Lads of Shillelagh," left me no longer any power of thought. I had seen the business of "thinning" performed, although I did not at all comprehend it; I knew that the scissars were to be run through the hair from one side to another with a sort of snip—snip—all the way, so I dashed on—snip—snip—through the close round curls, quite surprised at my own dexterity, for about a minute and a half; and then, taking up my comb to collect the proceeds of the operation, three-fourths of the man's hair came off at once in my hand!

What followed I have never exactly been clear to. Mr M'Boot, I think, felt the sudden chill occasioned by the departure of his head-gear: at all events, he put his hand to his head, and motioned to rise. I made a rush to the door, muttering something about "heating irons;" but, as I turned round, I saw discovery in his eye. I see him even now, with a countenance more in amazement than in anger, standing, paralyzed, beside the chair upon which he had been sitting, and rubbing his head with the left hand, as doubting if the right had not misinformed him; but, at the moment when the thing occurred, I thought only of my escape. I made but one step to each flight of stairs; clung to the basket of a London coach which happened to be starting at the moment, and, in five minutes, with the

"thinning scissars" still hanging to my fingers, lost sight of Birmingham —perhaps for ever.

"My native land, good night!"

* * * * * * *

My uncle Sneezum shook his head over the counter of his little snuff-shop in the Seven Dials, when I humbly announced myself as the eldest hope of his eldest sister, Grizzel.

"Thomas Ticklepitcher," said he, "if such indeed thou art, why hast thou left thy home and native city?"

He snuffed up huge pinches of black rappee,—at least the profits of a whole day's sale,—as he listened to my unlucky adventure with Mr M'Boot. "Thou hast done ill, boy," he said, "to quit thy master. 'Twas but a beating at the worst, and such, I doubt, (on general considerations,) had done thee service rather than mischief. Out of my doors, boy," he continued, "and Heaven be with thee. Begone, lest I be prosecuted for harbouring a rebellious apprentice."

The immediate enforcement of my uncle's command, (for by nothing short of enforcement could I have been induced to obey it,) the post-haste enforcement of that most merciless direction, was delayed, for a moment, by the approach of a customer.

"A monster, a very monster, in apparel,
And not like a Christian foot-boy."

It was a wretched-looking child, about thirteen years old—buttoned into a speckled jacket, both too long and too wide for it, and almost extinguished by a hat of (once) shining leather, tied round with a band of tarnished yellow tinsel, whose appearance afforded me this span of respite.

"An ounce of Scotch, Mr Sneezum," wheezed the spectre, in a cracked octave tone, raising its head so as to peep under the brim of its ponderous hat, and so giving me to see that a cravat, white, perhaps, in the previous century, was twisted and tied in a quaint fashion round its neck.

"An ounce of the best Scotch, Mr Sneezum," it continued; "and, if you hear of a foot-boy that wants a place, you are to send him to my master, for I'm going away to-day."

"Going away, you young dog," grumbled my uncle, weighing the snuff, "ay, you are all for going away —never know what a good place is, till you lose it."

"Well, well," returned the vision, coughing—as from an empty stomach, —and pulling up, or rather trying to pull up at heel, the shoe which completed the outline of its four-inch-long knee-breeches, and well splashed cotton stockings, "well, only send any you hear of; for our shopman will grumble wickedly if he has to carry out the physic stuff himself:"—and away the creature paddled out of the shop, looking like a snail in the shell of an unboiled lobster.

This was no encouraging specimen of the condition of London servants; but the fact cut two ways. If serving-men were such, how pitiable their condition! but, if such were serving-men, how easy the situation of a serving-man to attain! I saw the "out of my shop," which the elfin lacquey's appearance had interrupted, rising again, and peremptorily, in the eye of my uncle, and I entreated him to allow me to go after the service now becoming vacant. Though not tall enough for the 10th Hussars, I was a coloasus compared with the atomy who had just left the counter; and, besides that I dreaded returning to Birmingham, I was (unless in my hopes from my uncle's bounty) entirely without the means of getting there.

Mr Sneezum, to do him justice, had no ill feeling towards me. So that he got me out of his house—he cared very little how—he had not the least wish that I should be starved, if I could live other than at his cost; and so, after a hard word or two, as to leaving my "bounden profession," and some remarks about "rolling stones," which I did not distinctly understand, I got leave to wait upon Mr Camomile Bolus, at the sign of the Pestle and Mortar, near the bottom of St Martin's Lane.

"Surgeon, apothecary,
Accoucheur—for midwife
Has grown vulgar."

* * * * * * *

I pondered as I passed between Monmouth Street and Charing Cross, upon what my uncle had delivered as to the abandonment of my lawful calling. But my failure with Mr M'Boot made me doubt whether I had a genius for dressing hair. The distance I had to measure was trifling; two wavers and a resolution brought me to the house of Mr Bolus.

I knocked at the private door,—for

there was a shop, garnished with gallipots, and faded green curtains, but nobody was in it,—I knocked at the private door with a trembling hand, and with a hope, I hardly knew why, that my pigmy acquaintance might open it. At the first knock no one came. A second appeal brought up a little girl, whom I conjectured to be of the Doctor's family, and to whom I stated, with much humility, that I heard they were in want of "a man-servant." I suspected that the term "man" was a little doubtful in such a case, (though I afterwards found out that I had been totally mistaken in such suspicion.) But I did not quite like the idea of "boy," and there was no word, within my knowledge, of convenient medium.

Mr Bolus was at dinner, so I waited some time in the passage, and saw a huge servant-maid—a mere mountain of dirt and animal matter—run once or twice heavily up and down stairs. Presently, I heard a voice, which, from its penetrating tone, I judged to be that of my mistress that should be. A kind of cold shivering came over me at the sound. I did not like the key. It struck me as unfavourable to "men" (or other) servants. By this time a raw-boned, sharp-speaking young man, whom I took, from his accent, to be a Welshman, came out of a back parlour, and passed by a cross door into "the shop;" and the next moment, with my heart in my mouth, I was summoned into the presence of Mr Bolus.

The Doctor was a queer little ill-favoured old man, not unlike my honoured relative, Mr Sneezum, in figure. He asked me a multiplicity of questions, the whole of which I answered with that deference and deep respect, which a man generally feels when his next meal depends upon the grace of the person whom he is addressing.

He asked—"In what services I had lived?"

"I had come from the country to seek for service."

"What had I been used to do?"

"I had been a barber; but—my—my hand was not steady enough to shave, and so I had left the business."

Mr Bolus, for my comfort, wore a powdered wig himself. Doubtless it was this circumstance which induced him to regard an *ex perruquier* with a favourable eye. He took my reference for character to my uncle, Mr Sneezum, who (as I observed) "had the honour to supply him with snuff;" and, on the very same afternoon, I had the satisfaction to be formally hired into his service.

* * * * *

"Your worship promised that I should have victuals at discretion?"

"And so you shall, you rogue,—at my discretion."

My little predecessor was packed off in the evening, before I arrived at the Doctor's house, possibly lest he should inspire me with notions prejudicial to my new situation. I saw the great servant-maid, who had struck my fancy the day before, and was desired to put on the "livery," which had been worn by the last incumbent. This direction was easily given, but not quite so easily obeyed. As I was nearly three times bigger in dimension than the apparition of the snuff-shop, the suit was as much too little for me as it had been superfluously large for him. The jacket I dragged on with a desperate effort, the cuffs reaching down not more than two inches below my elbow—for the cloth, which was originally coarse and spongy, had become shrunken by long use and repeated wetting.*** Indeed the whole garment was so heavy, and damp, and clammy, that I could have fancied I was wrapping myself in a leaden-coffin, except that a coffin (unless in especial cases) serves one tenant in its life only; whereas, of the inclosure into which I was compressing myself, I was, at least, the two-and-fortieth occupant.

But I got on the jacket, which was too small, and the hat, which was too large—the lower parts of the dress were absolutely impracticable. I was then sent my rounds with a huge arm-pannier of phials and pill-boxes, which I found was perfectly well known as "the Doctor's basket," to all the ragged urchins in the neighbourhood. Afterward, I was desired to make my own bed and the assistant's, one under one counter, and one under the other. And, in conclusion, with a light, wholesome supper of bread and cheese, and a draught of small-beer, (which had not its name for nothing,) I went to rest for the first time in the habitation of my new master.

I would that all those who envy the servant that wears a good livery, could

witness the condition of the servant that wears a bad one. I would that whoever grudges the "bottom-glass" to the butler, had to pass through all the grades by which the butler's dignity is arrived at. Immortal be the memory of that author—I could almost swear that he was a footman himself—who wrote a moral lesson to the world in the character (mistaken for humorous) of *Scrub*. In the service of Mr Bolus, what a martyrdom did I suffer! *John Rugby*, in the play, had an easy place of it compared to mine; and the old Frenchman, Monsieur Thing-me, was a merciful master.

I got up, in the frost and snow, at six o'clock in the morning, swept shop and watered, rubbed windows and knives, cleaned master's and mistress's and Mr Ap-Bleedaway's, and first floor lodgers' shoes; brushed clothes, carried coals, wiped tables, and dressed master's wig. This was before breakfast. After that meal, (which was very soon over,) I fetched errands for the house, and took the children to school; went round with my master to his patients, and knocked with the bottles, after he had paid the visit. Then I came back, took the old gig home to the stables; afterwards I laid the dinner, for mistress could not eat unless the "man-servant" waited. In the evening I pounded medicines, washed phials, and rinsed mortars—trimmed lamps, shut up shutters, and carried out the composing draughts.—Then came the bit of bread and cheese, with the great servant-maid in the kitchen, the small beer, the making up the beds, and the counter again—and all this performed for a mattress, that I think was stuffed with chesnuts. A scanty allowance of food, (for even Mr Ap-Bleedaway could hardly make it out;) a small-beer—I taste it now! Master, for economy, used to brew it himself; and a wages (I had almost forgot the livery,) of seven sterling pounds a-year!

I wore out a sad twelvemonths at the sign of The Pestle and Mortar. I believe that I must have died if I had remained in the Doctor's hands a fortnight longer. But, about a week after I had turned my back upon St Martin's-Lane,—with three pounds in my pocket, and a year's character to back it,—I heard that Mr Steptoe wanted a servant; and made all expedition to apply for the place.

* * * * *

"A snipt taffeta fellow."

Mr Steptoe was a dancing-master, and clean another kind of man than my old master, the apothecary. I had seen his bills stuck all over the town in flaming characters—red, black, and yellow, about "weekly assemblies," and "attending schools," and "private lessons," and "cotillons and quadrilles;" and he lived, moreover, quite in the fashionable part of London—in John-street, Tottenham Court Road, or (as he called it,) "John-street, Fitzroy Square."

On mentioning my errand at his house, I was told to wait awhile, until Mr Steptoe had finished "the lesson which he was giving." As I stood in the hall, I heard music, and people dancing up stairs; and some young men passed in and out, like those that used to call on Mr Ap-Bleedaway on a Sunday. Presently the back-parlour door, which was ajar, blew open, and there was a fattish gentleman, rather middle-aged, standing with his feet in the stocks. Then I peeped through the key-hole of the front parlour door, and I saw a young lady figuring round in all manner of postures, and counting time—one, two, three, four—all the while to herself.

By this time Mr Steptoe came down stairs, and he took the elderly gentleman out of the stocks, and told him to use the dumb-bells at home night and morning. Then he turned and spoke to me. He was dressed very gay and fine—quite in buckles and silk-stockings, though it was only the morning; but I was afraid to think too well of the place for all that, for the house had a cold and desolate look, like, and I saw as I came in, that there was no fire in the kitchen.

The first question Mr Steptoe asked me was—whether I could play upon the fiddle? And when I answered that I could, (for I had learned a little upon an old violin of Mr Ap-Bleedaway's,) he said that I should be his apprentice, and that he would teach me to dance. But I knew that apprentices got no wages, so I declined his offer with thanks. He shook his head at this, and said he feared "I should not do;" but, if I could make myself very smart, (for everything about him must be very smart, and he should not give me a livery until he saw whether I suited him,) I might come and try his service for a while.

It was an evil hour for me when I

accepted this persuasion. I laid out two pounds of hard-earned money in a neat green frock and leather inexpressibles, not one farthing of which I was ever to see again. Then, for labour, I was worse off than I had been with Mr Bolus. First, I had the housework (every day) to do in the morning; and then I went about with master to the schools, or played the fiddle at home, all the while he gave lessons. On Friday nights were our "assemblies," when I had to open the door, and hand the negus. My master, by law, could not take money for admission; so we *gave* away the ball-ticket, and *sold* a ticket for refreshments, and cheated the justices that way. Then, after the dance was over, I fetched coaches to take away the "ladies and gentlemen." Some of the ladies were very gay and showy indeed; and they used to be admitted (negus and all) for nothing. Others were milliners, feather-dressers, and straw-bonnet makers. A good many were *figurantes* at the minor theatres, or smart servant girls, the ladies' maids of the neighbourhood. The "gentlemen" (from whom our chief profit arose) were shopmen and clerks, waiters at coffee-houses, and apprentices. Now and then a *real* gentleman would come for a frolic. These never danced or took any lessons in dancing; but my master treated them with great respect notwithstanding; and it was generally a shilling in my pocket whenever they called at our house afterwards. But, alas! these shillings were all that I ever received in the employ of Mr Steptoe! We went on pretty smoothly for about three months after I came to him; but direful misfortune overtook us at last. One morning, when I went as usual to fetch our gig from the stables, the stable-keeper said that he should not let it go out, for we owed him more than he should be able to sell it for; a few days afterwards our goods were seized for rent, and master (while he pretended to send me into the city on a message) went off himself upon the sly, and carried off all he could sack along with him. I saw him once, a long time afterwards, acting *Pantaloon* in a show at Bartholomew Fair, and the young lady that used to count time in the front parlour was playing *Columbine;* but, when I asked him for money, he protested he had not a shilling, adding, that "if he had his rights," he should soon be "at the opera," and then he would pay me and everybody else.

* * * * *

"Where shall I dine?"

This affair, as may be supposed, was a sad blow to a lad like me. I lost my wages, and my place, and three-and-sixpence, money lent. At first I thought of hiring a dancing-room myself, and putting up, "Ticklepitcher, late pupil and successor to Mr Steptoe." But I knew that there was nothing to be done without the "assemblies," and the negus, and the red letters in the bills; and I had neither credit nor capital for such an undertaking.

Then I went to live (just to make a shift for a while) with a top-tailor near Bond-Street, who had a fine furnished house, which he let out to gentlemen in the fashionable season—giving parties in it to his brother-tradesmen when the lodgers were out of town. But here there were so many masters and so much work, that, though I had the gayest livery that ever was seen, —light-blue, faced with scarlet, and plush breeches to match,—master made me wear it for a pattern, that other folks might order the same—yet I found the place too much for my patience, and quitted it, at all hazards, in less than a fortnight.

My next master was a Mr Gabblegown, a lawyer in the Temple; and I got his service, when I was in great need of it, through having carried physic to him when I lived at Mr Bolus's. He hired me both as clerk and personal servant; and I staid with him, partly out of inclination, partly out of necessity, almost twelve months. Indeed I found out in this place that other folks might be unhappy besides footmen. My master was an excellent lawyer, I am sure, (for he told me so himself a hundred times;) but, somehow or other, he got no practice. He used to go down and sit in the courts all day, and bow to the judges, and nod to the attorneys; but still it would not do.

At last, we did get a brief at the Clerkenwell Sessions to defend an old woman for stealing public-house pots; and, if ever an old woman was in luck, that old woman was in luck to have come to us! My master went into court with his wig fresh powdered, and took nineteen objections to the form

of the indictment. Then he made a speech for the defence, which would have done, I am sure, for a defence of high treason. It lasted above two hours and a half as it was; and I know it would have lasted longer, (for I had copied it out myself the day before,) only that the judge, or chairman, I think they called him, interfered. We went to bed in high glee, though our client was convicted, and borrowed all the newspapers next morning to read what was said about the case; but, would any one believe the neglect of those news-writers! there was no notice of our trial at all in any paper but one; and, in that, our speech was entirely left out! I never knew a gentleman more provoked than my master was on that occasion. I remember he was in such a passion the whole of the day, that, though a dozen people called that he owed money to, he would not see one of them.

We got into print, however, in some quarters, if the newspapers did us injustice, for my master wrote occasionally for one of the minor magazines. It was the theatrical criticisms principally that he used to do. He used to dictate, and I used to write. He took the opinions out of the morning papers, and the jokes out of some old play-books that he had; and this turned to account, for we always had tickets for the theatre; and sometimes used to send beside for orders to the performers, who generally gave them with great good-nature and politeness. But although I had not much hard work to complain of with Mr Gabblegown, yet I had the deuce and all of difficulty ever to get any wages. Then I was run off my feet with carrying books, which he wrote, to all the publishers in town; and always having to fetch them back again. Then another thing which was unbearable was, that he used constantly to dine abroad; and almost always on such occasions forgot that I had to dine at home; and, above all, I had now grown up to a respectable figure;—I could have looked down upon Corporal Stock, and even the serjeant of the 10th hussars would not have blushed to notice me;—in short, I had lived in various services, and knew (or thought I knew) something of the world; and, seeing no reason why I should not die an exciseman as well as my neighbours, I resolved to give up plebeian allegiance altogether, and, in future, black no boots but those of persons of distinction.

* * * * *

"We, who have the honour to serve nobility."

Did you ever, in your visits to London, Mr Editor, walk round Grosvenor-Square about nine o'clock on a fine summer's evening? You must have taken notice, I am sure, of the glorious mansions in that neighbourhood,—with their spacious entries, splendid halls, ample offices, and noble gardens? Did the peculiar repose of the streets in this quarter ever strike you, Mr Editor? The vicinity seeming in a manner to be a world of itself,—a region into which business or vulgarity never entered, and where every object you met was an appurtenance to grandeur? I declare to you, Mr Editor, that, whenever I carried a letter from my master, the counsellor, to any of the great houses about this neighbourhood, I used to feel a sort of awe as I entered the boundary of the parish; and I am sure I walked along the streets as if I had stolen something. Oh! when I saw a fat porter, laced from head to foot, sitting like an emperor in his great hall chair, or snuffing the air at his street door, I could not help fancying that I stood in the presence of a superior being. As I live by cast clothes, Mr Editor, I can distinguish at this moment blindfold—by the mere atmosphere—between the parishes of Bloomsbury and St James's. I heard a gentleman say once, who was come from abroad, that he had brought over a cameleon with him; but that it died coming through the city.

You will imagine my delight then, Mr Editor, on hearing, from a butler who patronized me, that the Hon. Mrs Whirligig wanted a footman five feet eight inches high. Fixed with this lady, only two doors out of Portman-Square, with four male companions in servitude, and in the society of almost twice as many damsels,—with splendid accoutrements, good *cuisine*, liberal stipend, and small beer unknown,—I made up my mind that I was settled for life. But there are circumstances, sir—I am afraid you will begin to think that I can never be contented,—but there are circumstances which may neutralize even advantages like these!

The Honourable Mrs Whirligig

had, I believe, no other fault than that of being the most unreasonable woman in the world. She was good-natured at times; but *fact* never made any impression upon her. Setting all hours and regulations at defiance herself, she was furious from morning till night at the irregularity of her dependants. If she wanted a particular tradesman at one o'clock, it was useless to say, that he had been ordered to come at two. From the moment a new Waverley Novel was advertised, what ratings did I not receive, if it happened to be detained on the road! I don't think she once gave me a right direction all the while I lived with her; but, if I had failed to find any place, (even although there were no such place in the world,) dismission, without a character, would have been my lightest punishment.

Then the walks, and the messages, in every weather, were inconceivable. After sending me through a hail-storm from Berkeley-Square to the Bank, she would be surprised that I was not ready to wait in the drawing-room the moment I came back. She had a quantity of gold-fish too, who seemed to have been spawned for my especial torment. There was a pump in the garden of Lady Anne Somebody, full a mile and a half off, the water of which was sovereign, she fancied, for the health of gold fishes; and to this pump, with two great pitchers, I was compelled to walk every day. Again, as ladies' footman, it was my duty to attend the ladies of our family on all occasions; and the power even of a London footman has its limits. All the ladies of our family kept different hours of business and amusement, and all expected me to be always ready. My mistress kept me up at parties the whole night; and the young ladies, her daughters, kept me out shopping the whole day. I used to come home with my mistress at four o'clock in a summer's morning from a rout; and the young ladies, and their governess, wanted me to take their morning's walk with them at six!

"Francis!

Anon, anon, sir."

* * * * *

I might go on to give the details of my subsequent services with the Dowager-Countess of Skin-Flint, and the West India Governor Whip and Strip—with the first of whom I lived in a superb family mansion, where board-wages, of the closest character, were the order of the day; while the governor, who chose to make his servants "part of his family," having found negroes thrive well on salt fish and damaged rice, saw no reason why the same diet should not prove salutary to English domestics.

I might speak of the Miss Just-enoughs, who jobbed a carriage, and dined upon eggs and bacon; but who, nevertheless, discharged me for taking my hand once from my hat, in listening to a message much longer than a bill in Chancery.

Or I might talk of the Earl of Cut-and-run, with whom luxury was even matter of command; but who turned me off, nevertheless, for refusing to hang a Newfoundland dog, when the animal would not jump a fifth time off Richmond-bridge for a wager.

I might go on, too, to relate the thousand-and-one rebuffs which I received in the course of my various applications for service. My being rejected at one house, because I was too tall—at the next, because I was too short—at a third, because I was not "serious"—at a dozen, because I did not fit the last man's livery. I might comment generally upon the unfairness of masters and mistresses, who blame servants for bad weather, non-arrival of the post, intrusion of unwelcome guests, and all other current inconveniences—who measure, in their estimate of fitting employment, the greatest quantity of work which can be done in the hour, and expect just four-and-twenty times as much to be performed in the day—who devise impossibilities with infinite thought, and expect to have them performed without any thought at all—who make up their minds, whenever any article is missing, that "the servant" must have taken it, because he is obviously the person most in need of it—who allow their domestics not even those infirmities which are inseparable from our common nature—who believe them impervious to wet, insensible to cold, and unsusceptible of fatigue—who talk ever of their mercenary feeling, their ingratitude, or their infidelity—and look for devotion, disinterestedness, and affection, in a being who only exists upon the tenure of their caprice; and who is but too well aware, that, after years of faithful service, it needs

but the whim of a moment, and he has to begin the world again.

But I will not, unless in passing, complain of these afflictions. On the contrary, I will confess, in earnest of repentance—I will acknowledge my own crimes, for iniquities I have committed.

I do repent me that, while starving in the service of the Miss Justenoughs, I ate the mince meat out of certain pies, and stuck the tops on again as before—to the manifest discredit and severe jobation of the pastry cook. I do regret that out of aversion to Mr Twangle, the music teacher, I spilled a plate of soup into his lap one day, when he dined with the Earl of Cut-and-run. I regret that I strangled two of Mrs Whirligig's gold fishes, to make her think that the water, a mile and a half off, was unwholesome for them—I regret that I rubbed a hole in Governer Whip and Strip's livery, because he contracted with his tailor, and returned the old clothes. I say, in sincerity, that I do repent these things; and that, spite of temptation or provocation, I will so offend no more.

* * * * *

"Liberty and Fleet Street for ever!"

Thanks be, however, to the rod which, in the Blue-coat school of Birmingham, awakened in me the spirit of reading and writing! I speak, fortune be praised, not from the pressure of immediate feeling, for I have a better service, at present, than falls to the lot of most. My master is a benevolent, and, what is more, a considerate man; and, but that he has an unlucky turn for mechanical invention, and will keep devising machines to assist me in my work, which are more trouble to look after, than it would be to do the work three times over; but for this, my situation would be a footman's bed of roses.

But, if I need not now speak for myself, Mr Editor, I have a feeling for my fellows. This appeal is not the first exertion that I have made on behalf of my class generally. I was the man who laid the corner-sixpence of the Servant's New Benefit Society—It is I who have lately, intent upon justice, so often paid the expense of summoning the Register office-keeper—I was the man who led the battle, last season, at the Opera-house, when the footmen were to have been ousted from the waiting room, which belonged to them; and I have a petition now lying in my pantry for signature, praying that an additional duty may be imposed upon that vile small beer; which many a stout stomach has disturbed so terribly!

If these slight remarks, Mr Editor, finding their way into your publication, should save one footman from a damp garret, my labour will not be quite lost. May they weigh with those candid and clement minds, who expect all personal accomplishments, all cardinal virtues, intuitive perception, and universal knowledge, for twenty guineas a-year, and "the run of the kitchen!" At all events, Mr Editor, for myself I may say—"if you accept them, then their worth is great;" and there will be no compliment in my adding, that you will always be able to command the services, as well as the gratitude, of your constant reader,

THOMAS TICKLEPITCHER.

SIX SONNETS ON THE SCENERY OF THE ESK.

SONNET DEDICATORY.

Although a hundred leagues of weary soil,
  Rivers, and plains, and mountains, stretch between,
  And years of gloom have pass'd, since we were seen
On Esk's green banks, abroad at early toil;
(What time ascending to the lucid skies
  The summer lark far up his singing shrouds,)
  Bidding upon the snowy sheet to rise
The hills—the hamlets—and the morning clouds—
Yet, Edward, deem not, 'mid a world of strife,
  That thoughts of early days can ever fade,
  Or late-found friendships overcast with shade
The dear, the heartfelt joys of early life.
  Let then these trifles a memorial be
  To thy benignant heart, of Esk and me!

Δ

No. I.

A mountain child, 'mid Pentland's solitudes,
  Thou risest, murmuring Esk, and lapsing on,
  Between rude banks, o'er rock and mossy stone,
Glitterest remote, where seldom step intrudes;
Nor unremoved, as, with a broader tide,
  Thou windest through the glens of Woodhouselee,*
  Where 'mid the song of bird, the hum of bee,
A bard with scenes Arcadian cloth'd thy side,
The pastoral Ramsay.—Lofty woods embower
  Thy rocky bed 'mid Roslin's forest deep,
  Above whose top time-hallowed ruins peep
Of castle and chapelle;† yea, to this hour
  Grey Hawthornden looks downward from its steep,
To tell of Drummond,‡ poesy's bright flower.

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* It is here that the scenery of that inimitable pastoral, "The Gentle Shepherd," is placed. It has become, like the poetry of Tasso to the Italians, thoroughly national in Scotland, and in the best sense of the word, national. It is pleasing to find, that Campbell, in his Specimens of the Poets, stands forward in defence of this domestic drama, with a truly chivalrous ardour.—Embellished editions of this poem are frequent, and many paintings in reference to it have been made from the actual scenery.—"Habbie's How" has long been one of the favourite resorts for rural festivities, during the summer months, to the inhabitants of the metropolis.

† Castle and Chapelle.

The Castle of Roslin is now almost in a state of entire ruin, only an apartment or two, at the upper part of the south-eastern extremity, being habitable.

The Chapel, so famous in the earlier poems of Scott, is still remarkably entire; and one of the principal curiosities in the county to which travellers resort.—See *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Forsyth's Beauties of Scotland*, and *Peter's Letters*, Vol. III.

‡ Grey Hawthornden.

A poetical licence is here taken, the present house being an almost completely modernized one. In it are portraits of Drummond and Ben Jonson. For a conversation between these sages concerning the merits of many old English authors, *vide* the folio edition of Drummond's Works, page 224. It was for this conversation that the character of the poet of Hawthornden is so severely handled by Mr Gifford, in his edition of the works of the "Rare Ben." For a fine dramatic sketch of the same, see Tim's *Magic Lantern*, No. VIII. in Vol. IV. of this Magazine. Wordsworth also visited Mr Gillies amid the same scenery; and has left a fine sonnet commemorative of "Roslin's faded grove."

No. II.

Not lovelier to the bard's enamour'd gaze,
  Winded Italian Mincio o'er its bed,
  By whispering reeds o'erhung!* when calmly led
To meditate what rural life displays:
Trees statelier do not canopy with gloom
  The brooks of Vallambrosa,† nor do flowers,
  Beneath Ausonia's sky, which seldom lowers,
Empurple dark-eyed Brenta's‡ banks with bloom,
Fairer than thine, romantic Esk, so bright
  Thou shin'st, a mirror for the cooing dove,
  That sidelong eyes its form with selfish love,
Well pleased; 'mid blosmy furze, with bosom light,
  All day the linnet carrols, and, from grove,
The blackbird sings to thee at fall of night.

* By whispering reeds o'erhung—
  Hic viridis tenera prætexit arundine ripas
  Mincius. MEL. *Bucolic.* vii.

† The brooks of Vallambrosa—
  —— Thick as autumnal leaves, that strew
  The brooks of Vallambrosa.—— *Paradise Lost.*

‡ Empurple dark-eyed Brenta—
  —— Gently flows
  The deep-dy'd Brenta. *Childe Harold*, C. iv.

No. III.

Down from the gloomy forests of Dalkeith,
  Where majesty surrounds a ducal home,
  Between fresh corn-fields, gleaming, thou dost come;
Bush, scaur, and rock, and hazelly shaw beneath:
High tow'ring, 'mid its slopes of orchard ground,
  Stands Inveresk, with its proud villas fair,*
  Scotland's *Montpelier*, for salubrious air,
And beauteous prospect, wide and far renown'd.—
What else could be, since thou, with lapsing tide,
  Below dost murmur pleasantly, thy green
  And daisied banks outspread, where frequent seen,
The browsing heifer shews her dappled side,
And, 'mid the bloom-bright furze, are oft descried
  Anglers, that patient o'er thy mirror lean.

* "Inveresk, with its proud villas fair," is beautifully situated on a little hill, on the northern border of the Esk; orchards and gardens stretching from behind the village, which is shaped like a half moon, to the slip of meadow ground, which borders the river. From the beauty of its situation, and the healthiness of the climate, it obtained of old the title of the Montpelier of Scotland.

This hill has been identified as the situation of a Roman colony, from numerous coins and relics of antiquity, which have at various times been dug up. About thirty years ago, a Roman bath was discovered almost entire. *Vid.* Sir John Sinclair.

During the civil wars, Oliver Cromwell used the Church of St Michael, on this hill, as barracks for his cavalry; and threw up a mound in the churchyard, for commanding the mouth of the Esk by cannon. The mound is still entire. Not many years ago, a subterraneous magazine of gunpowder was discovered not far from the spot.

The bridge over the Esk is supposed to be of Roman construction; but no traces of its date are extant.

Three fields of battle are within three miles of Inveresk:—Carberry to the south; Pinkie immediately beneath it; and Prestonpans to the east.

No. IV.

Delightful 'tis, and soothing sweet, at eve,
  When sunlight, like a dream, hath pass'd away,
  O'er Pentland's far-off peaks, and shades of grey
Around the landscape enviously weave;
To stand upon this high walk, canopied
  With stately lime-trees, forming gorgeous bowers,
  'Mid perfumes bland of honey-scented flowers;
To gaze upon the fields out-stretching wide,
To mark the distant hills of sombre hue,
  That range along the South, out-stretching far,
  And thee, translucent Esk, with face of blue,
While, as enamour'd, the bright Evening star
Looks on thy deeps, its loveliness to view.

No. V.

A beech tree spreads aloft its emerald boughs;
  And, on a couch of velvet moss beneath,
  I rest alone; the west wind's perfumed breath
Sighs past, 'tis Summer's gentle evening close.
Smooth Esk! above thy tide the insects weave,
  Mixing and meeting oft, their twilight dance,
  While o'er the crown of Arthur's Seat a glance
Of crimson plays—the sun-shine's glorious leave.
The blackbird's voice hath died amid the wood,
  And all is still—Ah! what is human life?
A lightning flash, the memory of a dream!
Where are the joyful hearts that, by this stream,
  Sought fruits and wild-flowers, loud in boyhood's strife?
There is no sound,—I muse in solitude!

No. VI.

How often, resting on this verdant sod,
  Have I, blue Esk, thy dimpling current viewed,
  Gliding serene, amid a solitude,
As fair as e'er by human foot was trod!
Here, o'er thy mirror, hangs the osier bough,
  Tall, lithe, and yellow, with its pointed leaves;
  There, in the shade, where prickly bramble weaves
With the sloe-thorn, crow-flowers and harebells blow:
Nor is thy wave unbroken by the leap
  Of speckled trout, what time the summer flies
  Hover in sportive dance, and cloudless skies
O'erarch thy banks, with glory calm and deep;
  Whilst thou unmark d art moving to the sea,
  Silent, like Time towards Eternity!

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A New Monthly Asiatic Journal will commence on the 1st of January, entitled, "The Oriental Herald and Colonial Advocate." It will be conducted by Mr J. S. Buckingham, late Editor of the Calcutta Journal, with the view of affording an opportunity of promoting, by inquiry and discussion, the Important Interests, Literary, Political, and Commercial, of the British Empire in both the Indies.

Robert Southey, Esq. has in the press, a work entitled, A Tale of Paraguay.

Former Scenes Renewed; or, Notes, Classical and Historical, taken in a journey into France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Flanders, and Holland, and residence in those countries in the years 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821; interspersed with Historical Anecdotes, and Memoirs of the Seven Grand Dukes of the House of Medici, and of the different Dynasties of Naples and Milan. Dedicated, by permission, to her Majesty, the Queen Dowager of Wirtemberg, late Princess Royal of England, and sister to George the IV. King of Great Britain. By Thomas Pennington, A.M.—is now in the press.

Shortly will be published, Dublin Problems; being a Collection of Questions proposed to the Candidates for the Gold Medal at the General Examinations, from 1801 to 1816 inclusive; which is succeeded by an account of the Fellowship Examination in 1823.

A Midsummer Day's Dream, by Edwin Atherstone, author of "The Last Days of Herculaneum," &c.

A Dictionary of English Quotations, in Three Parts.—Part 1st, to consist of Quotations from Shakespeare; Part 2d, of Quotations from the other Poets in blank verse; and Part 3d, of Quotations in Verse.

In the press, Thoughts, chiefly designed as Preparative to Private Devotion. By John Sheppard, Esq. of Frome, Somerset.

In the press, Clavis Horatiana; or, a Key to the Odes of Horace. To which is prefixed a Life of the Poet, and an Account of the Horatian Metres. For the use of Schools. In one vol.

Shortly will be published, Herwald; or, The Greeks of the Eleventh Century. In three vols.

The Prometheus Chained, of Æschylus, from Bloomfield's Text, with the Original Greek, the Metres, the Gr. Order, English Accentuation and Notes, by T. W. C. Edwards, M.A. will be published directly. Also, a New Edition of the Medea of Euripides, revised and improved. The Orestes will be ready in a few weeks. The Hecuba and Phœnissæ, with Porson's Text, are already published.

In the press, the First Part of a Work on the Distortions and Deformities to which, from various causes, the Human Body is subject. By John Shaw, Surgeon and Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery in London. This number treats of one class of the diseases of the spine—the distortions to which young people are liable from habitual bad postures and the neglect of proper exercise.

Joseph and his Brethren; a Scriptural Drama. In Two Acts. By H. L. Howard, is announced for publication.

Mrs Opie's New Work is entitled "The Painter and his Wife."

The History of the Children of Elam, a Tale of the Tower of Babel.

Mr Thomas Moore has announced The Life of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheriden in 4to.

The Historical Life of Johanna of Sicily, Queen of Naples, and Countess of Provence; and correlative details of the Literature and Manners of Italy and Provence, in the 13th and 14th Centuries, with Portraits, &c. will soon appear.

Sir Andrew Halliday has nearly ready for the press, The Lives of the Dukes of Bavaria, Saxony, and Brunswick, ancestors of the Kings of Great Britain, of the Guelphic dynasty; with Portraits of the most illustrious of these Princes, from drawings made from ancient statues, and paintings by the old Masters.

Mr Purseglove has nearly ready for publication, A Guide to Practical Farriery, containing Hints on the Diseases of Horses and Neat Cattle, with many valuable and original Recipes, from the Practice of an eminent Veterinary Surgeon.

Essays and Sketches of Character by the late Richard Ayton, Esq. are announced.

The History of Ancient and Modern Wines; with Embellishments from the Antique. In one vol. 4to. is announced for publication.

A Treatise on Nautical Astronomy and Navigation, by Mr Riddle, is in the press.

The Graces; or, Literary Souvenir, for 1824; being a Collection of Original Tales and Poetry, by Distinguished Authors, is now in the press.

The History and Antiquities of the Town and Port of Hastings, illustrated with Engravings, from original Drawings, by W. G. Moss, are announced.

A Series of Sketches and Essays under the title of the Cameleon, by the author of "A Picturesque Promenade round Working."

A Translation of all the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Sentences, Phrases, &c. which occur in Blackstone's Commentaries.

The Pupil's Pharmacopœia, being a Translation of the London Latin Pharmacopœia; designed for the use of Students. By W. Maugham, Surgeon. In a small pocket vol., will soon appear.

The Rev. J. D. Jones is about to publish the First Part of Historical and Monumental Antiquities of Devonshire, containing the Hundred of Teignbridge.

The third volume of Mr Surtees's History of Durham, is now in the press.

A Lithographic Map of the River Thames from London to Margate, by Mr Willoch, will soon appear.

The Eighth Volume of the Annual Biography and Obituary, comprehending Memoirs of most of the celebrated Persons whose decease has taken place, or may take place, within the present year, is in preparation; and will be published on the 1st of January, 1824.

Morning Communings with God, or Devotional Meditations for every Day of the year. Translated from the original German of Christian Christopher Sturm, author of "Reflections," &c. In two vols. royal 12mo.

James L. Drummond, M.D. has in the press a duodecimo volume, entitled "First Steps to Botany," intended as Popular Illustrations of the Science leading to its study as a branch of general education; illustrated with numerous Wood Cuts.

Hurstwood, a Tale of the year 1815, is in the press.

Miss Louisa Princeps has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, in two vols 8vo, a Prose Translation of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, under the patronage of the Lady Julia Petre.

A Novel is in the press, entitled Country Belles, or Gossips Outwitted.

Naval Battles, from 1744 to the Peace in 1814, critically revised and illustrated by Charles Ekins, Rear Admiral, C.B. R.W.N.

The Night before the Bridal, and other Poems, by Miss Garnett, are about to appear.

Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths, illustrated in a Series of Narratives and Essays.

A New Edition is about to appear of Captain Golownin's Memoirs of his Captivity.

The Old Doctrine of Faith asserted in opposition to certain modern innovations, including Strictures on Reviews of the author's Sermons on Repentance and Faith, by the Rev. J. Carlisle.

Patience, a Tale. By Mrs Hoffland, author of Tales of the Manor; Integrity, a Tale; Son of a Genius, &c. In 12mo.

The Reading Guide, and Berkshire Directory for 1823; including an enumeration of the principal Seats of the Nobility and Gentry, and their present occupiers.

Typographia, or an Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Art of Printing; with details of the latest Improvements; and practical directions for the mode of conducting the various Branches of the Art; including the Processes of Stereotyping and Lithographic Printing. Illustrated by numerous Wood-engravings and Portraits. In two Parts, royal 8vo.

The English Flora, by Sir J. E. Smith, President of the Linnæan Society, will soon appear.

Elements of Algebra, compiled from Garnier's French Translation of Leonard Euler, and arranged so as to form a complete System of Elementary Instruction in the first part of Algebra. To which are added, Solutions of several Miscellaneous Problems, with Questions and Examples for the Practice of the Student. By a Graduate of the University of Cambridge.

Old Church of England Principles, in a Series of Plain, Doctrinal, and Practical Sermons. By the Rev. R. Warner. Third edition is now in the press.

The Second and concluding Part of the Rev. Dr Yates's Monastic History of Saint Edmundsbury is now in a state of considerable forwardness, and will probably appear in the ensuing spring.

A Series of Sketches or Tales, entitled, Sayings and Doings, are announced for publication.

Mr Bernard Cohen is preparing for publication Memoirs of the late Pope Pius VII. including the whole of his Private Correspondence with the Emperor Napoleon; taken from the Archives of the Vatican, with many other particulars of his eventful reign.

A new novel, from the pen of Miss Porter, will shortly appear, entitled, Duke Christian of Luneberg, or Traditions from the Hartz. The work will be dedicated (by permission) to his Majesty.

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The Albigenses; a Romance, by the Rev. C. R. Maturin, Author of "Bertram, a Tragedy," &c. will be published in November.

In the course of the month will be published, in one volume 12mo. plates, A Manuel of Pyrotechny, or A Complete System of Recreative Fire-works, which will contain familiar Instructions for making Artificial Fireworks of all kinds, from the common Squib to the more complex arrangement of Pyrotechnic Exhibition, preceded by a Concise History and Description of Gunpowder, and other Ingredients connected with Pyrotechnic display.

Mr Blaquier has in the press a volume on the Origin and Progress of the Greek Revolution, together with some Account of the Manners and Customs of Greece, Anecdotes of the Military Chiefs, &c; being the result of materials collected during his recent Visit to the Morea and Ionian Islands.

Nearly ready for publication, The Principles of Forensic Medicine, &c. By J. G. Smith, M.D. In one vol. 8vo. This edition will contain much new matter, and various improvements.

Mr Samuel Plumbe has in the press a Systematic Treatise on the Diseases of the Skin; with coloured plates.

Mr Haden has in the press a Translation of Magendies' Formulary, for the preparation and mode of employing several new remedies. In 12mo.

The First Number of a Zoological Journal, to be continued Quarterly, and edited by Thomas Bell, Esq. F.L.S., John G. Children, Esq. F.R. and F.L.S., James de Carle Sowerby, Esq. F.L.S., and G. B. Sowerby, will appear on the first of January next.

EDINBURGH.

In a few days will be published, Percy Mallory. By the Author of "Pen Owen."

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Sanfoin, per qr.	32	to 37 0	Rye Grass, .	16	to 24 0
Turnips, bsh.	10	to 16 0	Ribgrass, . .	30	to 35 0
— Red & green	10	to 14 0	Clover, red cwt.	50	to 56 0
— Yellow,	9	to 11 0	— White . . .	52	to 68 0
Caraway, cwt.	54	to 56 0	Coriander . .	9	to 11 0
Canary, per qr.	46	to 52 0	Trefoil	14	to 28 0

Rape Seed, per last, £24 to £25.

Liverpool, Nov. 11.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.					Amer. p. 196 lb.				
Eng. Old	8	9 to	9	6	Sweet, U.S.	28	0 to	32	0
Foreign . .	4	0 to	4	9	Do. inbond	—	0 to	—	0
Waterford	6	0 to	6	10	Sour do. .	30	0 to	33	0
Limerick	—	0 to	—	0	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.				
Drogheda	7	0 to	7	8	English	27	0 to	30	0
Dublin	6	6 to	7	0	Scotch . .	23	0 to	25	0
Scotch .	8	5 to	9	3	Irish . . .	23	0 to	25	0
Irish Old .	6	0 to	6	6	Bran, p. 24 lb.	1	0 to	1	2
Barley, per 60 lbs.									
Eng. . . .	4	0 to	4	6	*Butter, Beef, &c.*				
Scotch . .	4	0 to	4	3	Butter, p. cwt.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Irish . .	4	0 to	4	5	Belfast, new	27	0 to	30	0
Oats, per 45 lb.					Newry .	80	0 to	81	0
Eng. new	2	10 to	3	2	Waterford .	74	0 to	0	0
Irish do. .	3	1 to	3	3½	Cork, pie. 2d,	73	0 to	74	0
Scotch do.	2	11 to	3	2	3d dry	66	0 to	0	0
Rye, per qr.	34	0 to	36	0	Beef, p. tierce.				
Malt per b.	8	0 to	8	9	— Mess	75	0 to	80	0
—Middling	7	0 to	7	9	— p. barrel	50	0 to	54	0
Beans, per q.					Pork, p. bl.				
English .	36	0 to	40	0	— Mess .	54	0 to	55	0
Irish . .	34	0 to	37	0	— Middl. .	50	0 to	52	0
Rapeseed, p. l.	£23 to 25				Bacon, p. cwt.				
Pease, grey	30	0 to	35	0	Short mids.	40	0 to	41	0
—White .	41	0 to	48	0	Sides . .	38	0 to	40	0
Flour, English,					Hams, dry,	54	0 to	56	0
p. 240 lb. fine	38	0 to	44	0	Green . .	—	0 to	—	0
Irish, 2ds	35	0 to	43	0	Lard, rd. p. c.	—	0 to	—	0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d October 1823.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	—	—	225½	225 4½
3 per cent. reduced,	—	—	82¼ ½	82⅛ 83
3 per cent. consols,	83⅛ ¾	83⅜	83½ ¼	83⅝ ¾
3½ per cent. consols,	—	—	96¼ ⅛	96⅝ ½
4 per cent. consols,	—	—	99⅞ ⅛	100¼ ⅛
New 4 per cent. consols,	102⅝ ½	103⅛ ¼	103⅛ ½	103⅕ 4
Imper. 3 per cent.	—	—	82⅜	—
India stock,	—	—	—	—
—— bonds,	63 64 p.	68 p.	73 72 p	72 p.
Long Annuities,	—	—	21	20 15-16 21
Exchequer bills,	37 39 p.	41 38 p	40 41 p	39 36 p.
Exchequer bills, sm.	38 39 p.	40 42 p	—	38 40 p.
Consols for acc.	82⅛ ¾	83⅜ ¼	83¼ ¼	83⅛ ¾
French 5 per cents.	—	91f. 20c.	—	90f. 55c.

Course of Exchange, Nov. 11.—Amsterdam, 12 : 6. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 3. Rotterdam, 12 : 7. Antwerp, 12 : 6. Hamburgh, 37 : 8. Altona, 37 : 9. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 70. Ditto 25 : 90. Bourdeaux, 25 : 90. Frankfort on the Maine, 157½. Petersburgh, per rble. 8¾ : 3. *Us.* Berlin, 7 : 10. Vienna, 10 : 16 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 17 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 37. Cadiz, 36. Bilboa, 36. Barcelona, 35½. Seville, 35¾. Gibraltar, 30¼. Leghorn, 46¾. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 28 : 10. Malta, 45. Naples, 39¾. Palermo, 117. Lisbon, 52¼. Oporto, 52¼. Rio Janeiro, 48. Bahia, 46. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. New Doubloons, £3 : 15 : 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 9¼d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

PRICES CURRENT, *Nov.* 8.—London, 11.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57 to	59	56	59	54	59	58	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	62	64	63	66	60	68	59	70
Fine and very fine, . .	74	80	—	—	69	74	—	—
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	112	125	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto, . .	100	110	—	—	—	—	104	115
Single ditto, . .	92	104	91	100	—	—	90	95
Small Lumps, . . .	90	98	85	86	—	—	78	87
Large ditto, ...	86	90	80	81	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . .	35	52	80	86	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	30	31	29	—	—	—	29	30 6
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	90	110	76	90	76	92	78	95
Mid. good, and fine mid.	120	130	90	106	93	106	—	—
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	50	75	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	90	102	76	90	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	104	115	91	106	—	—
St Domingo, ...	122	126	—	—	74	75	—	—
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	9	10	8½	9	8½	8¾	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	1s 10d	2s 2d	1s 6d	1s 10d	1s 10d	2s 0d	1s 7d	1s 10d
Brandy, ...	3 3	3 4	—	—	—	—	2 4	3 8
Geneva, ...	2 3	2 5	—	—	—	—	1 6	2 3
Grain Whisky, . .	4 10	5 0	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£25	£50
Portugal Red, pipe.	32	44	—	—	—	—	27	34
Spanish White, butt.	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	27	29	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira, ...	40	0	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£10	0	8 0	8 10	£7 15	8 0	£8 10	9 0
Honduras, ...	—	—	—	—	8 15	9 5	9 0	9 10
Campeachy, ...	8	—	—	—	9 0	9 5	9 10	10 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7	8	—	—	8 10	9 0	8 10	9 0
Cuba, ...	9	11	—	—	9 10	10 0	10 10	12 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	10s	11s 6	—	—	9 0	10 6	—	—
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 0	2 4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0	1 6	1 3	1 4	0 11	1 2	0 10	1 1
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6	2 8	1 6	3 0	1 7	2 10	1 8	1 11
TAR, American, brl.	19	20	—	—	14 0	15 0	—	—
Archangel, ...	15	17	—	—	—	—	16 6	0 0
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	8 0	0 0
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	40	—	40	41	39	—	—	—
Home melted, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton.	43	44	—	—	—	—	£42	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	37	38 10	—	—	40	44	—	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	60	—	—	—	—	—	£65	—
Dutch, ...	55	90	—	—	—	—	45	—
Irish, . . .	48	60	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	90	95	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	17	—	—	—	—	—	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	40	42	—	—	—	—	43	—
Montreal, ditto, . .	40	42	40	41	—	40	—	—
Pot, . .	40	42	40	41	39 6	40	40	42
OIL, Whale, . tun.	16	—	19	20	—	—	18	—
Cod, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7	7½	7¾	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 5½	6½
Middling, ...	5½	6½	5½	6¾	0 3¾	0 5	—	—
Inferior, ...	4	5	4	4½	0 2	0 2½	0 2½	3
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 8½	0 11	0 7½	0 8½	8¾	9½
Sea Island, fine, .	—	—	1 5	1 7	1 5	1 7	1 1½	1 9
Good, . . .	—	—	1 3	1 5	1 1½	1 3½	—	—
Middling, . . .	—	—	1 1	1 2	1 1½	1 3½	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	0 11½	1 0	0 11	1 1	0 11	1 0½
West India, . .	—	—	0 9	0 10	0 9	0 11	—	—
Pernambuco, .	—	—	1 1	1 1½	1 11½	1 0½	0 11½	0 0
Maranham,	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 11½	1 0½	—	—

Meteorological Tables, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

September.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Sept. 1	M. 41	29.716	M. 61	SW.	Dull, with
	A. 60	.698	A. 60		showers.
2	M. 45	.504	M. 61	W.	Rain morn.
	A. 59	.560	A. 59		fair aftern.
3	M. 45	.445	M. 58	W.	Rain morn.
	A. 55	.706	A. 58		fair day.
4	M. 49½	.588	M. 60	W.	Dull, with
	A. 58	.696	A. 59		slight shrs.
5	M. 49	.654	M. 58	W.	Fair, with
	A. 56	.815	A. 57		sunshine.
6	M. 45	.890	M. 57	W.	Foren. suns.
	A. 52	.912	A. 58		aftern. rain.
7	M. 47	.999	M. 56	Cble.	Dull, but
	A. 50	.999	A. 57		fair.
8	M. 40½	.998	M. 55	W.	Ditto.
	A. 50	.910	A. 54		
9	M. 45	.930	M. 54	W.	Frost morn.
	A. 52	.990	A. 55		full day.
10	M. 44½	.998	M. 59	Cble.	Frost mor-
	A. 55	.998	A. 59		ing warm.
11	M. 40	.997	M. 61	W.	Dull, but
	A. 59	.786	A. 61		fair.
12	M. 47	.702	M. 62	Cble.	Foren. suns.
	A. 60	.560	A. 60		full aftern.
13	M. 45½	.504	M. 59	W.	Dull, but
	A. 54	.344	A. 57		fair.
14	M. 41	.344	M. 56	Cble.	Foren. dull,
	A. 53	.157	A. 61		h. rain aftern.
15	M. 50	28.768	M. 60	Cble.	Morn. rain,
	A. 56	.999	A. 59		day showery.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach Ther.	Wind.	
Sept. 16	M. 46½	29.235	M. 57	W.	Rain morn.
	A. 54	.430	A. 56		Dull day.
17	M. 48	.246	M. 58	W.	Fair, with
	A. 54	.609	A. 58		sunshine.
18	M. 42	.990	M. 57	W.	Fair, but
	A. 51	30.108	A. 56		dull.
19	M. 42	29.730	M. 58	W.	Heavy sh.
	A. 57	.682	A. 55		mid. of day.
20	M. 43	.69[illegible]	M. 55	W.	Fair, but
	A. 51	.520	A. 55		dull.
21	M. 46	.298	M. 54	Cble.	Foren. rain,
	A. 51	28.994	A. 54		aftern. fair.
22	M. 39	.962	M. 57	Cble.	Foren. dull,
	A. 48	29.586	A. 50		rain, aft. fair.
23	M. 36	.586	M. 48	Cble.	Foren. h. ra.
	A. 46	.399	A. 57		aftern. fair.
24	M. 48	.296	M. 47	NW.	Fair for the
	A. 46	.505	A. 57		day.
25	M. 49	.425	M. 59	SW.	Fair, with
	A. 9	.298	A. 58		sunshine.
26	M. 40	.350	M. 55	W.	Foren. shrs.
	A. 48	.375	A. 51		aft. fair.
27	M. 37	.345	M. 53		Heavy shr.
	A. 47	.492	A. 51		hail at noon.
28	M. 35½	.704	M. 50	Calm.	Fair, with
	A. 41	.910	A. 50		sunshine.
29	M. 30	.689	M. 48	SW.	Frost morn.
	A. 44	.364	A. 51		Foren. sunsh
30	M. 38	28.928	M. 50	W.	Rain morn.
	A. 48	.828	A. 52		Fair day.

Average of Rain, 1.480 inches.

October.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Oct. 1	M. 47	29.640	M. 58	SW.	Rain foren.
	A. 55	.540	A. 59		fair aftern.
2	M. 48	.578	M. 61	W.	Dull, with
	A. 58	.559	A. 63		slight showrs
3	M. 49	.488	M. 63	NW.	Fair, but
	A. 59	.205	A. 60		dull.
4	M. 45	.102	M. 58	NW.	h. rain morn.
	A. 51	.375	A. 59		fair day.
5	M. 43	.344	M. 60	W.	Sunsh. with
	A. 53	.341	A. 59		showers.
6	M. 44	.388	M. 60	N.W.	Dull & cold,
	A. 54	.339	A. 61		with showers
7	M. 45	.315	M. 58	NW.	Morn. shrs.
	A. 53	.350	A. 59		day fair.
8	M. 43	.338	M. 60	NW.	Foren. sunsh.
	A. 55	.462	A. 59		dull aftern.
9	M. 45	.626	M. 58	W.	Morn. rain,
	A. 55	.731	A. 63		day sunsh.
10	M. 45½	.610	M. 59	SW.	Morn. rain,
	A. 57	.564	A. 62		day fair.
11	M. 54	.325	M. 64	W.	Rain most
	A. 64	.324	A. 62		of day.
12	M. 54	.225	M. 64	W.	Morn. rain,
	A. 58	.644	A. 62		day sunsh.
13	M. 48	.525	M. 59	Cble.	Heavy rain
	A. 53	.408	A. 57		most of day.
14	M. 45½	.292	M. 55	Cble.	Forn. h. rain,
	A. 50	.408	A. 55		aft. fair, dull.
15	M. 41½	.325	M. 57	Cble	Rain most
	A. 56	.230	A. 56		of day.
16	M. 43	.119	M. 54	Cble.	Foren. rain,
	A. 50	.150	A. 56		aftern. fair.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Oct. 17	M. 42	29.443	M. 56	W.	Fair foren.
	A. 52	.59[illegible]	A. 58		Rain aftern.
18	M. 38	.640	M. 60	Cble.	Foren. sunsh.
	A. 55	.588	A. 63		aftern. dull.
19	M. 49	.279	M. 63	W.	Foren. fair,
	A. 59	.334	A. 62		aft. showers.
20	M. 45	.350	M. 61	W.	Foren. sunsh.
	A. 55	.392	A. 60		aftern. dull.
21	M. 44½	.396	M. 61	W.	Fair, with
	A. 54	.465	A. 58		sunshine.
22	M. 45½	.496	M. 60	W.	Fair, sunsh.
	A. 54	.479	A. 59		warm.
23	M. 42	.491	M. 57	W.	Morn. frost,
	A. 51	.551	A. 60		day fr. sunsh.
24	M. 44	.646	M. 61	Cble.	Dull, but
	A. 55	.644	A. 60		fair.
25	M. 48	.475	M. 58	Cble.	Rain morn.
	A. 54	.613	A. 59		day foggy.
26	M. 48	.792	M. 58	W.	Fair, with
	A. 59	.834	A. 58		sunshine.
27	M. 47½	.795	M. 60	Cble.	Foren. fair,
	A. 59	.765	A. 59		aftern. rain.
28	M. 47	.789	M. 63	W.	Rather dull,
	A. 56	.704	A. 60		but warm.
29	M. 48	.640	M. 60	Cble.	Rain most
	A. 56	.625	A. 60		of day.
30	M. 45	.672	M. 60	Cble.	Rain morn.
	A. 54	.718	A. 60		fair day.
31	M. 45½	.825	M. 60	W.	Dull, with
	A. 60	.840	A. 58		showers rain.

Average of Rain, 3.673 Inches.

Alphabetical List of English Bankruptcies, announced between the 20th of Aug. and the 20th of Oct. 1823; extracted from the London Gazette.

Aldersey, B. Liverpool, grocer.
Andrew, P. R. Brighton, grocer.
Atkinson, A. Ludgate-hill, cabinet-maker.
Atkinson, T. Ludgate-hill, cabinet-maker.
Bailey, J. N. Chancery-Lane, bookseller.
Ball, H. and F. K. Fowell, Ottery St Mary, Devonshire, woollen-manufacturers.
Barnes, W. Newhall, Worcestershire, cattle-dealer.
Barton, W. Cambridge, coach proprietor.
Batterbeck, P. F. Norton, Suffolk, brandy-merchant.
Biles, J. Cranbourne, Dorsetshire, blacksmith.
Bish, D. Shirehampton, Gloucestershire, dealer.
Boulting, J. Halstead, Essex, linen-draper.
Bradford, B. Yardley Street, Spa-fields, leather-japanner.
Broughall, R. Little Ness, Shropshire, farmer.
Caton, H. Beaminster, Dorsetshire, draper.
Cleaver, W. Holborn, soap-manufacturer.
Cogger, T. Haymarket, glassman.
Cooper, J. Leicester, linen-draper.
Cone, J. Crutched-friars, victualler.
Cornfoot, A. Houndsditch, baker.
Cox, C. St Martin's Lane, draper.
Critchley, J. and T. Walker, Bolton, liquor-merchants.
Dighton, G. Rochester, draper.
Dixon, F. and E. Fisher, Greenwich, linen-drapers.
Drakes, D. and G. Smith, Reading, linen-drapers.
Duncalfe, J. sen. Donnington Woodmill, Shropshire, miller.
Ferguson, J. Liverpool, merchant.
Fleming, R. Yarmouth, wine-merchant.
Fox, T. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars'-road, woollen-draper.
Funston, R. Cambridge, dealer.
Garside, J. High-street, Whitechapel, butcher.
Gaskell, J. Windle, Lancashire, miller.
Gaskell, G. Hall, Westmoreland, innkeeper.
Goodwin, R. Lamb's Conduit Street, silk-mercer.
Grange, J. Piccadilly, nurseryman.
Graves, J. and H. S. Langbourn-chambers, merchants.
Green, J. White Horse Terrace, Stepney, coal-merchant.
Greetham, T. Liverpool, ship-chandler.
Hartwright, T. Kinver, Staffordshire, victualler.
Hasford, J. Trowbridge, victualler.
Hepple, J. Cambo, Northumberland, cooper.
Hibbert, J. Hylord's-court, Crutched-friars, wine-merchant.
Hill, R. Stafford, silversmith.
Holman, R. Crown-street, Finsbury-square, hatter.
Hone, J. W. Brixton, draper.
Horn, H. Cherry-garden street, Rotherhithe, merchant.
Howell, J. Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, linen-draper.
Hunter, J. Halifax, dealer.
Hurry, W. C. Mincing Lane, merchant.
Jenkins, J. Tewkesbury, wine-merchant.
Jenkins, J. Tewksbusy, corn-dealer.
Jennings, J. Keynsham, Somersetshire, saddler.
Johnson, W. Liverpool, merchant.
Kingsell, J. Blackwall, plumber.
Kirkpatrick, W. E. Lime-street, merchant.
Knowles, G. Brighton, stable-keeper.
Lee, H. T. Gravel-lane, Ratcliffe-highway, slop-seller.
Lowndes, J. H. Liverpool, merchant.
Lumley, J. Foston, Yorkshire, corn-factor.
M'Gowan, W. Newark, tea-dealer.
Maddy, W. Leeds, linen-draper.
Marchant, J. Freshford, Somersetshire, innkeeper.
Martin, J. Bolton, manufacturer.
Maunders, J. Upper Ground-street, Christchurch, victualler.
Maxwell, J. Boston, tea-dealer.
Meilheim, L. J. de, Arundel-street, Strand, merchant.
Mitchell, W. Norwich, silversmith.
Mollett, J. Lower Thames Street, victualler.
Moore, E. Hanway Street, Oxford Street, silk-mercer.
Myers, A. Haymarket, tailor.
Oldriere, L. Dartmouth, tallow-chandler.
Peplow, J. Grosvenor-mews, veterinary-surgeon.
Perrell, J. King-street, Cheapside, silk-manufacturer.
Phillips, D. Cold Blow, Pembrokeshire, victualler.
Phillips, H. Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate, hatter.
Phillips, M. and Co. Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate.
Pigott, W. Red-hall, Burstow, Surrey, farmer.
Rigg, R. and A. Whitehaven, brewers.
Robertson, E. French-horn Yard, Dean Street, High Holborn, coach-smith.
Roche, G. Liverpool, tobacconist.
Rogers, W. Gosport, butcher.
Rooke, J. Bishopsgate Street within, tailor.
Ryder, R. Edale, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner.
Simmons, A. Strand, tailor and draper.
Skiller, E. Rochester, victualler.
Smith, J. Doncaster, grocer.
Smith, T. Manor-row, Tower-hill, earthenware-man.
Steel, J. and G. Greenwich, timber-merchants.
Sutton, W. Sunbury, Middlesex, brewer.
Telford, J. and W. Arundell, Liverpool, drapers.
Thurtell, T. Haymarket, victualler.
Twigg, W. Salford, victualler.
Underwood, C. Cheltenham, builder.
Waters, R. Union Court, Broad Street, chant.
Watson, T. Longsight, Lancashire, dealer.
Watt, C. Sidney-street, Goswell-street road, pen-manufacturer.
Watt, C. Spencer-street, Goswell-street road, mer-
Wilment, S. Wilton, Somersetshire, timber-merchant.
Wilson, R. and F. Oxford-street, linen-drapers.
Wombwell, W. Edmund Street, Battle Bridge, stage-coach proprietor.
Wood, J. Cardiff, banker.
Worth, J. and J. Trump-street, warehousemen.
Wright, G. T. Piccadilly, ironmonger.

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 20th of Aug. and the 20th Oct. 1813; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Brown, James, shipbuilder in Perth.
Cameron, Dugald, and Company, merchants or grocers in Greenock; and Dugald M'Ewen, merchant in Greenock, only surviving partner in that concern.
Campbell, James and Co., wine and spirit-merchants in Glasgow.
Dinning, John, writer and builder, lately residing in Tradeston, at present at Burnside, near Glasgow.
Douglas, William, merchant, Glasgow.
Dryden, John, skinner, dealer in wool, and manufacturer and seller of gloves in Jedburgh.
Ewing, Miller, and Co., merchants, Greenock, &c.
Gilmour, David, draper, South Bridge, Edinburgh.
Guthrie, Robert, merchant, Cupar Fife.
Johnstone, Alexander, merchant, North Bridge, Edinburgh.
Landall, John, and Co. merchants, Glasgow.
Landall, John and Thomas, and Co., lately merchants in Edinburgh, now in Leith.
Lawson and Thomson, hat-manufacturers, Dunfermline.
Maclean, John, and Co. some time merchants and shopkeepers in Glasgow.
Pickard, George and Co., merchants and agents in Edinburgh.
Ramsay, David, merchant in Perth.
Ritchie, Alexander, late banker in Brechin, formerly of Bearhill and Cairnbank.
Shaw, William, grain-dealer and merchant, Townhead Mill, Kilsyth.
Steel, William, merchant in Glasgow.
Thomson, John, merchant in St Andrews.
White, Robert, wright and builder in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Borthwick and Goudie, and George Goudie and Company, both of Belhaven; Borthwicks and

Company of Dunbar; and Bruce, Borthwick and Company of Koningsberg, a first dividend after 17th November.

Hill, Peter, and Company, booksellers in Edinburgh; first dividend on 24th November, to those creditors whose claims have been sustained.

King, G. H. merchant in Glasgow; a dividend on 22d November.

Levach, George, merchant in Thurso; a dividend after 6th December.

MacCallum, Duncan, late merchant in Tarbert; a first and final dividend after 20th October.

Mathison and Company, merchants in Edinburgh; a first dividend after 22d November.

Mylne, William, merchant and insurance-broker in Leith; a first and final dividend after 5th November.

Nasmyth, Pollock and Company, paper-makers and stationers in Edinburgh; a first dividend after 3d November.

Paterson, John, merchant in Edinburgh, and Robert Kerr, merchant in Leith, as copartners carrying on a joint trade; an interim dividend after 11th November.

Scott, Thomas, jun. late merchant, Blair-street, Edinburgh; a dividend after 16th October.

The concern of Robert Craig, millers and grain-dealers at Patrick; a final dividend after 7th November.

Wylie, Alexander, late manufacturer in Glasgow; a dividend after 17th October.

Young and Gordon, drapers and merchants in Dundee; a second and final dividend on 27th October.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

September.

2 Life Gds. *Hon.* J. Dutton, Cor. & Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Hamilton, ret. 7 Aug. 1823

1 Dr. Gds. Capt. Sweny, Maj. by purch. vice Turner, ret. 28 do.
Lt. Polhill, Capt. by purch. do.
Cor. Heaviside, Lt. by purch. do.
Gent. Cadet H. Wilson, from R. Mil. Coll. Cor. by purch. do.

7 Dr. J. J. White, Cor. by purch. vice Phillipps, prom. 21 do.

9 Thomas J. F. *Vis.* Kirkwal, Cor. by purch. vice Lascelles, 67 F. 18 Sept.

13 Cor. Elton, Lt. by purch. vice Foster, prom. Cape Corps Cav. 28 Aug.
Lt. Collins, from h. p. 21 Dr. Lt. vice Nash, exch. rec. diff. 18 Sept.
G. J. Christie, Cor. vice Elton, prom. do.

17 Lt. Dungan, from h. p. 19 Dr. Lt. (Riding Master) 31 Aug.

2 F. Lt. Waring, Capt. by purch. vice Power, ret. 28 do.
Ens. Mundy, Lt. by purch. do.
Serj.-Maj. Littlejohn, fm. 72 F. Ens. and to act as Adj. vice Mundy, prom. 18 Sept.

9 Hosp. Assist. Burt, Assist.-Surg, vice Dent, 21 F. 4 do.

10 Lt. Blane, Capt. by purch. vice Rudsdell, prom. 31 July
Ens. Goode, Lt. by purch, vice Blane do.
Robert Dampier Hallifax, Ens. by purch. vice Goode do.

13 A. Shaw, Ens. vice Slake, 28 F. 4 Sept.

15 M. K. Atherley, Ens. by purch. vice Browne, 70 F. 28 Aug.
Ens. Beatty, from h. p. 44 F. Ens. vice Atherley, 70 F. 4 Sept.

18 Bt. Maj. Percival, Maj. vice M'Neill dead do.
Lt. Cowper, Capt. do.
Ens. Grattan, Lt. do
Gent. Cadet, E. K. Young, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.

21 As. Surg. Dent, from 9 F. Surg. vice Carey, dead do.

23 Lt. Holmes, Capt. by purch. vice England, 49 F. do.
2d Lt. Ellis, 1st Lt. by purch. do.
W. Le M. Tupper, 2d Lt. by purch. do.

28 Ens. Shaw, Lt. do.
Ens. Slake, from 13 F. Ens. do.
Lt. Wheeler, Adj. vice Bridgeland, dead do.

33 Capt. Hay, from 67 F. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Wilder, removed from the service 11 June

42 M.-Gen. *Sir* G Murray, *G.C.B.* from 72 F. Colonel, vice Gen. *Earl of* Hopetoun, dead 6 Sept.

49 Capt. England, from 23 F. Maj. by purch. vice Hutchinson, prom. 4 do.

51 F. Thomas Irvine, Ens. 10 do.

52 Capt. Levinge, from h. p. 10 F. Capt. vice Douglas, cancelled 14 Aug.

55 Capt. Peacocke, from h. p. 36 F. vice F. G. Peacocke, exch. 10 Sept.

57 Ens. Gore, from h. p. 82 F. Ens. (paying diff.) vice Bower, 61 F. 28 Aug.

60 Gent. Cadet F. Coghlan, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Creagh, 81 F. 25 Sept.

61 Ens. Bower, from 57 F. Ens. vice Lt. Berkeley, h. p. 82 F. rec. diff. 28 Aug.

64 Lt. Jull, Capt. by purch. vice Eliot, ret. 18 Sept.
Ens. M'Pherson, Lt. by purch. do.
B. D. Speke, Ens. by purch. do.

67 Lt. Vaughan, Capt. by purch. vice Hay, 33 F. 4 do.
Cor. *Hon.* F. Lascelles, from 9 Dr. Lt. by purch. 11 do.

69 J. *Lord* Elphinstone, Ens. by purch. vice Hamilton, Rifle Br. 14 Aug.

70 Ens. *Hon.* G. A. Browne, from 15 F. Lt. by purch. vice Hunter, prom. 28 do.
Ens. Atherley, from 15 F. Ens. vice Clarke, h. p. 44 F. 4 Sept.
Ens. Reed, from h. p. 4 W. I. R. Ens. vice Blake, exch. rec. diff. 18 do.

72 Lt.-Gen. *Sir* J. Hope, *G.C.H.* from 92 F. Col. vice M.-Gen. *Sir* G. Murray, 42 F. 6 do.

73 C. Primrose, Ens. vice O'Brien, dead 4 do.
Lt. Williamson, Capt. by purch. vice Watts, ret. 18 do.
Ens. Primrose, Lt. by purch. do.
H. Seymour, Ens. by purch. do.

75 Lt. *Hon.* G. A. Browne, from h. p. 70 F. Lt. vice Cockburn, exch. rec. diff. do.

77 Dep. Ass. Com. Gen. Maclaurin, from h. p. Paym. vice Heacock, dead, do.

81 Lt. Montgomery, Capt. vice Pilkington, dead do.
Ens. Brown, Lt. do.
—— Creagh, from 60 F. Ens. do.

86 Lt. Holland, from 89 F. Lt. vice Carrol, h. p. 1 F. do.

89 —— Williamson, from h. p. 1 F. Lt. vice Holland, 86 F. do.

92 Lt. Gen. Alex. Duff, Col. vice Lt.-Gen. *Sir* J. Hope, 72 F. 6 Sept.
Hosp. Assist. Thomson, Assist. Surg. vice Lenon, dismissed 25 June

95 Capt. Macintosh, from 11 F. Maj. by purch. vice Brice, ret. 15 Sept.

1 W. I. R. Bt. Maj. Gilland, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Kenney, h. p. 12 F. 4 do.

2 Capt. Bullock, from h. p. 103 F. vice Maclean, exch. 18 do.
As. Staff Surg. Tedlie, Surg. vice Duigan, dead do.

Cape Corps (Cav.) Lt. Foster, from 13 Dr. Adj. and Lt. 28 Aug.

1 R. Vet. Bn. Bt. Maj. Poppleton, from h. p. 12 F Capt. vice Gilland, 1 W. Ind. R. 4 Sept.
2 Lt. Hartley, from h. p. York Rang. Lt. vice O'Connel, h. p. 21 Aug.
1 Vet. Bn. Capt. de Barralier, from h. p. 101 F. Capt. vice Poppleton, cancelled 18 Sept.
Vet. Comp. Lt. Wilson, from h. p. 84 F. Lt. vice Burges, ret. list 14 do.

Unattached.

Maj. H. Hely, Hutchinson, from 49 F. Lt.-Col. of Inf. by purch, vice Col. Wright, ret. 4 Sept. 1823

Ordnance Department.

Royal Art. 2d Lt. Dyson, 1st Lt. 11 Aug. 1823
Gent. Cadet V. Robinson, 2d Lt. do.
1st Lt. Slater, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.
Bt. Col. and Lt. Col. Viney, Col. vice Wright, ret. 4 Sept.
Bt. Lt. Col. and Maj. Brough, Lt. Col. do.
Bt. Maj. and Capt. R. Macdonald, Major do.
2d Capt. Browne, Capt. do.

Hospital Staff.

Assist. Surg. Tedlie, from h. p. 85 F. Assist. Sur. to the Forces 4 Sept. 1823

Garrisons.

Lt. Gen. Martin Hunter, Gov. of Pendennis Castle, vice Gen. Buckley, dead 27 Sept. 1823

Exchanges.

Major *Hon.* T. S. Bathurst, Cape Corps, with Major Forbes, h. p. 56 F.
Bt. Maj. Hall, from 53 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Correvont, h. p. 60 F.
Capt. Williams, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Capt. *Hon.* H. R. Molyneux, h. p. 2 Ceyl. Reg.
—— Robertson, from 88 F. with Capt. Le Mesurier, h. p. 21 F.
Lieut. Westenra, from 1 Dr. G. with Adj. and Lieut. Stammers, 8 Dr.
—— Stammers, from 1 Dr. G. with Lieut. Master, 49 F.
—— T. Wood, from 10 Dr. with Lieut. W. Wood, h. p. 7 F.
—— G. E. Jolliffe, from 15 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Philipps, h. p. 8 F.
—— Curtayne, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Clarke, h. p. 8 Dr.
—— Blake, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Robbins, h. p. 8 Dr.
—— Smith, from R. Wagg. Train with Lieut. M'Dowall, h. p.
—— Roe, from 30 F. with Lieut. Ousely, h. p. 56 F.
—— Wilkinson, from 37 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hartley, h. p. 24 F.
—— Power, from 38 F. with Lieut. Boyes, 85 F.
—— Walford, from 64 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Gammell, h. p. 72 F.
—— Pook, from 75 F. with Lieut. Reynolds, h. p. Rifle Brig.
Lieut. Hammond, from Ceylon Reg. with Lieut. Robertson, h. p. 94 F.
Ensign Shewell, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Fergusson, h. p. 60 F.
Paym. Dive from 10 F. with Capt. Bloomfield, h. p.
—— Campbell, from 46 F. with Capt. Anderson, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
As. Surg. Richardson, from 18 F. with Staff As. Surg. Davies.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel Wright, R. Art.
Major Turner, 1 Dr. G.
Capt. Power, 2 F.
Lieut. Hamilton, 2 Life Gds.

Appointment Cancelled.

Capt. Douglas, 52 F.

Deaths.

General Buckley, late of 2 Life Gds. Gov. of Pendennis Castle, at Cobham, Surrey, 14 Sept. 1823
—— *Earl of* Hopetoun, G.C.B. Colonel, 42 F. Paris, Aug.
Major M'Neill, 18 F. Malta, 31 July
Capt. Pilkington, 81 F. Isle of Wight, 9 Sept.
—— Hackett, 3 Vet. Bn. Bere, Irel. 17 do.
—— Davies, h. p. Royal Art. Acton Burrell, near Shrewsbury, 30 Aug.
—— Witts, h. p. R. Art. on passage from Malta 8 do.
—— Baillie, h. p. 92 F. 21 April
—— Blaskowitz, h. p. Newfoundland Fenc. Lambeth, 4 Aug.
—— Zehender, h. p. Watteville's Regt. Berne, 30 April
Lieut. Robinson, 20 F. drowned on passage from Surat to Bombay, 21 Jan.
—— Maxwell, 28 F. Gibraltar.
—— Miller, 51 F. Edinburgh, 5 Sept.
—— Muirson, 67 F. Sholapore, Bombay, 4 March
—— Burke, Ceylon Regt. Ceylon.
—— Maclean, h. p. 11 F. Isle of Man, 30 July
—— Fraser, h. p. 27 F. Inverness, June
—— Kater, h. p. 27 F. Guernsey, 18 July
—— Reeve, h. p. 82 F. Hamilton, N.B. 19 Aug.
—— Cannon, h. p. 85 F. Dublin, 19 do.
—— Vickers, h. p. 121 F. 23 Feb.
Ensign *Hon.* G. Finch, 15 F. Dublin, 16 Sept.
—— O'Brien, 53 F.
—— Maclean, h. p. 27 F. 24 May
Adjutant-Lieut. Bridgeland, 28 F. Malta, 5 July
Quarter-Master Tongue, h. p. 2 Dr. G. drowned, 5 Aug.
Medical Department. Staff Surg. Walter, h. p. 13 Sept.
—— As. Surg. Inglis, 57 F. Maeroom, Ireland, 20 Aug.
—— As. Surg. Quill, 1 Vet. Bn. Cork, 15 do.
—— Dep. Purv. Surtees, h. p. Sept.
—— Hosp. As. Macleod, h. p. Canada May
Commissariat. Dep. As. Com. Gen. Cha. Borrett, Sierra Leone, 21 July

October.

2 Life Gds. Lt. and Adj. Maples from 45 F. Lt. vice Hort, 8 Dr. 18 Sept. 1823
Cor. and Sub-Lt. M'Douall, Lt. by purch. vice Maples, ret. 2 Oct.
Cor. Lyon, from h. p. 18 Dr. Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. do.
Lt. Clark, from h. p. 22 Dr. Lt. and Adj. (repay. diff. he received on exch. to h. p.) 29 Aug.
6 Dr. Gds. Maj. Wildman, Lt.-Col. by purch. vice French, ret. 25 Sept.
Bt. Maj. Rutledge, Maj. by purch. do.
Lt. Langley, Capt. by purch. do.
Cor. Jervis, Lt. by purch. do.
Cor. and Adj. Short, rank of Lt. 26 do.
Gent. Cadet, J. R. Hay, Cor. by purch. 25 Sept.
1 Dr. Capt. Stisted, Maj. by purch. vice Wallace, prom. do.
Lt. Blois, Capt. by purch. do.
Cor. Leathes, Lt. by purch. do.
W. M. Owen, Cor. by purch. do.
8 Lt. Hort, from 2 Life Gds. Lt. vice Taylor, 45 F. 18 do.
9 T. J. Fitz M. *Visc.* Kirkwall, Cor. by purch. vice Lascelles, 67 F. do.
13 G. J. Christie, Cor. vice Elton, prom. do.
14 Lt. St Leger, Capt. by purch. vice Barrett, ret. 25 do.
Cor. D'Urban, Lt. by purch. do.
A. G. Duff, Cor. by purch. 2 Oct.

16 Dr. W. P. Neale, Cor. by purch. vice Moore, 17 Dr. Oct.
2 F Serj. Maj. Littlejohn, from 72 F. Ens. vice Mundy, prom. 18 Sept.
10 Lt. Blane, Capt. by purch. vice Rudswell, prom. 31 July
Ens. Goode, Lt. by purch. do.
R. D. Halifax, Ens. by purch. do.
11 Lt. Prideaux, Capt. by purch. vice Macintosh, 93 F. 25 Sept.
Ens. Richmond, Lt. by purch. do.
T. A. Bell, Ens. by purch. do.
12 Lt.-Gen. *Hon.* R. Meade, from 90 F. Colonel vice Gen. *Sir* C. Hastings, dead 9 Oct.
Lt. Jones, Capt. by purch. vice Milne, ret. 25 Sept.
Ens. Stirke, Lt. by purch. do.
R. A. Cuthbert, Ens. by purch. do.
15 H. J. Ellis, vice Finch, dead do.
—— Campbell, Ens. vice Ellis, 41 F. 2 Oct.
16 Lt. Skinner, Capt. by purch. vice Macfarlane, ret. 9 do.
Lt. Brand, Adj. vice Skinner do.
20 Lt. Armstrong, from 87 F. Lt. vice Keagh, 35 F. 2 do.
24 Lt. Findlater, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Stewart, ret. 25 Aug.
Ens. Bennet, Lt. by purch. do.
26 Ens. Calder, Lt. vice Maxwell, dead 25 Sept.
Gent. Cadet G. Pigott, from R. Mil. Coll. do.
21 Ens. Deedes, Lt. vice Veale, dead 2 Oct.
G. C. Rooke, Ens. do.
35 Lt. Keogh, from 20 F. Lt. vice Dewson, h. p. 3 F. 2 do.
41 Capt. Hill, Maj. by purch. vice M'Coy, ret. 25 Sept.
Lt. Johnson, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Brown, Lt. do.
—— Ellis, from 15 F. Ens. 2 Oct.
45 Lt. Taylor, from 8 Dr. Lt. and Adj. vice Maples, 2 Life Gds. 18 Sept.
51 T. St L. Irving, Ens. do.
60 Gent. Cadet F. Coghlan, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Creagh, 81 F. 25 do.
Bt. Col. Fitz Gerald, Lt.-Col. vice Andrews, dead 9 Oct.
Bt. Maj. F. Im Thurn, Maj. do.
64 Lt. Jull, Capt. by purch. vice Eliot, ret. 18 do.
Ens. M'Pherson, Lt. by purch. do.
B. D. Speke, Ens. by purch. do.
Lt. Boyes, Adj. vice Jull 25 do.
73 Lt. Williamson, Capt. by purch. vice Watts, ret. do.
Ens. P. Primrose, Lt. by purch. do.
H. Seymour, Ens. by purch. do.
77 Dep. Ass. Com. Gen. Maclaurin, from h. p. Paym. vice Heacock, dead do.
78 Lt. Montgomery, Capt. vice Pilkington, dead do.
Ens. Brown, Lt. do.
—— Creagh, from 60 F. Ens. do.
85 Lt. French, Capt. by purch. vice Charlton, 92 F. 25 Sept.
Ens. Butler, Lt. by purch. do.
A. S. Bateman, Ens. by purch. do.
86 Lt. Holland, from 89 F. Lt. vice Carrol, h. p. 1 F. 18 do.
87 Lt. Hill, from h. p. 3 F. Lt. vice Armstrong, 20 F. 2 Oct.
89 Lt. Williamson, from h. p. 1 F. Lt. vice Holland, 86 F. 18 Sept.
90 Maj.-Gen. R. Darling, Colonel vice Lt.-Gen. Meade, 12 F. 9 Oct.
91 Serj. Maj. Maclean, Qua. Mast. vice Miller, dead 8 Aug.
92 Capt. Charlton, from 85 F. Maj. by purch. vice Wilkie, ret. 25 Sept.
93 Capt. Macintosh, from 11 F. Maj. vice Brice, ret. 18 do.
2 W.I.R. As. Staff Surg. Tedlie, Surg. vice Duigan, dead do.
Serj. Maj. Curry, Adj. and Ens. vice Miller, dead 16 Oct.
1 Vet. Bn. Col. *Hon.* H. King, from h. p. 5 F. Col. vice Maj. Gen. Kelso, dead 16 Oct.
Capt. de Barrallier, from h. p. 101 F. Capt. vice Poppleton, cancelled do.
As. Surg. Morrison, from 83 F. As. Surg. vice Quill, dead 25 do.
Lt. Fleming, from h. p. 37 F. Lt. vice Piggott, ret. list 9 Oct.
3 Vet. Bn. Bt. Major Gray, from h. p. African C. Capt. vice Hackett, dead, 25 Sept.
Ens. Walsh, from h. p. 11 F. Ens. vice Chambers, ret. list 16 Oct.

Ordnance Department.

Royal Art. 2d Capt. Grant, Capt. 22 Sept.
—— Duncan, from h. p. 2d Capt. do.
1st Lt. Simmons, 2d Capt. do.
—— Creagh, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.
2d Lt. Runnacles, 1st Lt. do.
Gent. Cadet, Vandeleur, 2d Lt. do.
1st Lt. Pearse, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice Breton, h. p. 1 Oct.

Medical Department.

Surg. Doyle, from h. p. Surg. vice Van Mellingen, h. p. 9 Oct.
As. Surg. Cunningham, from h. p. 66 F. As. Staff Surg. 2 do.
—— Hutchinson, from h. p. 3 W. I. R. ditto. do.
—— Finlayson, from h. p. 99 F. ditto. vice Tedlie, prom. do.
Hosp. As. Cocking, from h. p. Hosp. As. vice Alexander, dead do.
G. Minty, Hosp. As. vice Kinnis, dead 16 do.
F. C. Huthwaite, Hosp. As. vice Mackay, dead do.

Unattached.

Maj. Wallace, from 1 Dr. Lt.-Col. of Inf. by purch. vice M. Gen. Swinton, ret. 25 Sept.
Lt. Moseley, from 1 Life Gds. Capt. by purch. vice White, ret. do.
Bt. Lt. Col. Keightley, from 23 F. Lt. Col. of Infantry by purch. vice Lt. Gen. Minet, ret. 16 Oct.

Staff.

Capt. Henry, from h. p. Sub-Insp. of Mil. in Ionian Isl. vice White, ret. 25 Sept.

Garrisons.

Lt. Gen. Martin Hunter, Gov. of Pendennis Castle, vice Gen. Buckley, dead, 22 Sept.
Bt. Maj. Simson, from Portsmouth, Town Maj. Hull, vice White 2 Oct.
Lieut. White, from Hull, Town Maj. Portsmouth, vice Simson do.

Exchanges.

Bt. Lt. Col. Hill, from 23 F. with Major England, 49 F.
Bt. Maj. Harrison, from 20 F. with Capt. Horsley, 53 F.
Capt. Daly, from 53 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Stuart, h. p. 12 F.
—— T. G. Peacocke, from 55 F. with Capt. W. L. Peacocke, h. p. 56 F.
—— Maclean, from 2 W. I. R. with Capt. Bullock, h. p. 103 F.
Lieut. *Sir* J. Trollope, *Bt.* from 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. *M. of* Carmarthen, h. p.
—— Nash, from 13 Dr. rec. diff. with Lt. Collins, h. p. 21 Dr.
—— D'Urban, from 14 Dr. rec. diff. between full pay Cav. and Inf. with Lieut. Congreve, h. p. 35 F.
—— Mangles, from 15 Dr. with Lieut. Lindsay, 57 F.
—— Isaacson, from 47 F. with Lieut. Cadd, h. p. 1 Bahama Gar. Comp.
—— Morphett, from 53 F. with Lieut. Cates, 87 F.
—— Fleetwood, from 74 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Burnet, h. p. 25 Dr.
—— Cockburn, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. *Hon.* G. A. Browne, h. p. 70 F.
Cornet Currie, from 3 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Cornet Shewell, h. p. 60 F.

Cornet Backhouse, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet Pole, h. p. 8 Dr.
Ensign W. Campbell, from 24 F. with Ensign Robinson, 89 F.
——— Browne, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Boileau, h. p. 29 F.
——— Foskett, from 31 F. with Ensign Burrows, 34 F.
——— Blake, from 70 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Reed, h. p. 4 W. I. R.
Surg. Ardley, from 17 F. with Surg. Heriot, h. p. 6 F.
——— Featherstone, from 24 F. with Surg. Byrtt, h. p. 71 F.
——— Vallange, from 33 F. with Surg. Fitz Gerald, h. p. 69 F.
Vet. Surg. Rickwood, from 8 Dr. from Vet. Surg. Bird, h. p. 19 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Gen. Minet, late of 30 F.
Major Gen. Swinton, late of 8 Gar. Bn.
Lieut.-Col. French, 6 Dr. G.
Major Stewart, 24 F.
——— Maccoy, 41 F.
——— Elliot, 64 F.
——— Wilkie, 92 F.
——— Brice, 93 F.
Captain Barrett, 14 Dr.
——— Milne, 12 F.
——— Macfarlane, 16 F.
——— Watts, 73 F.
——— White, Sub-Insp. Mil. Ion. Islands.
Lieut. Maples, 2 Life Gds.

Appointment Cancelled.

Bt. Maj. Poppleton, Capt. 1 R. Vet. Bn.

Removed from the Service.

Dep. Com. Gen. Whitmore.

Deaths.

General Nisbett Balfour, 39 F. 16 Oct. 1823.
——— *E. of* Bridgewater, 14 Dr. Ashridge Park 21 do.
——— *Sir* C. Hastings, *Bt. G. C. H.* 12 F. Willesley Hall, Atherton 20 Sept.
——— Dussaux
Lieut.-General Willington R. Art. Woolwich 16 Oct.
Maj.-Gen. Kelso, 1 R. Vet. Bn. Bungay 13 do.
Colonel Wright, late of R. Art. Edinburgh, 2 Oct.
——— R. Doveton, E.I.C. Serv. London, 10 Mar.
Lieut.-Colonel Andrews, 60 F. Kingston, Upper Canada 24 Aug.
——— Lavicourt, h. p. 27 F. Montreal 26 June
——— Ogle, E. I. C. Serv. Dijon 24 Jan.
——— Lumsden, do. London 10 Apr.
Major Lynch, h. p. 27 F. Ballinrobe 1 June
——— Macleod, E. I. C. Serv. London 27 Mar.
——— Burke, do. Ireland, 30 May
Captain Lane, 69 F. Wallajabad, Madras, 10 do.
——— Murray, Invalids.
——— Covell, late 3 Vet. Bn. 19 Aug.
——— Bulstrode, late 5 do. 6 Oct.
——— Brasbridge, h. p. 57 F. Naples, 13 Sept.
——— Maxwell, h. p. 31 F. Jersey 30 do.
——— Von Konig, h. p. 60 F.
Lieutenant Vesey, 29 F. Limerick 23 Sept.
——— Kennedy, 30 F. Canton, East Indies 13 Oct. 1822.
——— Major, 41 F. Fort St George, Madras 2 Mar. 1823.
——— Johnson, 41 F. Madras 30 May
——— Drewry, late 1 Vet. Bn. Lane End, Staffordshire 18 Sept.
——— Slater, late Cape Gar. Comp. Cape of Good Hope 26 July, 1822.
——— Jones, h. p. 104 F. Belturbet, Ireland 12 Oct. 1822.
——— Bagnett, h. p. 4 Ceyl. R. 26 Sept. 1821
——— Cordner, h. p. Waller's Corps, Lisburn, Ireland 16 Aug. 1823
——— Rosenthel, h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol. Hamburg 9 do.
2d Lieutenant Robertson, h. p. 4 Ceylon Reg. Anstruther 18 Sept.
Ensign Taylor, late 8 Vet. Bn. Dundalk 6 do.
Chaplain Yeomans, late Horse Gren. Gds.
Adjutant-Lieutenant Miller, 2 W. Ind. Regt. Sierra Leone 1 Sept.
Quarter-Master Ens. Miller, 91 F. Jamaica, 24 July
——— Gill, h. p. 5 Dr. G. 10 Sept.
——— English, h. p. Oxford Fen. Cav. 16 do.
Assistant Surgeon Napper, R. Art. Woolwich 4 Oct.
——— Carter, 8 Dr. Norwich 26 do.
Veterinary Surg. Nesbitt, 7 Dr. G. Alnwick 6 do.

NAVAL PROMOTIONS.

Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Neale, Baronet, and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, to be Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, vice Rear-Admiral Sir Graham Moore, Knight Commander of the Bath, whose period of peace service has expired.

Vice-Admiral Sir Lawrence Halsted, Knight Companion of the Order of the Bath, to be Commander-in-Chief in the West Indies, in the room of Commodore Sir Edward Owen.

Rear-Admiral Sir George Eyre, Knight Companion of the Order of the Bath, to be Commander-in-Chief on the South American station, vice Sir Thomas Hardy, Baronet, and Knight Companion of the Bath, returning to England.

Post-Captains.

Edward Boxer
George Frederick Rich
Thomas Pettman
Charles. H. Johnstone

Commanders.

Rawdon Maclean
Richard Douglas
George Pierce
Robert Willcox
Robert Fair
Charles R. Milburne

Lieutenants.

Frederick Thomas Jeffreys
George Tinsley
Edward St Leger Cannon
Francis Teek
Alexander M'Leod
Arthur Barnes
Joseph Reay
Patrick John Blake
Henry R. Sturt
Thomas M. Currie
Charles W. Poynter
James Dalgleish
William L. Sherringham
Blackwood Currie
James Gibson
William Reid
Andrew Barclay
John Macdonald
William Dickey
William C. Gerrard
Richard Crozier.

Captains.

P. H. Yorke	Alacrity
R. Maclean	Bustard
G. F. Rich	Gloucester
Thomas Forrest	Isis
Samuel J. Pechell	Sybille
J. J. Bramer	Tamar
Thomas Prickett	Victor
Timothy Curtis	Weazle.

Lieutenants.

Richard S. Triscott	Alacrity
W. F. Sayer	Arab
George Woolcombe	Bann
W. L. Seringham	Beaver
George Tinsley	Bustard
Robert Smart	Cambria
R. T. Lowcay	Cambridge
James Gibson	Doterel
James Roy	Glasgow
E. S. T. L. Canron	Glocester
H. M. Short	Harlequin
J. G. D'Urban	Harrier
Thomas Layton	Icarus
William Cuppage	Isis
Edward Hillman	ditto
Thomas Furber	ditto
Harry G. Colpoys	ditto
W. S. Arthur	ditto
Joseph Camilleri	Mania
Hugh Norse	ditto
James Cheape	Mersey
W. J. Cole (B)	Prince Agent
William Forbes	ditto
William Whitfield	Ramilies

R. B. T. James	Revenge.
Charles Cotton	Seringapatam
Robert Stuart	Sparrowhawk
Edward Gordon	Sybille
Joseph C. Gellicoe	ditto
Michael Seymour	ditto
Henry B. Martin	ditto
John Golding	Tamar
W. B. M'Clintock	ditto
Thomas E. Hoste	Tartar
R. M. Teed	Victor
H. G. Paget	ditto
W. Whitehead	Weasle
Francis V. Cotton	ditto
H. Braithwaite	Windsor Castle
Robert Sharpe	ditto
Pursers.	
Michael Arthur	Alacrity
William Paine	Gloucester
E. S. Austice	Harrier
James Boyle	Menai
William Bailey	Sybille
John O'Brien	Tamar
John Beal	Victor
W. H. Brown	Weasle

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

March. 11. At Calcutta, Mrs George Ballard, of a son.

May 10. At sea, on board the Hon. East India Company's ship Farquharson, Mrs Major Taylor, of a daughter.

Aug. 11. At Geneva, the Lady of Henry Iveson, Esq. of Blackbank, near Leeds, of a son.

19. At Florence, the Lady of William Davidson, Esq. younger of Muirhouse, of a son.

28. At Linlathen, the Lady of Captain James Paterson, of a daughter.

— At Westridge, Isle of Wight, Mrs John Young, of a son.

— At Pirn, the Lady of Captain Tait, Royal Navy, of a son.

30. At Kilnflat, near Forres, Mrs William Grant, of a son.

— At Rennishawe, the Lady of Sir George Sittwell, Bart. of a daughter.

— At Buccleugh Place, Mrs David Campbell, of a daughter.

Sept. 1. At Culduthel, Mrs Fraser of Culduthel, of a daughter.

3. At Kilbryde Castle, Lady Campbell, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of William Thomas Carruthers, Esq. of Dormont, of a son and heir.

At Teddington, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel Mercer, 3d Guards, of a son.

— At Milton, in Northamptonshire, the Right Hon. Lady Milton, of a son.

4. At Edinburgh, Mrs Johnstone, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.

— At Pinkie House, Lady Hope of Craighall, of a son.

— At West Heriot Row, Mrs Morson, of a daughter.

5. At Yester House, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, of a daughter.

7. At Brighton Place, Portobello, Mrs M. Stenhouse, of a daughter.

8. In Castle Street, Mrs Alexander Robertson, of a daughter.

9. At North Berwick, Mrs Dr Fogo, of a daughter.

— In Gardner's Place, Dublin, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Ross, Esq. of Laurence Park, of a daughter, still born.

— At Drummond Place, Mrs Megget, of a daughter.

— At Edinam Cottage, the Lady of Captain Loch, Royal Navy, of a son.

10. At London, the Marchioness of Shandos, of a son.

11. In Great King Street, Mrs P. Robertson, of a son.

— In George's Square, Mrs Mitchell, of a son.

— At 31, Howe Street, Mrs Scott Monerieff, of a daughter.

12. Mrs Lawrie, Hay's Court, of a son.

— Mrs Craufurd, Duncan Street, Newington, of a daughter.

— At Mount Melville, Fifeshire, Lady Catherine Whyte Melville, of a daughter.

14. At 9, York Place, Mrs Boyd, of Broadmeadows, of a son.

— Mrs Hopkirk, Northumberland Street, of a son.

— At Aneram-house, the Lady of Captain Adam, Royal Navy, of a son.

16. At Mousebank, Lanarkshire, the Lady of Deputy Commissary-General Mackenzie, of a son.

— At her mother's house, Stockbridge, the Lady of Henry Warter Meredith, Esq. Pentretzchan Hall, Derbyshire, of a daughter.

— At Leith, Mrs Learth, St Bernard Street, of a son.

17. At 77, Great King Street, Mrs L. Catheart, of a daughter.

— At Roehampton, the Lady of the Attorney-General, of a daughter.

20. At Calais, the Lady of S. G. Marshall, his Britannic Majesty's Consul, of a daughter.

— At 5, North Charlotte Street, Mrs William Tennant, of a daughter.

21. At Monymusk, the Lady of Robert Grant, Esq. of Tillielour, of a son.

23. At Barns, Mrs Burnet of Barns, of a daughter, still-born.

24. At Linkfield, the Lady of Wm. Aitchison, Esq. of a daughter.

— In Great King Street, the Lady of Captain Boswall, Royal Navy, of a daughter.

— At Kentish Town, near London, Mrs James Block, of a daughter.

27. The Lady of Walter Long, Esq. of Baynton House, Wilts, of a son and heir.

Sept. 28. At Havre-de-Grace, the Lady of William Davidson, Esq. of a son.

29. At Glasgow, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Hastings, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Orr, Hart Street, of a son.

— At Sunny Side, the Lady of Captain Inverarity, of a son.

—At Woodend Cottage, Mrs Leith Hay, of a daughter.

Oct. 1. In George Street, the Lady of Adolphus Ross, M.D. of a daughter.

— At Portsmouth, Mrs Major Dalzell, of a son.

2. At Midhurst, the Hon. Lady Stopford, of a daughter.

3. At Ruchlaw, the Lady of John Buchan Sydserf, Esq. of Ruchlaw, of a son.

— At Sandgate, Ayr, the Lady of William Fullarton, Esq. of Skeldon, of a daughter.

— In York Place, Mrs Ferrier, of a son.

6. At Dean House, near Edinburgh, Lady Bradford, of a son.

— Mrs James Monerieff, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.

7. In the Royal Circus, Edinburgh, the Lady of William Scot, Esq. secretary to the Medical Board, Madras, of a son.

— At Priory Cottage, St Andrews, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Robert Moodie, of a son.

9. Mrs Cargill, Scotland Street, of a son.

10. At Scalloway, in Shetland, the Lady of John Scott, younger, Esq. of Scalloway, of a son.

— At No. 33, George Street, Mrs Espinasse, of a son.

— Mrs Mercer, Society, Brown Square, of a daughter.

12. At the Mount, Harrow, Middlesex, the Lady of Archibald Campbell, Esq. of a son.

13. The wife of James Mackenzie, seaman, Montrose, of three boys.

— At Spreull's Court, Glasgow, Mrs MacArthur, of a daughter.

— At Auchterarder, Mrs Hutchison, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of William Robertson, Esq. 75, Great King's Street, of a son.

14. At Orchardhead, Stirlingshire, Mrs Walker, of a son.

15. At Edinburgh, Mrs William Scott, 43, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.

16. At Chester, the Lady of Major Dudgeon, 58th regiment, of a son.

17. At Powfoulis, Mrs Bruce, of a daughter.

— In Park Crescent, London, Lady Elizabeth Murray Macgregor, of a son.

18. Mrs Bell, 9, Queen Street, of a son.

— At Prestonpans, Mrs Hislop, of a son.

19. At No. 1, Buccleuch Street, Mrs W. A. Lawrie, of a son.
20. In Drummond Place, Mrs Gordon, of Cairnbulg, of a son.
22. At Farme, the Lady of Hugh Mossman, Esq. younger of Auchtyfardle, of a daughter.
23. Mrs Douglas, Great King Street, of a son.
24. Mrs Johnson, No. 1, George Street, of a daughter.
— In Coates Crescent, Mrs Dr Brewster, of a daughter.
— The Lady of John Cay, Esq. advocate, of a son.
25. At Campbeltown, Argyleshire, the Lady of Captain Watts, of a daughter.
26. At Haughton, Mrs Farquharson, of Haughton, of a son.
— In Stanhope Street, May-fair, London, the Lady of the Right Hon. Robert Peel, of a son.
27. At Meadowbank, Mrs Maconochie, of a son.
29. In Castle Street, Mrs H. D. Dickie, of a daughter.
— At Gorgie Park, Mrs Hope, of a son.
31. At Clelend House, the Lady of Frederick Grant, Esq. of a daughter.
Lately, At Edinburgh, Lady Pringle, of Stitchel, of a daughter.
—— At Maltby Hall, near Doncaster, Yorkshire, the Lady of George Swaby, M. D. of a son.
—— At St John's Town, Carmarthen, Mrs Margaret Davis, of three daughters.

MARRIAGES.

July 23. At St Croix, West Indies, Joseph Bushby, Esq. to Ann Sarah, second daughter of William Stedman, M. D. of that Island.
Aug. 7. At Derby, Edward Nicholas Hurt, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, barrister at law, to Caroline, daughter of Joseph Strutt, Esq. of Derby.
Aug. 17. At Leghorn, Captain Edward William Henry Shenly, of the Rifle Brigade, to Catherine Anne, eldest daughter of William Inglis, Esq. of Middleton.
19. At Dunfermline, Mr James Arnot, merchant, to Miss Scotland.
28. At Dalkeith, the Rev. Andrew Elliot, Ford, to Isabella, youngest daughter of Mr John Gray, merchant, Dalkeith.
30. Mr Alexander M'Intosh, to Jane, third daughter of Mr John Ferrier, commercial agent, Edinburgh.
Sept. 1. At Greenhead, Glasgow, Captain Thomas David Steuart, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, Bengal Establishment, to Mary, eldest daughter of George Pinkerton, Esq.
2. At Walcot Church, Joseph Martineau, Esq. to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Dr Parry of Bath.
— At Beith, the Rev. James Dobbie, of Annan, to Jane, only daughter of Mr James Faulds, merchant, Beith.
4. At Stoke Church, Captain James Stirling, R. N. to Ellen, fourth daughter of James Mangles, Esq. of Woodbridge, near Guildford.
— At Leith, the Rev. William Rutherford, of Newton, Roxburghshire, to Jessie, daughter of the late Rev. William Elder, of Newton.
— At the Manse of Prestonpans, Dr John Warroch Pursell, physician in Edinburgh, to Janet, third daughter of the Rev. Peter Primrose.
— At Green Park, Libberton, William Steele, South St Andrew's Street, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Mr W. Ellis, Hull.
— At Woodhouselee, James Baillie Fraser, younger of Ruleck, Esq. to Miss Jane Fraser Tytler, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Alex. Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee.
6. At Edinburgh, John Horsley, Esq. of the Civil Service of the East India Company, Madras Establishment, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Captain George Story, of the 8th Light Dragoons.
— At George Place, Leith Walk, Philip Hill, Esq. Greek Street, Soho, London, to Helen, eldest daughter of the late John Stewart, Esq. of Skelmuir, Aberdeenshire.
— At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, the Hon. Thomas Dundas, eldest son of Lord Dundas, to Sophia Jane, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart.
8. At Kirkcudbright, the Rev. Dr Hamilton, of Kirkcudbright, to Jane, daughter of Robert Gordon, Esq. of Larglanies.
— The Rev. Richard Nivison, of Middlebie, to Miss Davidson, of Cushathill.
9. Andrew Fyfe, M. D. to Margaret, daughter of John Johnston, Esq. of Southfield.
11. At London, Colonel Archibald Maclaine, 17th Infantry, C. B. to Eliza Bridges, daughter of the late Gen. Bridges, of the Hon. Company's service.
15. At Kilbride, in Arran, Robert Wallace, Esq. to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late William Crawford, of Doonside, Esq.
— At Edinburgh, Mr John M'Lachlan, merchant, to Marion, only daughter of Alex. Russel, Esq. Prince's Street.
Sept. 15. At the English Ambassador's Chapel, Lord Viscount Sandon, eldest son of the Earl of Harrowby, to Lady Frances Stewart, only daughter of the Marchioness of Bute, and grand-daughter of the late Mr Coutts.
16. At Ellieston House, Captain Scott, of Stone of Morphy, to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Tulloch, Esq. of Ellieston.
— At Auchaber, the Rev. George Garioch, minister of Meldrum, to Margaret, youngest daughter of James Wilson, Esq. of Auchaber.
— At Blantyre, George Gardner, Esq. Springfield, to Agnes, youngest daughter of the late George Gardner, Esq. Brownpark.
18. At Lyndhurst, John Morant, Esq. of Brokenhurst, Hants, to Lady Caroline Augusta Hay, daughter of the late Earl of Errol.
— At Rochester, John Schank Grant, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Military Engineers, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Francis Barrow, Esq.
19. At Miramichi, Alex. Fraser, Esq. of that place, to Miss Elizabeth Grigg.
— At Edinburgh, Mr John Somerville, merchant, North Berwick, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr James Murray, cabinet-maker there.
22. At Leith, William Glover, Esq. W. S. to Jane, daughter of the late Mr James Cumming, shipmaster there.
— At Currie, Nicol Dassuaville, Esq. surgeon, Edinburgh, to Christiana Hardie, daughter of the late Mr James Hardie, Currie.
— At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Tweedie, merchant, to Jessie, eldest daughter of the late Mr Alex. Tweedie, Torsonce.
23. At Dalyell Lodge, Fifeshire, William Berry, of Tayfield, Esq. to Miss Henderson, daughter of Sir Robert Henderson, of Earl's Hall, Bart.
23. At Langholm, the Rev. John Dobie, Langholm, to Janet, only daughter of Hugh Somerville, Esq. merchant there.
28. At the Grange, Humphrey St John Mildmay, Esq. son of the late Sir Henry St John Mildmay, to Miss Baring, eldest daughter of Alex. Baring, Esq. M. P.
29. At Castlemains, the Rev. John Wylie, of Carluke, to Caroline Anne, daughter of John Dick, Esq. advocate.
30. At Paisley, the Rev. David Allison, of Stewartfield, Aberdeenshire, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr Matthew Clark, manufacturer, Paisley.
31. At Dollar, Mr Peter Steven, of the Institution there, to Eliza, daughter of Mr Clark, late rector of the grammar school.
Oct. 1. At Aberdeen, the Rev. William Robertson, Rosehall, county of Sutherland, to Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of Mr Geo. Robertson of that place.
2. At Kirktown of Benholm, Kincardineshire, Mr Thomas Hutton, writer, Edinburgh, to Margaret, daughter of Mr Geo. Scott, farmer there.
— At Lochbuy-house, John Stewart, Esq. of Fasnacloich, to Henrietta, daughter of the late Murdoch M'Laine of Lochbuy.
3. Mr James Nasmyth, jeweller, Edinburgh, to Margaret Blair, third daughter of David Jobson, senior, Esq. merchant, Dundee.
4. At York, Gervas Stanford, son of the late Samuel Deverill, Esq. Clifton, Nottingham, to Jemima Kelar, only daughter of John Bland, Esq. of Ormside Lodge, Westmoreland.
6. At Hamilton, Mr John Wingfield, to Miss Janet Hannah, only daughter of James Reid, Esq. of Newton.
— At Arbroath, Mr J. S. Sands, writer, Cupar Angus, to Miss Christian Anderson, Arbroath.

7. At Berwick, Mr Thomas Dores, Leith, to Isabella, third daughter of Mr William Denovan, Berwick.

8. At Slatefield House, Captain Charles M'Arthur, Adjutant 2d Regiment R.L.M. to Mrs Catherine Wyllie, of Slatefield.

9. At Ditton Park, Bucks, the Hon. Peregrine F. Cust, M. P. to Lady Isabella Montagu Scott, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Duke of Buccleuch.

11. At Kimbolton, Evan Baillie, Esq. of Dochfour, to Lady Georgiana Montagu, daughter of the Duke of Manchester.

13. At Craigielands, Alex. Allan, Esq. advocate, third son of Alex. Allan, Esq. of Hillside, to Jemima, only daughter of William Younger, Esq. of Craigielands.

14. At Kirkcaldy, the Rev. Edward Irving, A.M. of Hatton-Garden Chapel, London, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Martin, Kirkcaldy.

15. Eardisley, Herefordshire, W. S. R. Cockburn, Esq. M. A. of Exeter College, Oxford, only son of Lieutenant-General Sir William Cockburn of Cockburn and Rylaw, Bart. to Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev. Francis Coke of Lowermoore, Herefordshire, Prebendary of Hereford, &c. &c.

21. At Scougal, Mr Peter Handyside, West Fenton, to Jane, daughter of John Brodie, Esq.

22. At Hemel Hempseed Herts, Robert Playfair, Esq. nephew of the late Professor Playfair, to Miss E. White, youngest daughter of the late J. White, Esq. of Devonshire Place.

— At the Bridge of Earn, W. S. Laurie, Esq. surgeon, Edinburgh, to Catherine, daughter of the late William Geddes, Esq. Cupar Fife.

24. At Edinburgh, Mr John Logan, of Abbey St Bathan's, Berwickshire, to Janet, eldest daughter of Mr John Sharp, writer in Culross.

28. At the New Church, Mary-la-Bonne, London, Sir Charles Joshua Smith, Bart. of Suttons, in the county of Essex, to Belinda, daughter of the late George Colebrooke, Esq.

30. At London, Lieut-General Sir Thomas Hislop, Bart, G.C.B. to Emma, daughter of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot; and, at the same time, Captain Elliot, eldest son of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot, to Margaret Seymour, only daughter of James Masterton, Esq. of Braco Castle, Perthshire.

Lately, at Sutton Coldfield, the Rev. William Riland Bedford, to Grace Campbell, youngest daughter of the late Charles Sharpe, Esq. of Hoddam

— At Northwood Church, Isle of Wight, Captain William Augustus Montagu, Royal Navy, C. B. to Anne, third daughter of Sir George Leeds, Bart.

— At Raeburn Place, Lieut. William Whitehead, ordnance store-keeper, Stirling Castle, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of Captain Williamson.

DEATHS.

Nov. 1822. At Quito, South America, William Henderson, Esq. son of Dr Henderson, physician in Dundee.

Dec. 22, 1822. At Calcutta, on board the Elizabeth, one of the country ships, of which he was First Officer, Mr George Rolland, third son of Patrick Rolland, Esq. late of Newton.

Mar. 19, 1823, At Puneah, in the East Indies, Mrs Bertram, wife of Captain William Bertram of Nesbit.

April. On board the ship Marquis of Hastings, at Calcutta, Mr Allan Farie, son of James Farie, Esq. of Farme.

May 7, 1823. At Cape Vincent, America, Mr George Leslie, aged 80, late merchant, Edinburgh.

May 21. At Calcutta, Robert Ross Young, Esq. son of the late John Young, Esq. of Bellwood.

July 3. At Montreal, Mrs Elizabeth Harvey, wife of Robert Armour, Esq. cashier of the Bank of Canada.

July 8. At Kingston, Upper Canada, John Dickson, jun. W. S.

12. At Dominica, Henry Bowyer Tulloh, Esq. Colonial Secretary in the above Island, and second son of Lieut.-Colonel Tulloh, Royal Artillery.

— At Augusta, North America, Mr James Anderson, jun. merchant, Forres.

12. Marion, youngest daughter of Mr George Lindsay Rae, Archer's Hall; on 5th Oct. George Lindsay, his eldest son; and on 12th Oct. Helen, his second daughter; also, on the 6th Oct. Mr John Jamieson, the step-father of Mr Rae, who has thus lost four members of his family within the short period of three months.

20. At George Town, Demerara, John Buchanan, Esq. younger of Auchmar.

23. At Savannah-la-Mar, Jamaica, Mr Alex. Lockhart Finlayson, son of the late Mr William Finlayson, depute clerk of the bills, Edinburgh.

24. At Spanish Town, Jamaica, Quarter-master Miller, of the 91st, or Argyllshire Regiment of Foot.

28. At Orwell Manse, Kinross-shire, the Rev. Patrick Spence.

29. At Bahia, on board his Majesty's ship Tartar, in his 15th year, William Alex. Ogilvy, son of Alex. Ogilvie, Esq. Bengal, and nephew of Sir William Ogilvie, of Inverquharity, Bart.

Aug. 3. At Melville Place, Stirling, Mrs Murray of Wester Livilands.

Aug. 9. At George Town, Demerara, George Falconer, Esq. fifth son of Mr John Falconer, farmer, Balnakettle.

11. At Bahia, Dugald William Campbell, Esq. merchant there.

14. At Melfort House, Archibald Campbell, Esq. of Melfort.

17. At Rumpenheim, the Landgravine of Hesse Rumpenheim, mother of the Duchess of Cambridge.

18. In Chesterfield-street, Mayfair, London, Joseph Charles Mellish, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Charge d'Affaires and Consul-General for the Circle of Lower Saxony.

19. At Whithorn, John Milroy, Esq. who, for upwards of 40 years, held the office of town-clerk to that burgh.

20. At Tours, Keith Jopp, Esq.

25. At Stoneyfield, Thomas Warrand, Esq.

27. At Kilmarnock, John Carse, Esq. of Orchardhill.

At Kirkaldy, Mr George Dougall, shipowner there.

— In Upper Baker Street, London, William Campbell, Esq. of Craigie.

28. At Gayfield Place, William Arthur, Esq.

— In Forth Street, Mrs Janet Peat, wife of John Peat, Esq.

— At Aberdeen, the Rev. Alex. Browne, minister of Coull.

29. At the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, Elizabeth, fourth daughter of Colonel M'Lean, of the Royal Artillery.

— At Dunfermline, Mr Robert Johnstone.

— At Pooley, near Penrith, Cumberland, Christopher Wilson, Esq. of Fenchurch Street, London. He was sailing, with a party of ladies, on Ullswater Lake, and in the act of drawing the charge from one of the barrels of his gun, with which he had been shooting, the contents of the other barrel were lodged in his left side.

29. At the Isle of Wight, Frances Murray, wife of Lieut. Murray, 91st Regiment.

30. In Leven Street, Mrs Ann Clark, relict of Mr Thomas Smith, wood-merchant in Fisherrow.

— At sea, on her passage from Quebec to Leith, Miss Janet Brydon, aged 75.

— At Tullibody, Mr Alex. Paterson, sen. tanner, aged 74.

— At his house, No. 7, James's Court, Mr Thomas Henderson, merchant.

— At Dean Bank, Jean, youngest daughter of the late Mr Thomas Matthew, principal clerk of the Post Office.

31. At Peebles, Giles Templeman, Esq. late a Bencher of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple, London.

Sept. 1. In Cullachy, in Inverness-shire, Mr Robert Oliver, farmer.

2. At Alloa, Mr Alex. Bald, sen. aged 79.

— At Inverness, William Scott, of Seabank, in the 79th year of his age.

— The Rev. Thomas Winstanley, D. D. Principal of St Alban's Hall, Camden, Professor of Ancient History, and Laudean Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford, and Prebendary of St Paul's, London.

3. At Pitmuis, Forfarshire, James Mudie, jun. Esq. in his 21st year.

3. At his father's house, Merchant Street, Edinburgh, William Cadell, youngest son of Thomas Edmonston.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Gilmour.

Sept. 5. After a few days' illness, at his father's house in Edinburgh, Lieut. Matthew Miller, of the 51st Reg. (King's own Light Infantry) youngest son of Sir William Miller, Bart. Lord Glenlee, aged 24 years.

It has seldom fallen to our lot to record the death of a more promising officer than Mr Miller. In addition to a rich store of classical erudition, acquired in the course of his education, he had subsequently made himself master of the higher geometry, and of the more abstruse branches of mathematics, and he was deeply skilled in their practical application to the study of natural philosophy and the arts. He was a member of the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh, to which he addressed several valuable papers on various interesting subjects of scientific research and philosophical inquiry; and he had lately suggested, in an Essay on the Principles of Gunnery, some curious experiments which the Board of Ordnance directed to be made in elucidation of the laws of projectiles, and as tending to ascertain the circumstances affecting the course of spherical bodies passing through the atmosphere at various heights, with a view to the practical purpose of giving a more precise direction to round shot discharged from guns of different calibres.

Presenting a striking contrast to the conduct of too many subalterns in the army, who waste in idle dissipation the large portion of leisure time which their situation affords, it was in pursuits of this description that Mr Miller cultivated his highly gifted talents; at once reconciling to them a strict and regular observance of his regimental duties, and making them subservient to his advancement in the profession he had chosen, by a timely qualification for any rank he might ultimately hold in it.

In general society, he was always distinguished for his personal accomplishments and amiable manners; while by his more intimate acquaintance and friends, he was beloved and respected for the strict integrity of his moral and religious principles, for his varied and extensive acquirements, for the unassuming friendliness of his disposition, and a suavity of manner and soberness of judgment rarely to be observed in a man of his age.

His brother-officers feel that, by his premature death, they have lost a sincere and valuable friend. He will long live in their memory, and be cited as an encouraging example to the young men who shall hereafter join the 51st Regiment. And they trust that this assurance of the general respect and esteem in which he was held by the Corps, will be some alleviation of the heavy affliction which has fallen on his father and other surviving relations. —*Corfu*, 1st *Oct.*

6. At Stockbridge, Major William Forrester of Cuimore.

— At Edinburgh, the infant daughter of William Young Herries, Esq. of Spottes.

— In Charlotte Square, Mrs Joanna Baillie, wife of John Horner, Esq.

— At Hillhousefield, David, son of Mr Robert Bayne, merchant, Leith.

7 At his house, Argyll Place, Glasgow, Mr Alexander Campbell, manufacturer, aged 44.

— At Addingston, Jessie, eldest daughter of John Simpson, Esq. of Blainslie.

8. At Forgan, Fifeshire, Mr William Innes, parochial schoolmaster, in his 76th year.

— At Greenock, William Fullarton, Esq.

9. At Greenock, David, eldest son of Mr George Kerr, merchant.

— At Glasgow, Captain Duncan Stewart, aged 74, late of the 79th regiment.

— At his house, Young Street, Charlotte Square, Mr William Lamb, upholsterer, in the 84th year of his age.

10. At Jedburgh, Lieut William Aitkin, of the 3d veteran battalion.

11. At his seat, in Gloucestershire, of water on the brain, David Ricardo, Esq. M. P. for Portarlington. Mr Ricardo has long been considered one of the ablest political economists of the day, and his speeches on all subjects of a commercial and financial nature, were always listened to with great attention in the House of Commons. He has published several pamphlets on those subjects; and to him the country is indebted for the original plan by which the resumption of cash payments by the Bank of England was effected without inconvenience or danger. Mr Ricardo had amassed considerable wealth on the Stock Exchange. He has left a widow, and a large and amiable family. His death will be much regretted as a public man, and still more by those who knew him in private.

11. At the house of his uncle, Robert Stodart, Esq. Queen Street, Edinburgh, James Stodart, Esq. of Russel Square, London, F.R.S.L.

12. At his house, Gayfield Place, Mr Alexander Hutchison.

13. At Fortrose, R. M'Kenzie, Esq. of Flowerburn, convener of the county of Ross.

— At Edinburgh, Dr John Smith, physician, in the 39th year of his age.

— At Bath, Mr Henry Rayner, a pupil in the Bath City Infirmary and Dispensary. His death was occasioned by the absorption of matter through a wound in his finger, when assisting in the dissection of a diseased body.

14. At Edinburgh, Alexander Skene, Esq. Captain of his Majesty's ship, Britannia.

15. At Ayr, Mrs Smith, of Drongan.

15. At Kinneswood, the Rev. John Dun, many years minister of the gospel, Maryport, Cumberland.

16. In Dublin, the Hon. George Finch, brother to the Earl of Aveaford.

17. By an accident while shooting in his own grounds, Samuel Fenton, Esq. of Underbank, near Penistone. While in the act of scaling a wall, with a gun in his hand, in an incautious manner, the piece discharged its contents, thereby inflicting a wound, which caused his immediate death.

— At his house in Portobello, Alexander Laing, Esq. architect.

— At Luthrie, in her 79th year, Mrs Euphemia Hamilton of Luthrie, widow of Colonel Alexander Baillie, inspector-General of Barracks, N. B.

18. At his house, Argyll-Square, Thos. Campbell, Esq. late assistant surveyor-general of taxes.

19. At Edinburgh, Lieut. James Doig, late of the 57th regiment.

19. At Cork Barracks, Lieut. John Alexander Maxwell, of the 26th Regt. of Foot, third son of the late Major Hamilton Maxwell of Ardwell.

20. At Meadside, Mrs M'Laren, relict of the Rev. John M'Laren.

21. At Morriston, near Elgin, Major Lewis Carmichael, R. A.

22. At Kinloch, Helen, third daughter of Geo. Kinloch of Kinloch, Esq.

22. At Kirkton of Glenbucket, Christian Benton, in her 110th year.

23. At Kilwinning, Mr John Burns, of Reidstone, in the 83d year of his age.

— At Morningside, Eugene, P.L.J. son of Alex. Falconer, Esq. of Falcon-Hall.

— In Salisbury-Street, Mr William Innes, hatter, South-Bridge.

25. At her house in Hope-Street, Miss Farquhar, daughter of the late Mr James Farquhar, merchant in Edinburgh.

— At No. 5, Minto-Street, Newington, Mrs Janet Balleny, wife of Mr J. Howden.

— At Leith, Ann, fourth daughter of Mr W. Mowbray.

25. At Elsinore. Mr William Gowan, merchant in Leith.

-- At 11, Gilmore Place, David Robertson, Esq.

26. Mrs Smith, relict of Donald Smith, Esq. banker, Edinburgh.

— In James's Square, Catherine Maccallum, wife of John Meikle John, Esq. W.S.

— At Balblair Cottage, Aird, Mrs Fraser of Culbockie.

— At Ecton, Northamptonshire, Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. and Rev. P. Mead, and daughter of the late Right Rev. Dr Percy, Bishop of Dromore.

27. At Fernie Hill, near Edinburgh, Robert Marshall, Esq. W. S.

— At Greenock, Alexander May, Esq. postmaster, in the 71st year of his age.

— George Gordon, Esq. of Hallhead.

28. David, eldest son of Mr William Tennant, North Charlotte Street.

28. At Ayr, Allan Dunn, Esq. surgeon, royal Ayrshire militia.

29. At Bank-House, Rear-Admiral Sir William Ogilvy, Bart. of Inverquharity.

— At Liverpool, Margaret, third daughter of Walter Grindlay, Esq. shipowner, Borrowstounness.

— At Edinburgh, Mr David Christie, of the firm of Gibson, Christie, and Wardlaw, North St Andrew's Street.

29. At Lyons, France, Mr John Honyman, merchant in London, sixth son of the late Patrick Honyman, Esq. of Graemsay.

— At Dunfermline, Mr Robert Johnston.

— At Livilands, the Rev. James Bain, LL.D. of Livilands.

— At Montrose, Mr George Beattie, writer.

— At Borcham, Sussex, Col. John Carnegie, brother of the late Sir David Carnegie of Southesk, Bart.

30. At New Saughton, James Watson, Esq. of Saughton.

31. Charles Grant, Esq. one of the Directors of the East India Company.

Lately. On her passage from India, Jane, eldest daughter of James Burns, Esq. youngest son of the Ayrshire Poet.

— At Henfield, Sussex, Martha Louisa, wife of Edward Ollerenshaw, Esq. daughter of the deceased Lieut.-Colonel Francis Robson, Hon. East India Company's service, and formerly wife of the late Captain Little, 92d regiment of foot.

— In Portland Place, London, the Dowager Lady Templeton.

— At his seat, Willesley Hall, Derbyshire, General Sir Charles Hastings, Bart. G. C. B. late Colonel of the 12th regiment of foot, &c.

— At Grenada, in his 43d year, A. F. Webster, Esq. His corpse weighed 555 pounds, or within five pounds of 40 stone.

— At Teddington, Middlesex, Mr Sergeant Marshall. A fortnight previous to his death, he presided at the Chester Assizes.

— At St Petersburgh, the Abbe Lemeny, who taught Buonaparte mathematics in the school of Brienne.

Oct. 1. At the Manse of Barrie, the Rev. David Sim, in the 70th year of his age, and 48th of his ministry.

— Eliza Ann, infant daughter of James Simpson, Esq. advocate.

— General Dussaux, aged 75.

2. At his house, Charlotte Square, Colonel Robert Wright, Royal Artillery.

— At Doon Foot Mill, Mr David Watt, miller, in the 68th year of his age. He was school-fellow with the celebrated Robert Burns, and was the last person baptised in Alloway Kirk.

— At James's Place, Leith Links, Mrs Newbigging, wife of Mr Thomas Newbigging, wine-merchant.

3. At Musselburgh, James Inglis, Esq. late of Kingston, Jamaica.

— At Charlesfield, Mary, fifth daughter of Thomas Farquharson, Esq.

— At Aberdeen, Mr George Wilson, only son of the Rev. Mr Wilson, Farnell.

— At Rassay House, James Macleod, Esq. of Rassay.

4. At Auchlochan, Mrs Brown, relict of James Brown, Esq. of Auchlochan.

— At Ingestre, Staffordshire, in the 23d year of her age, Frances Charlotte, Countess of Dartmouth.

— At Letham Cottage, Fifeshire, Lieut. William Duguid, of the Marines.

6. At Aberdeen, John Orrok, Esq. of Orrok.

— At Crossflatts, near Linlithgow, Alexander Learmonth, Esq. of Crossflats.

— In his son's house, Great King Street, John Horne, Esq. of Stirkoke.

— At Sanquhar, Mr Edward Whigham, for several years Provost of that burgh, aged 74.

— At Greenock, Mr James Duncan, merchant.

8. At Mosleyhill, William Ewart, Esq. merchant, Liverppol.

— At Aberdeen, John Chambers Hunter of Auchires.

— At his seat, in Dorset, the Right Hon. Nathaniel Bond, one of his Majesty's Privy Council, and a Bencher of the Inner Temple.

9. At Newington, Mrs Jean Vernor, wife of James Skinner, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

— At Mayfield, Louisa Cameron, eldest daughter of Patrick Robertson, Esq. Advocate.

— At Ratho, Mrs Curtis, relict of Mr Charles Curtis, surgeon, Edinburgh.

12. Here, Mrs Douglas, relict of the late Geo. Douglas, minister of Tain.

— At St Andrews, Mrs Balfour.

13. After three days' illness, at Harewood-house, aged 20, the Hon. Frederick Lascelles, sixth son of the Earl and Countess of Harewood.

— At his house, at Bungay, Suffolk, Major-General Kelso.

16. At Oxenford Castle, Harriet, Lady Hamilton Dalrymple, wife of Lieut.-General Sir John Hamilton, Bart.

— At Denbolg, Fifeshire, General Nesbit Balfour, Colonel of the 39th Foot.

17. At Craigie Manse, James, eldest son of the Rev. Dr Stirling.

— At Warriston Crescent, Edinburgh, John Mitchell, Esq. late Consul-General in Norway.

— At Glasgow, in the 80th year of his age, the Rev. Alex. Jamieson, of the Scottish Episcopal Chapel.

18. At Gifford, East Lothian, Mr James Martin Wright, late Commander of the ship Cornwall, of Liverpool.

— At Parkhill, near Dalry, Ayrshire, Miss Sarah Hamilton, daughter of the late William Hamilton, Esq. of Craighlaw.

— At Dundee, Mrs Guild, relict of John Guild, Esq. merchant there, aged 77 years.

— At Candia, Stirlingshire, in the 74th year of his age, Matthew Ross, Esq. Dean of the Faculty of Advocates.

19. At Glasgow, Eneas Morrison, Esq.

20. At Seatown, near Arbroath, Thomas Renny Strachan, Esq. of Tarrie.

— At Callander, John Campbell Macfarlane, son to Captain Macfarlane, half-pay 91st Regt.

21. The Earl of Bridgewater, in the 71st year of his age. He gave employment to every labourer in his neighbourhood who was disposed to work; and thus dispensed charity with an unsparing hand, in the best of all modes of administering it, by promoting industry. For the employment and improvement of the poor and parish of Ashridge, Herts, he left 6000L per annum for ever.

— In Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Brotherston, aged 66.

Lately, At Bath, Jamaica, Alex. Mill, Esq. of Castle Gordon.

— At Cork, Peter Kelly, Esq. M. D. surgeon, R. N. Oculist to the Cork Eye Dispensary, and late physician to the Fever Hospital, New Market, county of Cork.

— At Priory Cottage, St Andrews, Charles Macarthy Moodie, the infant son of Lieut.-Colonel Robert Moodie.

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THE CHANCELLOR AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.*

In this Magazine a great deal has already been said, touching the attacks to which the Chancellor has been subjected in consequence of the procedure adopted by him in regard to certain recent works of a supposed immoral and libellous tendency. So far as the general sense and reason of the matter were concerned, we believe the remarks (of Mr Tickler) on the article in the Edinburgh Review for May last, were accepted as sufficiently conclusive. The writer of those remarks, however, excused himself from pursuing the case into many of its more technical minutiæ, on the ground of his want of skill in the actual authorities of the English courts. An English lawyer of very competent talent and acquirement has stepped forth to fill up the blank thus left; and while it cannot but excite some surprize to find how closely Mr T's views, derived from the exercise of common sense, are identified with those to which this author's professional studies have led, and which the expressed results of those studies establish on an immoveable and unquestionable foundation, a lesson of some importance is at the same time given to all those who have with less modesty, less sagacity, and at least as little positive knowledge as our friend —set themselves to the consideration of this very delicate matter—and more especially to the author of the above-mentioned article in the Edinburgh Review, (Mr Henry Brougham?)

As "pamphlets never circulate," we may do a service to this new author by quoting from his production some of those passages, which we think more particularly entitled to the praise of distinct and conclusive argument, embodied in clear and temperate language. We shall suppose our reader to have the Edinburgh Reviewer's article, and that of Mr T. before him on his table, and proceed at once to what, if these writings have been understood, can require no farther preface here.

And first—see how triumphantly our friend's argument, in column second of page 214 of this Magazine for August last, is established by this English lawyer at the very outset of his Tract.

"The first remedy which the proprietor of a work has, against one who pirates it, is by action at law; a remedy which is not, as the reviewer supposes, without its use, such actions being, in fact, often brought. It is, however, in many cases extremely imperfect. The Court of Chancery has therefore assumed jurisdiction, to lend its more extensive powers to the

* Observations on the Practice of the Court of Chancery, in cases relating to Libellous and Immoral Publications; with Remarks on an Article in the Edinburgh Review for May, 1823. London: Joseph Butterworth and Son, 43, Fleet-Street. 1823.

See also Tickler's Letter on the Edinburgh Review in Blackwood, No. LXXIX., and his Letter on the Quarterly Review in No. LIII. (July, 1822.)

protection of *the right which the law has given*, by issuing an injunction to restrain the publication. This is one of those instances in which the Court of Chancery interferes, *not upon any of the peculiar doctrines of equity*, but for the purpose of *giving effect to a legal right;* upon the ground that such a right exists, but that the law does not furnish it with an adequate remedy. Hence the party calling for the exercise of this branch of jurisdiction in his favour, must first prove the existence of the legal right, for which he desires protection. If he fail in this proof, the Court cannot act; if the proof be defective, he must supply what is wanting; if in attempting to establish his right, he only makes out a case involved in doubt, he must clear away those doubts before he can entitle himself to relief. Now there can be no copyright in a work of pernicious tendency; the author or publisher cannot maintain an action upon it. If, therefore, the work is found to be of this description, an injunction cannot be granted; if, upon inspection, it does not appear clear that its character is innocent, it follows that it is doubtful whether the author or publisher has any legal right; and while this continues doubtful, the Court of Chancery will not interfere in his favour; it will not give him the benefit of the right which he claims, until it is shewn that he possesses it.

"This principle, familiarly expressed by saying that a man shall not take advantage of his own wrong, or that one who seeks relief must come into Court with clean hands, is most commonly exemplified in cases arising out of contracts, the subject-matter of which is illegal or immoral; it holds equally with regard to a claim founded upon the publication of a libel, or upon any other breach of the law. The law which forbids the act cannot consistently recognize it as conferring any civil right; and it wisely judges that as it can only prevent crime by visiting it with punishment, and by taking away temptation, one of the most effective modes of keeping men within the line of duty, is to prevent them from reaping the advantages which they expect to derive from their offences. It therefore refuses to execute agreements that are prohibited; and declines to assist an author in the perception of the 'unhallowed profits' which he promised himself, from libelling his neighbour, or from disseminating immorality or sedition. If it cannot crush the trade of those who speculate in vice and crime, it divests it of its chief attractions, by rendering it hazardous and unprofitable.

"It is true, that in the consideration of cases of this sort, the mind may be embarrassed, by seeing that the defendant, himself one of the offending parties, is permitted to urge a defence founded on his own misdeeds, and to exonerate himself from one charge, by shewing that he is liable to another. The reviewer has adopted this objection, talks of the defendant being estopped from this line of argument, and alludes to the maxim, that a man shall not take advantage of his own wrong, as if he supposed it to forbid such a defence.(1) *But nothing can be a more complete perversion of this maxim, than to apply it to one who insists upon the criminality of the act, not as conferring any right upon himself*, but as TAKING AWAY THE RIGHT OF THE COMPLAINING PARTY. When the courts refuse to relieve the plaintiff on the ground of the impure origin of his alleged right, *it is not out of any favour to the defendant; it is not because he has* ANY *right, but because the plaintiff has* NONE. When the plaintiff's title is found defective, the action necessarily falls to the ground. No farther inquiry as to either party is called for. It is not necessary to enter upon an investigation of the different gradations of their guilt. Whatever the conduct of the defendant may have been, if the plaintiff has no right to complain of it as an injury to him, a Court which has only cognizance of civil injuries must stay its hand. Both parties may be liable in another court, and in another form of proceeding, to the punishment due to the offence of which they are jointly guilty; but if it appear that the defendant, however criminal, has done no wrong towards the plaintiff, that the plaintiff had no right to be invaded, and no property to be injured, the only question which the Court is then competent to consider is disposed of. It matters not, therefore, whether the objection is raised by the Court or by the defendant himself. From whatever quarter it comes, when it is made apparent, it must prevail. The defendant is of course to exercise his own discretion in his defence, and though he cannot be compelled to criminate himself, yet there is no law to prevent him from taking whatever liberties he pleases with his own character. The probability is, that he does himself no injustice; and if he be indifferent to

(1) Page 303.

infamy, he cannot be restrained from an avowal, which, while it frees him from the plaintiff's claim, aggravates the offence which he has committed, furnishes evidence to assist in his prosecution, and insures for him, if convicted, a heavier weight of punishment."

The Edinburgh Reviewer, however, without combatting this doctrine as far as regards actions at law, boldly took his stand on the position that *a doubtful title is enough to entitle a man to crave an injunction in Chancery.* This was a point on which Mr T. could do no more than say, that the Edinburgh Reviewer had merely made an assertion without adducing any proof. But the present writer comes with different armour. In the first place, he says, that if the Edinburgh Reviewer be right, *all* Chancery barristers, and *all* Chancery solicitors, as well as *all* Lord Chancellors, from time immemorial have been wrong in practice;—*all* have been combined in a conspiracy for scourging the claimants before that court, because *all* have held the exactly opposite doctrine. But what is the reason of the thing?

"To consider the principle, upon which injunctions *should be* applied: it is clear, in the first place, that it would be an extremely strong measure to restrain a person from the enjoyment of property, not because it belongs to another, but because another is attempting to make out that it is his. That there should be no right without a remedy, is an acknowledged truth; it is equally fit that there should be no remedy without a right. It lies upon him who complains to prove his title; if he has only half proved it, and thrown uncertainty upon the case, the Court is presented with a choice of difficulties. The defendant may be injured by granting the injunction; the plaintiff by withholding it. When these probabilities are balanced, the grounds upon which the practice of enjoining was introduced no longer apply. *A jurisdiction which has for its object to stop a manifest wrong, ought not to be exercised in a case where it is as likely to commit as to prevent injustice.* This consideration alone would make the Court stand neuter; but there is another of equal weight: *The evil that may arise from refusing an injunction the Court has the power of remedying: the other is without redress.* If a plaintiff, unable to obtain an injunction, succeeds in establishing his claim, the delay is compensated by giving him a remedy against the defendant for the wrong done to him in the interim. But reverse the case: suppose an injunction granted upon a doubtful title; that those doubts turn out to be well founded, and the plaintiff's right is disproved: *no reparation can then be made to the defendant* for having been deprived, perhaps for a long time, of the exercise of his legal rights. It is *the act of the Court by which he has suffered;* and he is therefore without a remedy: *he can recover no damages* for his loss: he can have *no account of the profits which he has been prevented from making.* It is not therefore a matter of surprise that *in a doubtful case* the Court should rather encounter *the risk of permitting a wrong which it* HAS *the power of setting right,* than of committing *an injury which it* CANNOT *redress.* In an early case (2) where the right of the University of Oxford to print bibles for sale was in question, the Lord Keeper Guildford, though his own opinion inclined against them, only directed a trial of the right at law. "And though the plaintiffs pressed much for an injunction, to stay the University printers from going on with the printing bibles, until the trial had settled the right, yet the Lord Keeper refused to grant it, in regard that in case the right should be found with them, they would by such prohibition receive a prejudice, that he could not compensate or make good to them." "A doubtful legal title," said Lord Mansfield, (3) "must be tried at law, before it can be made the ground of an injunction. Injunctions of this kind are rightly and properly refused. IN A DOUBTFUL CASE, IT WOULD BE INIQUITY TO GRANT THEM: *because, if it should come out that the plaintiff has no legal title, the defendant* IS INJURED BY THE INJUNCTION, AND CAN HAVE NO REPARATION."

These principles apply with peculiar and overwhelming power to cases of patents and copyrights, "where the matter in dispute being the privilege of exclusive sale, to restrain others is to *give* the plantiff for the time *all that he is seeking to prove his right to.*" Above all, in regard to a new book, it is evident that to restrain a man from having the benefit of the first popular thirst and curiosity, is often, and always may be, to deprive him of everything. Yet if he has been so deprived in consequence of an injunction, he can have, as Lord Mansfield says expressly, *no reparation.*

(2) Hills *v.* University of Oxford, 1 Vern. 275.

(3) 4 Burr. 2409.

"There is much plausibility in the argument, that, pending the litigation, the property should be preserved for the benefit of both parties. The French system, alluded to by the Reviewer, of impounding the whole impression till the character of the work is determined, in other respects highly objectionable, would, by imposing the same terms on all, accomplish this purpose fairly. But it would be *a singular mode of preserving the property, to tie up the hands of the one party, and allow the other to waste and exhaust it at pleasure; to suffer it to be rendered valueless, and to put the profit into the pockets of him, whose right to it is as doubtful as that of his opponent.*

"It may be said, indeed, that a rule partly originating in consideration for the defendant's interest, ought not to be applied to one, who having pirated a book, alleges it to be of immoral tendency. But it is for the criminal courts to deal with such conduct according to its demerits. *Infamous as the party may be, the civil tribunals have no power to punish* him; they cannot look at the criminality of an act, except when an application for their assistance is founded upon it. *If a man thinks fit to deal in libels, the Court of Chancery is not the Court to interfere with his business, and any approach to a power so dangerous and unconstitutional, cannot be too much deprecated.* If where an injunction has been granted to restrain the sale of a book, it turns out to be libellous, and therefore not the subject of property, the Court of Chancery will have been guilty of an improper encroachment on the authority of other courts; *it will have unjustly inflicted on the defendant, a punishment in addition to that provided by the law; and it will with equal injustice have rewarded the plaintiff for the offence he has committed.*

"To revert to the general proposition, that a doubtful legal right is not sufficient to entitle a plaintiff to an injunction; it will be useful to notice a few of the authorities bearing upon it, which have escaped the search of the reviewer. He would have found it laid down in express terms, in the first book usually put into the hands of a student of the practice of courts of equity. (4) The cases decided upon this ground are numberless. In two upon patents granted by the Crown, (5) the validity of which was questioned, Lord Keeper Guildford declined enjoining, till they had been tried at law: he could not, he said, 'grant an injunction in any case but where a man has a plain right to be quieted in it.' (6) The rule of requiring a legal right to be made clear by a trial at law, before granting an injunction upon it, was frequently acted on in the time of Lord Hardwick. (7) In a doubtful case, (8) between two patentees, Lord Northington refused to interfere by injunction. In two cases, (9) in which the question of the existence of a perpetual copyright was discussed, he refused to enjoin till after trial, stating that the point was of too much difficulty and consequence to be decided without the opinion of the judges. He pursued the same course in the great case of Millar *v.* Taylor: (10) after the decision of the Court of King's Bench, the injunction was granted. (11) Lord Thurlow, with characteristic vigour of expression, has thus laid down the rule: 'The power the Court exercises to grant injunctions is great, and therefore it is cautious how it exercises so large a power; and I will follow my predecessors. I will not say that the Court will not grant an injunction upon particular circumstances, but I am far from thinking, that when a right is doubtful, the Court will grant an injunction. This case arises upon the construction of an Act of Parliament, which is doubtful, whether the defendants have a right to make a cut or not; yet as it is not clear the defendants have not exercised the power given by the Act, I will not interfere. Therefore take nothing by the motion.' (12)—The decisions of the present Lord Chancellor might perhaps be excepted to by the Reviewer, but they will at least shew that he is mistaken in supposing his Lordship to be an authority against himself. In refusing an injunction in a case which occurred in the

(4) "Where the title is doubtful, or disputed, as between devisee and heir at law, or otherwise, an injunction will not be granted." Maddock's Chancery-Practice, vol. i, p. 138, 2d edition.

(5) Anon. 1 Vern. 120. East India Company *v.* Sandys, ibid, 127.

(6) 1. Vern. 120. (7) Whitchurch *v.* Hide, 2 Atk. 391. Lord Tenham *v.* Herbert, ibid. 483. Anon. 2 Ves. sen. 414.

(8) Baskett *v.* Cunningham, 2 Eden, 137.

(9) Osborne *v.* Donaldson. Millar *v.* Donaldson, 2 Eden, 327.

(10) Reg. Lib. B. 1765, folio 325. (11) See 4 Bur. 2408.

(12) Field *v.* Jackson, 2 Dick, 599.

first year after his elevation to the seals, Lord Eldon said, 'The Court ought not to grant an injunction unless there is positive evidence of actual title.' (13) In the first case (14) in which the subject of the copyright of libellous publications came under his consideration, another question was also raised, depending on the legal effect of an agreement, and in perfect conformity with the usual principle, the injunction was refused till that point should be tried at law. In cases of trespass, to which, in modern times, the remedy of injunction has been extended, the rule of requiring a clear legal title is even more strictly observed. 'The Court,' says the Lord Chancellor, 'has certainly proceeded to extend injunctions to trespass, but I do not recollect it ever granted on that head, where the fact of the plaintiff's title to the property on which waste was committed, was disputed by the answer.' (15) Thus where the title to land, depending on the validity of a will, is disputed between the heir and devisee, an injunction to restrain the party in possession, insisting on his right, from cutting timber, will not be granted. (16) The implicit deference of an Edinburgh Reviewer is due to the authority of Lord Erskine. His Lordship's view of the nature of the title, which justifies an injunction, may be collected from the case of Gurney *v.* Longman, (17) where the defendant was restrained from publishing the trial of Lord Melville, the House of Lords having conferred the privilege of printing it upon the plaintiff. He would not, he said, have granted the injunction, unless he had had a strong impression, that he should continue of the same opinion. 'In this case,' he proceeded, 'if there had been no direct precedent, I should not have granted the injunction, notwithstanding the strong practice of the House of Lords, without taking the opinion of a Court of Law; according to the authorities upon which I insisted in the case of Bruce *v.* Bruce, that the Lord Chancellor ought not, unless a clear legal title is established, to grant an injunction.'" (18)

What follows, however, in regard to *patents*, is still more deserving of the closest attention. Our friend Mr T. asked "if they could shew any protection of a patent poison?" This shrewd guess is turned into something very different from a guess, by the passage we are about to quote, in reference to the *fiat* of the law officers of the crown, &c. In treating of the differences which exist between the cases of a patent and the copyright, he thus expresses himself:—

"They differ in this, that a patent must receive the *fiat* of the law officers of the crown, *whose duty it is to reject it if improper*, and that it is open to any one, entering a caveat, to contest the grant before it passes the great seal. These previous sanctions, though far from being conclusive, afford some presumption in favour of its validity, and perhaps may have had some influence, together with the respect always paid to usage and long possession, in establishing the practice, by which, when there has been for a considerable time, exclusive enjoyment on the part of a patentee, the Court of Chancery, though the legal validity of his patent may be doubtful, continues his possession, by granting an injunction pending the litigation. This is done only when there has been what the Lord Chancellor terms, '*a reasonably long and undisputed possession under colour of the patent*;' 'an exclusive possession of some duration.' In such cases, it is thought less hazardous to extend for a short time longer, the exclusive enjoyment which the defendants have acquiesced in, than to allow it at once to be put an end to, when it may turn out to have been well founded.

"The want of strict analogy between the possession of a corporeal subject, and that of an exclusive privilege, and the difficulty of fixing with precision what length of enjoyment shall be deemed sufficient, have led to doubts as to the propriety of this practice. (19) But whether well founded or not, it is limited to those patents under which there has been a continued enjoyment. *With recent patents, unconfirmed by time,* THE PRACTICE IS THE REVERSE. 'When the patent,' says the Lord Chancellor, 'is but of yesterday, and upon an application being made for an injunction, it is endeavoured to be shewn in opposition to it, that there is no good specification, or otherwise that the patent ought not to have been granted, the Court will not, from its own notions respecting the matter in dispute,

(13) Davies *v.* Leo, 6 Ves. 787.
(14) Walcott *v.* Walker, 7 Ves. 1. (15) 19 Ves. 147.
(16) 19 Ves. 155. Smith *v.* Collyer, 8 Ves. 89. See Hanson *v.* Gardiner, 7 Ves. 305.
(17) 13 Ves. 493. (18) 13 Ves. 507.
(19) See Evans's Collection of Statutes, vol. ii. p. 9.

act upon the presumed validity or invalidity of the patent, without the right having been ascertained by a previous trial; but will send the patentee to law, and oblige him to establish the validity of his patent in a court of law, before it will give him the benefit of an injunction.' (20)—Whenever a case shall arise, depending on the doubtful tendency of a work, after a long exclusive enjoyment of the copyright by the author, the Court will be called on to consider whether the exception, in the case of patents, to the usual rule, extends also to literary productions. In the meantime, it is obvious that it could not in any way be applied to the recent cases on copyright, in which the pirate has followed the publisher so closely, that the exclusive possession has scarcely existed at all. In the last instance of the kind (Don Juan, Cantos 6, 7, and 8), so rapid was the printing, that the appearance of the original and spurious editions was almost contemporaneous, and the injunction was applied for within a very few days after the first publication. A rule, founded on long possession, has but little connection with such cases. What resemblance do they bear to the case of Bolton and Watt's patent, exclusively enjoyed for twenty-three years, and sanctioned by an act of parliament extending the term?"

The Edinburgh Reviewer could not but be struck with the similarity of procedure in regard to new books and recent patents: but he endeavoured to meet the difficulty by telling us, that

"In a case of a new patent, where an injunction was refused, 'Lord Eldon in the interim, held the defendant to an account of every shilling which he had drawn from the alleged violation of that which eventually proved to be no right at all;' and a little further, he adds, 'We have no hint, therefore, in this analogous case, of leaving property to the jeopardy of a doubt.' Now, certainly, if this holding to account were, as from the language employed the reader might suppose, some process by which the defendant was to render an account of his profits, pay them over, or deposit them in court, it might justify the reviewer in attaching importance to it. But when it is known that it is only an order to the defendant to do that, which of course he does without being ordered,—to keep an account of his dealings in his own books, without giving any one even a right to inspect them,—it becomes ludicrous to hear it spoken of, as if it gave some substantial security against the jeopardy of doubts, and as if it bore any comparison, in point of efficacy, to an injunction. It leaves it open to the other party to persist in the invasion of the supposed right, and gives no security for ultimate reimbursement. The defendant, in the event of the plaintiff's succeeding, would always be compelled to exhibit his accounts, for the purpose of estimating the profits which he has made; and the only possible utility of this order is, that it prevents him in that case from setting up the absurd pretence of his having kept no accounts. It is in fact the mere shadow of a remedy; and if a plaintiff, failing in an application for an injunction, thinks it worth while to ask for such a direction to the defendant, it is only because it indicates that the Court does not wholly renounce jurisdiction in the case, and thinks it possible that he may succeed. In the last of the cases now under discussion, a direction for the defendant to keep an account formed part of the Vice-Chancellor's order dissolving the injunction. If desired by the plaintiff, it would of course be always granted, unless the opinion of the Court was very strongly and decidedly against him."

It is painful to omit the elaborate argument, by which all that the Reviewer had done in anything like the shape of quoting positive authorities in his own favour, is for ever demolished, (vide p. 19—29 *inclus.*) But we must, as much as possible, confine ourselves to what unprofessional readers will understand, and so come we at once to the case of theatrical injunctions.

"Nor are the cases upon the question, whether theatrical representation be an infringement of copyright, at all more favourable to the reviewer. When the point was looked upon as clear, injunctions were granted: when it was found to be doubtful, they ceased. It appeared so reasonable that the author alone should enjoy this mode of deriving profit from his work, that no doubt appears to have suggested itself at first, as to the legality of the prevailing usage and understanding: the injunctions were accordingly granted. But when in the case of Murray v. Elliston, the point was raised and argued by the defendant's counsel, and it was made apparent that the right was far from clear, the result was, that the Lord Chan-

(20) 3 Mer. 624.

cellor referred it to a court of law: in the meantime he dissolved the injunction; and Marino Faliero continued on the stage, and terminated its theatrical career before the decision of the Court of King's Bench (21) had pronounced its representation to be lawful. The history of this question is another illustration of the rule, that a doubtful right will not support an injunction."

The arguments which this writer uses, in regard to the alledged actual protection of libellous and immoral writers in former times, have been almost all anticipated by Mr T.'s letter in our August Number. We must, however, make room for these few excellent sentences.

"It has never been intimated, that if the general design and tendency of a book be harmless, it is to be deprived of the rights of property by a few slight trespasses on decorum, by an occasional levity or coarseness of expression, or by trifling sallies of ill humour. (22) The writings of Pope, Swift, and Gay, which are mentioned, are certainly liable to such charges; but they could not be accused of making it their peculiar object to propagate irreligion, to teach men to dispute the goodness of their Creator, or to undermine morality by destroying the expectations of a state of retribution; nor could it be said that they were written in a tone of determined profligacy, studiously inculcating licentiousness, and laughing away every virtuous and honourable sentiment. It is besides to be considered, that the temper and taste of the age of Pope and Swift differed widely on these points from that which now prevails. The reviewer has well observed, that some of their works are such as no person with the least pretension to character would at present avow; and the remark might be extended to many others of the most admired writings of the former part of the last century. The editors of Pope have been greatly censured in the present age, for admitting some of these pieces to a place in their collections. Much that was then reckoned the mere playfulness of an elegant wit, would now be denounced as offensive to decency; and, in the same way, what was then the common style of controversy and of satire, would now be justly condemned as gross scurrility. It must be admitted and lamented, that indecency and personal abuse are not extinct amongst our writers; but such publications are now differently received; though read, they are universally reprobated; they never appear as the productions of any respectable author; and even the publisher has been known to decline placing his name in the title-page. Yet, formerly, men of talent and reputation did not blush to avow such works, and apparently without any diminution of their estimation in society. This altered *state of feeling* carries with it a variation in the *practical effect* of the law of libel. The question of what is so far prejudicial to public morals or private character, as to deserve punishment, being one *not capable of a determination* by technical rules, and being therefore left in general to the *discretion of a jury, the decision of it must be mainly influenced by the habits and sentiments of the age.* If, therefore, it were true, that any of the works referred to, as having received protection, could now be justly deemed obnoxious to the law, it would still be quite natural that a different view should formerly have been taken of them."

This brings us directly to the conclusion which Mr T.'s sagacity leapt to. It is not the Chancellor's fault, if publishers, by craving injunctions to protect their books, instead of instituting prosecutions in the law courts, voluntarily make him their jury: and he, acting at their prayer as their jury, must act like a jury; that is, somewhat under the influence of the feelings of the age to which he belongs;—he must embody in his particular decision the general decisions of living intellect—that intellect of which, in the present instance, he himself happens to be one of the most distinguished ornaments.

It is probable, that the author of this very valuable tract may think we have made rather too free with his pages. To say truth, could we have been permitted personal access to him,

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(21) 5 Barn. & Ald. 657.

(22) Thus, in one case, (Hime *v.* Dale, 2 Campb. 27. n.) an objection was raised to the tendency of a humorous song, containing these lines:

> 'Though Justice, 'tis known,
> Can see through a mill-stone,
> She can't see through Abraham Newland.'

This was said to be a reflection on the administration of justice, but the argument did not prevail. The Court did not think of applying the law of libel to a mere harmless jest. It was compared to the Beggar's Opera, one of the works alluded to above.

we should have asked his leave to reprint the whole of them without mutilation or comment,—and as it is, he must just be contented with this apology; that we were anxious to place what he has done under the eyes of many who could have no chance of seeing the pamphlet itself. We feel in the lofty character, and universal estimation, of the present Chancellor, all the interest which reverence can inspire: and—seeing him thoroughly, and effectually, and unanswerably, vindicated from a long sequence of elaborate calumnies, the object of which was to attack not merely the judge and the minister, but the honest man and the enlightened gentleman—we thought it our duty to enable all our readers, and more especially those who reside at a great distance from the only mart of pamphlets, to partake our gratification and our triumph.

For the rest, we should hope that the present publication may be received as a salutary warning by Mr Brougham himself, and by certain minor spirits, who, without anything of Mr Brougham's talents, are so fond of aping Mr Brougham's insolence.

As for the editor of the Edinburgh Review, the next time he admits an attack, openly stigmatizing the *Conduct*, and casting out suspicious hints, (to say the least of it,) as to the MOTIVES of the Chancellor, he ought to remember, that he subjects his London publisher to the risk of a punishment very different from that of a refused injunction. And the sovereign scorn or indifference with which the Chancellor has refrained, on all similar occasions, from exercising the severe power, both coercive and punitory, which the law really has placed in his hands, for the enforcement of the respect due to that high tribunal, ought certainly to make all those blush who have insinuated against him, like this rash, and ignorant, and malevolent reviewer, the charges, most alien to his nature, of political vindictiveness and judicial intolerance.

We shall conclude with one more quotation. The same things have in effect been said before often enough; but they are things that cannot be said too often, nor considered too seriously—and they never will be said better than by our author.

"In an artificial state of society, a large demand for vicious excitement will always exist, and there will always be found persons willing, for an adequate remuneration, to employ themselves in supplying, exciting, and propagating, this depraved appetite. By taking away the prospect of gain, they are diverted to some more honourable course. It is impossible to say to what extent this may already have operated. It is often seen, that the appearance of an highly successful work, by stimulating crowds of imitators, gives a new direction to the literature of the day. If such had been the consequence of some of the publications, to which the principle in question has lately been applied, it is certain that public morals and taste would have experienced a serious shock. We see the application of the law to those individual works, but we cannot know how many aspirants after the rewards and distinctions of literature, would, if the law had not deterred them, have adopted the same tone, and echoed the same sentiments, varying only the style and form, so as to adapt their writings to the tastes and capacities of every class. The more adventurous would probably have struck out some new, and yet unknown line of licentious composition; they, in their turn, would have had their followers and imitators, and no one can say how far the extension of profligacy might have attested the success of their labours.

"The loss which may possibly be suffered by the author of a work, not of a criminal nature, is another popular ground of objection to the law on this subject. If it be meant by those who adopt it, that this law may be erroneously applied to productions which are clearly harmless, it can only be said that such objections apply equally to all human laws, for they are all open to maladministration. When such instances occur, the judge, and not the law, is in fault. But if it be said, that when a work, really within the rule,—a work, the propriety and innocence of which are by no means clear, may eventually be found capable of supporting an action, and that the author may then have been injured by the denial of an injunction in the meantime, the answer is, that while his case was uncertain, he had no right to such relief. *The extent of his suffering is, that he must have recourse to an action, the only remedy which the law gives for the generality of wrongs. His success in that proceeding will of course be followed by ample damages, measured, not merely by the loss he has suffered, but by the indignation naturally excited by the defendant's conduct.* It is true, that the latter may, perhaps, be unable to pay; and this is the only contin-

gency by which, in such cases, the author can ultimately be a loser. It is, however, a misfortune not peculiar to his case. Every one is liable to be injured by persons incapable of making compensation. *Poverty and insolvency are evils which it is not in the power of the law to cure.*

"It is satisfactory that there is no reason for supposing any loss of this kind to have been sustained in the cases which have hitherto occurred. In the two first of them, the plaintiffs have themselves acquiesced in the decision. They have not thought fit to have recourse to actions, either with a view to damages, to secure the future sale, or to relieve their feelings from the wounds which the doubts of the Lord Chancellor are said to inflict in cases of this sort: No appeal has been made from his judgments to a jury. The third case has only lately occurred, and, as some further proceedings may perhaps be taken, we shall suppress the reflections it suggests. In the instances in which the piracy has been quietly submitted to, the parties who have not thought their cases fit to be laid before a Chancellor or a jury, can scarcely complain of the law having been improperly applied against them.

"But, granting that some loss should occasionally be thus incurred, it is one, the danger of which has been voluntarily encountered, and which will seldom fall on persons peculiarly deserving of sympathy. When Wilkes was asked by a foreigner, how far the law of England would permit libel and sedition to be carried, he is said to have replied that he did not yet know, but that he was trying to ascertain it experimentally. *The same spirit still actuates some; they make it their business to achieve all the mischiefs of which the press can be made the instrument, while studying to evade the punishment due to their intentions.* Such persons may now and then experience from this rule a short interruption of their profits, but it can scarcely be thought desirable that OUR LAWS should be *altered* to suit THEIR VIEWS, and to give increased encouragement to THEIR PURSUITS."

We have no notion who the author of this admirable tract is; but we can scarcely suppose that the talents he has displayed, leave a wide field for speculation as to this, among the professional circles of London.

PANACEAS FOR POVERTY.

"I like not the humour of bread and cheese."

SHAKESPEARE.

FROM the days of Job, downwards, COMFORTERS (to me) have always seemed the most impertinent set of people upon earth. For you may see, nine times in ten, that they actually gratify themselves in what they call "consoling" their neighbours; and go away in an improved satisfaction with their own condition, after philosophizing for an hour and a half upon the disadvantages of yours.

There are several different families of these benevolent characters abroad; and each set rubs sore places in a manner peculiar to itself.

First and foremost, there are those who go, in detail, through the history of your calamity, shewing (as the case may be) either how completely you have been outwitted, or how exceedingly ill or absurdly you have conducted yourself—and so leave you with "their good wishes," and an invitation to "come and dine, when your troubles are over."

Next, there are those, a set, I think, still more intolerable, who press the necessity of your resolving immediately upon "something;" and forthwith declare in favour of that particular measure, which, of all the *pis allers* of your estate, is the most perfectly detestable.

Thirdly come the "whoreson caterpillars," who are what people call "well to do" in the world; and especially those who have become so (as they believe) by their own good conduct. These are very particularly vile dogs indeed! I recollect one such—(he was an opulent cheese-monger,) who had been porter in the same shop which he afterwards kept, and had come to town, as he used to boast, without cash enough to buy a night's lodging on his arrival.

This man had neither love nor pity for any human being. He met every complaint of distress with a history of his own fortunes. No living creature, as he took it, could reasonably be poor, so long as there were birch brooms or watering-pots in the world. He would tell those who asked for

work, that "idleness was the root of all evil;" prove to people "that a penny was the seed of a guinea," who were without a farthing in the world; and argue all day, with a man who had nothing, to shew that "out of a little, a little might be put by."

Fourthly, and in the rear, march those most provoking ruffians of all, who uphold the prudence of always "putting the best face" (as they term it) upon an affair. And these will cure your broken leg by setting it off against somebody else's hump back, and so soundly demonstrate that you have nothing to complain of; or admit, perhaps, (for the sake of variety) the fact that you are naked; and proceed to devise stratagems how you shall be contented to remain so.

And it is amazing what a number of (mad upon that particular point,) but otherwise reasonable and respectable persons, have amused themselves by proving, that *The Poor* have an enviable condition. The poor "Poor!" They seem really to have been set up as a sort of target for ingenuity to try its hand upon; and, from Papin, the Bone Digester, down to Cobbett, the Bone Grubber,—from Wesley, who made cheap physic, and added to every prescription "a quart of cold water," to Hunt who sells roasted wheat (*vice* coffee) five hundred per cent above its cost—an absolute army of projectors and old women has, from time to time, been popping at them. High among these philosophers, indeed I might almost say at the head of them, stands the author of a tract called, "A Way to save Wealth;" which was published (I think) about the year 1640, to shew how a man might thrive upon an allowance of TWOPENCE per day.

The observations prefatory to the promulgation of this inestimable secret, are worthy of everybody's—that is every poor body's—attention.

First, the writer touches, generally, upon the advantage of "thin, spare diet;"—exposing how all beyond is "mere pitiable luxury;"—enumerating the diseases consequent upon high living; and pointing out the criminal acts and passions to which it leads;—evidently demonstrating, indeed, to the meanest capacity, that no man can possibly eat goose, and go to Heaven.

Shortly after, he takes the question up upon a broader ground; and examines it as one of mere worldly policy, and of mere convenience.—"The man who eats *flesh*, has need of other things (vegetables) to eat with it; but that necessity is not felt by him who eats vegetables *only*."—If Leadenhall market could stand against that, I am mistaken.

The recipes for *cheap dishes* will no doubt (when known,) come into general practice; so they shall be given in the Saver of Wealth's own words.—Here is one—(probably) for a Christmas dinner.

"Take two spoonfuls of oatmeal; put it into two quarts of cold water, then stir it over the fire until it boils, and put in a little salt and an onion. And this," continues our Economist,—"this does not cost above a farthing; and is a *noble, exhilarating* meal!"—For drink, he afterwards recommends *the same dish*, (unboiled;)—and no form of regimen, it must be admitted, can be more simple, or convenient.

Now this man was, certainly, (as the phrase is,) "something like" a projector in his way. And it seems probable that he met with encouragement; for, passing the necessities, he goes on to treat upon the elegancies of life.

Take his recipe for instance, next,—"For dressing (cleaning) a hat."

"Smear a little soap on the places of your hat which are felthy, and rub it with some *hot* water and a *hard* brush. Then *scrape* it with the *back of a knife*, what felth sticks; and it will bring both grease and soap out."—The book of this author is scarce;—I suspect the hatters bought it up to prevent this secret from being known.

Only one more recipe—and really it is one worthy to be written in letters of gold;—worthy to stand beside that never-to-be-forgotten suggestion of Mrs Rundell's—(she who now in the kitchen of the gods roasts!—that "roasts," in a proper sense, not *is roasted*,)—her immortal direction to prevent the creaking of a door,—"Rub a bit of soap on the hinges!"—This it is.

"*To make your teeth white.*"

"Take a little *brick dust* on a towel, and rub them."—The mechanical action, (the reader sees) not the chemical; but potent notwithstanding.

But Mrs Rundell deserves better than to be quoted, in aid, on an occasion like this; nay, merits herself to

take rank, and high rank, among our public benefactors. Marry, I say, that the thing is so, and shall be so: for, even amidst all the press and crowd of her moral and culinary precepts,—even while she stands already, as a man may say, "in double trust,' teaching us good life in one page, and good living in another; here, holding up her ladle against "excessive luxury," such as "Essence of Ham"—(praised be her thick duodecimo, but for which the world had never known that there was such a perfume;) and, presently, pointing out the importance, and weeping over the rarity of such "creature comforts" as strong coffee, and smooth melted butter;—ever and anon, even amid all these complicated interests, the kind lady finds room to edge in a thought or two about the poor.

Pour echantillon,

"The cook should be charged," says Mrs R., "to save the *boiling* of every piece of meat or ham, *however salt;* the pieces of meat which come from the table *on the plates;* and the *bones* made by the family." "What a relief," adds she, "to the labouring husband, to have a *warm, comfortable* meal!"—The rind of a ham, for instance, after Mrs R. had extracted the "Essence?"

And again she goes on.—"Did the cook really enter into this, (the love of her fellow creatures;) she would never wash away as useless the peas, or groats, of which soup, or gruel, *have been* made;—*broken potatoes;*—the *outer* leaves of lettuce;—the *necks* and *feet* of fowls," &c.; "which make a delicious meat soup, *especially for the sick.*"—(Sure, people would be falling sick, on purpose to eat it!)

The sick soup essay concluding with a farther direction to the cook, not to take the *fat* off the broth, "as *the poor like it,* and *are nourished* by it!" and with a calculation which, if we know anything of the mathematics, might make Demoivre himself look to his laurels;—"*Ten* gallons of this soup," concludes Mrs R., "from *ten* houses, would be *a hundred* gallons; and that, divided among *forty* families, would be *two gallons and a* half to each family."

Tam Marti quam Mercurio! And done with chalk upon a milk tally, ten to one else!—*Tam* Cocker *quam* Kitchener! And this lady is dead! It almost makes us waver in our faith!—

Turn sour ye casks of table beer,
Ye steaks, forget to fry;
Why is it you are let stay here,
And Mrs Rundell die?

But whims, (if they happen to take hold at all,) take the strongest hold commonly upon strong understandings.

Count Rumford, though an ingenious man, had a touch of this *bon chere a peu d'argent* disease; and his Essays afford some pleasant illustrations of the slashing style in which men construct theories, when the practice is to fall upon their neighbours.

After exhausting himself upon the smoky chimnies of the world, the Count strips to the next of its nuisances,—the beggars.

He was to feed the poor; (*encore* the Poor!) and the point was, of course, how to feed them at the cheapest rate.

"Water," then, he begins—(the cunning rogue!) "*Water,* I am inclined to suspect, acts a much more important part *in nutrition,* than has been generally supposed." This was a good active hobby to start upon; and, truly, his Countship, in the sequel, does outride all the field.

First, he sets out an admirable table, at which he dines TWELVE HUNDRED persons, all expenses included, for the very reasonable cost of one pound fifteen shillings English.

But this (which was three dinners for a penny) was nothing; and, in a trice, the Count, going on with his reductions, brings down the meal for twelve hundred, to one pound seven shillings. And, here, he beats our Saver of Wealth (the contractor at twopence a day) hollow; because, with his dinner found for a farthing, a man must be an example of debauchery—a mere rascal—to think of getting through such a sum as twopence a-day; out of which, indeed, he might well put by a provision for himself and his wife, in old age; and fortunes for two or three of his younger children.

The Count's running commentary upon these evolutions, too, is a *chef d'œuvre* in the art of reasoning. At one time, it seems, he dieted his flock, partly upon bread begged publicly in charity, and partly upon meat which was the remnant of the markets. Even out of evil the wise man shall bring

good. The charity bread was found extremely *dry* and *hard;* "but, therefore," says the Count, "we found it answer *better* than any other; because it *made mastication necessary,* and so *prolonged* the enjoyment of eating." As for the meat, he soon finds that an article quite *unnecessary,* and actually omits it altogether in the people's soup, *without the fact being discovered!*

But the crowning feature of all, (and there I leave Count Rumford,) is the experiment which he makes in eating (to be quite certain) *upon himself;* arguing upon the nutritious and stomach-satisfying qualities of a particular "cheap" dish, he puts the thing to issue—thus:

"I took my coffee and *cream,* with my *dry toast,* one morning" (hour not given) "at breakfast, and ate nothing between that and four o'clock. I then ate," [the particular dish,] I believe, however, it was a *three* farthing one, "and found myself *perfectly refreshed.*" And so the Count finishes his dissertation upon food, by declaring the *Chinese!* to be the best cooks in the world.

Now, I confess that (at first sight) there would seem to be something accomplished here. No doubt, if our labourers would eat farthing dinners, and get rid of that villainous propensity which they have to beaf-steaks, their "savings," and consequent acquisition of property, would be immense. But does the Count not perceive, and did it never strike his coadjutors, that, if this system were acted upon, all the poor would become rich? when they would be an incomparably greater nuisance than they are in their present condition. I grant the existing evil, but do not let us exchange it for a greater. The question is a difficult one, but there be minds that can cope with it. Such a turmoil as to what the poor shall eat! I say, there are plenty of them—let them eat one another.

People must not be startled by the apparent novelty of this plan;—those who can swallow Count Rumford's dinners, may, I am sure, swallow anything. I have examined the scheme, which I propose narrowly, and (prejudice apart) can see no possible objection to it. It is well known, that rats and mice take the same mode which I hint at, to thin their superabundant population; and what are the poor, but mice in the cheese of society? Let the public listen only to this suggestion, and they will find that it ends all difficulty at once. I grant that there might be some who would be ravenous, at first, upon their new diet;* especially any who had been living upon Mrs Rundell's soup; but that is an evil which would correct itself; because, so admirably operative and perfect is the principle, the mouths would diminish in exact proportion with the meat. Upon my system, (and, I repeat, I can see no objection to it), the poor might go on pleasantly, reducing their numbers at their leisure, until one individual only, in a state of necessity, should be left; and if it were worth while to go on to niceties, I could provide even for him under my arrangement, by having him taught to jump down his own throat, like the clown, in "Harlequin Conjurer." Certain it is, we hear, on every side, that, if the poor go on increasing, they will soon eat up the rich; and, surely, if anybody is to be eaten by them, it ought, in fairness, to be themselves. And, moreover, as it is shrewdly suspected that too many of them are already eaten up with laxiness, why, hang it, if they are to be eaten at all, let them be eaten to some purpose.

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* Compere Matthieu, I think, makes this remark somewhere, in a general defence of cannibalism. But my project does not go so far.

A CHAPTER ON GOBLINS.

"I am thy Father's Ghost!"—SHAKESPEARE.

It is well observed by Pierre de Loyer, (an ingenious author of the 15th century,) who discussed the matter *de spectris*, with much labour and research, that there is no topic upon which, in all classes, talkers are so little apt to tire. And, besides the deep interest which even the incredulous take in tales of spirits, there are two other facts connected with the subject, both seemingly contrary to the common course of cause and effect;—many persons, who believe implicitly in the reality of apparitions, feel very little inconvenience or apprehension from their possible propinquity; while others, who have no jot of faith in their existence, are subject, nevertheless, very frequently, to nervous uneasiness, when they think of them. It would be difficult, perhaps, even by an analysis of that transitory commodity called COURAGE, to explain, or account for, the last of these anomalies; but thus much we may be sure, that neither real danger, nor even the *belief* of it, is absolutely *necessary* to the excitement of fear. While the soldier who has fought twenty battles, will quit his tent because a bat flies into it; or one man shrinks from handling the rat, which he sees another take alive out of his waistcoat pocket;—so long as both these individuals feel a horror at the presence of objects which they *know* to be neither dangerous, nor mischievous, nor offensive, so long Johnson's argument for the reality of apparitions, must go for little—that many who deny them with their tongues, confess them by their terrors.

There be infidels who fear, and believers who are at ease. The faithful, who tremble not, are chiefly among the old. The incredulous, who fear, will be among the young and the enthusiastic. Whether it be that our sympathies, like our appetites, become (generally) callous in the decline of life, or that, by a special dispensation of Providence, we lose, as we advance in years, some of that aversion to death, and to its symbols, which belongs to the earlier stages of existence, certain it is, that *usage* has thrown upon the aged, almost entirely, the duty of acting and officiating about the dead; and the crone of seventy, who, though she believes valiantly every lie that superstition ever invented, "watches" a corpse, or "lays it out," for the wretched bribe of half-a-crown, would shrink, almost on any terms, from imposing the same task upon her careless, blooming, laughing, light-hearted grand-daughter of eighteen.

It is a sad, and, in some sort, a humiliating reflection; but there is a stage of life from which the step to eternity seems but a short one;—a state (although few reach it) which is almost a link between the day-light and the grave. We constantly find persons in age (particularly women) keeping the clothes, &c. "by them," in which they desire to be *buried*. On the other hand, youth has not merely a horror of the "appliances," and concomitants of dissolution, but a certain shrinking and averseness from the sight even of living dotage, or extreme infirmity. The author of the Antiquary, with his usual happy tact, notices the dislike which people (especially the uneducated) feel to being left alone with very aged persons; and a German writer tells us, that he was compelled to quit a public vehicle, because a somewhat extraordinary female happened, as well as himself, to be travelling in it. He describes her as "extremely old,—probably more than eighty years of age; of unusual stature, very coarsely featured, and affected (though in apparent health) by an evident decay of mind and faculty:" and adds, that it is difficult for him to describe the sensations which were produced by her presence.—"It was most," he says, "like what one would feel, I think, at being left alone with an insane person. I seemed to be near something which was not in its proper and natural state. A human form sat before me, which was already the property of the tomb. It was returning to dust before my eyes, and I could not look on to witness the process. I could better have borne the presence of a corpse, than of the object which I am describing; for death itself is quiescent;—this was death in animation."

This is a little too German, but

there is something in it notwithstanding.

On the occasional nervous misgivings of unbelievers, an Italian heretic speaks,—and to his "own case in point."

"I do not wonder," he sets out, "that ordinary scatter-brained people, who never know their minds upon any question, should waver as to the truth or falsehood of supernatural visitations. Such people, naturally, doubt by day-light, and believe as soon as it gets dark. But why is it, that *I*, who wish to believe, and yet cannot,—who, for twenty years, have been dying to see a ghost, and am sure that I shall never see one as long as I live; why is it, that, under certain circumstances, I have been disquieted, when the subject has crossed my mind?"

Being quartered near Bologna, (he served probably in the army,) the same author meets with a *real* haunted house, and makes an experiment whether he can convince his nerves as well as his understanding. The precise character of the spectre whom he is to meet is not mentioned; but he goes to the untenanted mansion about eleven o'clock at night; the girls admiring his fearlessness; the young men enraged at his impudence; and the old people, of both sexes, somewhat displeased at his presumption!—Afterwards, he describes the manner in which he passed his time.

"Of course, I saw nothing. And I expected to see nothing, unless that some trick would be practised for the purpose of alarming me. But my night, notwithstanding, was far from being a pleasant one. I wished that something might appear to me; and yet, I was not at ease. I remained firm, so long as I kept my attention *fixed* upon the *business* in which I was engaged; but, the moment that the *effort* was relaxed, I became—not alarmed—but—uncomfortable. Strange thoughts forced themselves, whether I would or not, upon my mind; and, though I felt their folly perfectly, yet I could not shake them off. I wanted, after sometime, to fasten the door of the room in which I was sitting; and I found an unconquerable aversion come over me to rising from my chair. And the matter, (what was worse,) at one time, seemed to be getting worse every moment. I felt as though I should lose the full control of my senses. I looked round the room a dozen times, and did not care to look the thirteenth. I tried to sing, and could not. I took up a book, which I had brought with me, but could not read three sentences together. Then I talked rapidly—any jargon—inwardly—to myself;—tried to count,—to recollect verses," &c.

He goes through the affair, in the end, with extreme exertion and discomfort:—"And yet, had I been asked," he concludes, "at the time when I felt most distressed,—whether I had any thing to apprehend? I should have answered, most certainly, (even at the time,) that I had not."

This man was the victim of a lively imagination; and it is no more wonderful that he should have shrunk from a peril, which he knew existed only in his own fancy, than it would be if he had wept at reading a pathetic narrative, which he knew to be a fable. Besides, there are modes, and degrees—and very different degrees, of what we call "belief."

It is difficult to dismiss *entirely* from the mind any matter, however apparently incredible, which has been positively stated as a fact. Juries very often find verdicts against the real weight of evidence in a case, because it cannot be shewn, to demonstration, that some single fact sworn to is a falsehood. That becomes a doubt, when the point is of life or death, which would be no doubt at all, upon a crisis less *terrific*. And, admit but one shadow of a doubt in the mind of our Italian adventurer, and, at once,—fear apart,—you account for half his anxiety. Mere expectation—whether of good or evil—will be restless. Hope is every jot as great a trembler as alarm. A child cries even *after* it grasps the particular object which it has coveted. And the man who could not "read three sentences," when he was waiting to see whether he should see a ghost, would have been as much agitated, probably, if he had been waiting to see whether he had got the twenty thousand pound prize in the Lottery.

That there is much, too, as regards this subject, in the old argument of "nursery education," cannot be denied. Take notice how, with our nursery nervousness about apparitions, we retain also our nursery taste.

People are fond, (whether they believe it or not,) in general, of marvellous narrative; but, nine times in ten,

it must be the genuine narrative of the housemaid, or else it will hardly do. Fairy tales please; but (in England) they do not touch the soul. The German devilry suits us rather better; but even Germany lays the scene too much in the mountain and in the mine. In England, for a ghost story, we like an old garret,—say in Hatton Garden; with plenty of dust, rats, and mice, and a cockloft, or so, over;—and, if a man has hanged himself in it, why, so much the better.

But the German terrible, besides that it wants this our national *locus in quo*, takes a course commonly that the English do not pleasantly fall in with. Almost all the northern legends set out with a man's taking the bounty money of the devil; so that we guess pretty well, in the beginning, how he is to be disposed of in the end. And we feel but little interest about a man, after he has made a bargain of this sort. He is above (or below) our sphere. As "the gods take care of Cato," so such a man becomes the *protegé* of the nether powers. There is no hope of good fortune at all for him; and very little choice as to his fate. He must either be damned, as Shakespeare says, "for keeping his word with the devil;" or else, he must be damned "for cozening the devil." And, even where there is (as happens sometimes) a sort of point reserved; some plea of usury against the fiend, or coming out of the victim under the Insolvent Act, still we are not satisfied. There is a certain love of equity always present to the human mind. True, the contract is with the devil; but, we think, that even the devil should have his due.

Thus it is, that *Faustus* and *Don Juan* both come, dramatically, to the same end; but *Faustus*, upon the English stage, will never be interesting in any shape; while *Juan* is interesting in every shape, and in every country. There is the decided difference, in spirit, between the two characters. *Faustus* may make his bargain under pressure, but still he *does* make it; *Juan* never makes any bargain, and, (as we think,) would refuse to make one. *Faustus* seals his doom wilfully; *Juan* judges ill. *Faustus* does not rise, either as to courage or talent, in our estimation, when he avails himself, and with his eyes open, of the assistance of the evil spirit; *Juan* is all energy, all force, and natural power; and the very step which seals his destruction is the triumph of unshaken courage and misbelief.

In point of fact, however, nothing does tell in England like the regular Middlesex Ghost;—with the white shroud, and the pale face; and, if with a chain and a long beard, the more agreeable; and, above all,—he should be silent. Indeed, it will be observed, that your spectre *proper*, is, by all accounts, naturally taciturn;—not speaking, in any case, until he is spoken to;—even female ghosts do this. And, I should say, indeed, that apparitions must be compelled to speak, even when accosted; and not merely permitted to do so, as has vulgarly been imagined. For your spectre, be it remarked, always loses ground the moment "he or she" opens "his or her" mouth. All our eminently successful stage ghosts have been either totally silent, or have discoursed only in monosyllables. The *Castle Spectre*, and the *Bleeding Nun*, always keep the galleries breathless. The statue in *Don Juan* steps upon the very marrow of his audiences. But Hamlet's ghost (in spite of the criticisms in the Spectator,) does now-a-days very little;—one never is quite sure that he really is a ghost, until he disappears down the trap. And the only talking ghost I ever met with, at all effective, (even in the reading of,) is one in a play of Beaumont and Fletcher's, (*The Lover's Progress*,) where the master of an inn walks about after his death, singing, and seeing that his guests are properly attended to. But, apart from the feelings and tastes of others, to come for a moment to my own.—Touching the reality (as well as the amusingness) of spectral appearances, I protest, altogether, against being put down as a scoffer. I have my own personal cause of belief, and perhaps it may seem a peculiar one; but that lies entirely between me and my conscience. I will not believe, with Dr Johnson, upon the ground of "common credit," because I have known that credited by hundreds which Johnson himself would have rejected. People believed, only the other day, in the miraculous conception of Joanna Southcott;—people believed that Miss M'Avoy, of Liverpool, could see what was o'clock with her eyes shut;—there are people who believe that Prince Hohenlohe is able to work miracles; and that Mr Hume is a statesman, and

master of finance;—so a truce to common belief, for ever, as an argument. Then the antiquity of an opinion (with me) will not go much farther than its common prevalence; for there have been ancient opinions, and very reverend ones, which have turned out to be mistaken. Other such opinions have grown weak, like wine, by over keeping. Lampridius tells us of *Cauls*, in his time, carried by advocates, and orators, and pleaders;—it being believed that they imparted such a power of persuasion to the wearer as no judge or tribunal, or assembly, could withstand. But it is well known, at the present day, that *Cauls* can do nothing but save people from being drowned; and even that fact may go near to be doubted in another century or two. Then, if neither our current opinion, nor ancient opinion, will help us in this strait, still less could I rely upon any thing in the shape of testimony. In the first place, we have had no "testimonies" at all—that is, none worth consideration—very lately; and, again, there was testimony, and plenty of it, to the cures of Cagliostro and Dr Loutherbourg. Besides, I never heard a story yet, which (faith set apart) was not capable of solution. Either the party who *saw* was mad, or asleep, or intoxicated, or he deceived himself, or he was deceived by others, or—and this last explanation is absolutely a cutting of the gordian knot—he *lied*. There is really more in this point, as Canton says, "than good people will think." I was reading over all the evidence in the famous Diamond Necklace case the other day; and I found it as impossible, in a great many statements, to get on without that solution, as Hannibal would have found it, in the Alps, to get on without vinegar. Again, I don't know of any really shrewd man, who has seen a ghost since the gas lights were introduced in our streets; no thief (before conviction); no resurrection man, or experienced Old Bailey counsel, has been so visited. I don't think Sir William Garrow ever saw a ghost. These spirits hate cross examination. Therefore, to prevent all mistakes, or after-claps, or jostlings in my belief, I have made up my mind to believe upon a ground of my own; and I do believe, be it known by these presents—I believe—upon the mere *probability* of the fact!

And what a heaven—listen ye Pagans!—does such a faith open to its proselytes! the mind of a man who believes must be kept so constantly on the *qui vive!* not a door can bang upon its hinges in the dark, nor a cat squall in a gutter after twilight, but to him it is an object of deep—of vital—interest! the anxious curiosity which the living feel as to the condition of the dead, he (the believer) has hope, to say the least, of gratifying. While grovelling infidels must content themselves to know the present, he looks for intelligence, nay for counsel, as to the future.

Va tout cela, I protest I think we are almost as much indebted to the inventor of a new ghost story, as we should be to the man who could invent, in cookery, a new dish. And there is a world of veracious anecdote (too briefly given) in the old writers, which a hand that could command "the lie with circumstance," might, in detail, render irresistible.

What an admirable tale, for instance, might be constructed upon the legend of the Sunday evening card party; when, three persons being engaged at whist, a fourth (in black) is suddenly added to the company, who takes the vacant chair and hand!

There is another Sunday evening anecdote, of a party (it was in Italy,) who were dancing; and found all at once, to their amazement, that they had *two* musicians instead of one. This intruder's character was discovered almost immediately, by the shape of the foot with which he beat time.

Pierre Loyer gives a third instance of a huge skeleton who suddenly appeared at a ball; to the consternation of dancers, musicians, and attendants. He came out from behind a door, where he was seen "footing it," for several minutes, to himself; and galloped "down the middle," with preternatural strength and velocity.*

It seems probable to me, however, that these three unbidden guests were not ghosts properly, or Revenans, but incarnations of the fiend *in persona*.

* Every soul in the ball-room saw this spectre, except one *blind* fiddler; so I hope *his* appearance, at least, will be considered as fully "accredited."

So Maulius tells us how four thieves, who were hanged in chains, became reanimated, and went in rich clothes, to visit a gentleman at his own house. Being strangers, they were invited to dinner, and sat down in form to table; but the moment *grace* was said (this ordeal, the devil probably had not adverted to) they fell down and became mere carcases, as before.

The same incapacity of the evil one to resist certain sounds and ceremonies, was attended in another case with more unhappy consequences. A decent woman in the Low Countries, who practised a little in sorcery, was returning home one evening upon the back of a demon, after a jollification; when, flying over a church (about two miles high) the chimes happened to play the hundredth psalm; upon which he (the demon) dropped her immediately, and she broke her bones by the fall. This woman probably owed her mischance entirely to having studied Don Calmet, who decries the broomstick, in his work, as a *monture, infra dignitatem;* but witches who take my advice will still adhere to the besom. There has been no lady within my recollection, (since Mrs Thornton rode at York,) who could have mounted the devil, with any certainty of keeping her seat. A broomstick must be, I should think (to the prudent) a very pleasant, easy-going, Lord Mayor's sort of pad; and it has this peculiar advantage over a demon, that, if all Sternhold and Hopkins were performed in its hearing, the operation, as it cannot hear, would be entirely ineffective.

Bodin thinks it possible that some spectres have appeared with dishonest views; and puts a case indeed in which a ghost becomes little better than a swindler. A comes to the bedside of B, and says—" I am the ghost of your grandfather, who died last night; I am in purgatory; cause masses to be said to deliver me;"—this A, all the while, being, in fact, no relation at all to B, but A himself a robber hanged three weeks before. This certainly, in a court of law, would be obtaining masses under false pretences; but Bodin doubts afterwards whether the apparition be really the spirit even of A, or whether it is not some devil, who, for his own purposes, takes the robber's shape. Writers, however, generally, on this particular subject, are apt to differ in opinion. The same Bodin, speaking of certain feats performed by a jackass, near Milan, maintains that the performer must have been a man in the likeness of an ass; while Reginald Scot, noticing the suggestion, treats the matter in quite a different light; and says that Bodin must have been an ass, in the likeness of a man.

Be this, however, as it may, the devil is a rogue sometimes.—His attack upon the attorney (Field) at Shenley, was the most uncandid thing in the world. He went to Field as a client, and induced him to take an exorbitant fee. Now, besides that the exorbitant fee was all in Field's " vocation," the thing altogether is not fairly done. It is like the crimp's trick of slipping a shilling slyly into a man's pocket, instead of putting it, according to the statute, into his hand. So again in the case of the Irishman, who used to find roasted potatoes at night under his pillow. This is taking a man at his foibles.

A good stomach, by the way, seems pretty generally to have given hope to the tempter. William of Malmesbury, who is a great authority in matters of this nature, relates an instance of a monk who had something like a hearty appetite, and was very partial to a preparation, I believe, of hot grey pease. One day feeling a longing between breakfast and dinner,—here probably, lay the sin, luncheons, in a monk, being accounted a gluttony,—lo! there came into his cell a beautiful young lady, who lighted a fire in the grate; took some grey pease from a cupboard; dressed them to admiration; and disappeared, leaving them smoking. But the devil was cozened this time, and lost his pease and his labour to boot; for the monk, conquering his hunger until the hour of refection, went to his superior, and related the whole circumstance. Upon which the prior said—" Eat! for pease were made by God for man." And the monk did eat, and spared not, (taking care to say grace first,) and declared that he had never eat pease better cooked in his life.

The same writer, William of Malmesbury, relates another story, which might make a volume—of two women, mother and daughter, who kept an inn

on a by-road near Rome; and, when a guest arrived, used to turn him into an ass, or a goat; and so sell him to the next comer for what he would fetch. But it has always seemed to me that the ass and the goat here are parabolical; although William of Malmesbury, in his simplicity, has taken the words in their literal sense. As, for example—when a guest arrived at this inn, the old woman *made* an ass of him—which might well be; and so on to the young one, *mutatis mutandis*.

On the point of outwitting a demon, the new German story, built probably upon the legend of Lord Lyttleton, is the best. A student at a German University fancies one night, when he has been in bed about an hour, and *certainly* has not gone to sleep, that his mother comes to his bedside, and warns him of his approaching death. He was to have died on the third night from that on which he saw the vision; and fell ill, (and probably would have died)—on the morning of the third day; the physician, however, who was sent for, gave his patient, privately, a powerful opiate draught; he slept for eighteen hours; and, when he awoke, it was too late for the ghost to keep her word.

Some demons have been rather waggishly than fraudulently inclined. In Switzerland there was such a one, when time was, who passed for a farmer, and was called Maitre Pierre. This caitiff made a quantity of pigs out of trusses of straw, and taking them to market, sold them to a butcher. And the butcher drove them safely, three parts of the way home, until passing through a brook, the running water dissolved the spell; and the pigs became trusses of straw again. A farther wonder occurs in this case, when the butcher goes to complain of the cheat. He finds Maitre Pierre gone to bed at his inn, and sends the chambermaid of the house up stairs to wake him. But as the girl lays hold of the conjurer's leg, it comes off in her hand; and the same accident happens when she touches his head; upon which the girl runs down stairs in affright, and the whole family, butcher included, ran up; and Maitre Pierre is found walking about the room in excellent health and spirits. He refunds the money for the pigs; and, of course, is seen no more.

Another rogue, who was a juggler at Magdeburg, shewed a horse that could read, and so forth, for money. But one day, his audience being smaller than usual, he declared that he would entertain such people as the Prussians no longer. And then throwing the bridle of his horse loose into the air, the horse leapt up after it. And the conjurer laid hold of the horse's tail and went up; and the conjurer's wife laid hold of the conjurer's tail and went up; and the conjurer's wife's maid laid hold of the conjurer's wife's tail and went up; and so they all went up together. Whence the vulgar saying—"To go to heaven in a string;" improperly supposed to have been first spoken of, and concerning the penitent hanged.

It is really amazing how anybody can deny themselves the pleasure of believing such strange facts as these; and especially the following.

An over-affection for his profession or calling in this world, may tend to make a person unquiet in the next.—One Christopher Murcig, an apothecary's-assistant at Crossten, in Silesia, died on the 14th of March, 1660, and was buried on the 15th. But, on the 16th, he was seen again, in his place, behind the counter, weighing drugs, and pounding, with an immense noise, in the mortar. The horror of the new shopman, at the sight of this coadjutor, may easily be imagined; but, when the clock struck ten, (for this was in the morning,) the apparition took the new-comer's cloak and hat from a nail, and went forth, as he had been used to do at that hour, to visit the patients. It was afterwards found that he called upon several sick persons in the town; and burned one man's wrist, in feeling his pulse, so that the mark of his thumb and finger remains to this day.

Some accounts there be, extant, and very extraordinary ones too, of apparent good conduct by devils, in their visits upon this earth. Giraldus Cambrensis tells of one fiend who acted with great propriety for some time as a gentleman's butler. He was accounted to have the best hand at stirring a fire of any servant in the household; and it was observed, after he was gone, that he had always snuffed the candle with his fingers.

Another demon (according to the same author) took orders, and became a clergyman! This certainly does, at

first sight, seem very strange indeed; but yet it derives some support from another anecdote told by *Jean Eveque, d'Asie*. There is the proverb, too, moreover, as to the devil's building beside the church; from which one might perhaps augur, that he would get into it if he could.

As the legend goes, however, this fiend conducted himself with great propriety in his profession; and his real quality was discovered only by a slip in conversation. Talking one day with a gentleman upon subjects in ancient history, some act or other was canvassed about the time of Pontius Pilate; when his reverence enforced *his* statement of the matter, by saying, "The thing was so; for *I saw it*." Upon which, concludes the historian, "he blushed exceedingly, and vanished."

Both these last devils, no doubt, were of the genus called Blue Devils; and, from the blushing of the latter, the phrase, "to blush blue," may probably have been derived. Or perhaps, indeed, they might not have been devils at all; but merely different incarnations of the wandering Jew; whose habit of changing his shape, from time to time, is notorious; and who has been detected more than once, like the fiend-parson, by the over-strength of his memory.

There is another demon, too, on record, besides the butler, who desired to be a servant; and he haunted the kitchen of a certain Bishop of Saxony, in human shape. This fiend assisted very commonly in the culinary arrangements; and is said to have been the first inventor of the "devil'd biscuits."

If such be the fact, however, I should opine that the discovery was accidental, and that his fiendship came rather with a hope to learn *cuisine*, than with the power of instructing in it. Because, if the proverb as to the devil's sending cooks (peculiarly) should be deemed equivocal, we have it in evidence, twenty times over, that the infernal "roast and boiled" is not what it should be. Paul Grilland speaks of a man whose wife was a witch; and who went out with her one night (up the chimney!) to a banquet. This witness stated distinctly, that he found a magnificent collation set out; but that everything was *very ill drest* indeed; and that, above all, there was no salt upon the table. The event proves, that the man could not be mistaken upon this point; because he mentioned the fact once or twice to an Incubus who stood behind his chair; and, at last, growing out of patience, he cried aloud, "Good God! will nobody bring any salt?" Upon which (as usual in such cases) the table flew away. He *has* need, however, o' a lang spoon, (as the Scottish proverb says,) wha sups kail wi' the deil. This apprentice, or whatever he was, at the Bishop's, behaved very well for some time; but, at length, quarrelling with one of the kitchen lads, he took a private opportunity, tore him to pieces, and *cooked him* (most likely, for practice.) After which, he became so mischievous, that it was found necessary to proceed against him by exorcism; and there is a long account of his being caught with a great deal of trouble; and eventually laid, for an uncertain term, in a *well* dripping-pan.

These goblin domestics, indeed, were generally, in the end, ill to deal with, for their masters, as well as their fellow-servants. A Spanish gentleman had one, whose business it was to clean a favourite horse; and the rogue, being idle and negligent, was chid occasionally for not well currying the animal. But mark what followed. Getting tired of repeated jobations, the mischievous imp one day carried the horse up to the top of a high tower, and there left him, with his head thrust out of a window. The Spaniard, returning home, was surprised to hear his favourite neigh to him from so strange a situation; but the demon had disappeared, and the horse never could be got down any more.

All servants, in fact, who take no wages, are apt to be both careless and insolent; and the devil, were it only for his pert tongue, I should think not worth hiring. In the affair of the demon of Mascon, a jeer of his is actually recorded.—Some person—I believe, a man of worship—asking him rather a weak question, with a view to exorcise him, he answered, "I heard long since thou wast a fool, and now I am sure of it." And, thereupon, laughed, or spoke Greek, or committed some other affront against the good man, like an uncourteous fiend as he was.

But I might go on, almost for ever, with strange legends and instances out

of the thousand and one volumes, in all languages, which have been written upon this interesting subject; and not meddle then with the horde of divines and metaphysicians who have touched the question, *en passant*, either in the way of principle or illustration.—There is the impressive story of the Italian soldier, who gave his money in charge at night to his host; which the host, in the morning, denying, and he insisting upon, he was cast into prison as a thief.—What can be more exemplary than the man in the black cap who sits under the Judge, upon the trial for the soldier's life; and when the inn-keeper swears he wishes "the devil may take him if ever he had the money," seizes the self-forfeited traitor, and bursts through the roof of the court with him? Or what a tale might be formed upon the legend of Saint Gregory of Nice, who describes the spectres and demons, in a city infected with the plague, walking about in broad day-light—as though growing insolent upon the prospects before them?—Jean Eveque states a similar fact; but, in his case, the fiends went about in the shape of ecclesiastics. Imagine a man sending for a confessor, and a devil making his bow!

Then there are the histories, out of number, of persons frighted by imaginary spectres; all of which lose their force, if we give up the existence of spectres in reality. There is that brilliant idea of the lady who sees a female at the foot of her bed—she recoils—but the phantom distinctly moves, and extends its arm towards her. The lady is sleeping in a strange house; and sees herself in a looking-glass, which is framed in the wainscot of the room. Or there is the still more entertaining adventure of the ape who puts on the *coeffure* of a deceased Duchess, and gets into her bed, to the total rout of the whole household, who believe that their late mistress is come back. And what a delicious idea is that about the boarding-school at Lisle, in 1640; in which one Antionette Bourignon being the mistress, all the young ladies, to the number of forty, were suddenly discovered to be witches! Some of these girls, says the relater, were very young; and they confessed "many strange things."

And, for myself, my mind is made up, as I have said, to believing all these things without any reason; not merely because I never found anybody yet who could give a satisfactory reason for his belief; but also because most of the writers who explain feats of sorcery, seem to me to make them ten times more incredible than they were made by the sorcerers themselves. Thomas Ady, for instance, a writer upon witchcraft, of the year 1656, after exposing the monstrous frauds of pretended conjurors and wizards, shews the manner in which their apparently miraculous feats are accomplished, and adds full directions for doing the same, "without harm or danger." Ady's first recipe for conjuring (*ex uno disce*, &c.) is not amiss. "Take wref's hair," he says, "and put it in your pocket; and it will make *mad bulls*, and every other kind of cattle, *run away from you!*"

No; there would be no getting on, by halves, in this way. For a conjurer to give up the devil, is like a rope-dancer's giving up his pole. And, for resigning all these beautiful and entertaining truths, to a man of any spirit, the thing would be impossible. The hunter looks, with an evil eye, upon enclosure bills and increased population; for these are circumstances which thin his game, and narrow his field of action; and the child of romance looks back with regret to those wild beliefs and superstitions of which the progress of science and education has deprived him. Fodoré, a French writer, complains, in a fanciful treatise, of the naturalist Reamur, for having discovered that ants do not eat in the winter. "For, by undeceiving mankind," says he, "as to the providence of these little creatures, Mr Reamur has deprived poets of a beautiful moral illustration."

THE WEST INDIAN CONTROVERSY.*

No. II.

Yes—Wilberforce has set the Blacks to rights,
Yet much remains: why don't he bind the Whites?
Don Juan, Canto XII.

It is now, in our opinion, sufficiently evident that this great question is once again to be forced in some shape or other upon Parliament, in the course of the ensuing session. The Clarksons, &c. are publishing new pamphlets with old contents. And Mr Brougham, in a eulogy on some of these productions in the last Edinburgh Review, talks openly of the "delusive" conduct of the ministry in the matter of the Buxton debate. Mr Brougham was present at that debate, and he made one of the *unanimous* house which accepted Mr Canning's resolutions: but a few months have passed, and this eminent statesman has had such opportunities of examining the whole affair candidly and completely during the interval, that he has been enabled to make up his great mind, that he was one of a House of Commons that suffered themselves to be juggled by Mr Canning, in May last. Societies on societies, meanwhile, and associations upon associations, and subscriptions on subscriptions, are springing and spreading everywhere, and embryo petitions begin already to stir and quicken. Liverpool, the enlightened city of Liverpool, in former days the great mart and mainspring of the slave trade, the last that clung to that traffic, the one only place that for a season Rachel-like lamented, and would not be comforted because it was not—this very Liverpool, takes the lead in supporting the wildest measures of those, whom for thirty years she execrated as her most relentless enemies. Blessed change! Salutary transformation! The slave trade of Liverpool *was*—the Indian free trade of Liverpool *is*—The days of the ultra-antiabolition spirit of Liverpool are gone by—the day of the ultra-mitigation spirit of Liverpool has dawned and grown. We live in beautiful times!

The article in the Edinburgh Review is well, and on the whole temperately written. This we admit freely: because, whatever other people may do, we entertain a high respect for Mr Brougham's *talents*, and are always gratified when we find him abstaining from that coarse and virulent strain of language, which is one of the sins that most easily beset him, and which has indeed done more to degrade him in the general eye, than many of his more serious offences. When we have said this, however, we are afraid we have exhausted praise. The article contains no new FACTS of the smallest importance, and exhibits no felicitous application of intellect to the exposition of obscure or controverted TRUTH. It is a mere string of old commonplaces, calmly and cleverly expressed—interspersed with a few specimens of glaring, and we can scarcely believe, involuntary misrepresentation, both as to facts and as to principles—of which more, perhaps, in the sequel.

In the meantime, it is our intention to direct our own readers' attention both to the true facts and the true principles, on the consideration of which this case must be judged. We shall have, after a fair and full examination of both, no difficulty in bringing home the guilt of flagrant and systematic deviation from, and suppression of, FACTS, to those who were beaten in the Buxton debate, and, we think, about as little in shewing that *all* the three parties who were represented in that discomfited knot, are chargeable, either with a total blindness to the true principles of reason, as applicable to the question before us, or with the worse fault of pretending such blindness, for the purpose of diverting suspicion from the glances of a penetrating, pervading, and most unscrupulous selfishness.

The report of the debate above mentioned, published by the Mitigation Society, and enriched with the preface and commentaries of that body, has

* See a paper in this Magazine, No LXXXI.—for October last.

been already more than once spoken of by us. It is, in fact, the most important publication, in every point of view, to which the present controversy has yet given rise. It is here that we can consider at leisure, the expressed sentiments of all parties—it is here that we can compare the conflicting statements, and balance the opposed arguments, of the leaders; and it is here also, unless we be very greatly mistaken, that we can most clearly detect the system of chicaneries by which the humbler tools of one side are at least suffered to back the open warfare of its chiefs. Before a new debate occurs, it were well that the old one should be thoroughly sifted and understood. The Edinburgh Reviewer distinctly charges the ministers with having conducted themselves on this occasion like hypocrites and knaves—we at least know not what other meaning can be given to the epithet "delusive" already quoted from this performance. The charge is no light one, and we venture to prophesy, that it will be effectually answered in the proper quarter. But we, in the meantime, shall take the liberty to reverse the situation of the parties, and placing the mitigators themselves at the bar, see what answer they can make to certain charges of the very same character, which every attentive and candid reader of the volume in question must have in some measure anticipated.

Our general assertion is simply this: The speakers on Mr Buxton's side are chargeable with many mistatements as to matters of fact, and the mitigation commentators still more grievously so. In proving this, we shall at least do some good; for we shall teach these persons to be more cautious the next time they come before the senate and the public: we shall probably have shorter speeches, and less triumphant annotations *cura variorum*. Some obstacles, at all events, will be brushed away from the threshold, and the rival champions will both come with greater ease into their true *arena*, and have a salutary fear before their eyes, in case they should be tempted to think of bringing any but the right weapons with them.

A word or two more, however, *in limine*. It is really very annoying to see the extent to which the abuse of *words and phrases* has been carried in the whole of this matter. Why, for example, should we be compelled to talk of the Society for the Mitigation of West Indian Slavery? The Society for the Mitigation of the Mitre, or the Society for the Mitigation of the Duties on East Indian Sugar, would be far nearer the truth. Mr Buxton's far-famed motion about the slaves was made on the 15th of May last; Mr Whitmore's motion about the sugar followed on the 23d day of the same month. The same people—certainly the same influence—figured on both occasions. Mr Wilberforce was one of the great men on both. What have the avowed objects and views of Mr Wilberforce to do with the question about the duties on sugar?—These gentlemen are so confident of support from their own set, and from the gaping multitudes whom their sweet words command and stultify, and so certain, at the same time, that they are *not* to be bearded, as to the truth and essence of all their schemes, by any person, far less any party whatever in Parliament, that it is not wonderful they should venture much. And yet—if anybody had predicted a year before, that the next motion about West Indian slavery would be made in the same week with a motion about East Indian sugar, people in general would have utterly disbelieved it.—"No," it would have been said, "that will, to be sure, be in their minds; but you are going too far now. They are not quite so regardless of appearances; religious as they are, they are a little more wise in their generation, notwithstanding, than you seem to give them credit for."—Probably no answer would have been made to this; and yet the event has shewn itself. Say what people may, these men are not to be altogether despised. The very audacity of their proceedings half redeems their folly. This open and thorough-going reliance upon the gullibility of John Bull, shews an intimate and even intense acquaintance with the assailable points of the national character. There are two quackish ways of doing things; the conciliatory, that is, the pluckless method, of late too often adopted by those who ought to be most above it; and the bold brazen method—the method of the Bishes, the Burgesses, and the Buxtons. This last has been adopted, and with much success, by the Society for the Mitigation of the Duties on East Indian Sugar. They were re-

solved to have their two debates—there were two strings to their one bow, and they must have them. They had them both, and they had the assurance to do the thing at once. They did not waste time in pumping for apologies. They did what they were resolved to do at once. The moment the one string was snapt, the other was fitted on, and tightened for the discharge. All this was as it should have been. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* Would the real friends of England and of the negroes, had the wit or the courage to act upon the same principle now and then! If it were but for the sake of variety, the experiment is worth their trying—and at any rate it is but a little variety in quacking.

Since we are talking of the *audacity* of these agitators, we may as well exhibit one more specimen of this great quality of their logic ere we go farther. Mr Clarkson shrewdly and sagaciously illustrates the sin and horror of West Indian bondage, by asking how AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN would like to be made a slave of at Algiers or Tripoli—and whether, if this English gentleman had a wife and a family of daughters to partake his enslaved condition there, this would have any other effect than that of greatly increasing his misery?—And why, says he, why not talk of AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, since there have been instances of AFRICAN PRINCES carried off, and enslaved?—This passage is triumphantly quoted by the author of the Critique on Clarkson's Pamphlet, in the last Number of the Edinburgh Review.

The argument is assuredly one that comes home to our business and our bosoms. An English gentleman, a member of the Society of Friends, or of the House of Commons, or, at any rate, we shall say of the Mitigation Society, is lugged out of his bed in London, and finds himself, after a brief voyage, stript to the skin, and labouring beneath a brazen sun in the field of some Bey of Morocco. His wife and daughters, torn from their piano-fortes, their Sunday-schools, their little tea-parties, and the weekly luxury of Mr Edward Irving, or Mr Rowland Hill—torn from the arms of their natural protectors and from the hope of a decent establishment, are compelled to figure in the haram of some great Plenipotentiary; or, if their personal charms find no favour in his eyes, to spin hemp, and carry pails of water, beneath the sway of Hassan the chief of the black eunuchs. The picture is pregnant with the most appalling horrors! Marie Antoinette in the Temple, or even in the Conciergerie, was nothing to this—and yet it seems, *mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*—You, the English gentleman, can have no right to shudder—for African princes have been dealt with after the same fashion in Barbadoes.

We might "deny the butler and the coach-horse"—we might deny the "African *prince*"—but let it be so for the moment. What earthly relation is there between an African prince and an English gentleman? In what does the misery of a new-made slave consist?—Is it not in his being carried from a good state of existence into a bad one, and in being subjected to the caprice of another, instead of enjoying the free command of his own motions? The better his previous condition was, will not his present one be the worse to endure? And is it not obvious, that if any one thing be more likely than all besides to embitter his reflections, it will be the discovery, (should such be forced upon him,) that the human being, to whose power he is subjected, stands in reality lower, everyway lower, in the scale of humanity, than himself? These are questions which we apprehend the worthy Mr Clarkson himself will have no hesitation about answering in the affirmative. And what is the consequence?—We believe we might almost save ourselves the trouble of saying a word about it.

Who is an African prince, and what is it that he has to lose? If he be a sovereign prince, (which, of course, Mr Clarkson would consider as the severest case of all,) what manner of man is he? Is he not some ferocious brutal savage, the oppressor of some benighted and most miserable horde of savages? Is he not a creature who amuses himself every day with cutting off human heads—and that sometimes with his own royal hand?* Are not all the festivals of his reign so many solemn exhibitions of everything that

* See Macleod's Africa, *passim.*

is most abominable, and most incredible to us? When he prays to the demon of his beastly worship, does he not water the holy soil with blood poured out like water? Are not his children shut up like wild colts?—Are not his uncles—his brothers, seared in the eye—branded on the cheek—maimed—mutilated—murdered every day, amidst the grim applause of the more plebeian victims that await the brand or the hatchet of the next whim of this crowned brute? Are not his walls and his floors paved with African skulls? Are not his reins, if he has a horse, strung with African ears, noses, and viler trophies? Does any man dare to deny that such is the state of things in those African districts from which the immense majority of slaves have at all periods been abstracted? Does any man dare to deny, that their *princes* were, and are the chief patrons of all the enormities of that slave trade, which ceased to appear the extreme of horror, only because it could not be contemplated otherwise than with them in its foreground? Does any man dare to deny that which has been asserted by so many witnesses of the most unimpeachable veracity, that half these *African princes* would at this moment give even their own ears to see the slave trade re-established among them in all its pristine vigour?—or doubt, in opposition to the celebrated taunt of Duke Ephraim himself, that for the want of that method of disposing of their prisoners of war and their victims of caprice, the banks of those unexplored and melancholy rivers are bathed at this hour in a deeper deluge of this African blood?

Hear for a moment Mr Macleod, (in his Account of the African Prince of Dahomy:)

"In order to *water* with their blood the graves of the king's ancestors, and to supply them with servants of various descriptions in the other world, a number of human victims are yearly sacrificed in solemn form; and this carnival is the period at which these shocking rites are publicly performed.

"Scaffolds are erected outside the palace wall, and a large space fenced in round them. On these the king, with the white strangers who think proper to attend, are seated, and the ministers of state are also present in the space beneath. Into this field of blood the victims are brought in succession, with their arms pinioned; and a *Fetisheer*, laying his hand on the devoted head, pronounces a few mystical words, when another man standing behind with a large scimitar, severs the sufferer's head from his body, generally at a single blow, and each repetition of this act is proclaimed by loud shouts of applause from the surrounding multitude, who affect to be highly delighted with the power and magnificence of their sovereign.

"His bards, or laureats, join also at this time, in bawling out his *strong names* (their term for titles of honour) and sing songs in his praise. These scenes are likewise *enlivened* by a number of people engaged in a savage dance around the scaffolds: should the foot of one of those performers slip, it is considered an ill omen; the unfortunate figurante is taken out of the ring, and his head instantly struck off, whilst the dance continues without interruption, as if nothing unusual had occurred.

"The people thus sacrificed, are generally prisoners of war, whom the king often puts aside for this purpose, several months previous to the celebration of his horrid festival; should there be any lack of these, the number is made up from *the most convenient* of his own subjects. There are years in which they have *single*, and others in which they have *double customs*. One of the latter occurred when I was there, and an enormous number (several hundreds) were said to have fallen. But the amount, probably, was considerably exaggerated; for, as Mr Abson had dispensed with viewing this part of the ceremony, he could only judge from the report of those who were anxious to magnify the grandeur of their king, and Mr James, who, three different years, took the trouble to count the victims, *never reckoned more than sixty-five, on any one occasion*.

"Their bodies are either thrown out into the fields to be devoured by vultures and wild beasts, or hung by the heels in a mutilated state, upon the surrounding trees, a practice exceedingly offensive in so hot a climate. The heads are piled up in a heap, for the time, and afterwards disposed of in decorating the walls of the royal *simbomies*, or palaces, some of which are two miles in circumference, and often require a renewal and repair of these ornaments.

"Adahoonza, after a successful attack upon *Badagry*, having a great number of victims to sacrifice, ordered their heads to be applied to this purpose. Mr Abson, in his account, says, 'the person to whom the management of this business had been committed, having neglected to make a proper calculation of his materials, had proceeded too far with his work, when he found that there would not be a sufficient number of skulls to adorn the whole palace; he therefore requested permission to begin the work anew, that he might, by placing them farther apart, complete the design in a regular manner. But the king would by no

means give his consent to this proposal, observing, 'that he would soon find a sufficient number of *Badagry heads* to render the plan perfectly uniform,' and learning that a hundred and twenty-seven were required to complete this embellishment, he ordered that number of the captives to be brought forth, and slaughtered in cold blood.'

"Messrs Norris and Abson, who had frequent opportunity of visiting the bedchamber of *Bossa Ahadee*, found the passage leading to it paved with human skulls. They were those of his more distinguished adversaries captured at different times, and placed in that situation 'that he might nightly enjoy the savage gratification of trampling on the heads of his enemies.' The top of the little wall which surrounded this detached apartment, was adorned likewise with their jaw-bones. Whatever may have been the frailties of Ahadee and his successors, it would seem from all this that the dread of ghosts and hobgoblins formed no part of their characters.

"From Mr Abson, *who had lived thirty-seven years in this country*, the greatest part of which he had been governor of William's Fort, the African Company's chief settlement in this quarter, and who, *ex-officio*, attended at the celebration of these annual *festivities*, I had many relations of the barbarous acts which he had witnessed.

"The immolation of victims is not confined to this particular period, for at any time should it be necessary to send an account to his forefathers of any remarkable event, the king dispatches a courier to the shades, by delivering his message to whoever may happen to be near him, and then ordering his head to be chopped off immediately; and it has not unfrequently happened during the present reign, that, as something new has occurred to the king's mind, another messenger (as Mr Canning very justly observed, like the postscript of a letter) has instantly followed on the same errand, perhaps in itself of the most trivial kind.

"It is considered an honour where his majesty personally condescends to become the executioner, in these cases; an office in which the present king prides himself in being very expert. The governor was present on one occasion, when a poor fellow, whose fear of death out-weighing the sense of the honour conferred on him, on being desired by the king to carry some message to his father, humbly declared on his knees, that he was unacquainted with the way; on which the tyrant vociferated 'I'll shew you the way,' and, with one blow, made his head fly many yards from his body, highly indignant that there should have been the least expression of reluctance.

"The performance of the annual sacrifices is considered a duty so sacred, that no allurement in the way of gain—no additional price which the white traders can offer for slaves,—will induce THE KING to spare even a single victim of the established number; and he is equally inexorable with respect to the chiefs of his enemies, who are never, on any account, permitted to live if they fall into his hands.

"I had once occasion to witness a very marked instance of this vindictive and unrelenting spirit. In a warlike excursion towards the Mahee, or Ashantee borders, an enemy's town was surprised, and a great number of the inhabitants were either killed or made prisoners; but especial care was taken that the head of the prince of that district should be sent to Abomey, and that every branch of his family should, if possible, be exterminated; for it was one which had often given the Dahomian forces a great deal of trouble. A merciless massacre of these individuals therefore took place, in obedience to strict injunctions to that effect; and, it was believed, that not one of the breed was left alive.

"A youth, however, about seventeen years of age, one of the sons of the obnoxious prince, had managed to conceal his real quality, and not being pointed out, succeeded in passing among the crowd of prisoners to the Dahomian capital, where, after selecting that proportion thought necessary for the ensuing sacrifices, the captors sent the remainder to Grigwee, to be sold at the factories. This young man happened to be purchased by me, and he lived thenceforth in the fort, in a sort of general rendezvous or trunk, as it is called, for those belonging to that department.

"In a very short time after this transaction, it somehow transpired at Abomey, that there yet lived this remnant of the enemy's family; and in order to trace him out (for the scent had, in some degree, been lost, not knowing whether he had been disposed of to the English, French, or Portuguese, or whether he was not actually embarked,) the king fell upon a scheme, which strongly displays that species of cunning and artifice so often observed among savages.

"Some of his Halfheads (who may very appropriately be termed his *mortal* messengers, in contradistinction to the *immortals* sent to the shades,) arrived one evening at the fort, and with the Coke, (a stern and hard-hearted villain) who, in the absence of the Yavougah, was the next Caboceer, demanded admittance in the king's name, prostrating themselves as usual, and covering their heads with dust. On entering, they proceeded immediately to that quarter where the slaves were, and repeated the ceremony of kissing the ground before they spoke the *king's word*, that is to say, delivered his message. The Coke then made a long harangue, the purport of which was

to signify the king's regret that animosity should have so long existed between him and the chief of that country which he had just despoiled, and to express his sorrow for the fate of a family which had suffered from his displeasure, through false accounts and misrepresentations. For this reason he was now most anxious to make every reparation in his power to a son yet remaining of that prince, and would readily re-establish him in the rank and possessions of his father, could he only find him out. Completely duped by this wile, the unsuspecting lad exultingly exclaimed 'I am the son of the prince!' Then, replied the Coke, with a hellish joy at having succeeded in his object, 'you are just the person we want;' upon which these Halfheads seized him, and began to bind his hands. Finding by this time the real state of the case, which at first it was impossible to comprehend, I strongly protested against their seizing a slave whom I had regularly purchased, and complained loudly of the insult offered to the Company's Fort—but all in vain. I then earnestly entreated them to offer the king his own price, or selection of goods, and to beg, as a favour to me, that he might be spared, strongly urging the plea also, that when once embarked, he would be as free from every apprehensions respecting him as if he had killed him.

"The Coke coolly replied, that I need give myself no farther trouble to make proposals, for he dared not repeat one of them to the king; and I was at last, after an ineffectual struggle, compelled to witness, with the most painful emotion, this ill-fated youth dragged off in a state of the gloomiest despair:—a despair rendered more dismal from the fallacious glimpse of returning happiness by which he had been so cruelly entrapped.

"He was immediately hurried away, and murdered, to glut the vengeance of this pitiless and sanguinary barbarian."

Let it not be dreamt for a single moment, that we are either writing or quoting with the view of defending either the slave trade or slavery. Far from us be such abomination. But the question which awaits the decision of the English Parliament, or, more properly, of England, is perhaps the most delicate that ever engaged the attention of a great nation; and it is not fit that the public mind should, ere the moment comes, be familiarized exclusively with one side of the affair. It is very easy to talk with the most hypochondriacal of poets about "finding our brother guilty of a skin unlike our own"—it is very easy to talk with this good Quaker about an English gentleman, and his wife and daughters, made slaves of at Algiers; but this is not the way to come at the truth of the case. We must remember not only who we are—God knows, that consideration involves enough of reflection!—but also who and what they are about whose feelings we are harangued. There is some other difference besides that of the skin; and however bad a thing slavery may be in itself, and however wrong it may have been in free-born Britons ever to have done anything that tended to procreate slavery, it still is true, that, giving to the word *slavery* any meaning it has as yet borne, no British hand was ever yet the instrument of turning any one African into a slave. Unless, indeed, it should be so, that some reigning African Prince has been kidnapped for or by us; and then, to be sure, a human being has been most unjustifiably drawn from a sphere of most exquisite, as well as most legitimate enjoyment—which, may Heaven forgive!

The true state of the matter is this:—The far greater part of the rich and extensive Continent of Africa has been, from the earliest period, possessed by negroes. From the earliest period, there can be no doubt whatever, that the peoples of this race have uniformly lived as savages and as slaves. We know of no age in which they were not slaves at home; and we know of no age in which they did not sell each other for slaves, to whoever would buy them. The negro inhabiting his own hut, has always known that his head might be cut off next hour, at the caprice of his negro tyrant. The negro following the standard of his negro prince into war, never did so without having the most perfect knowledge, that if he were taken prisoner by the negro enemy, the best hope he could nourish, was that of being sold for a slave. These are indisputable, and indeed indisputed, facts. And accordingly the feelings and manners, the whole souls and beings, of negroes, have ever been imbued with the sense of degradation; and their whole character has teemed from time immemorial, and teems now, with all the vices to which the most intense mixture of cowardice and ferocity can give birth. Their princes have always been *despots;* and that in a sense to which no word in any language not African can do adequate justice. Their women have always been the most degraded of

slaves—their women have always been loaded with the severest toils of their husbandry, such as it is, and has been—their intellect has stood still for many thousand years; and has, up to this moment, done absolutely NOTHING—their superstitions are the most foul—their whole ideas are the most degraded—their manners are the most brutal—their enjoyments the most base of which human nature has ever furnished any specimen. And now mark this:—Throughout by far the greater part of these horrible ages, they have not been meddled with, in any shape whatever, on their own soil, by people of any other race but their own. Their degradation has been their own; and in spite of all that can be said about the interference of modern Europeans, that degradation is at this moment their own handywork. All that has been done from without, is as a drop in the bucket to that ocean of crime and brutality into which their own base and uncontrolled passions have poured their eternal reservoirs of voluntary evil.

It is very painful to make, and it cannot be pleasing to listen to, such statements; but how avoid them?—seeing, as we do, that it is the uniform cant of the persons we have to deal with, to talk and write about the negroes, as if they really were upon a level in all things but good luck with every other part of the great family to which they unquestionably belong—as if their degraded condition were entirely the work of whites—as if, but for us, they were, and would be, capable of just the same actions, animated with just the same feelings, and in possession of just the same advantages, as ourselves.—This is one of the great primary blunders with which their talk, *non vi* (God knows!) *sed sæpe cadendo*, is making people so familiar, that they lose the power of analysing and detecting them. Look at the whole Buxton debate. There is not, throughout the whole of it, one single allusion to *what* the negroes were ere any European meddled with them—or, which was indeed the necessary consequence of that omission, to what it really is of which a negro can be deprived by being made a European's bondsman.

This is one of the great preliminary blunders which a plausible set of narrow-minded imbeciles, and a far more despicable knot of cunning mercantile speculators, have been eternally upholding. The former, we dare say, have become so accustomed to the chime, that they will scarcely trust their ears when they hear the idle melody checked by another note. But there is another blunder, perhaps still more contemptible, of which we must also say a word or two, ere we proceed to the real business before us.

It is assumed, then, that he who is a slave, is necessarily and uniformly placed in a more unhappy condition than he could possibly be placed in were he not a slave. We have already seen what an African negro loses when he becomes a slave. We have seen how closely his feelings, under that change, may be supposed to resemble those of AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN subjected to Dahomy or Calabar bondage. But lay aside, for a moment, the actual *change*. Take the negro as he now exists in the West Indies, and compare him, not with the negro as he exists in Ashantee, but with the labouring peasant as he exists in England or in Scotland—in the most happy of all European countries—under the most benign of all human governments—and see what is the real state of the case—see what the circumstances really are in which the actual conditions of these two human beings differ. In spite of "the African Prince," of Clarkson, and the Edinburgh Review, we suppose the comparison will scarcely be objected to as *ex facie* unfair, by the friends of the negroes.

We are not about to speak just at present of the blessings of religious instruction and moral feeling, and the enjoyments of civil privileges. Negroes have never been robbed of anything that can deserve to be talked of, seriously, we mean, under any of these heads, by Europeans. We are about to speak of the labouring peasant strictly as such—of his physical state—of his comforts and means, strictly personal and domestic.

The friends of East Indian sugar always set out with the gross hardship of labouring, without being paid for labour. The negro, say they, gets no wages from his master; and therefore he is below all other human beings.

Now, it is very true, that the negro gets no shilling or fifteenpence a-day paid him every Saturday evening by

the overseer of the farm on which he works: but does he get no equivalent? In the first place, take the year over, he labours infinitely less than any labourer in this country. Mr Bridges distinctly pledges himself to this assertion, and the Mitigation Critique, on his Pamphlet, passes it *sub silentio*. In the second place, he is entirely clothed at his master's cost, and he is allowed—no matter for the present how, but the fact is so—he is allowed as much free time to himself, as enables him to support himself and his family, if he has one, throughout all the seasons of the year, in a more comfortable manner than *any* labourer in Scotland ever dreams of, and probably quite as well as any English peasant, out of the most rich, and favoured, and luxurious counties of England. In the third place, over and above supporting himself most comfortably—over and above his house, for which he pays neither rent nor tax—over and above the poultry, eggs, yams, molasses, and rum, which he eats and drinks, he is, when he is at all regular in his habits of life, able to realize money. Mr Bridges tells us, in his pamphlet, that he has known negro labourers worth L.400 or L.500; and offering the *loan* of such sums to their masters and overseers. And in general, there is no doubt at all of the fact, that every well-behaved negro labourer does realize money. Indeed if they had no money to spare, how should they go and spend so much time at *markets*—a practice which, the said markets having sometimes been held on Sunday, Mr Wilberforce is so violent in denouncing. In the fourth place, whenever the negro labourer is ill, he is not only excused work, but anxiously provided with every sort of medical advice and medicine, at the sole expense of his superior. In the fifth place, his negress is not allowed to work at all when pregnant; and she lies in in comfort, being attended by a doctor, whom the master pays. In the sixth place, an additional allowance of food and clothing is made for every child; so that a pair are just so much the richer the more children they have. In the seventh place, when negro men or women get old, they are supported entirely by the master on whose fields they have toiled—they have no fears for an unprotected and unprovided-for old age—they have never heard of work-houses, or alms-houses—they have never seen a negro *slave* begging his bread. In a word, as to all these matters, (and surely Mr Cobbett himself will admit they are tolerably important ones,) the situation of the negro slave is, *toto cœlo*, above that of the poor labouring man here at home in Britain. For as to Ireland, it really would be too much of a joke to pile up arguments where the whole affair must be self-evident.

The facts we have been mentioning are always kept out of view as much as possible, and sometimes they are even partially contradicted by the writers of pamphlets on the East India sugar side of the question; but our readers may depend upon it they are facts notwithstanding; and they are facts, too, which neither Wilberforce, nor Mr Buxton the Brewer, nor any other man whatever, will dare to dispute in the House of Commons; because all these people very well know that they are facts; and that if they dared to deny them, there are members enough there who have personally known the West Indies, and who would immediately answer them for once and for ever. But though all this be so, these gentlemen are by no means exhausted—they will turn upon us with the most ardent impatience, and they will make sundry objections, which we shall give ourselves the trouble both of anticipating and of demolishing.

And *first*, they will say, there is no intermission (we are only quoting from the Mitigation preface) in the labour of the healthy slave, except the time allowed for breakfast, dinner, sleep, Sunday, and the twenty-six or thirty-six days more allowed in the course of the year as holidays and otherwise.—And what then? is our answer. What are the intermissions in the labour of a labouring man here at home? Are there any intermissions at all, except the time that goes for meals, sleep, Sunday? And is it not one of *his* severest evils, that he has it not in his power to intermit his labour in cases of ordinary illness, as the negro has? And when his labour is intermitted from the severity of the weather, or any other such cause, who pays him his wages—that is, supports him and his family?

But *secondly*, say they, it may be very true that a well-behaved negro

has it in his power to make money; but what avails this, since he has not the legal power of bequest?

This is one of the topics that have been most unrelentingly dwelt upon; and in the strict letter of the law, the thing is as they say. But what then? is once more our answer. Practically, the slaves are universally permitted to leave not only money, but houses and lands, to whomsoever they please.—This is the custom, the practice, the universal practice. And, accordingly, amidst all this mass of Pamphlets, Reports, Appeals, Views, Considerations, is there ONE instance produced of the peculium of a negro being seized by his master, or of his bequests being in any manner, or form, or degree whatever, interfered with?—No. No such fact is stated. If it could have been stated, sure enough may we be, it would have been so.

We admit, however, that that which does take place by custom and practice, ought to be made capable of taking place by law. Mr Canning proposed that every negro who had entered into the state of marriage, should be allowed, by law, to execute a legal will; and we have already said, that this appeared to us to be a very beautiful idea. As it is, there is no hardship practically felt by the negro as to this matter; and the White clamour about it has therefore been *cant*, and nothing but *cant*.

But, *thirdly*, say they:—The negro is subjected to corporal punishment; and "he is, or, at least, may be, branded on the flesh," like a horse or sheep. Now, as to the branding, no person born in the West Indies *can be* so dealt with: *that is the law*. Since the slave trade has been put an end to, this, therefore, has altogether ceased: and it must be recalled by these pamphleteers now, either from gross ignorance of what they pretend to have spent their lives in studying, or from a wilful and deliberate determination to excite popular feelings, cost what it may on the score of truth. So much for the branding. As for the corporal punishment, it has been already virtually abolished, in regard to women altogether; and it is *not* practised with severity, in regard to the men. Compared with the corporal punishments inflicted in our own army and navy, the thing is as nothing. No negro man is whipped to the breaking of the skin, unless in very extraordinary cases of guilt, or by an accident which his master regrets. When Lord Bathurst wrote out to Jamaica some years ago, about *mutilation of negroes*, the only feelings excited in the minds of the West Indian planters, were wonder and indignation;—indignation against the most brazen calumniators who had dared to insinuate such atrocities, and wonder that Lord Bathurst should have been so green as to put any faith in such stories from such men. But the negro is compelled to labour—this is the taunt which nothing can prevent from being repeated. He is compelled. Yes, but why? Because he will not labour otherwise. This is the fact—this is the result of actual and extensive experience. Hear Mr Barham.

"A few negroes under peculiar circumstances, may have laboured for hire, but the evidence of all the colonies in the West Indies (in some of which there are abundance of free negroes, and abundance of people who would gladly hire them) proves, that, constituted as he now is, the negro will not work but under coercion. Hayti proves it—Africa proves it."

The Edinburgh Reviewer dwells most vehemently on Hayti. Hear what follows.

"The cultivation of Hayti seems to be now confined to the raising of provisions, which requires very little labour, and to the gathering of coffee and cotton from the trees already planted. As to Africa, even though in one particular part there should be a class of men, who will undertake temporary jobs for hire, and even though there may be some symptoms of voluntary labour at Sierra Leone, produced by moral improvement, yet such exceptions destroy not the general evidence of that vast continent. Indeed, the latter case rather confirms our statement. It is far from our meaning, that, by moral improvement, any change may not be effected; what we mean to say, is, that till such improvement shall have taken place, the negro will only work by coercion. A curious proof of this will be found in Mr John Hay's Narrative of the Grenada Insurrection, published by Ridgway, page 106. This gentleman was some time detained at Guadaloupe, then under the government of Victor Hugues. Punishment by the whip had been then totally abolished; but, instead of it, a military tribunal had been established, consisting of five whites and blacks, who made a tour of the island once a month, in order to try and punish such negroes as had neglected their work. *They were condemned to be chained by the middle and ancle for five to fif-*

teen years. The more refractory were shot, which very frequently happened. Mr Hay relates this incidentally, and not for the purpose of founding any argument upon it.

"But, indeed, we hardly need to appeal to experience for the proof. By the clearest conclusions from facts that cannot be disputed, we may assure ourselves, *a priori*, that it *must* be so. The labour of a few days, builds as good a habitation as the negro desires; and the labour of a few more, supplies him with food for the year. Clothing he hardly wants, and artificial desires he has none so strong as the desire to pass his time in idleness. By what then but force can he be brought to work? We must here call, with the Greek mathematician, for ground to stand on. Ground there is none; and we might as soon expect to put a machine in motion by a power, which should be weaker than the power that resists, as we might expect the free negro to labour for hire, till some adequate want shall impel him. To teach him artificial wants, must be a work of time and uncertainty; and the case is hopeless, unless we can bring him under the same impulse which acts on the free labourer everywhere else. All the world over, this is neither more nor less than the want of food; and if the negro is to work, that stimulus must be applied to him, or he must remain under the whip; for, as to confinement or disgrace, he would hardly feel them as a punishment.

"Such are not the most pleasing views of human condition, but we must not shut our eyes to them, unless we would grossly deceive ourselves. The slave probably would prefer his present state under the whip, to that into which we would thus lead him; and, no doubt, that physically he suffers less in his present state, than he would then do *at first;* but the process is unavoidable; and if you would convert him into a free labourer, there is no other way to teach him.

"But how may the thing be effected? Half an acre is sufficient for his cottage and his food; the kind of land he wants is of little value, and is divided amongst proprietors so numerous as to render a combination impossible. Sooner than let their land lie waste, these proprietors would underbid each other, and the negro would thus obtain what land he wants, at a rent which the labour of a week, perhaps, would procure him. Another week would serve for its cultivation, and the remaining fifty weeks he would remain idle. It does not seem that any law could reach this case; nor could it be prevented, unless *all the land were in one proprietor.*"

The truth is, that no man labours without the application of some stimulus; and the negro, the laziest of all men, is the least likely to do so. Corporal punishment, no doubt of that, is a disgusting thing, and we should most certainly rejoice in seeing it altogether banished, (unless in terrible cases indeed,) both from the West Indian plantations, and from the British army, and the British navy. An external stimulus of some sort, however, is necessary, when there is none sufficient within. The lazy soldier cleans his musket, because, if he does not, he will be whipped;—the lazy negro works in the sugar field for the same reason. The poor labourer at home, however lazily inclined, works, because, if he does not, he and his family must starve. This last, we are pretty sure, is not the feeblest, nor the least painful of these engines. Starving is worse than the scourge, and the fear of wife and children starving is worse than a thousand scourges. Let the soldier and the negro be tried with the stimulus of the labouring peasant, and see how either of them will relish the change. Ay, and whether it please them or not, let them be kept to it.

A *fourth* point of clamour is thus stated by the Mitigation Society, in their preface, (p. 14.)—"In the season of crop, which lasts for four or five months of the year, their labour is protracted, not only throughout the day, as at other times, but during either half the night, or the whole of every alternate night." Now, what is the truth? It is this:—On all estates that are managed with any sort of care and skill—that is to say, on all estates, but an infinitesimally small proportion, the negroes make their "spells," as they are called, so that the turn for night work comes round only twice a week for each "spell." This is the fact. It is also a fact pretty well known, that soldiers have such things as night-watches or guards all the year over: and it is a fact of which no man that has ever made one voyage in a king's ship can be ignorant, that *no sailor ever can sleep more than four hours at a time.* Another fact most certain and indisputable, is, that be the hardship of the crop season what it may, all negroes whatever are found to be fatter and better at the end of it, than at its beginning. Let them make of this what they please—deny it they cannot. Nor can it be denied, that if all the negroes were made freemen to-morrow, they would still—that is, if they were to continue as labourers in the cultiva-

tion of the sugar cane in the West Indies, be compelled, by the nature of the plant and the climate, to do a certain portion of night work, as well as of day work, during the season of the sugar crop.

The *fifth* item of the ditty shall be given also in their own words:—"It is," say they, "an *universal* principle of colonial law, that all blacks, or coloured persons, are presumed and taken to be slaves, unless they can legally prove the contrary. The liberty, therefore, even of free persons, is thus *often* greatly endangered, and sometimes lost. They are liable to be apprehended as run-away slaves."—We have quoted the *ipsissima verba* here: the same thing is stated fifty times over, in different shapes, in all their speeches, and in all their pamphlets; but is it the more true for all that?—NO—once more, NO.

The simple truth is this, that no man, either black or coloured, is ever taken up and obliged to give an account of himself and his *status*, UNLESS HE BE COMMITTING AN ACT OF VAGRANCY. If he be found a vagrant, and without any proof of his freedom, in a country where the number of free persons of colour is so extremely small, where is the hardship of being taken for a run-away slave? or rather, where is the possibility of being taken for anything else? Remain in your own parish, or if you leave it, to beg on the street or highway, bring the evidence of your manumission, or the register of your free birth with you in your pocket, and you are safe. But do not expect to become a licensed beggar, only by being able to pass a given valley, mountain, or stream, and telling a lie. The preface chimes and chimes about the "*onus probandi* being laid on the negro"—the *onus probandi* never is, nor can be, laid upon him, unless he be found in the commission of an unlawful act; and universally, if a white man claims an individual negro for his slave, the *onus probandi* is on the claimant. At present, vagrants are sold:—it were well, perhaps, and, indeed, we believe the West Indian body have themselves recommended, that this should be done away with, the vagrant being sent to a house of industry instead. Whether, however, this alteration could be at all to the negro vagrant's taste, is extremely questionable.

A *sixth* charge made in many of the Wilberforcean speeches, and repeated in the Wilberforcean commentary, refers to the alleged hostility of the colonial legislatures to manumission.—That the charge should have been made in the House of Commons, was much; but that it should have been made over again in the pamphlet, is really more than astonishing. It was answered, in the speech of Mr Marryatt, and answered so fully, and with such an overwhelming detail of facts, that we could not have believed it possible that even the Mitigation should have ventured so soon to raise the same cry again. The detailed statements of Mr Marryatt, we must be excused from going into. Everybody ought to study the book where the speech is embodied, and we must content ourselves with referring to it; but one plain and unvarnished fact, of a much more general nature, cannot be overlooked, and it is this; that whatever taxes lie upon manumission *now*, are imposed, not for the sake of the masters, but for that of the slaves. Some masters have been brutal enough to wish to free themselves from the necessity of supporting their old and worn out slaves, by a summary process of manumission; and it is only to guard against the possibility of this—it is only to guard the poor old black from the danger of being turned adrift to starve after his hands are enfeebled, that a small sum is levied from the master, (after all, it is but a few pounds,) which sum goes not into the public exchequer, but into a fund, out of which the negro is to have the right of drawing the means of life, in case he ever should sink into a state of destitution. Such is the fact, and such has been the commentary thereon of the most charitable of their species.

But, let us consider, for a moment, the reason of the thing, abstracted from questions of minute detail. What are the feelings which a man is likely to entertain in regard to his slave?—Grant them the full use of their own favourite simile—grant that the black man is really in the eyes of the white no more than a black horse—grant all this, for a moment, absurd as it is,—and what is the consequence? A negro is worth £80,—such seems to be the average admitted on all sides. Now, does a man who possesses a horse worth L.80 treat that horse with un-

necessary cruelty—does he lash him, does he starve him, does he, in anyway whatever, molest him, if he can possibly avoid it?—no—laying the feelings of humanity altogether out of the question, the sense of interest is the sure safeguard.

My prosperity lies in the strength and thriving of my horse—the sleekness of his coat, which shews that he is well fed and lodged, shews also, that I am proprietor of a valuable animal: the ragged skin and tottering limbs, which attest his bad condition, are also the symbols of my own patrimonial loss, and the loss, so far as the animal goes, of my poverty. In like manner as to manumission, who will believe that the colonial assemblies hate manumission, when it is evident, that every individual planter who sits there, increases the value of his own slaves in exactly the same proportion wherein the total number of slaves within his colony is diminished? Would the sheep-farmers on Cheviot be miserable in hearing that the sheep-farmers of Argyle had lost their sheep?—They would rejoice, because they would know that their own wool and mutton would fetch a larger price in the market.—We must carry the principles of common sense with us wherever we go, and unless we believe that the West Indians are not only the brutal knaves, which they have so liberally been styled, but the brutal fools also, which we believe even Mr Buxton the Brewer has not yet done them the honour to call them, we must believe that, like all other human beings, they have a care of their own property,—are kind to animals who cannot thrive on cruelty, and encourage, not discountenance and oppose, those measures by which the value of their own possessions is and must be most effectually increased.—No new slaves can be got from Africa now: it follows, as the strictest of logical consequences, that those who are in the West Indies are dealt with in the manner esteemed most conducive to their long life and sound health,—and that this manner is the manner of kindness and attention, we presume, no one ever doubted or could doubt. The other branch of the charge has precisely the same answer. The fewer slaves there are, the more valuable are the slaves which I possess; and, therefore, I must be rejoiced when I hear of my neighbour manumitting his negroes.

Having cleared away this rubbish, we shall proceed to quote some of the very sensible remarks, with which Mr Barham * introduces a *plan*, of which we shall have more to say in the sequel.

"One of the measures recommended by the colonies," says he, "is the facilitating individual emancipation; and certainly it is desirable, that there should be no impediment in the way of those, who are disposed to give freedom to their Slaves, as a reward, or from kindness; but no error could be more pernicious than to suppose, that general emancipation can arrive by multiplying individual emancipations. The case of the Negro has by some been compared to that, which once existed in our own and most other countries, where (as has been justly said) slavery was at last extinguished by the enfranchisement of the last slave. But the cases differ essentially. When the European slave was enfranchised, he passed into the general mass of the free population. Not thus is it with the negro: when he is enfranchised, he passes not into the condition of the free community, but forms a separate class of his own; (as we see in every colony) the most wretched class of the whole population. The reason of this is evident; namely, that *he is not yet in that state of moral improvement, in which freedom is a good.*

"It will perhaps be said, that the case will become different when the number of emancipated negroes becomes greater; but experience does not warrant this opinion. We do not observe, that the free blacks are more improved where they are more numerous: *we can hardly discern anywhere, that one step has ever been taken by them* VOLUNTARILY *towards civilization;* NOR EVER WILL THERE, TILL THEIR WHOLE CHARACTER BE PREVIOUSLY CHANGED. But as they become more numerous they will become more dangerous; and, be where it may, whenever they become sufficiently strong, unless altered in character, they will drive out the whites, and make the remaining blacks slaves to themselves.†

* Considerations on the Abolition of Negro Slavery, and the Means of Practically Effecting it. By J. F. Barham, Esq. The Second Edition. London: Printed for James Ridgway, Piccadilly, 1823.

† There is nothing of which a negro slave has such horror as that of becoming the slave of a free negro, for these are generally found to be the severest of masters. I would

"Of all the projects that have ever been imagined, that of declaring all the children free, who shall be born after a certain time, is the one which would bring with it the most *certain ruin*. Indeed, we may fix the date at which that ruin would arrive: this would be (if it did not happen sooner) at the first moment when this generation had reached maturity.

"Those, who expect that this generation would resemble the free labourers of other countries, are strangely deceived. Let men conclude what they will, *from cases of exception*, we know that the negro race is so averse to labour, that without force we have hardly anywhere been able to obtain it, even from those who had been trained to work; and now we are to expect it from those who have been trained to idleness!

"No—if ever general emancipation is to come without general ruin, it must come, not by emancipating *slaves*, but by emancipating *slavery*; by gradually extracting from the condition of slavery all its ingredients, till at last the whole mass of slaves shall at once glide, as it were, into freedom. From the former course we could expect only an idle and vicious population; in the latter, every step we take is good in itself, and leads to good. In the former process, the farther we go the greater is the danger; in the latter, every day would bring additional security."

Now, The Edinburgh Reviewer, with the usual good faith and sound logic of that periodical, expatiates on one or two instances of comparative and even complete emancipation, bestowed without apparent evil results on the slaves of one or two particular estates, as if these were sufficient to destroy the notions which Mr Barham, and, indeed, all actually acquainted with the West Indies, have entertained in regard to the possibility of any general emancipation, *hoc statu*. But is not the fallacy self-evident? I set free the slaves of my farm—well, what can they do? Every other proprietor in the island retains his negroes in their old condition. Whither then can my new-made freemen go—to what can they turn themselves? They see themselves surrounded by a territory, every inch of which is property, and everywhere furnished with a population of labourers adequate to its cultivation. Other arts besides those of the agricultural life, to which they have been bred, they have none. The consequence is, that they must continue to labour my fields or they must starve elsewhere. But how widely different the case of a general, an insular, ay, an archipelagogical emancipation! All hands are set free—if all be willing to take to the mountains, and content them with the supply of the few wants of savage life, what resistance can a handful of whites offer to their determination? Without them we are all ruined, and to keep them we have neither the power of authority nor that of temptation. Away they go—our fields lie desolate and we are beggared—they raise easily, in the meantime, in that teeming climate, the roots necessary for their subsistence, and soon gaining courage from the sense of their numbers and our weakness, they issue from the hills savages restored to all the half-smouldered passions of their race; they issue to waste, to destroy, to massacre, and convert Jamaica—the West Indies—from end to end, into a faithful copy of their native or ancestral Nigritia. Such would be, we doubt not, the result of any such rash measure adopted now: and what the consequences would be to the planters, what the consequences would be to England, it is not very difficult to see:—but, "there is balm in Gilead," quoth the Godly Scribe of the Mitigation Report,—"though we might get less sugar from the West Indies," say they in their Appendix, "*we might get plenty of it from some other quarter!!!*"—

But after all, Brougham's review is no more as to this matter than a repetition of what both Mr Buxton and he himself said, and Mr Baring answered, on the 15th May. In adverting to Brougham's instances of successful emancipation, this distinguished mercantile Member expressed himself as follows:—

"The honourable Mover of the Resolution had given cases of Negro slavery which had been put an end to without any convulsion or ill consequences having followed. Those who spoke of these instances

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not willingly undervalue the virtues of the slaves, (and attachment to their masters, when kindly used, they certainly have in an eminent degree,) but I imagine, that to the fear of being made slaves to other negroes we must in some degree attribute that adherence to their masters, which the slaves have often manifested in cases of insurrection.—*Note by Mr Barham.*

could hardly express themselves in terms of sufficient delight. They were full of the beauty of the scene, in observing how gradually the whole mass of slavery melted and sunk away, without disorder of any kind, or any measures on the part of the Legislature being needed, to prevent the danger and mischief usually anticipated. But he begged leave to say, that the instances mentioned are cases so little in point, that it would require much candour to suppose they could be selected, with good faith, by those who brought them forward. In New York, the white population was about a million. Its slaves, at the time of their liberation, did not exceed five thousand. It was impossible that the whites could fear anything from the emancipation of the few slaves that were among them. It was the same in New Jersey, another instance which had been adduced. There the white population was very numerous, and the number of the slaves did not exceed ten thousand. In Pennsylvania the whites were nearly as numerous as in New York, but the slave population, owing to the exertions of the Quakers, has at all times been inconsiderable. The case of Columbia was, perhaps, a little more in point. Yet, according to the statement of the honourable Mover, the free population was more than double that of the slaves, and the fate of that country can hardly be considered as yet sufficiently settled, to draw any sober conclusions from what is passing there. In Ceylon, another of his examples, the slaves were in a state of vassalage, more like the condition of the ancient peasantry of England, and all classes consisted of men who derived their origin from the same source, viz. the Malabar race. That country was under a strong military government. Its tranquillity did not rest on the opinion of the freeman or the slave, and, therefore, neither in this nor in the other instances brought forward, is there that resemblance with the situation of our West-India colonies, where the slaves out-number the whites, in the proportion of at least 10 to 1, to constitute anything like a perfect analogy. We are not, therefore, justified in believing, that slavery in our West-India colonies would melt into freedom, without convulsion, or that the agitation of questions of this nature is unattended with imminent peril.

"It had been said by an honourable and learned gentleman (Mr Brougham) that the insurrection of the slaves in Barbadoes, which had occurred a few years ago, was not owing to their having mistaken the object of the registry, a measure at that time about to be established. He called upon that honourable and learned gentleman for the authority on which he made that assertion [*no answer.*] He, (Mr Baring.) on the authority of the governor of the island, Sir James Leith, maintained, that it was in consequence of the intervention of Parliament at that time being mistaken by the slaves; and from that instance of mischief having ensued, he argued, that further evil may be expected from the repetition of the same causes. Indeed it was impossible but that the arguments in their favour should cause great excitement in the minds of the slaves. If Parliament were to deliberate whether the property of the rich in this country should not be divided among the poor—if the poor were told that it was hard for them to live upon bread and water, while the rich feasted upon venison and champaign, (and, on the principles of Christianity, good arguments on such a topic could not be wanting,) it would be exhibiting an entire ignorance of human nature to suppose that such discussions could be entertained without imminent danger, even in the presence of a population more enlightened and more accustomed to the occasional extravagances of free discussion than the negroes of the West Indies."

In the course of the Buxton debate, the commentaries on it, and the subsequent, as well as preceding pamphlets, a great deal is said about *marriage*. The West Indian planters are uniformly charged with the guilt of "denying the marriage tie" to their slaves. Nothing can be more distinct, nothing more *false*, than the accusation. It is very true, that up to this moment, *adequate* means of religious instruction have never been furnished to the negroes except in particular places. The fault of this, however, is the fault, not of the West Indian planters, but of the Crown and Parliament of England, who kept, and keep—at home to themselves—the management of all the ecclesiastical concerns of those colonies, the appointment, the superintendence, everything, *except only the payment, of the colonial clergy*. But, to say that marriage was ever *denied* to the negroes, is the most preposterous, perhaps, of all the *gratis dicta* these pamphlets and pamphlet-speeches record. Who will believe a word of it?—What says Mr Barham?

"The assemblies may pass what laws they will; but here are customs, manners, and opinions, to be entirely altered; deep prejudices to be rooted out, both in the White and Black population; here is the character of a *people* to be changed; above all, some stimulus is to be discovered, and brought into action, by which those are to be induced to labour, who have no wants, *and those to submit to moral institutions, who have no moral feelings*. If to change the *character* of a people by law be in any case the most difficult problem in political

science, what must it be in that strange anomaly of human society, which the colonies now present to our view?

"The owners of Slaves may labour for the same object as much as they will, and *many have thus laboured all their lives*, but have laboured nearly in vain. Nor are the causes of this failure out of sight. The changes to be wrought are not within the scope of a master's *mandate*; and his *influence* with the slaves, as to many things, is less, exactly because he *is* their master. To any thinking mind, this will convey no paradox: the fewer rights a man retains, the more tenacious he is of them. All here depends on opinion: the opinion of the slave at present acknowledges the right of his master to his labour, because he bred and feeds him: he acknowledges the right to enforce that labour by punishment: but of any interference with his domestic life or pleasures, he acknowledges not the right, and is exceedingly jealous of any approach to it, in the shape of advice or influence.

"*Nothing can betray more ignorance of the subject, than when persons blame the master for not* ENFORCING *marriage amongst his slaves.* By persuasion and reward, sometimes, a *seeming* acquiescence in this institution has been obtained from a few slaves; but nothing would sooner excite their open resistance, than any exertion of AUTHORITY on the subject."

After this, perhaps nothing more need be said; but take once more the broad view of things. All the world knows that the healthy increase of population is promoted by marriage, and indeed incompatible with the absence of marriage. Every one knows that the interest of the planters has always been, and is most emphatically now, precisely the same thing with the increase of this population. Will any man believe, then, for a moment, that they have all along exerted their utmost power against themselves—against their own most clearly understood, and most undoubted, patrimonial interests? That they have laboured to make their slaves live lives of boundless and brutal licentiousness—the two plainest and most palpable consequences of this being destruction to the health of the present race, and, comparatively speaking, the absence of all offspring? These ideas may do with the Bethel Union and the Society for Mitigation, but they will scarcely go down with rational Englishmen. We have all heard the West Indians called brutes and savages, often enough, as to the feelings of the heart; but it is now for the first time that we begin to be familiarized with the charge of utter ignorance and neglect as to the affairs of their own purses. And take notice, too, with what admirable grace this charge is made the predominant one NOW—just at the time when it appears that the negroes, whose own wilful prejudices and licentious propensities were the only obstacles that ever existed to their at least living as married people, have at length, in good earnest, begun to cast those old and fatal prejudices aside—when one rector of Jamaica has just told the world that he has himself celebrated 187 negro marriages within the last two years in his own parish! But upon what may not these privileged ones of the earth venture, cloaked and cased as they are in their all-protecting panoply, and resolved, *per fas et nefas*, to

Compound for sugar they're inclined to,
By damning sugar they've no mind to?

Another of the most common themes of declamation, is the present state of the law, as to the admissibility of negro evidence in courts of justice against whites. This is the solitary point at which Mr Canning stuck completely; he said he lamented the evil, and had looked in vain for the cure. Perhaps a few words may simplify the matter. If a negro slave appears to give evidence in the case of a white freeman, he appears either against his own master, or against some other white man. In the former case the difficulty is so obvious, that it is not worth stating; in the latter, is it not sufficiently evident, that, if his master chooses to exert the influence he holds, the negro *must* be rendered a witness of most dubious, to say the gentlest of it, credibility? But these are mere preliminary difficulties. Lay them altogether aside, and by what means are we to make a heathen and a savage, or, at least, one who is but a step above these, a credible witness, in a Christian and enlightened court of justice? We are happy to quote from Mr Barham, for this very reason, that we differ *toto cœlo* from that respectable writer as to many points of the case he has so ably discussed. Hear him, then—hear once more a Whig, and a most distinguished abolitionist, *quoad hoc*.

"Nothing could be easier than to comply with the constant requisition, that the evidence of a slave should be *admissible* to

a court of justice; but no one has yet contended, that, till HE can FEEL THE OBLIGATION OF AN OATH, till YOU HAVE at least FOUND SOME SYMBOL FAIRLY TO SWEAR HIM BY, his evidence shall be regarded as *credible*. What will the slave then have gained? The MOCKERY of being produced NOT to be believed. *Better for him that he should remain as he is, than exchange a technical disability for a public exhibition of his incompetence.*"

Nothing can be more sensible than the more general observation of the same writer, that,

"Moral improvement is the hinge on which everything must turn. When that is sufficiently advanced, civil rights may be freely granted, and emancipation will have no danger. But moral improvement will not be accomplished by vain recommendation to the colonies to do what they have not the means of effecting.

"Nothing, indeed, could be easier than for the colonies to pass specious laws, which would remove every reproach from their statute books; but if, from existing circumstances, these laws could not have any practical effect, it were better that the evil should remain open to public view, than that it should be thus disguised."

We have already said a great deal more as to these matters than we intended when we began; and yet we have, comparatively speaking, done nothing in the way of detail. We have referred, however, abundantly to the sources whence the most accurate and most overwhelming information may be derived by any one who will take the trouble of looking for it, and having done this, and having most assuredly said nothing but what we have satisfied our own minds is true and uncontrovertible, we now call upon our readers to say, what is their opinion of the Mitigation and Institution Agitators? These people profess to be the best Christians in the world; indeed they will allow nobody to be a Christian at all but their own set; they profess, also, to be the very princes of philanthropy. Has their conduct been such as might be expected from the open assumption of such characters? Have not these Christians—these *par excellence* Christians—been deliberately, and are they not now unabashedly, the suppressors and distorters of facts? Are they not helpless as children in logic—are they not beggers of the question, and putters of the cart before the horse at every turn they make? Are they not idle, irrational declaimers—frothy exaggerators—blind in reality—or affecting blindness, in order that the tricks of lynx-like perspicacity, as to self-interest, may not be suspected by the ignorant multitude, for whom alone their style of procedure, their tone of language, their reach and grasp of intellect, are in any measure adapted. These men are all, take their word for it, so many HOWARDS. Yet, has any one of them all either visited the regions of which they all talk so much, in order to check, by personal examination, the risk of false information? or, in point of fact, paid one jot of price in the shape of personal pain and privation, for that all-adorning, that all-sanctifying, that all-subduing, all-silencing NAME of peerless philanthropy, to which every one of them conceives himself to have as good a right as any one of the uninitiated conceives he has to the character of an honest man, or of a loyal citizen—and in which, best of all jokes that ever were jested, THEY, (never dreaming but that *they* may, without impiety, say, "whoever is not with us is against us,") will allow no man whatever to have either part or lot, except he has kissed their private symbols of coherence and co-operation, and renounced virtually every other principle of social compact, but theirs?

We apprehend that we have done enough to justify these expressions; but to attack individuals we have no wish whatever, nor is there, we are persuaded, the slightest necessity for our doing so in this instance. The truth is, that the knowledge is everywhere and in every hand: the only thing that is needful, is, to call upon men of common understanding to turn their eyes outwards and inwards, and consider what has been going on—what they themselves know to have been going on. Time has been when the House of Commons would have been the natural sphere for such discussions to take place in, and for such hints to have emanated from. But there, as we have said ere now, and as all that have sense to feel anything have felt long ere now, things of this sort are in these glorious days of smooth speaking entirely out of the question. There, every one is the honourable member—

"So are they all, all honourable men."

There, MOTIVES must not be even glanced at: there, if the LIE be given,

the word, the honest word, is only uttered to be eat again in the fast-coming qualm of the all-levelling endemic. It is on paper only that TRUTH can be hinted. The only comfort is, that when truth is hinted anywhere, there is a principle not yet entirely eradicated, which renders that one golden atom more powerful than a thousand tons of the blown-up soul-sickening verbiage that would fain oppress and smother it.

The truth is, then, that slavery wherever it exists is an evil—an odious evil; but that the slavery to which the negroes are subjected in the West Indies is as nothing, compared with the slavery to which all negroes are born in the native country of their race: that in respect of physical comforts, the West Indian negroes are superior to almost all the labouring peasantry of the Old World: and that in those matters wherein these negroes are inferior to the labouring classes of European countries, the inferiority is not by any means, even take the worst times and the worst places, so great as it would have been had they remained in Africa.—That the moral condition of these negroes ought to be improved, is evident; that it must be improved ere they are made free to do as they choose, is as evident;—that is to say, if any regard whatever is to be paid either to the welfare of our colonies, as parts of our empire and instruments of our wealth; or even, laying these matters altogether out of view, to the true interests, moral and intellectual, of the negroes themselves. This, in so far as the negroes are concerned, is the truth. Have the Wilberforces, the Buxtons, the Macaulays—have the Broughams, acted as if this were the truth? Have the Ellises, the Marryatts—ay, has even Canning, the orator and the statesman of the time—*primus absque secundo*—has even he answered these men as if it were so? No.—The only man in the House of Commons who has ventured even to come within a hundred miles of anything like the indication of his true feelings, is Mr ALEXANDER BARING. Observe the parliamentary style—

"With every respect for the motives of the numerous petitioners on this subject, he must confess, that he had witnessed too much the tricks and calumnies by which these representations were collected, to ascribe much weight to them, and he conjured the Right Honourable Gentleman, as a Minister of the Crown, not to be led away by petitions so got up.—(Only conceive of Mr CANNING really *led away* by these things!)—They were signed by persons, *few* of whom—(mark the *few!*)—had any means of information, and mostly by those, who were in the habit of annually quieting an over-timid conscience by a subscription to missions and to some petition about slavery, of the nature of which they knew nothing, but from the distorted exaggerations of enthusiasts. When it was considered that these petitions were, as is well known, brought in such loads to the table of the House, in consequence of a plan organized by a few *persons* in the metropolis, *gentlemen would ascribe to them only the weight they deserved.*"

In regard to the interests of the colonies themselves, and their English proprietors, the TRUTH may be stated almost as briefly. Whatever may be the sin of slavery, it is no more theirs than it is that of Mr Wilberforce or Mr Buxton, or of any other given man or men now residing in England, and eating the fruits of English manors,—to say nothing of English breweries. The slave-trade was not the child of our West Indian colonists. It was established in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, (who took a personal share in it,) before we had any of these colonies at all. James I., Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., James II., but above all, William III., did their utmost to extend the slave-trade.* William was the king, and the great Lord Somers the minister, who concluded the Assiento treaty, with which our colonies had nothing to do, but by which England bound herself to furnish the *Spanish* colonies with 144,000 slaves, at the rate of 4800 *per annum*. During all this time, the West Indian colonists of England did nothing but buy slaves from the British merchants, the said merchants being "encouraged" in the said traffic by a regular sequence of Acts of Parliament. Nay, farther, however much the *dupes* may start, the fact is certain, that the said colonies *began* the attack on the said traffic, so favoured by the Government and Parliament of England. Three different acts were passed in the colonies for the restriction of the slave-trade between 1760 and 1774, and all

* See Mr Barham.

these acts were negatived by the English Parliament—the Earl of Dartmouth, President of the Board, declaring, on the last of these occasions, "*We cannot allow the colonies to check or discourage, in any degree, a traffic so beneficial to* THE NATION." All this was done because this traffic was supposed to be highly advantageous to the shipping and commerce of England. England was the guarantee to her colonies. What she sanctioned, they durst not call in question; how could they judge it to be wrong? The Mitigation Society say, that the West Indians ought to remember that they have had "the advantage and the usufruct of the slaves." Not so: not they only. The shipping interest, the general commercial interest, the revenue, the political power of England, have all been equally gainers. But at any rate, the nation patronized the trade—the nation created the slave population. The Acts of Parliament told the colonists that they were safe in buying—the Acts of Parliament entreated, almost commanded, them to buy. The Acts of Parliament of those days must be interpreted by reference to the mind of Parliament in those days; and, doing so, no human being can suspect that any one of those Parliaments ever contemplated negro slavery as a thing which ought not to be, or the contracts perfected under their eye in regard to that traffic as less entitled to the perpetual protection of their authority, and their successors' authority, than any other species of contracts entered into at the same time about land or stock in England itself. It is clear, then, that the nation is bound to protect these colonies from danger, and to compensate them if they sustain loss. Whatever experiments, therefore, are made, must, in common justice, be made at the expense of the nation. The Mitigators—even they—are indeed compelled to admit something of this; but it is always attended with a hesitating, detracting, envious, hypocritical sneer; insomuch, that the man who reads the *Edinburgh Review* or their Reports, and believes that they are speaking *bonâ fide*, without any mental pharisaical reserve—that they speak freely, and are ready to act fairly,—any such man must really be, as to the matter of intellect, almost worthy of adding one more to their phalanx. He must be the very same sort of person who lifts up his eyes in a pious tremor when he hears HENRY BROUGHAM, ESQ.!!! —Yes, BROUGHAM! talking in St Stephen's Chapel, about "an indignant Providence," and "the awful curse of Heaven on colonial iniquity!"* *Euge! euge! euge!*—We shall have him sporting a VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY of his own inditing by and by.

Mr Barham, from whom we have already quoted several conclusive passages touching the misrepresentations of the Wilberforce and Buxton party, is the only writer on the subject who has ventured to draw out a specific plan, whereby, according to the supposition, all the difficulties of the case are capable of being surmounted. Immediate emancipation, he agrees with every rational being in considering to be, what Mr Pitt once called it, "sheer insanity,"—(by the way, the Mitigation Society chooses to render these words of Mr Pitt by "an extremely delicate measure.") Ere any emancipation can take place without the grossest injury to the negroes themselves, he says, as all must say, that a long course of moral and religious instruction is necessary. But what is his plan? Neither more nor less than that the Government of this country should, *de plano*, buy up the whole land and slaves of these colonies, at a cost, as he estimates it, of, *at the least*, ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT MILLIONS STERLING. This trifling addition being made to the national debt, he proposes that the Government shall indemnify itself by commencing a monopoly of the trade of raising sugar, coffee, &c. in the West Indies. The Government, he says, (but what says history?) will be the cheapest and thriftiest, and therefore the most thriving and flourishing, of farmers and sugar growers. In short, we shall make immensely rich by our speculation, and out of our overplus of revenue be enabled to provide adequate means for improving the moral and religious, and thence, by consequence, and at no distant period of time, the political condition of the negroes.

Mr Barham is a man of clear views,

* Vide Mr Brougham's harangue in the debate on Mr Buxton's motion.

and an excellent writer; and, accordingly, whoever turns to his book will find this plan laid down in all due detail, and the thing made to wear a feasible enough aspect, *primâ facie*. But although it is at present impossible for us to go into the matter, we suspect our readers will really have no great difficulty in excusing us. To say the truth, we have mentioned the thing not so much with a view to the detail and merits of the plan itself, as with the view of letting plain people see what sort of difficulties they really are that environ a subject of which so many idle and ignorant fools are eternally chattering, without semblance or shadow of anything like modesty or diffidence. An addition of one hundred and twenty-eight millions to the national burden under which we already labour! The prospect of Mr Canning turning farmer-general of the West Indian islands, and of OUR making rich by means of his stewardship! And then the patronage and the Whig outcry!—But, *ohe, jam satis!*—And yet we cannot but smile at ourselves for having omitted to state, that it has been suggested, even by Mr Barham, that *we might have* a company of West Indian Directors! Perhaps the East Indian Directors would be kind enough to volunteer this slight additamentum to their present toils!

Mr Whitmore (the maker of the motion of the 23d of May) came to the support of the East Indian free-traders, &c., and to the attack of the West Indian colonists, on grounds and with arguments of an *avowedly* commercial character. This was all as it should have been: nothing could be fairer than the principle of action which he, like others, acted on, and, unlike others, avowed in the House. But to what does his argument amount? Our steam-engines, and other machinery, have, said he, enabled us to bring the cotton of the East to England—manufacture it into cloth—send it back to Hindostan—and, after all, undersell the Hindoo manufacturer on his own soil. For this, says the logical gentleman, we owe some reparation to the Hindoo; and that reparation ought to be made, by enabling him to come into the sugar market of Europe, on equal terms with the West Indians.

Now, in the first place, be it observed, that in spite of fine phrases, this was not a motion for making the sugar trade free and open, but only for admitting the East Indians to a share in the monopoly which already exists.

But, secondly, we really are blind to the justice of the plan. What you take from the cotton manufacturers of India, pay back from the pockets of the planters of Jamaica. That is the simple proposition. Had Mr Whitmore proposed to restrain the manufacturer of England from competing with the manufacturer of India, as to the Indian market, we should have been compelled to admit, that there was at least a greater *semblance* of equity in the scheme. But the West Indians, what have they done about the East India cotton? Do they not themselves clothe every negro man, woman, and child, they have, in cotton goods of English manufacture?—and if you take from them the sugar trade, wherein, at the present moment, from a variety of circumstances over which they have as little control, as the Hindoos have over the machinery of Soho, they are *not* prospering, will no recompence be due to them in their turn, and will the East Indians be willing to pay that recompence exclusively out of their own pockets?

But what is the truth? The English cotton manufacturers are strongly represented in the House of Commons, and the West Indian planters can scarcely be said to be represented there at all.

This is the true root of all this evil. We have established these colonies deliberately—and we have given them colonial governments and assemblies—and we have invested these with privileges and powers, which they have, for ages, exercised under our eyes, and with our approbation. With these colonial governments we are now beginning to deal exactly as if they were possessed of no lawful character or power whatever; and what the consequences of this interference may be, is a subject far above us. Will nothing, however, be accepted as a lesson? Have we managed all our colonies wisely and well? Have we kept them all? Is there nothing in the past history of our empire, to teach us prudence at least, if we must say nothing of justice? Are we prepared, either to see these colonies turned into negro-land, or into dependencies of some other Christian power? These are, at least, questions to which our rulers ought to be

meditating an answer. Or if they be already resolved to answer both in the negative, what avails all this idle and timid tampering? Why not speak out NOW?

In regard to the personal character, and for many of the former acts of Mr Wilberforce, we entertain feelings far more respectful, than some of the expressions into which circumstances of more immediate influence may have betrayed us, might seem to correspond with. We allude to the deep and most serious fears which we have been unable to throw aside, both as to the welfare of the British colonies, and the true interests of the West Indian negroes. It may be very true, that government was too long of taking up some of these matters, and that in so far thanks are due to those who urged and impelled the government. That the method of this interference, however, has been most unwise—that the benevolent spirit of Mr Wilberforce has suffered itself to be made both the dupe and the tool of people, with whom he has no natural bond of connection—of whose real objects he even now, perhaps, will entertain no suspicion—that their machinations, backed by the authority of his name, have already been productive of most fearful dangers—that ere these pages see the light, they *may* have been productive of much worse—and that at all events there is no *farther need* for interference of any kind—these are propositions to which we anticipate no dissent from any rational mind, that has condescended to bestow due attention upon the important matter before us.

We would fain hope, that whatever pertinacity self-interest may dictate elsewhere, Mr Wilberforce at least will take warning, and deny to the chicaneries of the next session that support—that not much less than fatal support—which, from whatever combination of ignorance and zeal, he was led to bestow on those of the last. The public cannot be dangerously affected by the declamations, any more than by the calculations, of mere merchants; but there are others who sound a trumpet, to which the English ear is and ever should be alive, and who unfold colours that can never be too reverently honoured, provided only they be displayed under the guidance of Reason.

WHIG AND TORY.

DEAR MR NORTH,

You know it has been said by some one, "Let me make songs for a people, and I care not who makes their laws." If a song can be supposed to be so effective on the opinions of the public, how much more potent an engine is a popular Magazine! That your political lucubrations, diffused as they are far and wide throughout the British empire, have done the state service, I well know;—as an Englishman, I acknowledge the useful labours of our northern brethren with gratitude, and I willingly offer my tribute of praise. Your essays on these subjects have an energy of expression, and a happy adaptation of humour, which, at least as long since as the days of Horace, has been observed to cut down an adversary with more effect than the most weighty argument. By these means, aided at the same time by forcible reasoning, the public mind has been guided in the right way, and a salutary antidote has been afforded to those poisons which faction of the worst description is continually scattering in the way of the heedless, through the channel of a licentious press. In this beneficial labour the pen of your friend Tickler is eminently conspicuous. Like the Roman moralist, to whom I have already made allusion, he exposes his adversaries to ridicule. He excites, indeed, the smiles of his friends, but his touch is sharper than that of the Bard of the Sabine Villa; he brandishes the scalping knife of the Poet of Aquinum; and if he tickles, it is with a cat o' nine tails.

After this ample admission of the merits of this and other able contributors to your respectable miscellany, as well as those of your own composition, I cannot refrain from taking the liberty of pointing out one particular, in which I think that you, he, and all the rest of your critical and political fraternity, have fallen into an egregious error. Let us calmly argue the point, and I do not despair of convincing you that

my view of the subject is correct, and that you will be induced to change that language, which, I must confess, gives me pain. You and your friends, the votaries of the incomparable Maga, all agree in calling yourselves Tories! I positively deny that you have any right or claim to this obnoxious appellation. What is a Tory? Consult history;—examine their tenets—scrutinize their doctrines. Do they agree with you in any one point except in an opposition to the Whigs; and when I say the Whigs, I consider your abhorrence of that clamorous corps, as confined to the *modern* Whigs, whom Burke has well demonstrated to be utterly unlike their ancient predecessors. They bear the same name, indeed, but they have no more resemblance to each other than there is between Alexander the Great, and Alexander the coppersmith; the character of the Whigs of the nineteenth century, is no more that of the patriots who effected the glorious Revolution of 1688, than Lords Somers, Godolphin, and their compeers, were copies of the sour covenanters of the North, from whom the term was originally borrowed, and thrown in the face of the friends of freedom by their slavish adversaries. As a retort courteous, the Liberals of those days (they will pardon me for using a word which is at this moment in bad odour) bestowed on their opponents the nick-name of Tory, which belonged to a savage horde of Irish banditti, the genuine prototype of those wretches who, in the present time, harass that unhappy country by their nocturnal murthers and conflagrations.

This, good Mr North, is not a title to be proud of, though persons of respectability have been willing to be thus characterised, in opposition to the Whigs, without too nicely canvassing the origin and etymology of the name. But what was the political creed of the Tory faction at the era of 1688? Their distinguishing tenets consisted in a firm belief in the divine right of kings, a horror of opposition to regal authority, however tyrannically used, all which was to be submitted to with passive obedience; and resistance to the most arbitrary authority was strongly deprecated. These notions might be pardonable in men who had so recently suffered the overbearing despotism of unfeeling and cruel Republicans—of all tyranny the worst. Whilst such were their politics, in religion, although they did not entirely abandon the Reformed doctrines, or Church of England, they were supposed to look on the Church of Rome with a partial eye, as its discipline was more favourable to subdue the feelings of freedom in the minds of its votaries, who were trained to a necessary degree of flexibility by the over-ruling influence of the priesthood. They could even overlook the intolerant bigotry of James, for the sake of obtaining, what was to them, the gratifying quiescence of his absolute sway.

The Whigs of the epoch of the Revolution, were the very reverse of all this:—Liberty was the great object of their care; but they had the good sense to see that the prerogative of the crown was necessary to establish it. They knew that this essential weight was requisite to keep the whole machine in order;—nothing less could restrain the ambition of the aristocracy, and the turbulence of an emancipated people. With the greatest wisdom, they defined the duties, as well as the rights, of the governed, and of those who govern. They saw the connection between arbitrary power and Catholicism;—they set King William on the throne, and took effectual means to secure the Protestant ascendancy.

Having thus taken a rapid view of these two parties, as they heretofore existed, let us see to which class Esquires North, Tickler, and Co. properly belong. Do we see, in their writings, a desire to invest the Sovereign with absolute power? Whilst they venerate and love our amiable Monarch, and whilst they record *con amore* all the homage of affectionate duty paid to him by his northern subjects during his visit to their fine metropolis, we do not see them casting themselves under the wheels of the Idol of Toryism, which, like the Indian Juggernaut, crushes its devoted worshippers. Do we see them courting and flirting with the old Lady of the seven hills, and attempting to bring her into rivalship with her reformed, but (by her) reprobated Daughter? No—Mr North, your sentiments and your arguments all savour of those which I have attributed to the Whigs of former days. Are you then, my good friends, Whigs, and have you been

talking the language of Whiggism as Moliere's Mons. Jourdan did prose all his days without knowing it? No, you are not Whigs—the name which was honourable in King William's time, is so no longer. The adage, no less true than trite, will well apply here,

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.

The supporters of the throne are become more enlightened; they have seen the charms of liberty, and they are convinced of the danger of unlimited power even to the hand that wields it. They have actually taken post on the very ground occupied by the patriots of 1688; and their adversaries, for the mere sake of opposing them, have left their original station, and retired to the very confines of republicanism. Here they were met by a band of still fiercer foes, the Radical Reformers. These enthusiasts, with more or less affectation of adherence to the pure principles of the constitution, have evinced a determination to overturn every stone of that venerable fabric raised by the wisdom of our ancestors. Some of these innovators may be dupes; but the great mass of them shew, with little disguise, that their grand object is the plunder which must fall to the lot of the most daring amidst the general scramble. It cannot be denied, that these miscreants are the offspring of the Whigs. The wind of their breath in the inflammatory speeches in Parliament, in tavern dinners, and Palace-yard meetings, like the fabled impregnation of the classical mares, by the afflation of Zephyrus, has engendered these monsters. This Hippomanic progeny have a strong resemblance to their origin; but, like the religious sects which approach nearest to each other without actual coincidence, their repulsion is increased according to the ratio of approximation. But the parent and child are far from acknowledging their mutual affinity. The Whig, like Satan at the infernal gate, on beholding the hideous features of Anarchy and her brood, is ready to tell these terrific spectres,

I know ye not—nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than them and thee—

But the Radicals, more savage than Milton's hellish crew, stand firm and unreconciled to those who gave them being; satisfied that their own efforts will in time enable them to satiate their "immeasurable famine," they admit not these allies.

Far be it from me to imagine, that you, the loyal supporters of the constitution, are to be classed with those unfortunate Whigs, who have deserted the principles of their predecessors, and are now rejected on all sides. Let them possess and enjoy their ancient appellation—it suits them well—it declares the stock from whence they sprung. But let the word Tory be erased from the political vocabulary of the present day—let this shadow of a name vanish with the doctrines which are now extinct, and which are, I believe, scouted by every Englishman. Divest yourself, my good Christopher, without delay, of this odious appellation; let it be no more heard under the social tent on the heath, or in the Ambrosian festivities of the Divan in Auld Reekie. Names are of much power in fixing the opinions of mankind. Not a few persons may be repelled from the instruction of your pages, because they hear that Christopher North is a Tory!

If a distinguishing title is necessary to a true Briton, let one be found that will make manifest your real sentiments, unmixed with the slang of party. Be assured that such an adoption would be duly appreciated; it will raise you in the estimation of your contemporaries, and your *name* will then go down to remote posterity with a higher degree of honour.

Semper honos, *nomen*que tuum, laudesque manebunt.

Believe me, dear Mr North,
Your steady friend and admirer,
SILURIENSIS.

THE GRACES, OR LITERARY SOUVENIR.*

London, at this period of the year, has but *one* literature. Ponderous theology, and light poetry, solemn dramas, and romances wilder than folly feigned in any preceding season, wait for Spring, and come out with Parliament, the new pantomime, and other habitual displays of that productive time.

But the gloomy month of November, and the still gloomier month that "treads upon its kibe," are cheered by a whole *carnival* of minute volumes, recording the "days of the month," and the "months of the year," the shape of those bonnets and jupons which have hitherto given new beauty to the British fair; memorandums of all the innumerable elegancies necessary to the manufacture of the sex; quadrilles to be danced, shapes to be assumed, and attitudes to be imbibed, by all candidates for admiration in the year to come. However, all things go on *in melius*, and this year has produced some very pretty and ingenious attempts at turning the epidemic curiosity of Christmas into channels of instruction and intellectual amusement. Among those in the natural progress of improvement, the last is to be presumed the best; and the work, whose title stands at the head of this article, strikes us as not merely the best in point of invention and decoration, but to be, from its original composition, the subjects of its poetry, and the tendency of its spirit, as strikingly deserving of a place in the library, as on the table of the drawing-room of fashion.

The Germans, of all men the wisest in their literary generation, have led the way in this species of performance, and some of the greatest names that ever figured in German literature, have indulged their taste, and enhanced their reputation, by contributing to the Yearly Literary Pocket Books, and Souvenirs. Schiller's most vivid poems first found their way to popular applause through this avenue; Goethe, the idol of his countrymen, and undoubtedly a poet of singular genius, sent out some of his most beautiful tales and scattered conceptions on what he quaintly calls, The "Papillon Wings" of the "*Tusehen buch.*" Kotzebue, a writer of more dubious fame, though at the height of the lighter drama, often floated his lesser plays into the world on those wings; and, perhaps, on the whole, there is no portion of German authorship more popular, than those yearly records of its happy thoughts, and slighter sketches of vigorous design;—those memorials of past beauty and promises of future attraction. Their productiveness as a mere speculation is evident from their number, their eager rivalry, and their increasing excellence; and our English neglect of so interesting a mode of authorship, is among the more striking instances of the tardiness with which ingenuity sometimes crosses the seas.

The majority, however, of these German *Souvenirs*, have the stamp of their country rather too heavily laid upon them for our taste. Wisdom out of season, and prolixity that disdains an aid, solemn catalogues of names important to none but their possessors, and unwieldy labour of a reluctant and cloudy imagination, make the majority the weightiest performances that ever augmented the weight of a winter, between the Rhine and the Danube. But, unquestionably, all the good may be accessible without its counterpoise; and it might be difficult to limit the interest capable of being brought within the pages of an annual publication, expressly devoted to mingling the graceful and the useful; the attractive tale, the animated poetry, the dignity of moral thought, and the elegance of high life, and its captivating and brilliant recollections.

"*The Graces, or Literary Souvenir,*" aims at all these objects, and the mere mention of the heads of its portions, gives an idea of the variety and interest which it is the purpose of the volume to supply.

Its first department is "*The Months.*" Each month is described in poetry, and to this is appended, a Calendar of the Flower Garden, or directions for its cultivation in each month; we presume, a very acceptable species of informa-

* An Annual Pocket Volume. Hurst and Robinson. London. pp. 350.

tion to the fair florists of our country. Its next head is a Spanish Tale of considerable length, a melancholy narrative, but one of remarkable beauty and *nature*. This is followed by occasional poetry, by various contributors; by *new* anecdotes of fashionable life, *new* and frequently amusing and characteristic; by poetry—and this again by an obituary of the more remarkable persons who have died during the year—Kemble, the political Bishop of Meath, Vaccination-Jenner, General Dumouries, Lord St Vincent, Ricardo, &c.

Nothing is more absurd than to suppose that we look with a fretful eye upon contemporary literature. On this point we will not condescend to argue. Our whole course has been one of cheering and congratulation, when we found anything worth being cheered, no matter what the thing was; whether the work of lukewarm Tory or of furious Whig; of those who wore down their quills in open and impotent insolence against us, or wrapped themselves in the cover of the Blue and Yellow, or within the *involucra* of the Speaker's gown, to indulge their malignant absurdity in safety. To us it was all the same; if we found an able article, we praised it straight forward; if we found a silly one, we never spared our opinion on the subject; and in the way that we have dealt, we will deal, as the only way in which honest literature, and honest men, can be sustained and honoured.

Without further delay, we proceed to give some specimens from different parts of this Work, which, after all, will put our readers in a better condition to judge, than a dozen prefaces and dissertations. The following is from the series of "*The Months.*"

DECEMBER.

And after him came next the chill December,
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember.
SPENSER.

WELCOME—Ancient of the year!
Though thy face be pale and drear,
Though thine eye be veil'd in night,
Though thy scatter'd locks be white,
Though thy feeble form be bow'd
In the mantle of the cloud.

Yet, December, with thee come
All the old delights of home;
Lovelier never stole the hour
In the summer's rosy bower,
Than around thy social hearth,
When the few we love on earth,
With their hearts of holiday,
Meet to laugh the night away;
Talking of the thousand things
That to time give swiftest wings;
Not unmixt with memories dear;
Such as, in a higher sphere,
Might bedim an angel's eye,
Feelings of the days gone by;
Of the friends who made a part
Of our early heart of heart;
Thoughts that still around us twine
With a chasten'd woe divine.

But, when all are wrapp'd in sleep,
Let me list the whirlwind's sweep,
Rushing through the forest hoar
Like a charging army's roar.
Or, with thoughts of riper age,
Wonder o'er some splendid page,
Writ as with the burning coal,
Transcript of the Grecian's soul!
Or the ponderous tomes unhasp
Where a later spirit's grasp,
Summon'd from a loftier band,
Spite of rack, and blade, and brand,
With the might of Miracle,
Rent the more than pagan veil,
And disclosed to mankind's eyes
God's true pathway to the skies.

Every autumn leaf has fled,
But a nobler tree has shed
Nobler scions from its bough;
Pale Mortality! 'tis thou
That hast flung them on the ground
In the year's mysterious round!
Thou that had'st the great "To come,"
Thing of terror!—Darkness!—Tomb!
Oh! for some celestial one,
That has through thy portals gone!
To pour upon our cloudy eye
The vision—what it is—"to die."——
Yet, no seraph traveller
Bends his starry pinion here;
Since the birth of hoary Time,
All is silent, stern, sublime,
All unlimited,—unknown!
Father! may thy will be done!
Let me die, or let me live,
KING OF SPIRITS! but—forgive!

There are about fifty pages of anecdote and *jeux-d'esprit*, which form by no means the least interesting part of the work. They are almost entirely from the highest rank of society, and in some instances, by individuals whose wit has hitherto been but little known to the public. Talleyrand, whom we suppose to be meant under the name of the *Minister*, is, however, sufficiently acknowledged as one of the most fertile and subtle wits of the day;

but the bon mots which we have attributed to him, are to us perfectly original. The following seems extremely piquant.

"The late Fouche and T. had quarrelled. On their next meeting, 'M. de T.,' said Fouche, 'you need not triumph in your rank. Under an usurpation, the greatest scoundrel may be prime minister, if he please.'—'How fortunate, then, for me, M. Fouche,' said T., 'that you *condescended* to be *Minister of Police!*'"

An anecdote of Fox, at a time when declining life had taught him the more sober views of character, is interesting. He had now lost his old homage for our republican imperial neighbours.

"In one of the latest days of Fox, the conversation turned on the comparative wisdom of the French and English character. 'The Frenchman,' it was observed, 'delights himself with the present; the Englishman makes himself anxious about the future. Is not the Frenchman the *wiser?*'—'He may be the *merrier*,' said Fox; 'but did you ever hear of a savage who did not buy a *mirror* in preference to a *telescope?*'"

The late Sir Philip Francis has not figured extensively as a *diseur de bons mots;* yet he was a powerful conversationist, practised in a remarkably keen and studied diction, and before the period when he sunk into a kind of eloquent dotage, was pungent almost beyond any man of his time. Though a declared Whig, he had felt himself ill used by the Whigs; and his sarcasms were let loose with no unfrequent bitterness against his party. The following anecdote seems to us one of the happiest instances imaginable of the whole embodied feeling of such a mind:—

"In a conversation on the merits of the successive ministers during the late war, it was observed, in dispraise of Pitt, that 'he suffered no man of talents in the cabinet, while some of his successors adopted a more liberal system.'—'Sir,' said Sir P. Francis, in his peculiar style, 'I owed the living man no love; but I will not trample on any man in his coffin. Pitt could fear no antagonist, and therefore could want no auxiliary. Jackalls *prey in packs!* but who ever heard of a *hunting party of lions!*'"

Sheridan's pleasantries are proverbial; but the following instance of his conversational sportiveness is new:—

"Sheridan used to say, that the life of a manager was like the life of the Ordinary of Newgate—a constant superintendence of executions. 'The number of authors whom he was forced to extinguish, was,' he said, 'a perpetual literary massacre, that made St Bartholomew's shrink in comparison. Play-writing, singly, accounted for the employment of that immense multitude who drain away obscure years beside the ink-stand, and haunt the streets with iron-moulded visages, and study-coloured clothes. It singly accounted for the rise of paper, which had exhausted the rags of England and Scotland, and had almost stripped off the last covering of Ireland. He had counted plays until calculation sank under the number; and every rejected play of them all seemed, like the clothes of a Spanish beggar, to turn into a living, restless, merciless, indefatigable progeny.'"

Some of these *jeux d'esprit* are said to be by an individual of the very highest rank, whose table-conversation has been greatly celebrated, but has, of course, seldom escaped from the circle in which it has been delivered.

Those again are followed by occasional poetry. We give an "Inscription" to a name which has not yet attained its due distinction among our "Tonitrua Belli."

INSCRIPTION FOR PICTON'S CENOTAPH AT WATERLOO.

——————— "Dare
Orbi quietem, sæculo pacem suo.
Hæc summa virtus, petitur hâc cœlum viâ."

Weep not, though the hero's sleep
On this spot was dark and deep;
And beside him lay
Hearts that never felt a fear
In the rushing of the spear,—
Silent, glorious clay!

What is life, to death like theirs?
Heartless wishes,—weary years,—
Follies fond and vain!
Theirs a gasp of gallant breath
On the wave, or on the heath—
Momentary pain!

Not upon the sick'ning bed
Has the wasting spirit fled
From their hallow'd mould;—
In the soldier's hour of pride,—
In the triumph, Picton died!
The boldest of the bold.

Where the famine, where the fight,
Bloody day, and deadlier night,
Wore host by host away;
Where thy wild Sierra, Spain,
Where thy pestilential plain,
Were piled with proud decay—

Unshaken by pain, untired by toil,
He led the lions to the spoil,
Through desert and through flood;
Till, ye eternal Pyrenees!
Ye heard the thunder on the breeze,
Whose fearful rain was blood.

Where thy final battle roar'd,
Mightiest harvest of the sword,
Immortal Waterloo!
There his banner, like a star,
Blazing o'er the clouds of war,
To death and glory flew.

Weep not, though his spirit past
In the battle's fiery blast;
Th' unconquerable Will,
The living Mind, shall hover o'er
The warriors that he led before,
And love and lead them still!

Bold companions of his grave,
England's richest wreath shall wave
In sorrow o'er your tomb;
And the sad infant on the knee
Shall lisp the dear-bought victory,
In ages yet to come!

S.

With poems of this order, the volume is scattered. Two engravings, a vignette, &c. by the ablest artists, make the decorations.—The volume is closed by some lists useful to men of the world, and men of literature; and the whole constitutes a work, from whose annual series we are entitled to expect unusual gratification. Our readers will thank us for giving this touching and powerful fragment.

A BRIDAL SONG.

Caligine profonda
Gia opprime i sensi miei
Del piu fatale orror
Per sempre io ti perdei.

Come ye to seek me? Then bear me home,
For the lover is banish'd—the bridegroom is come!
Hear ye the chime of the bridal bell?
Soon shall it toll a funeral knell.
Hear ye the bridal song this morn?
Soon shall ye hear a song forlorn.
Scatter sweet flowers on my thorny way,
I shall be wither'd as soon as they.
Clothe my form in bridal white,
So shall it serve for my shroud to-night.
Deck with jewels my raven hair,
To-night it a darker wreath shall wear.
Take this fading rose from my breast,
And give it to him that loves me best;
And say, as ye point to my early tomb,
That the lover was dear, though the bridegroom was come.

X.

BEAUTY.

"Quel dommage que tout cela nourrira!"
Oui, Monsieur! mais cela n'est pas pourri."

John Bull and Lord Byron are agreed on one point at least. Both assert "cant" to be the prevailing moral feature of the age we live in. Innumerable scribblers have caught up the same note, and spun it out in endless variation, and I, among the small fry of literature, am fain to join in the chorus. Of all cants, then, one of the most sickening to my taste is that of some parents who pretend (for I give them little credit for sincerity) to deprecate for their female offspring the possession of that precious gift, as it really is, or, as they are pleased to term it, "that dangerous endowment," personal attractiveness. They affect, forsooth, to thank Providence that their daughters are "no beauties"—or to sigh and lament over their dangerous comeliness, and then they run out into a long string of trite axioms, and stale common-places, about the snares and vanities of this wicked world, as if none but beauties were exposed to the assaults of the tempter. Now, I am firmly of opinion, (nay, every day experience proves it so,) that ugly women, called plain by courtesy, are just as likely to slip and stumble in those treacherous pitfalls, as others of their sex, more distinguished by personal attractions; and that, on a fair average, pretty women are the happiest, as well as the most agreeable of the species.

Let us take a fair sample of this genus—not a *perfect* specimen. The botanist may select such for his herbal, but it would not so well answer our purpose in exemplifying human varieties. Let us suppose a child endowed with moderate abilities, an amiable disposition, and a decent share of beauty, and other children in the same family, gifted in an equal proportion with the same mental qualifications, but wholly destitute of exterior advan-

tages. Will not the fair attractive child be the most favoured, the best beloved, generally speaking, even of those parents who endeavour to be, and honestly believe that they are, most conscientiously impartial? The same anxious cares may, it is true, be equally bestowed on all. The same tender and endearing epithets be applied to all—but the eye will linger longest on the sweet countenance of the lovely little one, the parental kiss will dwell more fondly on its cherub lip, and the voice, in speaking to it, will be involuntarily modulated to softer and more tender tones. I am not arguing that this preference, however involuntary and unconscious it may be, is even then wholly defensible, or that, if knowingly, and weakly yielded to, it is not entirely inexcusable. I only assert that it is in human nature, and waiving that side of the question, which if analysed would involve a long moral discussion, not necessarily connected with my present subject, I shall simply proceed to observe, that if this unconscious, irresistible preference frequently influences even the fondest parents, how far more unrestrainedly does it manifest itself, in the surrounding circle of friends, guests, relations, and casual visitors. How many indulgences and gratifications are obtained for the irresistible pleader! How many petitions granted for the remuneration of a kiss! How tenderly are the tears of contrition wiped away from eyes that look so beautifully remorseful!—And all this, I firmly believe, if restrained by good feelings and just principle, from reaching a blameable excess, is productive only of good results in the young mind, and that children happily constituted by nature in person and disposition, thrive best (even in a moral sense) in that atmosphere of tender indulgence, and become ultimately most amiable and equable, least selfish and exacting, in all the various relations of life. The reason of this I take to be—that they feel the most perfect confidence in their fellow-creatures; and how many of the best affections of our nature spring up and flourish under the kindly influence of that most Christian feeling! The fair engaging child expands into womanhood in the warm sunshine of affectionate encouragement, and all the delicate and grateful emotions of her heart are drawn out to bud and blossom in that congenial clime;—every individual of her family and friends, fondly or courteously contributing to her happiness or pleasure. Will not the desire to repay kindness with kindness, love with love, blessing with blessing, be the responsive impulse of her young heart? She finds by every day's experience, that the tenderest approbation, the warmest encomiums, the fondest caresses, reward her endeavours after the attainment of useful information, and elegant accomplishment, and that blessings more expressively silent, (the eloquent blessings of the eye,) beam unutterable things on her performance of higher duties; that a powerful stimulus to persevere in the paths of well-doing, to strive to be all she is thought capable of being!

Her natural failings and youthful errors are most mildly and tenderly rebuked; her motives most charitably interpreted—what incentives to conquer those failings! to avoid those errors! to realise hopes so fondly sanguine! Happiness is far less selfish than sorrow. Its natural tendency is to communicate, to infuse itself, as it were, into every surrounding object; and certainly nothing inspires us with such good will and charity towards our fellow-creatures, as the sweet consciousness that they are benevolently disposed towards us. If all the discourteous, ill-natured, uncharitable things that are said and done, were traced back to their real source, it would be found that every other one at least, resulted, not from resentment for the infliction of serious injury, but from some wounded feeling, some smarting sense of neglect, unkindness, or, it may be, of conscious insignificance, a consciousness (by the way) widely differing from Christian humility, and operating far otherwise on the heart and temper.

Allowing these to be fancied, or at least fancifully exaggerated injuries, their influence on the character is not therefore less pernicious, and the question is, Would these corroding, crushing thoughts, have sprung up in the cheering sunshine of favour and indulgence? Have they not been generated and fostered in a cold, ungenial shade, where "flowers that love the light" could never blossom?

But "vanity! vanity!" saith the Preacher. What sevenfold shield can

fence the heart of woman, against vanity and its satanic legion? The only shield, I reply, capable of fencing any human heart against the perpetual, insidious, and ever-varying assaults of the tempter—sound moral principles, founded on religious knowledge, and a firm and humble faith in the truths of revelation. When these have not been early and sedulously inculcated, the Beauty is exposed, indeed, to great and peculiar dangers. But, is the ugly woman, on her part, more secure from those temptations, to which she also is peculiarly liable? Is vanity solely confined to the consciousness of personal attractions? Is there no such thing as conceit of sense, of talent, of taste, of goodness—nay, even of humility? There is conceit active, and conceit passive. That which plumes itself on being superior in such and such points, is, to my taste, less odious than the pharisaical cant, "Well! thank God, I am *not* so and so."

Now, verily, I am inclined to believe, that of all modifications of this infirmity—this vice, if you will have it so, —that is most harmless which plumes itself on outward advantages, (I speak with exclusive reference to *female* beauties,) and in point of fact, have we not often occasion to remark, that a pretty, vain, giddy girl, one of the most apparently inconsiderate character, will settle down for life with a companion who deserves and possesses her respect and affection, into a domestic, prudent wife, a careful and tender mother, an exemplary mistress of a family, while some grave, demure-looking maiden, guarded at all points in the armour of ugliness, bristling all over with decorum, and pinched into the very pattern of primness and propriety, will (if occasion offer) launch out into such extravagances and indiscretions, as defy all calculations on probability and *liability*, and utterly confound the wise theories of all declaimers against the dangerous endowment of beauty.

But, to sum up all—are there, in the class of beauties, fewer good wives, good mothers, good women, and good Christians, than amongst those of the sex, to whom nature has been more niggardly of outward adornments? An impartial observer will acknowledge, that such characters are found, in pretty equal proportions, amongst the lovely and unlovely; but, reverting to minor considerations, from that higher ground of observation, I will venture to assert, that there is *less vanity*,—or, perhaps, more properly speaking, less solicitude about personal appearance, in pretty than in plain women. The cause is obvious—the one is perpetually striving to make herself, what nature has made the other. Its frequent result is more perplexing. The exuberant self-complacency with which an ugly woman, in the full pomp and panoply of dress and decoration, seems, as it were, to inflate and expand her whole person; and if some solitary charm of form or feature, has been grudgingly bestowed upon her, what sedulous anxiety to exhibit it *to* the best advantage! How the malady concentrates itself, in a manner, in that peculiar part! Betrays itself, by an unnatural and perpetual distention of the mouth, if a set of white and even teeth is the seat of the disorder;—is characterised by a delicate curve of the fingers, or graceful action of the hand, if that happens to be the part affected; or by a frequent protrusion of the foot, should the disease have possessed itself of the lower extremities.

Good Heavens! in what thing, in what place, under what circumstances, will not vanity take root, and thrive? Stick it, like house-leek, on a bare wall, its fibres will insert themselves into the crevices, and the plant will prosper *somehow*. Strew it like mustard and cress over a few woollen threads in an earthen platter, and you may pick sallad to-morrow. Hang it up like the air plant, between heaven and earth, by a single thread, and, like the air plant, it will bud and blossom without other than ethereal nutriment. They are inexperienced naturalists, who affirm, that it flourishes only, or peculiarly, in soil or climate of such and such nature and temperature.

But to all who persist in the belief that beauty is the forcing bed of this idle flaunting weed—to all parents who are really sincere in deprecating for their offspring, what *they* term so fatal an endowment,—I would compassionately suggest one simple expedient, calculated to strike at the very root of the evil. Let the pride of civilization, for once, condescend to adopt the practice of those unsophisticated savages, who (for very opposite purposes, it is true) flatten the noses, depress the skulls, and slit the lips and ears of

their new-born females. The most obstinate charms,—the most inveterate beauty,—must infallibly yield to this early discipline; to which, for further security, may be added, a general tattooing of the whole person, so that no separate part or portion may become a stronghold for that subtle demon, who can entrench himself in the hem of an ear, or the tip of a little finger.—But whither, in its compassionate zeal for the relief of parental anxiety,—whither tends my speculative genius? What might be the probable result of the measures I suggest? If adopted by a few leaders of rank and fashion, the universal rage for novelty and imitation would soon make the practice general, and then, indeed, a great and decisive conquest over beauty, might be confidently anticipated. But, with its utter extinction in the land, might not our present conception of its component parts, and general combinations, fade away to dim recollections? Those also, in progress of time, could hardly fail to be wholly obliterated; and in their stead, would arise a new standard of perfection, not less the object of a dangerous worship, for being the very reverse of a former idol. With the custom of a savage nation, we may adopt its tastes also; and thenceforward, a celebrated beauty of the British Court, may be constituted such, by perfections similar to those that qualify a Hottentot Venus,—an Esquimaux pètite Maitresse,—or a reigning toast of the Sandwich Islands; and the first view of a squat nose, and flattened pericranium, in his new-born babe, may strike into the heart of an anxious parent, the same pious horror, with which he now contemplates the Grecian outline and delicate proportion of the infant beauty, who smiles in his face, with such innocent unconsciousness of the fatal charms with which nature has endowed her.

A.

SPAIN.

Throughout the months occupied by the Duke of Angouleme's campaign, we have abstained almost entirely from touching on the subject of Spanish affairs. Long before that expedition commenced, nay, long before the House of Commons heard Mr Canning's most admirable exposé of the views of the British government in contemplation of it, we had said enough to convince our readers, that we had thoroughly made up our own minds as to the unjustifiable character of those principles, on which the Bourbon government of France had proclaimed themselves to be acting. Some months later, in the course of a Review of Mr Quin's Travels, we took occasion to be equally explicit in expressing our sentiments, touching the constitution promulgated by the Cortes of Cadiz in 1812, and re-established in Spain by the military insurrection of 1820. The result of the conflict between these two systems, with which we from the beginning had thus expressed our equal dissatisfaction, is now before all the world.—The result, said we?—No, not the final result, assuredly, but the primary one;—and we conceive it is now time for us to lay the consequences by the cause, and clothe, in a few plain sentences, what is our opinion, and what we take to be also the opinion of the great majority of the impartial public of England, in regard to the whole of this matter.

Our opinion, then, to state the thing distinctly at the outset, is, that the Spanish Liberals and the French government have all along, and throughout the whole business, been in the wrong; but that, compared with Ferdinand VII., notwithstanding, they have always been, and are now, "whiter," both of them, "than unsunned snow."

The faults of the Spanish Liberals have been many. In the first place, they framed at Cadiz, in 1812, a constitution altogether unfit for the country where they meant it to be placed in operation, in regard to many of its most important provisions. In the second place, they, by false representations as to fact, made it pass for a time that this constitution had been really framed by the real representatives of the Spanish nation—it having *never* been anything but the manufacture of one particular party, and having been openly disavowed from the beginning

by every part of the nation besides. Thirdly, they abandoned this constitution at the time of Ferdinand's restoration, in a manner altogether unworthy of the high principles on which they had professed to be acting. In the fourth place, they re-established it in 1820, in a manner equally at variance with those principles. And, in the fifth place, they have utterly and irremediably disgraced themselves by the pusillanimous exhibition with which they have just concluded their career.

The sin of the French government, on the other hand, is one, and indivisible. It lies in the unjustified, and unjustifiable aggression, which has been made upon the Spanish soil. For the present, this interference has been crowned with apparent success—probably much more so than King Louis's ministers themselves had anticipated; but the whole business is rotten, and will come to nothing, or to worse than nothing, in the upshot.

On both of these, therefore, we are of opinion, that a great burden of blame lies and must lie. Still, however, we must admit, that neither the conduct of the one party, nor that of the other, is to our minds irreconcilable with somethink like fairness of intention in the main. They may both have chosen false principles of action, but it is not quite apparent that either has done so knowingly—and the haughty rashness of the one side, need not, any more than the vacillating imbecility of the other, be taken as the clear and indubitable symbol of deliberate dishonour.—We can pardon much from any Spaniards striving against the cause of despotism, and we can also pardon much from any French government striving against the cause of Jacobinism; but the conduct of Ferdinand VII. has been consistent with no intelligible principle of any kind, that is worthy of being regarded with any species of tolerance. He has been guilty of the basest treachery to ALL—and has stamped THE WHOLE of his own character with one dye of unrelieved blackness.

The history of Spain has been, indeed, one series of misfortunes ever since the accession of Charles V. A few brilliant campaigns, and many magnificent foreign acquisitions, have for their respective seasons blinded the eyes of this proud race to their own condition; but that condition has, nevertheless, been uniformly and unbrokenly sinking. The crafty Charles, by alternate acts of swindling and robbery, deprived the nation of all that was really valuable in her political institutions. The glare of his conquests—the splendour of his name—the imperial influence in Europe, and the American floods of wealth—all these were considered by the Spaniards as things of their own, and they shut their eyes to the domestic misdeeds of their magnificent tyrant, just as the French of our own time did theirs, to those of a tyrant not his inferior in meanness, and certainly his superior in almost everything besides. The spirit of military adventure, and the lights of a beautiful literature, gilded over, in like manner, the superficies of the two ages that followed that of Charles V.; but all this while the elements of universal degradation had been working surely below, and it was not long ere all settled into the uniform and melancholy gloom of that intellectual night, the first lurid, uncertain, and stormy dawning from which, has just been fixing the hopes and the fears of Europe.

The *history* of Superstition and the Inquisition in Spain, has been sketched by Mr Southey, in one of the late Numbers of the Quarterly Review, with the hand of a master—to that sketch we need add nothing here—it is complete so far as it goes; it will live as a chapter in the history of our species, long after the mass of contemporary writings shall have passed into oblivion. But Mr Southey has not brought the matter sufficiently down to our own time, nor, by consequence, sufficiently home to our feelings. On the contrary, the picture he presents, deriving evidently, and indeed confessedly, all its darkest touches from the *congeries* of a most laborious erudition, is a thing which ordinary observers are more apt to stare at, than to study—the impression it leaves is rather that of what has been, than of what is.—The appearance of Mr Blanco White's book, (Doblado's Letters,) was therefore a matter of greater *immediate* importance, and we regret exceedingly that Mr Southey has done no more than refer to that work, instead of drawing from its comparatively ephemeral pages the materials for a fuller

and more satisfactory termination to his own luminous exposition.

This gentleman is the son of an Englishman who settled in Spain. He was educated in a Spanish university, and became a priest of the Catholic church in Spain. In process of time, however, his eyes were opened to the degrading effects of that faith, more especially under the circumstances of Spanish management. He left Spain, came over to England, renounced Catholicism, and was received as a minister of the Protestant church, in whose service he has ever since continued to be surrounded with every species of respect. This is the person who has undertaken to describe the country of his birth and education, to that of his ancestry and his adoption; and it would certainly be no easy matter to devise a set of circumstances more likely to prepare a man for the fit execution of such a task.

Nobody, most assuredly, who has not read Mr White's book, can have anticipated anything like the impression which a careful perusal of it is calculated to leave behind. No English reader can easily believe that such a system has actually been subsisting in full vigour so near to ourselves, within our own time. There is such a gulf between—there is such a mixture of the ludicrous and the shocking in the whole picture, that it really requires a continual effort to remember, that it is not a picture of mere imagination. The monks—the lazy, ignorant, unhappy swarms of monks—the crafty, all-penetrating, all-ruling, all-corrupting confessors—the miserable victims of deceit withering in a thousand nunneries—the bold hypocrisy thundering in ten thousand pulpits, and alternately fawning and tyrannizing by as many millions of bedsides—the prostrate cowardice of a nation, King, Lords, and Commons, all alike lying bound beneath the influence of this black pestilence—the total uptying of mind and heart—the universal amalgamation of sin and fear—the eternal multiform struggle, and the uniform gain—the whole is so loathsome, that every English eye shrinks back at the first glance with the same "*incredulus odi.*"

Revolting, however, as the bringing home of such a state of things may be to our imagination—the facts are clear and indisputable. The influence of this great soul-subduing machinery remained up to the period of which Mr White writes—that is, up to the beginning of the present century—in all its vigour, unchecked, unresisted, irresistible—an universal nightmare brooding over the intellect of this once spirited, chivalrous, and noble people. The ultra-royalist partizans of the English press turn round and tell us, that in spite of external appearances the system had lost its worst *virus*—and they dwell with especial triumph on the fact, that of latter times the Inquisition had become an almost harmless shadow of what it once was. Be it so: and what does this prove? To our view it proves nothing, but that the Inquisition had done its work so thoroughly that it had nothing more to do. When a country has been conquered to the core—when its inhabitants have lived for ages in the feebleness of contented subjection, one skeleton regiment keeps it in order more effectually, than a whole magnificent standing army could have done at the beginning. And so it was here. The very dream of resistance had been extirpated. The despotism had sat down secure and opaque. The work was accomplished. The mind had been trained to creeping—what need could there be—

"To trash for overtopping?"

Hear what Mr White says of *one* (for it is only one) of the established instruments of this established thraldom—and consider who it is that speaks—it is one who had himself sat in the Confessional, as well as kneeled before it—

"Auricular confession, as a subject of theological controversy, is, probably, beneath the notice of many; but I could not easily allow the name of philosopher to any one who should look upon an inquiry into the moral influence of that religious practice, as perfectly devoid of interest. It has been observed, with great truth, that the most philanthropic man would feel more uneasiness in the expectation of having his little finger cut off, than in the assurance that the whole empire of China was to be swallowed up, the next day, by an earthquake. If ever, therefore, these lines should meet the eye of the public in some distant country, (for ages must pass before they can see the light in Spain), I entreat my readers

to beware of indifference about evils from which it is their happiness to be free, and to make a due allowance for the feelings which lead me into a short digression. They certainly cannot expect to be acquainted with Spain without a sufficient knowledge of the powerful moral engines which are at work in that country; and they will, perhaps, find that a Spanish priest may have something to say which is new to them on the subject of confession.

"The effects of confession upon young minds, are generally unfavourable to their future peace and virtue. It was to that practice I owed the first taste of remorse, while yet my soul was in a state of infant purity. My fancy had been strongly impressed with the awful conditions of the penitential law, and the word *sacrilege* had made me shudder on being told that the act of concealing any thought or action, the rightfulness of which I suspected, would make me guilty of that worst of crimes, and greatly increase my danger of everlasting torments. My parents had, in this case, done no more than their duty according to the rules of their church. But, though they had succeeded in rousing my fear of hell, this was, on the other hand, too feeble to overcome a childish bashfulness, which made the disclosure of a harmless trifle an effort above my strength.

"The appointed day came at last, when I was to wait on the confessor. Now wavering, now determined not to be guilty of sacrilege, I knelt before the priest, leaving, however, in my list of sins, the last place to the hideous offence—I believe it was a petty larceny committed on a young bird. But when I came to the dreaded point, shame and confusion fell upon me, and the accusation stuck in my throat. The imaginary guilt of this silence haunted my mind for four years, gathering horrors at every successive confession, and rising into an appalling spectre, when, at the age of twelve, I was taken to receive the sacrament. In this miserable state I continued till, with the advance of reason, I plucked, at fourteen, courage enough to unburthen my conscience by a general confession of the past. And let it not be supposed that mine is a singular case, arising either from morbid feeling or the nature of my early education. Few, indeed, among the many penitents I have examined, have escaped the evils of a similar state; for, what a silly bashfulness does in children, is often, in after life, the immediate effect of that shame by which fallen frailty clings still to wounded virtue. The necessity of confession, seen at a distance, is lighter than a feather in the balance of desire; while, at a subsequent period, it becomes a punishment on delicacy—an instrument to blunt the moral sense, by multiplying the subjects of remorse, and directing its greatest terrors against imaginary crimes.

"These evils affect, nearly equally, the two sexes; but there are some that fall peculiarly to the lot of the softer. Yet the remotest of all—at least as long as the Inquisition shall exist—is the danger of direct seduction from the priest. The formidable powers of that odious tribunal have been so skilfully arrayed against the abuse of sacramental trust, that few are found base and blind enough to make the confessional a *direct* instrument of debauch. The strictest delicacy, however, is, I believe, inadequate fully to oppose the demoralizing tendency of auricular confession. Without the slightest responsibility, and, not unfrequently, in the conscientious discharge of what he believes his duty, the confessor conveys to the female mind the first foul breath which dims its virgin purity. He, undoubtedly, has a right to interrogate upon subjects which are justly deemed awkward even for maternal confidence; and it would require more than common simplicity to suppose that a discretionary power of this nature, left in the hands of thousands—men beset with more than common temptations to abuse it—will generally be exercised with proper caution.* But I will no longer dwell upon this subject for the present. Men of unprejudiced minds will easily

* In justice to Mr White we must quote his Note.—"I must observe, that the degree of delicacy, or its opposite, in a confessor—besides the individual influence of virtue and good breeding—must greatly depend upon the general refinement of the people among whom he exercises his powers. Such is the state of manners in England, that few or none, I will venture to say, among its Catholic females, will probably be aware of any evil tendency in auricular confession. I would not equally answer for Ireland, especially among the lower classes. Since these Letters, however, would not have seen the light without my consent, I must here, once for all, enter my protest against the supposition of their being intended as an attack on the large and respectable portion of our fellow-subjects who profess the Roman Catholic faith. That I firmly believe in the abstract tendency which is here attributed to Catholicism, I cannot, will not deny. Yet we should not confound Catholicism in the rank luxuriance of full growth, with the same noxious plant gradually tamed and reclaimed under the shade of Protestantism. Thus, while I am persuaded that the religion of Spain, Portugal, and Naples is the main obstacle to the final establishment of liberty in those countries, I positively deny the inference that Catholics must necessarily, and in all possible circumstances, make a wrong use of political power."—*Editor.*

conjecture what I leave unsaid; while to shew a hope of convincing such as have made a full and irrevocable surrender of their judgment, were only to libel my own."

To this we shall only add one fact of our own; and this is, that anybody who has seen the popular books of religious instruction that are to be found on every parlour window throughout Spain—the books that answer there to our Pilgrim's Progress, Whole Duty of Man, Nelson's Fasts and Festivals, and the like—must be aware that Mr White has much understated the actual horrors of this auricular system. The deliberate filth of these books—we speak advisedly—is certainly a thousand miles beyond anything that is to be found in the worst books forbidden to be sold in England, on the score of their indecency. Under the pretence of confessorial privilege, the priestly authors of these books have arranged, in the form of catechisms, &c., the most minute revelations of all the symptoms of every lawless passion—even of those which it is impossible to name to English ears. Stories of ghosts, and dreams, and visions, worked up often with very considerable vigour of fancy and language, intersperse the details of these horrors; and saints, and martyrs, and virgins, are made to take a part in their exposition. We are really quite serious when we say, that no books that ever were written by English profligates by profession—nay, that none we have ever heard of as existing *even in France*—come near, speaking merely of sensual filth, to some of the most favoured manuals of Spanish piety—manuals which are put into the hands of every girl and boy as soon as they can spell out the words; and which are at this moment carried about as perpetual *vade-mecums* in the sleeves of many thousands of Spanish Father Confessors.

As for the priests themselves, Mr White certainly represents their state very boldly. Mark these emphatic words—

"Among my numerous acquaintance in the Spanish clergy, I have never met with any ONE, possessed of bold talents, who has not, sooner or later, changed from the most sincere piety to a state of unbelief."

The following is part of a story of which Mr White does not expressly say that he himself is the hero; but it is impossible not to suspect that such is the fact, knowing, what everybody does know, of Mr W.'s own history.

"This first taste of mental liberty was more delicious than any feeling I ever experienced; but it was succeeded by a burning thirst for everything that, by destroying my old mental habits, could strengthen and confirm my unbelief. I gave an exorbitant price for any French irreligious books, which the love of gain induced some Spanish booksellers to import at their peril. The intuitive knowledge of one another, which persecuted principles impart to such as cherish them in common, made me soon acquainted with several members of my own profession, deeply versed in the philosophical school of France. They possessed, and made no difficulty to lend me, all the Antichristian works, which teemed from the French press. Where there is no liberty, there can be no discrimination. The ravenous appetite raised by a forced abstinence, makes the mind gorge itself with all sorts of food. I suspect I have thus imbibed some false, and many crude notions from my French masters. But my circumstances preclude the calm and dispassionate examination which the subject deserves. *Exasperated by the daily necessity of external submission to doctrines and persons I detest and despise, my soul overflows with bitterness.* Though I acknowledge the advantages of moderation, none being used towards me, I practically, and in spite of my better judgment, learn to be a fanatic on my own side.

"Pretending studious retirement, I have fitted up a small room, to which none but my confidential friends find admittance. There lie my *prohibited books*, in perfect concealment, in a well-contrived nook under a stair-case. The *Breviary* alone, in its black-binding, clasps, and gilt leaves, is kept upon the table, to check the doubts of any chance intruder."

Descending from these the educated gentlemen of the Spanish Church—whose lofty principles of moral action certainly require no comment after what has been quoted, we come to the clergy of mere laziness—the monks; and then, many steps lower, to the chosen shepherds of the vulgar—the friars. Mr White says, "their distinguishing characters are vulgarity, filth, and vice,"—and then proceeds as follows:—

"The inveterate superstition which still supports these institutions among us, has lost, of late, its power to draw recruits to the cloister from the middle and

higher classes. Few monks, and scarcely a friar, can be found, who, by taking the cowl, has not escaped a life of menial toil. Boys of this rank of life are received as novices at the age of fourteen, and admitted, after a year's probation, to the perpetual vows of *obedience, poverty*, and *celibacy*. Engagements so discordant with the first laws of human nature could hardly stand the test of time, even if they arose from the deepest feelings of enthusiasm. But this affection of the mind is seldom found in our convents. The year of noviciate is spent in learning the cant and gestures of the vilest hypocrisy, as well as in strengthening, by the example of the professed young friars, the original gross manners and vicious habits of the probationers. The result of such a system is but too visible. It is a common jest among the friars themselves, that in the act of taking the vows, when the superior of the convent draws the cowl over the head of the probationer, he uses the words *Tolle verecundiam*—'Put off shame.' And, indeed, were the friars half so true to their profession as they are to this supposed injunction, the church of Rome would really teem with saints. Shameless in begging, they share the scanty meal of the labourer, and extort a portion of every product of the earth from the farmer. Shameless in conduct, they spread vice and demoralization among the lower classes, secure in the respect which is felt for their profession, that they may engage in a course of profligacy without any risk of exposure. When an instance of gross misconduct obtrudes itself upon the eyes of the public, every pious person thinks it his duty to hush up the report, and cast a veil on the transaction. Even the sword of justice is glanced aside from these consecrated criminals. I shall not trouble you with more than two cases out of a multitude, which prove the power of this popular feeling.

"The most lucrative employment for friars, in this town, is preaching. I have not the means to ascertain the number of sermons delivered at Seville in the course of the year; but there is good reason to suppose that the average cannot be less than twelve a-day. One popular preacher, a clergyman, I know, who scarcely passes one day without mounting the pulpit, and reckons on three sermons every four-and-twenty hours during the last half of Lent.

"Of these indefatigable preachers, the greatest favourite is a young Franciscan friar, called Padre R——z, whose merit consists in a soft clear-toned voice, a tender and affectionate manner, and an incredible fluency of language. Being, by his profession, under a vow of absolute poverty, and the Franciscan rule carrying this vow so far as not to allow the members of the order to touch money, it was generally understood that the produce of these apostolical labours was faithfully deposited, to be used in common by the whole religious community. An incident, however, which lately came to light, has given us reason to suspect that we are not quite in the secret of the internal management of these societies of saintly paupers, and that individual industry is rewarded among them with a considerable share of profits. A young female, cousin of the zealous preacher in question, was living quite alone in a retired part of this town, where her relative paid her, it should seem, not unfrequent visits. Few, however, except her obscure neighbours, suspected her connection with the friar, or had the least notion of her existence. An old woman attended her in the day-time, and retired in the evening, leaving her mistress alone in the house. One morning the street was alarmed by the old servant, who, having gained admittance, as usual, by means of a private key, found the young woman dead in her bed, the room and other parts of the house being stained with blood. It was clear, indeed, upon a slight inspection of the body, that no violence had taken place; yet the powerful interest excited at the moment, and before measures had been taken to hush the whole matter, spread the circumstances of the case all over the town, and brought the fact to light, that the house itself belonged to the friar, having been purchased by an agent with the money arising from his sermons. The hungry vultures of the law would have reaped an abundant harvest upon any lay individual who had been involved in such a train of suspicious circumstances. But, probably, a proper *douceur* out of the sermon fees increased their pious tenderness for the friar; while he was so emboldened by the disposition of the people to shut their eyes on every circumstance which might sully the fair name of a son of St Francis, that, a few days after the event, he preached a sermon, denouncing the curse of Heaven on the impious individuals who could harbour a belief derogatory to his sacred character.

"Crimes of the blackest description were left unpunished during the last reign, from a fixed and avowed determination of the King* not to inflict the punishment

* Charles III.

of death upon a priest. Townsend has mentioned the murder of a young lady, committed by a friar at San Lucar de Barrameda; and I would not repeat the painful narrative, were it not that my acquaintance with some of her relatives, as well as with the spot on which she fell, enables me to give a more accurate statement.

"A young lady, of a very respectable family in the above-mentioned town, had for her confessor a friar of the Reformed or *Unshod* Carmelites. I have often visited the house where she lived, in front of the convent. Thither her mother took her every day to mass, and frequently to confession. The priest, a man of middle age, had conceived a passion for his young penitent, which, not venturing to disclose, he madly fed by visiting the unsuspecting girl with all the frequency which the spiritual relation in which he stood towards her, and the friendship of her parents, allowed him. The young woman, now about nineteen, had an offer of a suitable match, which she accepted, with the approbation of her parents. The day being fixed for the marriage, the bride, according to custom, went, attended by her mother, early in the morning to church, to confess and receive the sacrament. After giving her absolution, the confessor, stung with the madness of jealousy, was observed whetting a knife in the kitchen. The unfortunate girl had, in the meantime, received the host, and was now leaving the church, when the villain, her confessor, meeting her in the porch, and pretending to speak a few words in her ear—a liberty to which his office entitled him—stabbed her to the heart in the presence of her mother. The assassin did not endeavour to escape. He was committed to prison; and after the usual delays of the Spanish law, he was condemned to death. The King, however, commuted this sentence into a confinement for life in a fortress at Puerto Rico. The only anxiety ever shewn by the murderer was respecting the success of his crime. He made frequent inquiries to ascertain the death of the young woman; and the assurance that no man could possess the object of his passion, seemed to make him happy during the remainder of a long life."

The whole of this book is rich with similar details. We have merely extracted a single morsel or two, by way of specimen. The part in which the nuns are treated of, contains, indeed, not a few things which we should scarcely be pardoned for transplanting into pages liable to be seen "*pueris virginibusque.*" What we have extracted, however, may, we dare say, be accepted as furnishing a sufficient justification of our own strong language at the outset.

The population of Spain, then, was, at the time when Buonaparte invaded her soil, everywhere under the undisputed, at least unchallenged, influence of this despotic clergy. Holding an enormous proportion of the land in property—drawing tythes from all the rest—furnishing confessors and directors to every individual, from the King to the hangman—omnipotent over the women—artfully adapting themselves to the wants, and desires, and weaknesses of every class of society—this great body, embracing, be it observed, a vast number of deliberate infidels, predominated wide and far; and their rule there was no one to question.

Second only to this influence, and most closely allied with it, was that of the Spanish nobility. They were, of course, universally educated by the clergy. The highest offices and emoluments of the church were, almost without an exception, in the hands of persons born within their own class. Humbled into the semblance of slavish submission at the court where they were compelled to reside during a great part of the year, the Spanish Signiors enjoyed, when visiting their vast estates in the country, a measure of feudal authority and influence, such as has been altogether undreamed of in England for the last two or three centuries. There the lord and the bishop were all in all; and both, it is fair to say, exerted their sway in a style well calculated to secure the love and attachment of the peasantry. In the capital, on the other hand, the court and the clergy were all in all; while, in the commercial sea-port towns, the influence of the nobles was, comparatively speaking, unknown; and the clergy held their sway, the only universal sway, divided with an aristocracy of mere *wealth.*

Such was the state of Spain when Buonaparte began that part of his career, of which, as it has been so recently and so ably sketched in the Quarterly Review, (article on Southey's History of the Peninsular War,) we shall say nothing at present. Such, in every particular, was the state of the Spanish mind—such were the predo-

minating influences under which it had been for centuries, and was still accustomed to exert its faculties, when that glorious burst of national enthusiasm took place, to which the voice of England answered with the note of an universal sympathy, and the vow of a fraternal co-operation. The priests, the nobles, the peasants, the whole people, rose as with one heart—it was a nation, not a faction, that called—and it was a nation, not a faction, that made answer.

Within the Spanish nation, however, there did already exist a faction, and this faction was destined to be the instrument for heaping upon it evils, of a new kind indeed, but not inferior to those under which it had long been contented to labour. A faction had been rearing itself unseen, and unnoticed, which was now to take advantage of a time of danger, that ought to have united all, for the rash promulgation of opinions that could not have, and had not, any other effect but that of rending asunder every bond of union that did exist; and which, but for the presence of the English army, must have been the means of laying the Spanish nation prostrate and fettered at the feet of Napoleon.

It had been the curse of Spain, that whatever notions of civil liberty had found access among any classes of her population, had come in tainted with the Jacobinical extravagances of infidel and revolutionary France. The priests themselves had known no medium between their breviaries and the Dictionnaire Philosophique. And now, at the moment when the result of all those French principles and schemes was visibly embodied before their eyes, in the presence of a French invading army, headed by the lieutenants of a French military despot, even now it was that these rash men dared to pollute for the first time the ears of their own countrymen with the open enunciation of all the most violent and insolent dogmas of the creed of infidelity and Republicanism. These were the men who took to themselves the name of *Liberales*; they consisted for the most part of mercantile men—a few nobles, and but a few, joined with them—and the Cortes of Cadiz convoked under their influence, and assuming a station to which it had no claim on pretences utterly false, promulgated the constitution of 1812. That promulgation was for the moment overlooked by many who were quite aware of what was meant, from the natural reluctance to anything like discussion in the then state of the country—many, very many, rather than let the French know that the nation was *not* at one, thought themselves justified, and in so far, doubtless, they were so, in giving no external resistance. But this would not do. The prejudices of *the great mass* of the nation were insulted, at the same moment when the church and the nobility were thus openly attacked; and the church, robbed of her power and her patrimony, and the nobility robbed by one scratch of the pen, of *all* their privileges, nay, deprived of all power whatever in the state, and the people of Spain, accustomed for centuries to reverence their clergy, and obey their feudal lords, refused, from that moment, to continue that patriotic warfare, which, in its first movements, had commanded the admiration, and roused the hopes, of the world. They said, these men are not for our Spain, no, nor for the right Spain; they are for a Spain of their own imagining, an unchristian, a republican, a French Spain. If Frenchmen must rule us, we prefer living Joseph to dead Voltaire—let them fight their own battle—the cause is no longer ours.—Sir Howard Douglas, in his excellent Pamphlet,* dwells at great length on the events we have thus rapidly glanced over—we must make room for his summing up of their consequences.

"As nearly the whole of Spain was occupied by the troops of Napoleon at the time the Extraordinary Cortes was formed, very few of the members of that body were duly elected by the provinces and towns of old Spain which they were supposed to represent; and still fewer of the members who took their seats as deputies for the colonies, were chosen by the actual voice of any regularly constituted body of the people. But, as at that period there were many individuals whom the troubles of the war had driven from the provinces, and also many South

* Crisis of Spain.

American merchants, natives, and others, whom the state of affairs had likewise assembled at Cadiz, there was no difficulty in finding persons belonging, in some way or other, to the different kingdoms, cities, towns, and provinces of Spain, in the Old and New World, to become their ostensible representatives. Some of the members who took their seats for provinces occupied by the French, were chosen, however, in a certain manner, by the patriotic juntas, which, throughout the war, continued to exist in some parts of the country. But even this insufficient mode of election could not take place in towns which the French constantly occupied; and the list given in the appendix, of the Members of the Extraordinary Cortes by which the constitution of 1812 was formed, will shew, to any person who will take the trouble to examine it with reference to the state of the colonies at that time, and to the permanent possession which the French held of most of the cities named in the list, that very few of the deputies were elected in such a manner, as to authorize them to proceed to the formation of a new constitution for the Spanish monarchy. Their powers, as a provisional government, would never have been questioned had they confined themselves to the provisional administration of the affairs of the kingdom, and to adopt *moderate* measures of reform; but so soon as they began to form a constitution which, as it quickly appeared by the debates given to the public by the reporters, was to be of a democratical tendency, and greatly resembling the French constitution of 1791, opposition, dissatisfaction, and disunion, began to shew themselves throughout Spain.

"The nobles and the clergy soon saw how little their interests were to be considered in the new order of things. Many moderate men, of all descriptions, who would have concurred in any moderate scheme, were thrown at once into determined opposition to such violent measures. The great limitation, or rather the complete annihilation, of the royal prerogative,—the destruction of all feudal tenures, to the severe injury of the fortunes, rights of property, and consequence of the nobles and seniors,—the destruction of the power of the prelates, and in general of all ecclesiastical courts, —and the warning of the sanguinary contests which the constitution of 1791 led to in France, raised against the acts of the Cortes the most determined disapprobation whilst yet their work was in hand, and produced in many parts of the kingdom the most violent opposition, when it came to be promulgated. Royalists, nobles, and clergy, were everywhere vociferous against it. The very persons who had been mainly instrumental in exciting and sustaining the opposition of the people to the French, forsook the cause, when they discovered that the government were acting in violent and direct disregard of the popular objects of the war. The bishop of Orense withdrew from the Regency, when he could no longer stem this tendency to democracy. The very pulpits, and the press in many parts of the country, that had sent forth those addresses which first stirred the people to opposition, now condemned the acts of the government, and in some places the people were distinctly told, that farther exertion would not, in fact, conduce to the great ends which they had taken arms to accomplish; for that a self-constituted government, though competent to administer provisionally the affairs of the country during the captivity of the Sovereign, had made a constitution which was directly in opposition to the popular objects of the war, and which had politically deposed their king; and, consequently, that further exertion for that government was rebelling against his authority.

"We all remember how much the apathy of the Spanish people was complained of, at an advanced period of the war. We all remember how incomprehensible it appeared, that the enthusiastic spirit, which had been displayed at the beginning of the contest, should so soon evaporate. Here then is the solution; and it will account for the fact, that from the year 1811, the exertions of the peasantry were neutralized, and the only desultory operations which took place since that period, were those of Guerillas, (composed chiefly of the wrecks of the Spanish armies,) the greater number of which, and certainly the most active, were commanded by persons who were then, in fact, Liberales, (*constitutionalists*,) as is now proved by the parts which the Empecinado, Mina, Porlier, El Pastor, and many others, have since taken.

"The Constitutionalists were by no means well inclined to Great Britain. They took advantage of her aid for their own views, but they would not be guided by her judgment. It was the pure, ancient, national spirit of the Spanish people that had allied itself with Great Britain in their noble struggle for independence, and not that of the democratical faction which now shewed its principles of government. The merchants of Cadiz,

and other persons connected with South America, were the chief instruments in getting up the Constitution; and there were not wanting agents to help them, some from bad motives, and others from pure, though erroneous views. One great object was *to retain empire over their colonies.* Jealous of Great Britain, they refused her proffered mediation between Spain and her revolted possessions, and thought to retain dominion over them by the united system of legislature, introduced in the new code. So zealous, indeed, were they in the pursuit of this vain object, that they determined to combine coercion with their policy, and in 1811 actually sent a large armament, consisting of several regiments, from Galicia, then the only province in Spain unoccupied by the French, and that at a time when the Captain-General of that province was representing his force as insufficient, destitute of money, and in want of equipment of every kind. Yet the government of Cadiz found means to equip that armament!

"When the Constitution came to be promulgated and proclaimed, it was very apparent, from the way in which it was received, that it was not in conformity with the state of public opinion in by far the greater part of Spain. Persons who may have been present when it was proclaimed in the capital, sea-ports, and great commercial towns, (where it was in general considered as conducive to the favourite measure of retaining possession of their colonies,) might think otherwise; but it is a fact, that in a great number of the cities,—in most of the towns,—in all the villages,—and universally amongst the peasantry in the interior of the country, it was received with dissatisfaction, with disgust, and, in many places, with abhorrence.

"So apprehensive, indeed, were some of the authorities, acting under the provisional government, lest popular commotion should take place against it, that in March, 1812, they prevented the measure of arming the peasantry of Galicia, who had applied for arms to defend their own country, at that time menaced by the enemy; and in other parts of Spain, like fears dictated similar precautions!

"Nor were these apprehensions without ground. This will not appear extraordinary to the reader, who, having considered the real dispositions of the people, and the true character of the new Constitution, proceeds to peruse the following extracts of addresses which were printed and circulated in the country, and which truly, as well as prophetically characterize that code."

And again—

"A government not blinded by the most intemperate degree of revolutionary zeal, but really legislating for the wholesome correction of the evils they wished to reform, should have considered the defection of the church, in such a nation as Spain, a decisive obstacle to any strong measures, and sure to produce violent reactions if persevered in. But far from being deterred, the Cortes proceeded to heap fuel on the flame.

"The framers of the constitution, although they did not respect the religious prejudices of the people for whom they were legislating, were so fearful of them, that none of the reforms intended to be introduced in the church establishments, were noticed in the constitution; and the only article under the head of *Religion*, (Art. 12,) is an intolerant declaration, that the Roman Catholic Faith is the only national religion, and that the exercise of none other will ever be permitted.

"This was intended to procure the support of the clergy, in the *establishment* of the constitution, and not to agitate the people with any notice of intended alterations; and this article in the new code has been quoted by commentators on it, to prove that the priesthood of Spain have no just grounds to be dissatisfied with the measures of the Cortes. But the priesthood were not so easily deceived, or, at least, the Cortes soon took steps to undeceive them. For very soon after the constitution was promulgated, the measures affecting the clergy were taken into consideration. It is not necessary to notice these farther than may be sufficient to account for the opposition of the clergy to a system, which does not appear to the reader of the article *Religion* in the constitution, to call for their disapprobation. On the 16th of June, 1812, was published an act for abolishing tithes throughout the monarchy! The measure was announced with a preamble, called the *Parte Legal*, in which it is asserted, 'that the precept or obligation for paying tithes was entirely abolished at the death of Jesus Christ.'*

"This was the most injudicious act the Cortes had yet committed. It is

* "El precepto de pagar diezmos quedo enter amonte abolido con la muerte de Jesu Christo."

plain, that the measure must have been contemplated when the constitution was executed; and the super-eminent folly of doing the deed, and doing it in such a way, put it in the power of the clergy to add the charge of hypocrisy and deception to the other, which they denominated a sacrilegious usurpation of the rights of the church, and of their rights of property.

"It is not necessary to remark farther upon the genius and character of the Spanish code, the mischievous tendencies of which are, it is to be feared, about to convulse Europe. It is almost entirely a *pure democracy.* A mode of election, whose basis is universal suffrage—short (biennial) parliaments—a legislature composed only of the commons estate—a King without power, without a council of his own nomination—in the hands of an executive council nominated and paid by the commons—a council, without whose '*dictamen*' the King can do nothing, and in which his ministers (who are also excluded from seats in the Cortes) have no voice—the monarch's will liable to be forced upon all occasions, if the Cortes persevere in pushing any bill to a third passing.—Ministers made responsible for acts which they have no share in forming, (for the consejo de estado is the King's only council,) and no voice in voting—the army and the navy under the authority of the commons house, in all that relates to regulations, discipline, order of advancement, pay, administration, and in short all that belongs to their constitution and good order. These are the discordant elements of which the Spanish constitution was formed, by which it is impoisoned, and out of which have arisen disorders which, if they be not purged, will transmit her from civil war to the greater horrors of military despotism. Those who supported the constitution originally, were called *liberales;* those who opposed it, *serviles;* and here it was evident to close observers, a furious party spirit was formed, which was destined, ere long, to deluge Spain with the blood of her sons, and Europe with the mischief of its principles.

"The constitution is dated March the 19th, 1812; but its actual promulgation was deferred until the expected successes of the approaching campaign should recover territories in which to proclaim it.

"When the French army, defeated at Salamanca, retired from all that part of the country, and the siege of Cadiz was raised, the Spanish government caused the new constitution to be proclaimed in every city, town, and village, recovered from the possession of the enemy. It was received, as has been already observed, with great apparent satisfaction in Madrid, in certain great cities, and in all sea-ports and commercial towns; but not so elsewhere.

"It was evident to the whole army, during the movements of 1812, how lukewarm the Spanish people had become. The British army was, indeed, everywhere well received; but the people committed themselves no farther than by giving shouts of vivas. The Spanish regular armies were not recruited by a single man in the provinces they occupied during the campaign; all attempts to organize a popular force were ineffectual; a plan which had been proposed, of trying to incorporate Spanish recruits in the allied army, under British officers, failed; the advance of the army into the centre of the country, which had been undertaken to encourage, and to produce, as it was expected, supporting movements amongst the people, had no such results; and, after an arduous campaign, the allied army returned to Portugal, without having accomplished more by the glorious victory at Salamanca, than the temporary occupation of Madrid, and the evacuation of Andalusia.

"The war proceeded; and, notwithstanding the apathy which the bulk of the Spanish people now exhibited, was brought to a successful termination, mainly through the exertions of the British government, by the abundant means it furnished—by the gallantry of her troops, and by the admirable manner in which they were commanded by the illustrious Wellington."

Ferdinand, then, was placed, in consequence of the success of the English armies within, and the success of the allied armies beyond Spain, at the head of a nation effectually disunited. The triumph of the moment—the drunken joy that overspread all Europe, was felt in Spain too; and he was received with universal acclamations, which he was blockhead enough to consider as the language of universal and deliberate submission. The feeling which the constitutionalists must have had, that they themselves had, since their ascendancy, done much to thwart, and almost nothing to forward, the glorious march of events, must have, no doubt, cowed them a little at the moment. The old nobles, and the priest-

hood, and the peasantry, meanwhile, were too proud and too happy to be resisted; and thus, from a concurrence of circumstances, Ferdinand was enabled to do, what he was knave enough to think of doing, and fool enough to think he could do safely;—that is, to break the solemn promise he had given, on being called to the throne. He swore to preserve the constitution, as it had been framed; and the moment he was seated on the throne, he *totally* annulled the constitution,—seized the reins of *absolute power*—(Spain and Portugal, by the way, are, perhaps, the only European countries where the epithet *absolute* is openly claimed now-a-days, and, certainly, the only ones where it is echoed with *vivas*.) Not contented with this, he turned round on the constitutionalists, whose worst fault, at this particular crisis, had been their total want of courage to resist any one of the steps he had been pleased to take,—he turned round on them, fined, banished, imprisoned,—in short, played all the extravagant tricks which a boyish measure of conceit, and a brutal measure of cruelty, could suggest. He gave himself up, hoodwinked into the hands of a set of cold-blooded crafty zealots, and proceeded, under their direction, to re-establish, in all its abominable character, that system which had originally been fixed in Spain by usurpation and robbery; and which, if this man and his friends had been possessed of one ray of intelligence, they must have seen was now altogether unfit for *any* European country, and could not possibly, replaced after such an interval, and under such circumstances, have any other effect than that of preparing the way for a second downfall. The light, to be sure, had come from France, and its rays were tinged with odious colours, but still it was light,—and this light had had time to spread too,—and, after all, what light is not better than total blackness? But these people saw nothing except the French part of it—nothing rung in their ears but the hated sound of "1791"—and they threw away the noblest opportunity that could have been desired—they repropped a despotism, when they might have rebuilt a kingdom.

Sir Howard Douglas says that Ferdinand had sworn to the constitution, ere he understood its character, and that he threw it aside, because he discovered that it had, in fact, annihilated his kingly authority. Now, in the first place, we do not believe one word about Ferdinand's absolute ignorance of the constitution. He surely must have seen it ere he signed it, and the first three sentences were enough to have told him about the whole state of the affair. But granting that he did not understand the constitution thoroughly, it will scarcely be denied that he understood it was A CONSTITUTION of some kind—that the document before him contained *something* favourable to civil liberty, and inimical to the old Bourbon despotism of Spain. He must have understood thus much, and it was with this understanding that he swore.

Grant, however, that when he came to Madrid, and found how much the nobility and the churchmen hated the constitution; grant, that when he found this, and found therefore that he had been, to a certain extent, in the dark at the moment when he gave it his solemn acceptance—grant, that under these circumstances, there might have been some excuse for his pausing, or even for his refusing at once to go on with the constitutional kingship—grant all this, and what apology remains?—He did throw off the constitution, but he promised to convoke *immediately* the real Cortes, and to frame with their aid a proper constitution. He made this promise, partly perhaps to soften his oath-breaking in the eyes of the favourable and indifferent. He *certainly* made this promise to sooth the constitutionalists—and after doing this, what followed? He commenced his reign by breaking one promise, and he never fulfilled the other. Here is the blot—here is Ferdinand VII.—disguise the blot, justify the Bourbon, who can!

The military insurrection of 1820, was taken advantage of by the Liberals, (unhappy precedent!) for once more forcing the constitution of 1812, upon both king and nation. Ferdinand, the royal Vicar of Bray, re-swore himself of course without hesitation—but the nation was not so easy to be dealt with. Continual alarms followed. Brigandage among the mountains—discontent everywhere, except only in some oft he mercantile towns. The re-

assembled Cortes exhibited all manner of weakness. Their measures were as violent and oppressive on the one side, as the king's had been on the other. And they had, in the midst of apparent rule, no foundation of real moral authority with them. The chief speakers were newspaper editors, smart merchants, eager young lawyers—the body of nobility had scarcely a single representative of any part of their feelings, and none at all of their deepest feelings; and it was the same as to the church. Flashy harangues within the Cortes, and in the clubs that soon rivalled even the hall of the Cortes as centres of attraction for the gapers, were reiterated from night to night, without any one step of a composing, soothing, healing tendency being taken. Naples and Piedmont meanwhile followed the example of Spain to the letter; above all, in regard to the military part of the new revolutionary system. Conspiracies were raised, or at least suspected, in France, and Spanish influence was the cry of the Tuilleries. Spain was in fact in a state of civil war—and Piedmont and Naples having abandoned, without a blow, what they had borrowed from Spain, the eyes of all Europe were fixed upon that country from which they had caught their mania, and where the general impression entertained of the national pride and obstinacy, naturally led all men to expect, in case any attack should be made from without, a very different sort of resistance from what had been exemplified among those whom Shakespeare had of old characterized as

"The Bastards that inherit but *the Fall*
Of the last Monarchy."

What actually found its way to us of the course of things within Spain, was such as to throw a considerable damp upon whatever splendid expectations might have at first been entertained. The constitutionalists had effected their revolution (of 1820) with, comparatively speaking, very little bloodshed. They were now alarmed, and fear appeared in its usual shape of cruelty. Mr Quin entered Spain in October 1822, with Whig feelings and an ardent leaning to the constitutional party. He wrote as follows, within TWO MONTHS after he had crossed the Pyrenees. (He has been talking of the royalist bands that had been figuring in the frontier provinces towards France.)

"All the efforts of the Spanish government were vigorously applied to the extirpation of these armed opponents of the constitution. Mina marched in blood through the fair fields of Catalonia up to the very seat of the 'Regency' in the Seo de Urgel, whence he succeeded in expelling that self-constituted authority. Torrijos, a young and sanguinary commander, had orders to clear Aragon of the 'factious.' Similar instructions had been given to Carlos Espinosa in Navarre; and it cannot be doubted that both these chieftains used the most sincere endeavours to obey them. Indeed, the orders which were sent generally to the provinces with respect to those who were not active supporters of the existing system, would seem to have emanated from a conclave of men little accustomed to the usages of civilized warfare. What, for instance, is to be said to the commander who, after receiving prisoners, upon the usual understanding that their lives should be spared, selects a certain number, and orders them to be shot? Not only has this barbarous outrage upon humanity been perpetrated by the constitutional chieftains, but in more than one instance they have taken out unarmed inhabitants from their houses, and upon mere oral information that they were of the 'factious,' without a trial, or a legal inquiry of any sort, they commanded them to be put to death. It was no uncommon circumstance to read in the provincial papers that such a person was shot in such a village at 'the request of the people;' that is to say, a mob raised a clamour against an individual, and without ascertaining whether he was guilty or innocent, the authorities ordered the sentence of the 'sovereign people' to be executed. And these facts were related without a single observation expressive of surprise or sympathy, as if they were in the common course of justice. Cruelty is not stripped of its criminality by whatever party it is exercised; and it appears still more sanguinary in its character, when it is adopted by that side which bears at least the legal semblance of supremacy."

Such was the state of Spain, and Ferdinand was a prisoner, powerless, and without even the shadow of power, in his palace, at the moment when the French King first uttered the word "war;" and the English Whigs called on the Government of England to re-echo it. But the English Govern-

ment answered "No." Mr Canning's speech, in which he told the world why he had said *peace*, when the Whigs called on him to say *war*, will always be remembered. It stands in the very first class of his exertions. True—manly—energetic—sarcastic—clear—commanding—convincing—unanswerable; these are its characteristics. Well might England point to the mawkish romantic rhodomontades of Chateaubriand, on the one hand, and to the cold, obstinate drivellings of the Spanish penmen on the other—and be proud.

"The voice of the honourable member for Westminster is still for war; and he does me the honour to tempt me to take the same course, by reminding me of a passage in my political life to which I shall ever look back with pride and satisfaction. I allude to that period when the bold spirit of Spain burst forth indignant against the oppression of Buonaparte. Then unworthily filling the same office which I have the honour to hold at the present moment, I discharged the glorious duty (if a portion of glory may attach to the humble instrument of a glorious cause)—of recognizing without delay the rights of the Spanish nation, and of at once adopting that gallant people into the closest amity with England. It was indeed a stirring, a kindling occasion; and no man who has a heart in his bosom, can think even now of the noble enthusiasm, the animated exertions, the undaunted courage, the unconquerable perseverance of the Spanish nation, in a cause apparently so desperate, finally so triumphant,—without feeling his blood glow and his pulses quicken with tumultuous throbs of admiration. But I must remind the honourable gentleman of three circumstances calculated to qualify a little the feelings of enthusiasm, and to suggest lessons of caution;—I must remind him first of the state of this country,—secondly of that of Spain—at that period, as compared with the present:—and thirdly of the manner in which the enterprize in behalf of Spain was viewed by certain parties in this country. We are now at peace. In 1808 we were already at war—we were at war with Buonaparte, the invader of Spain. In 1808 we were, as now, the allies of Portugal, bound by treaty to defend her from aggression;—but Portugal was at that time not only menaced by the power of France, but overrun by it; her royal family was actually driven into exile, and their kingdom occupied by the French. Bound by treaty to protect Portugal, how natural was it under such circumstances to extend our assistance to Spain!—Again, Spain was at that time, comparatively speaking, an united nation. I do not mean to say that there were no differences of opinion; I do not mean to deny that some few among the higher classes had been corrupted by the gold of France: but still the great bulk of the people were united in one cause; their loyalty to their sovereign had survived his abdication; and though absent and a prisoner, the name of Ferdinand VII. was the rallying point of the nation. But let the House look at the situation in which England would be placed should she, at the present moment, march her armies to the aid of Spain. As against France alone, her task might not be more difficult than before; but is it only with France that she would now have to contend? England could not strike in the cause of Spain against the invading foe alone. Fighting in Spanish ranks, should we not have to point our bayonets against Spanish bosoms?—But this is not the whole of the difference between the present moment and the year 1808. In 1808, we had a large army prepared for foreign service; a whole war establishment ready appointed; and the simple question was, in what quarter we could best apply its force against the common enemy of England, of Spain, of Portugal,—of Europe. This country had no hopes of peace; our abstinence from the Spanish war could in no way have accelerated the return of that blessing; and the Peninsula presented, plainly and obviously, the theatre of exertion in which we could contend with most advantage. Compare then, I say, that period with the present, in which none of the inducements, or incitements, which I have described as belonging to the opportunity of 1808, can be found.

"But is the absence of inducement and incitement all? Is there no positive discouragement in the recollections of that time, to check too hasty a concurrence in the warlike views of the honourable member for Westminster? When England, in 1808, under all the circumstances which I have enumerated, did not hesitate to throw upon the banks of the Tagus, and to plunge into all the difficulties of the Peninsular war, an army destined to emerge in triumph through the Pyrenees,—was that course hailed with sympathy and exultation by all parties in the state? Were there no warn-

ings against danger? No chastisements for extravagance? No doubts—no complaints—no charges of rashness and impolicy?—I have heard of persons, sir,—persons of high authority too—who, in the very midst of the general exaltation of spirit throughout this country, declared, that, 'in order to warrant England in embarking in a military co-operation with Spain, something more was necessary than to shew that the Spanish cause was just.' 'It was not enough,' said these enlightened monitors, 'it was not enough that the attack of France upon the Spanish nation was unprincipled, perfidious, and cruel—that the resistance of Spain was dictated by every principle, and sanctioned by every motive, honourable to human nature—that it made every English heart burn with a holy zeal to lend its assistance against the oppressor. There were other considerations of a less brilliant and enthusiastic, but not less necessary and commanding nature, which should have preceded the determination of putting to hazard the most valuable interests of the country. It is not with nations as with individuals. Those heroic virtues which shed a lustre upon individual men, must, in their application to the conduct of nations, be chastened by reflections of a more cautious and calculating cast. That generous magnanimity and high-minded disinterestedness, proud distinctions of national virtue, (and happy were the people whom they characterize,) which, when exercised at the risk of every personal interest, in the prospect of every danger, and at the sacrifice even of life itself, justly immortalize the hero, cannot and ought not to be considered justifiable motives of political action;—because nations cannot afford to be chivalrous and romantic.'* History is philosophy teaching by example; and the words of the wise are treasured for ages that are to come.

"'The age of chivalry,' said Mr Burke, 'is gone; and an age of economists and calculators has succeeded!' That an age of economists and calculators is come, we have indeed every night's experience. But what would be the surprise, and at the same time the gratification, of the mighty spirit of Burke, at finding his splendid lamentation so happily disproved!—at seeing that chivalrous spirit, the total extinction of which he deplored, revive, *quâ minimé reris*,—on the very benches of the economists and calculators themselves!—But in truth, sir, it revives at a most inconvenient opportunity. It would be as ill-advised to follow a chivalrous impulse now, as it would in 1808 have been inexcusable to disobey it. Under the circumstances of 1808, I would again act as I then acted. But though inapplicable to the period to which it was applied, I confess I think the caution which I have just quoted does apply with considerable force to the present moment."

And again;

"It is perfectly true, as has been argued by more than one honourable Member in this debate, that there is a contest going on in the world, between the spirit of unlimited monarchy, and the spirit of unlimited democracy. Between these two spirits, it may be said, that strife is either openly in action, or covertly at work, throughout the greater portion of Europe. It is true, as has also been argued, that in no former period in history, is there so close a resemblance to the present, as in that of the Reformation. So far my honourable and learned friend† and the honourable Baronet‡ were justified in holding up Queen Elizabeth's reign as an example for our study. The honourable Member for Westminster, too, has observed, that in imitation of Queen Elizabeth's policy, the proper place for this country, in the present state of the world, is at the head of free nations struggling against arbitrary power. Sir, undoubtedly there is, as I have admitted, a general resemblance between the two periods; forasmuch as in both we see a conflict of opinions; and in both, a bond of union growing out of those opinions, which establishes between parts and classes of different nations a stricter communion than belongs to communion of country. It is true,—it is, I own I think, a formidable truth,—that in this respect the two periods do resemble each other. But though there is this general similarity, there is one circumstance which mainly distinguishes the present time from the reign of Elizabeth, and which, though by no means unimportant in itself, has been overlooked by all those to whose arguments I am now referring. Elizabeth was herself amongst the revolters against the authority of the Church of Rome; but we are not amongst those who are engaged in a struggle against the spirit of unlimited monarchy. We have fought that fight. We have taken our station.

* Earl Grey's speech of 1808. † Sir J. Mackintosh. ‡ Sir F. Burdett.

We have long ago assumed a character differing altogether from that of those around us. It may have been the duty and the interest of Queen Elizabeth to make common cause with,—to put herself at the head of—those who supported the Reformation; but can it be either our interest or our duty to ally ourselves with Revolution?—Let us be ready to afford refuge to the sufferers of either extreme party; but it is not surely our policy to become the associate of either. Our situation now is rather what that of Elizabeth *would have been*, if the Church of England had been in her time already completely established in uncontested supremacy—acknowledged as a legitimate settlement, unassailed and unassailable by Papal power. Does my honourable and learned friend believe that the policy of Elizabeth would in that case have been the same?

"Now our complex constitution is established with so happy a mixture of its elements,—its tempered monarchy and its regulated freedom,—that we have nothing to fear from foreign despotism,—nothing at home but from capricious change. We have nothing to fear,—unless, distasteful of the blessings which we have earned, and of the calm which we enjoy, we let loose again, with rash hand, the elements of our constitution, and set them once more to fight against each other. In this enviable situation, what have we in common with the struggles which are going on in other countries, for the attainment of objects of which we have been long in undisputed possession? We look down upon those struggles from the point to which we have happily attained, not with the cruel delight which is described by the poet, as arising from the contemplation of agitations in which the spectator is not exposed to share, but with an anxious desire to mitigate, to enlighten, to reconcile, to save—by our example in all cases, by our exertions where we can usefully interpose.

"Our station, then, is essentially neutral—neutral not only between contending nations, but between conflicting principles. The object of the Government has been to preserve that station; and for the purpose of preserving it, to maintain peace. By remaining at peace ourselves, we best secure Portugal; by remaining at peace, we take the best chance of circumscribing the range, and shortening the duration, of the war, which we could not prevent from breaking out between France and Spain. By remaining at peace, we shall best enable ourselves to take an effectual and decisive part in any contest into which we may be hereafter forced against our will."

Mr Canning would not have injured his cause, if he had spoken out a little more fully even than he did. He might have said, what nobody can feel more deeply than he *must* do, that the liberty in which England has been, and is happy, is *not* the same liberty for which the Spanish Constitutionalists and the Italian Carbonari have been—doing everything but fighting. That it is not the same thing with the French Revolution liberty, of which the leaders of all these parties have been the fond, though not the valiant adorers. But he was to speak not as a man, but as a minister; and he certainly did say enough to vindicate most effectually the conduct of the government he represented, throughout the long and intricate train of "sayings and doings" that preceded the declaration of war on the part of Louis XVIII. By our proud and determined adherence to our NEUTRALITY, we prevented any of the other allied princes from taking part in the French war against Spain. The papers laid before Parliament *prove*, both that those allies were very willing to come forward, and that WE, we alone, checked them. We thus prevented the opening of a war of that sort, in which England must sooner or later have joined. We secured to Spain that she should at least have but one adversary to contend with; and this an adversary of a very different sort from some she might otherwise have had. We did all for Spain that we could do, short of rushing into a war in which it was by no means clear that THE SPANISH NATION was about to enter AS A NATION. And has not the result shewn, that, if we had acted otherwise, we should indeed have been worthy of having Cam Hobhouses for Cannings, and Wilsons for Wellingtons?

We presume it may be taken for granted, as a general rule, that when a nation, or even a part of a nation, is seriously engaged in the pursuit of liberty, or of any other good thing, that nation, or part of a nation, must, as the world is constituted, rely *chiefly* upon itself. There is, in all the history of mankind, no instance whatever of one nation being obliged to another for its domestic freedom. Nor is there any example whatever of any considerable portion of any nation achieving any signal im-

provement in regard to the internal polity of that nation, without great, strenuous, and devoted exertion. It is ridiculous to dream of nations being made free, and happy, and well-governed, by the acts of foreigners. The good is to be theirs, and it is they that must work for it. They may work without success—that is the chance of the world; but work they must. If the holy thirst of freedom be strong within, no fear but action will attest its presence. Desire to be free, and yet fear to fight?—The thing is impossible. Men only are entitled to be free; and manhood must shew itself in other shapes than paper constitutions and club harangues.

The result of the Duke D'Angouleme's march is, we think, the most humiliating affair that the modern history of the European world has recorded. No nation has ever exhibited itself in a more degraded attitude than that of Spain is at this moment. Grant that the nation was divided; that is, indeed, most true; but still it was divided only into two great parties. The population of a great country was divided between two sets of principles; the one party consisted of almost all the nobility and priesthood, and the prodigious mass of the agricultural population; the other had the commercial interest, the sea-port towns, the press, the army, the marine, and the government. On both sides, surely, here were very considerable materials for a struggle—and how big, ere the day of action came, was the talk of both! But what have they done? Has not a French army marched unopposed, unchecked, through one of the strongest countries in all the world, taken possession of town after town, and fortress after fortress, and at last upturned the government *de facto* of the country, changed everything—all this time the Spaniards standing by—no matter from what motives—but certainly standing by idle—mere lookers on? What sort of a nation must this be? Is this a nation that was entitled to call upon heroic England, to take arms on her side in a war for freedom against oppression? What sympathy can we have with a people capable of enduring such insults? Which of their parties is really the more contemptible—the constitutional party, who, in possession of the reins of government, have seen their country invaded, and themselves cooped up, and at last their power annihilated, and all without striking one blow?—Or the royalist party, who, conscious, as they have all along said they were, that the great majority of the population of a country containing ten millions of inhabitants was on their side, were contented to see a French army come in, walk over their land, upturn their enemies, unfetter their king, and all without making one effort that deserves to be talked of among the warlike tribes of Europe, in their own behalf?—Where is it that the old Spanish spirit has taken refuge? Is it possible that this is really the nation of 1808—the noble nation of Zaragoza? Is it on such a soil that the tree of Liberty can thrive?—Was it a tree of this growth that British blood was called upon to water?

The Spaniards have nobody to thank for their present abject position but themselves. Had any stand, worthy of the name of such a nation, been made *anywhere*, in the whole course of this business, they must, at this moment, have been a thousand miles above the mud in which we see them lying. In the first place, had they fought anything like a battle, had they shed their own blood and that of their invaders, like men, on any one spot of their soil, there would have sprung up, even within the bosom of France herself, a spirit in their favour, which all the Bourbons and Chateaubriands in the world could not have checked. The French are at this moment a well-governed and a peaceful nation, on the whole; but everybody that knows anything, knows that there is an immense body of men in France, who both hate the Bourbons, and love the name of liberty. There is in the French Parliament itself a powerful opposition party—a party powerful in rank, in wealth, in talent, in every species of influence. Would these people have sat still, had they heard the tidings of a Tyrolese warfare carried on against the army of D'Angouleme by the Spanish nation, or by one half of that nation? Would they have sat still, if they had heard (and this was more like what should have been) of a Russian warfare of defence carried on there—a warfare like that which deluged the plains of Moskwa with blood, and con-

signed the towers of Moscow to the flames? No—experience has made all men judges of what the eventual result of a conflict between a mercenary invading army, and a nation armed for liberty, must be. The French people have abundant means for estimating what the burdens of a long and hazardous war are to themselves. One battle—one long, bloody, serious battle, however the victory had gone, would have stopt the march of D'Angouleme, and made King Louis "tremble in his Louvre."

If it had not done that directly, through its effect on the French themselves, it would have done so quite as effectually through its influence on the people of England. Mr Canning's speech was applicable only to a contemplated, a meditated, or, at most, an incipient war in Spain. But—had the Spaniards risen in a storm of patriotic rage, had one army so risen, and so fought, a thrill of indignant enthusiasm would have been sent home to the core of every heart that is worthy of being called English. We must have interfered—we could not have helped it.—The voice of this nation would have been as loud and as united in the fearless and uncalculating cry for interference, as it was in 1808. It is idle to talk of expediency, and mediation, and Vattel, and Gents, and Grotius de Jure Belli—all these would have been forgotten at once, had the English nation been once fairly convinced that the French nation was arrayed in war against a Christian people willing to bleed for freedom. A fire would have been kindled which nothing but blood could have quenched—ay, and Wellington would have been the first to unsheath the sword—that sword that had already delivered Spain and humbled France. All the despots in the world might have banded themselves together, and they would have been powerless. Would Austria, would Prussia, have dared to bring their armies into the field against Spain backed by England?—No. The rulers of these countries are well aware by how frail a tenure their own despotism hangs—by how slight a thread the sword of insulted intellect is suspended over their own intellect-oppressing thrones. Would he of Prussia, who has, like Ferdinand, promised, and, like Ferdinand, forsworn himself, and this to a people ages before the Spaniards in every species of intellectual, moral, and religious light—a people really worthy of being free—a people that, ere long, must be and will be free—would he have dared to withdraw his standing army from his own country?—that standing army of *three hundred thousand men*, by means of which that small and poor country is kept for the present quiet, just as a dog is kept quiet by chains and starvation?—Would he of Austria have dared to march for Spain, leaving *Italy* behind him? None of these powers would have dared to stir, England being once the declared ally of a people devoting themselves to the cause of liberty. For well do they all know, that, as Mr Canning said it, there is, at this moment, a spirit struggling all over the mis-governed realms of Europe against despotic sway—and well do they all know, that the outbreakings of that spirit have been repressed by them and their enormous overgrown standing armies, simply because the uprisers have not mixed wisdom with their cry for freedom—in other words, because they have shewn themselves to be the pupils, not of the rational England of 1688, but of the phrensied France of 1791—and have, therefore, wanted the support of the mighty mind of England, and the confidence of all those men among and around themselves, who, preserving the use of their reason in the midst of their discontent, refuse to embark in a cause which they see wants the two great characteristics of being upheld according to the magnificent precedent afforded by the history of England; and, by consequence, (for this is *felt* to be a consequence,) of being countenanced by the energetic sympathy of the nation that has for so many ages stood alone in her liberty—that nation, whose voice, when once raised, sends the irresistible note of impulse or of terror into the ears and the hearts both of Nations and of Kings.

What King Louis may do now, it is impossible to guess. The French government, the government of an enlightened nation like France, must feel shame, as well as ourselves, in the contemplation of what the Spaniards of all parties have shewn themselves sunk to. They must be satisfied, now, that there is no party in Spain capable of concentrating and uprearing the scattered and shattered energies of that nation, under anything like a mode-

rate system of government. The constitutionalists, and the royalists, have shewn themselves equally destitute of all real pride and manhood. And as for the poor pitiable phantom that wears the name of King, we are satisfied that there is not one man in Europe who entertains a more profound feeling of contempt for him, and all his proceedings, than Louis XVIII. himself. For Louis, though perhaps an indifferent writer of pamphlets, has shewn himself, by his own conduct ever since his restoration, to be a man of great judgment, forbearance, and skill in governing, under circumstances of the most perplexing difficulty. Louis, therefore, must be a man of sense and talent; and as such, he must despise his brother Bourbon. We have little doubt that the French government already more than half repents that interference, which, besides the perilous precedent it has established—a precedent that may be turned against France herself, as probably as against any other country in Europe—has terminated, to all intents and purposes, just where it began. It has so terminated, because it leaves Spain in as disunited, and, of course, in as dangerous a state, as it found her. If Spain was an object of alarm to France, under the Cortes government, will it be less so, under the government of such a creature as Ferdinand;—a government which will, of course, go on doing what it can to keep up the discontent of, at least, one great party of this sorely divided people;—a government which, until the leopard changes his spots, will never act anything but folly, imbecility, and cruelty, under the guidance of obstinacy, ignorance, and bigotry?

The base tergiversations of such generals and armies as the Spaniards have had,—the meannesses of which their chief men, both of peace and war, have been guilty—the profligacy and cowardice of individuals,—have been on a par with the general conduct of the nation, as a nation, and of its parties, as parties.—In a word, Spain seems to be a state broken up, entirely destitute of any rallying points of principle that command a national influence, and incapable of either doing or suffering anything as becomes a nation worthy of demanding the sympathy of the free.

Her fate holds out one more lesson to the continental nations of Europe. She has had the fairest opportunities that any nation could have desired to have, and she has lost them all. The nation that really thirsts for freedom, must look to history. No nation has ever derived liberty from the insurrection of a mercenary army. No nation has ever derived liberty from the interference of foreigners. No nation need come before the world, demanding liberty as her right, unless the nation be prepared for national, and the individuals of that nation, for individual efforts and sufferings. Think of our poor little country of Scotland—a country not stronger, nor nearly so strong, as the north of Spain,—and containing, even now, not a fifth part of the Spanish population. This poor little country, five hundred years ago, was assaulted by a king infinitely more powerful than Louis XVIII., at the head of an army infinitely greater, in proportion to the habits of the time, than the Duke of Angouleme's,—(it, indeed, consisted of the very same number;) and did not we, did not this poor little nation, scatter all this mighty army like chaff, in one summer's day's bloody work? And yet it is to us, among others,—it is to the descendants of the men who acted in this style, when their freedom was at stake,—it is to us, that the deluded or desperate Whigs were bawling for money, for pounds, shillings, and pence, to keep the great country of Spain—a country to which we are but as a very small province,—to enable that great country, which contains five times more population and wealth than ours does now, and fifty times more than it did in the days of Bannockburn, to repel from her soil a French army, which, had it landed on our soil, would have been exterminated in three weeks!—Kirkaldy subscribing for Castille!—But really the subject is too melancholy to be jested with. Nugent, Wilson, Light, and a young Glasgow spark, who thought a steam-boat dinner something quite superb, and a few more similar noodles, going out to assist the country of Pelayo, and The Great Captain, to shake off the Duke of Angouleme! What will these wiseacres say for themselves, when Parliament meets? Do they expect to be received with anything but a universal shout of derision?

When General Pepe came to Eng-

land, from the heroic display of Neapolitan Carbonarism, he was *fêté* by the Whigs; and now, when Riego, a poor miserable creature, who never did anything memorable in all his life, except one feat of military mutineering, and who conducted himself throughout this last affair with just as much brigand cruelty, and just as little sense and spirit, as any other Spaniard of 1823, when this man is put to death, what a cry they make! a monument, forsooth, for Don Rafael del Riego! Absurdly, no doubt, uselessly, and, perhaps, all things considered, wrongfully too, has Ferdinand acted to this man: but, were we not prepared for a civil war? and did we dream that *no* blood was to be shed at all, either on the field or the scaffold? The affair is too contemptible to receive a moment's notice from any man of sense; but, certainly, it is very consistent in those who presented Sir Robert with a sword, to give Don Rafael a cenotaph.

That despotism is destined to be extinguished in Europe at no distant date, no man can doubt. But this sad business of Spain, with all its circumstances of folly, meanness, rashness, and imbecility, furnishes the best of all possible evidence, by what sorts of men, and principles, and measures, its "fatal day" is most likely to be procrastinated.

We have disdained to go into minute criticism of the details, that have as yet reached us of Ferdinand's proceedings under the circumstances of his present proud and happy restoration. One thing, however, we may just notice, because its effects are not confined to Spain; we mean his determination *not* to hold by the contracts entered into by the late government with the English stock-jobbers. This is certainly idiotcy itself embodied. If foreign merchants are not to be safe in their dealings with the ostensible governments of countries, what becomes of their assistance in all cases of future need and emergency? The Spaniards are unable, confessedly so, to raise the immediate funds necessary for the ordinary purposes of administration within their own country; they will, assuredly, get no more from without—and who cannot see the consequence? Money might have lent *some* energy even to the government of a Ferdinand—but, at all events, without it he is weak as a weanling. And then, think of the abject soul capable of *declaring* himself to have been a quiet slave so long, in a country where he tells us he has been all along "seated in the hearts" of the vast majority of the people! And, to conclude, look at the absurdity, and worse than absurdity, of which he convicts himself; for, that two and two make four, is a proposition not one whit more indisputable, than that, if the government *de facto*, (he himself being the nominal head of it too,) had no right to borrow money, it had no right to perform any other function of government. It follows, that every man who has been executed for murder in Spain, during the last two or three years, has been *murdered*. There was only this one thing wanting to complete the picture of the degradation of Spain, and "Yo el Rey Absoluto."

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ., TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XII.

To Christopher North, Esq.

ON THE LAST NUMBER OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

DEAR N.

WHY, yes—I think pretty much as you do. It is not worth a cutting up. I am sorry for it, for I never was in such good humour in my life; and I always observe, that, when I am perfectly pleased with myself, and quite overflowing as it were with the milk of kindness, I am in the best order possible for tearing an unfortunate rascal of a scribbler all to rags. Nothing can be a more mistaken idea than that a thorough-going, cut-and-thrust sort of a critic is *ex officio* an ill-natured man. The poor devils who *try* to be severe, and who grin as hideously as if under the impression of a half pound of Glauber's salts, or other diabolical compost, while exercising the act of severity, are, no doubt, suffering from unpleasant feelings. They think, while sticking in their lancet, generally as blunt as the razor of a barber's apprentice after the forty-fifth patient has passed under his hands on a Sunday morn, that they are committing murder, and rejoice in the circumstance, like the Turpin-like lads who sent the worthy Weare on a visit to an eminent character in the other world. There are such bilious, yellow-visaged, under-sized, gall-bladders of devils extant, beyond doubt—mostly Whigs, of course. Just read some of the attacks in the Liberal, and other venomous, spider-like little books on us, Kit, and you will see what I mean. The tea has soured on the stomachs of the wheezing animals shortly after breakfast; and, as they have had no dinner, the seventh cup of Bohea at the evening potation has exasperated them into an acidity quite irrepressible. God help them! I am not at all angry with the poor vagabonds, but sincerely pray that they may give up the simple trade of botched calumny, and take to some lawful calling, in which they might cut a figure as exemplary men-milliners or tailors, commendable to the usual fraction.

On the contrary, a man in sound health, well fed on five meals a-day, supplied with wholesome nutriment, kept in proper exercise of mind or body, or both, able to take his quantum of fluid from his morning gun of mountain dew, down to his concluding libation of cold punch, or hot toddy, or the blood of Bourdeaux—[on state days, and holidays, of course, for economy is the order of the day, and there is no sense in sporting claret on plebeians, who would not know it from catsup]—a man who despises not Orinoco, nor scruples to dissipate a cigar into thin air—such a man, I say, is quite happy, benignant, and milky-minded, while dissecting a jackass. He thinks no more of it than he does of taking off the thigh of a woodcock after a hearty dinner of five courses. In the world of everyday life, who is jollier than a fox-hunter, more cheery-spirited than a fowler, more sweet-souled than an angler? Nobody at all. The true bloody-minded, blood-snuffing cannibals, are your fellows who whine about the destruction of animal life, and long for the perfectibility of man by the massacre of some millions of his species. Such was Oswald—such was Robespierre—such is———* *We* wage war on vermin—they are our natural prey—and we carry on the massacre—chase with as much jocularity and free-heartedness as ever Cecil Forrester—I beg pardon—my Lord Forrester, felt, when giving a cheery tallyho at the tail of the best pack of hounds in Leicestershire.

Therefore, feeling, as I do, such an elation of spirits, I am sorry that Blue and Yellow is such dull carrion this quarter. There are scarcely three articles in it worth abusing. It is poor work to be running a drag after a dead cat. You may take in the beagles by

* Thank you, Tim, I have no fancy to be brought up before the Chief Justice in Banco Regis, on an information. I shall pocket the name, if you please.—C. N.

it, but you can never impose it on yourself as a real hunt, no more than you can make believe that Conscience, or Bellamira, or Fiddlede-devil, is a real tragedy. So, as I said in the first line of my letter, I agree with you as to the inexpediency of wasting an article on this Number of the Edinburgh. I shall throw a few remarks on it off my stomach in a kind of miscellaneous way, leaving you quite at liberty to print them, or keep my MS. as food for your pipe, according as may be most agreeable to your phantasy.

The first article is on the Funding System, and is, of course, full of all the usual humbug and jugglery of arithmetical fanfaronade. Figures in proper hands can be brought to prove anything. I own I have not read the article. Luckily, in turning over the pages farther forward, I found [p. 260] it confessed that the computations on which the reviewer relied were made by Mr Joseph Hume. I felt quite satisfied, and read no more. I remember the adventures of that eminent figure-factor with Jonathan Croker of Watling Street, John Wilson Croker of the Admiralty, and others. I recollected *inter alia* his having made the agreeable error of eleven millions in a sum of seventeen, and was easy in my mind as to the correctness of the Review. There is something rash—something intensely spoony, in fact, in the reviewer's blabbing on Hume, and exhibiting him in print.

In the House of Commons, Joseph is very well. It would require talents and patience superhuman to follow any man through a maze of figures, calculated with seeming accuracy down to half farthings, embarrassed by fifty intermediate "tottles," until they all merge in the grand "tottle of the whole." The Opposition cheer, of course, and nine-tenths of the Ministerialists know nothing about the matter. At last, up gets the groaning officer, whose department it is to refute Joseph, and in a speech as yawn-begetting as Hume's own, proves that every statement of the honourable gentleman opposite is wrong, humbly submitting to the House, and offering to prove, by respectable evidence, if required, at the bar, that three times four is no more than twelve, and by no means nineteen, much less thirty-one, as stated by the Honourable Member for Montrose. In reply, Hume admits, that there is some error, he believes, in the *details*, but is quite sure the *principle* is correct, and withdraws his motion for the present. Bennett, then, or some person of that grade, rises, and compliments his friend on his skill, and perseverance in hunting corruption to its inmost recesses—and the affair is over. Next morning, the dirty-faced papers refer their readers to the very able and accurate speech of Mr Hume last night, and the little Whig journals throughout the provinces, repeat the cuckoo cry of "very able—very able, indeed—accurate man—amazing industry;" and that beautiful body among ourselves, the Pluckless, God bless them! "must admit, that, after all, Mr Hume is a man of considerable talents, and, in reality, has done a great deal of good." All the while, there are not three lines in the so lauded speech, which do not contain a piece of blockheadism, or mendacity. *Ainsi va le monde.*

You may think that I am treating the really important question of the Funding System too lightly, in resolving it merely into a disquisition on the nothingness of such a humbug as Mr Hume; but if I were called on by anything worth attending to, I should speak differently. But I am only writing scraps on a scrap-book. I take it for granted, that the article of the Whig reviewer—for I beg leave to repeat I have not read it—shews us how we are ruined in consequence of the anti-whiggosity of our Chancellors of the Exchequer; proving happily—though perhaps with a hungry up-snuffing of the distant feast, of which, thank Heaven, there is no chance whatever of a Whig's partaking—that had the fifty-headed, no-brained, blood-bespattered, filth-begetting Juggernaut of Whiggery, been the idol at Downing-Street, England would be just now one entire and perfect chrysolite. We too well remember the exhibition of Lord Henry Petty—*hodie*, my Lord Landsdowne—to be taken in by this cogging cant. If ever a series of financial operations merited full and unsparing measure of contempt, for imbecility and nonsense, mixed with outrageous breach of promise, [*ex. gr.* the doubling of the income tax, after the whole pack had been yelping in full chorus against

its existence, in the most modified state,] and shuffling duplicity of legerdemain, it was merited by those adopted in the brief—happy word—the brief administration of the wretched Talents; and if we forget them, it is only because we are absorbed by the contemplation of the more heinous villainies of the faction.

And, again, we are too well used to hear of England's ruin in the particular of its funds, to be much frightened. Hume—not exactly Joseph, but David, a man a *leetle* more famous—some seventy years ago, pronounced us bankrupt. Many have been the similar prophecies since. In 1796, Tom Paine proved, in a most mathematical manner, that in twenty years from that time, the English funding system would be demolished totally; and Cobbett was so enraptured with the accuracy of the demonstration, that he, as we all know, disinterred a baboon or a negro, (I forget which,) and brought over the bones as the identical skeleton of the brandy-bibbing advocate of the Rights of Man. Cobbett has since put off the date to May 1822; on which day he was to broil himself on a Gridiron; of which he gave an accurate likeness at the beginning of one of his Registers, if the bubble did not burst—if there was not, as he called it, a puff out. I should be sorry, indeed, to hear that he was taken at his word; for I could better spare a better man.

Now, sir, I never despaired of the stability of *any* of the institutions of the country. Before Trafalgar was fought, I said, and enforced my saying by the British argument of a rump and dozen, that the English fleet would sweep the French and Spaniards off the sea. When Buonaparte was moving on Waterloo, I said he would be smashed before the Duke of Wellington; and that the ever-to-be-honoured flag of Old England would wave where the leopards of Harry the King had waved long ago—over the conquered walls of Paris. I was reminded of the talents of Napoleon—his mighty marshals—his enthusiastic soldiers—his undoubted knowledge of war—his well-won fame as a great captain;—I was assailed besides by the Jacobin slang, of which you will see a specimen in Hobhouse's Letters from Paris, which always sung defeat and disgrace to England, and rejoiced in the hoped-for approach of a new mess of murder. I made no reply—I merely offered the wager. I said nothing against the arguments, which *proved*, to the satisfaction of Sir Richard Philipps, and other philosophers, that we should be overthrown; for I trusted in the bayonets and the bottom of the soldiery that NEVER was beaten in the field, and the honour and steadiness of officers, whose backs an enemy NEVER had seen in a rout; and disdained to argue on the subject. That feeling do I carry into everything connected with my country. I trust in our present ministers; not because I care a farthing about any individual statesman among them, but because I know that any ministry put forward to represent Tory feeling, must have the interests of the country in their inmost hearts; and because I know also, that any ministry chosen by that party, which, with about a dozen exceptions, contains all the intellect, in every department of intellect, of England, must have the talents and knowledge requisite for the due guardianship and promotion of those interests. The financial bark may be tempest-tost; but lost it will not be, while in the hands of *our* chancellors. Feeling this as plainly as I feel the goose-quill in my fingers, I shall not bother myself with the first three-and-forty pages of the 77th Number of the Edinburgh Review. *Sperno* HUMUM *fugiente pennâ.* (Pardon the pun.) I despise Hume with flying pen, and pass on. The general *fama* against Joseph is not relieved by the character of the Review, in which his conclusions are adopted as infallible. Do you not remember some of its contributors in former days—Chalmers, I believe; for he used to sully himself by dabbling in the sable stream, before *we* frightened him away, by our execution of the infidels—gravely asserting, and arguing, page after page, on the assertion, that nine-tenths of the people of England were paupers, supported by poor-rates extorted from the other tenth?* This bedlamite proposi-

* As this piece of almost beastly stupidity may appear incredible to those who have forgotten the back Numbers of the Edinburgh—that is, of course, everybody except professional people like ourselves—we shall copy it verbatim. In the 58th Number of that

tion, which one would think should have startled anybody with ears of any length short of a yard, was grounded on the fact, that in a year of great distress, 900,000 people were returned as paupers; and the reviewer, with a knowledge of division worthy of the great Joseph himself, discovered, with much art and pains, that that sum is the tenth part of ten millions! Shade of the much-injured Cocker! what an immensity of misery you have escaped, by leaving the terrestrial globe before the days of Whig computers!

Article the second, on the Game Laws—a set of rehashed jokes, by the reverend jester of the Edinburgh, Sydney Smyth, who obviously is growing very old—is appended to the name of a poor pamphlet, (concerning which, most judiciously, not a word is said in the Review,) by the Honourable and Reverend William Herbert, the facetious author of Helga, and other excellent *jeux-d'esprit*, much lauded in the Edinburgh Review, and highly patronized by the confectioners. Let it pass. *Valeat quantum*. After it, the third article, on the intolerable imposture of Prince Hohenlohe, which is needlessly cut up, may waddle. With them, let the sixth article, on Foreign Wool, spun out by some woolly-brained Balaamite, march in company. And the tenth, on Geology, shall slumber uncut by me.—How interesting a selection we have hitherto got through!

The fifth article is on the pamphlets lately published by the members of the French royal family. That the simple fact of their being written by persons of that rank, would suffice to get them pretty roundly abused by the Whigamore, was quite to be expected: I own, however, that I did not think he would have had the candour to avow, as he has done, in the very opening sentences of his critique, the existence of such a feeling. He begins, indeed, by a tirade against all royal authors. But I can assure this reviewer, that he is very ill-advised, when he thinks proper to do over again anything which Croker has already handled, as every one will confess who will compare this article with that on the same subject which appeared in the Quarterly. It is a poor exhibition; but the last page is by a different hand from the rest. And what a hand! The editor of the Duchesse D'Angouleme's Memoirs reprobates, with proper gentlemanly feeling, an indecent order made by the villains who were in power when the Bourbon ladies were in captivity. He justly remarks, that the phraseology of the order is untranslateable into English; on which the reviewer flies into a passion, and with great good taste, profound regard for truth, and decorous style of language, reminds us of the unhappy lady—unhappy, because she was profligate—who, for our sins, was given us as a queen. He silences, as he imagines, the editor by one word, "Milan. Talk, indeed, of OUR language having no name for the act of

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work, is an article on the Causes and Cure of Pauperism, (p. 262, &c. vol. 29,) and a supplement to it, as inserted in p. 498—501. In the supplement is given an abstract of the House of Commons Report on the subject; by which it appears that the average of paupers in the last three years of the war, amounted to 940,626. On which the reviewer remarks, that "the population of England and Wales, as taken from the abstract laid before Parliament in the year 1811, appears to have been 10,150,615; so that the number of persons relieved from the poor's rates, appears to have *been* 9¼ *is each* 10 *of the population!!!*" The italics are the reviewer's own. "Such," he adds, "is the extraordinary picture, exhibited on the highest authority, of the richest, the most industrious, and most moral population that ever existed. More than nine-tenths of its whole amount occasionally subsisting on public charity!!!!" What a thrice-double ass! But the winding up of the article is one of the most delightful pieces of self-satisfied blockheadism ever exhibited. "We," quoth the wiseacre, "do not mean, however, to resume any part of the argument on this subject; but" (what think you, gentle reader?) "shall end by merely recommending *the facts*" (his own italics) "we have just abstracted, to the serious meditation of all whom they may concern." The facts! Oh! the facts! viz. that nine is more than nine-tenths of a hundred! Valuable facts, indeed; but just as good as Hume's facts, or Earl Grey's facts, or Duke Bedford's facts, or Little Waddington's facts, or Olive of Cumberland's facts, or Henry Brougham's facts; or, in short, the facts of the whole worshipful party. If Chalmers, as Tim suspects, is the person guilty of this stupendous *betise*, nothing can be said in his defence, except, perhaps, that he was dozing at the time. Christian charity can suggest no other apology.—C. N.

outrage on female delicacy by barbarous treatment—unmanly insult—indecent pryings—disgusting exposures—hired treachery—suborned falsehood! OUR language—the tongue spoken by the KING." [The vermin meant all the insult, the venom, the spite for that name—but with characteristic cowardice, adds, in order to give it an air of technicality,] "the Lords and Commons of OUR country," p. 108. What name does the writer of that sentence deserve? I believe it is on the tip of everybody's tongue, and I shall willingly leave my readers to give it utterance.

Why must these people be continually reminding us of the existence and history of the Queen? The time has gone by when this could do them any good, as an instrument to get into power—when she was the organ of insult to the King—whom, it is evident, the wretched creature who wrote this review detests—and when our feelings could be annoyed by the necessity of exposing the frailties of a daughter of Brunswick, the sister of him who fell at Waterloo, the mother of the Princess Charlotte, the niece of the King—I beg pardon—the niece of GEORGE THE THIRD. [I can't help calling him *the* King—I lived sixty years under his reign: I loved him living: I honour him dead.] There is now no difference of *avowed* opinion as to her guilt; there never was any difference of *actual* opinion. The Whigs took her up as they would take up the cause of the devil himself, if they thought it would serve their dirty ends. Everything was done by ministers which could be done, to avoid unpleasant and disgraceful results. A princely revenue was offered her, if she would stay abroad in scenes where her debaucheries could not corrupt English feeling. It was rejected. Ruffians—I shall mention no names, but ruffians they were—went over to her, to inform her of the then unhappy state of feeling in the London mob—a mob always profligate, as must be expected in so huge and motley a population. The *duces multitudinis* promised their assistance; the hack lawyers pledged their brazen visages and leathern lungs; she was herself reckless. The altar of Belial is admirably pitched by Milton, next that of Moloch homicide—*Lust hard by Hate.* She did not care if she plunged all England in blood, if she could injure or insult her husband. With these feelings she came over. Were ministers to suffer such a woman, so stigmatized, so marked out as an object of disgrace by the voice of Europe, to be put at the head of our women, to form a dress circle, to give the pattern of morals? If they did, they were worthy of being turned out—turned out, do I say?—of being kicked out under a shower of spittle. There was not a Tory heart which did not bleed at the necessity of exposing her; but it was indispensible. The villainous Whigs, who never spared calumny against man or woman, (see Peter Pindar, Tom Moore, the Edinburgh Review, Morning Chronicle, Old Bloody, &c. &c.) found it a fine blowing horn to sound the impropriety of assailing female reputation. In point of fact, they might have said the same, if they were retained on the side of Mrs Brownrigg, the apprenticide—a Whig, by the by—who was a murderer, though a lady. But that now, when all is over, she should be brought forward, is an uncalled-for piece of blackguardism. Who wrote this last page? There is Denman, who on that trial said in Greek, what, if he had said in English, he would have been kicked out of any company, different from that of a brothel—who, because the vulgar pictures of the Emperor Nero represent him as a parricide, an assassin, a tyrant, an incendiary, and a man stained with revolting and unnameable crime, compared, (in a speech, which the Lord Chancellor was to blame—the only thing I ever blamed in his conduct in my life—for listening to without sending the speaker to the Tower,) compared, I say, his King—King George the Fourth—to that prince, and stigmatized him by his name. Is there any other man in the kingdom likely to commit this filthy tirade? I hope not. If I thought Denman could write three sentences, which would pass muster in the eyes of Lindley Murray, I should accuse him of this infamous page in the review. Drop me a note, to give your ideas on the subject.

The article on the Baron de Kolli poor work—As for the attacks on the Chancellor—why, they are merely pitiful. It is a wretched thing to see the Edinburgh Review reduced to copy the old, stale, filthy, and refuted lies of the Times or Chronicle. You have already considered, at full length, in

your pages, the whole details of the charges adduced against this eminent lawyer, so that there is no need of my again slaying the slain. The Lord Chancellor himself fully refuted the slanders vented against him in the Lower House of Parliament, when the valorous Whig who brought them forward knew well his Lordship could not answer him. As for the arguments in this Review, they are mere twaddle—as for the facts, they are Whig facts. The only answer they deserve is already in print—a formula cut and dry—which the Review will remember.*

I SAY, SIR, THAT THAT IS FALSE.

I shall not detain you long on the article on our friend Blackwood's Publications. It is a poor thin criticism, in Jeffrey's thinnest style, and, God knows, that is wretched enough. Had we seen it in the poorest literary periodical in the empire, it would not have amazed us. We should rather have reprehended Ebony for hiring so shabby a scribe to puff his books. Scissars and paste work make up the principal matter of the Review, and the critical department is naught. What a wooden-headed critic must not he be, who, from the circumstance of their style, discovers that Adam Blair, and Lights and Shadows, were written by the same person! Their style! He might as well have said, that Cobbett's last Register was written by Jerry Bentham—that the Flood of Thessaly came from the pen of Lord Byron—that Marmion was concocted by Crabbe—any piece of nonsense, in short. Adam Blair is a story of gloomy sorrow, arising from the indulgence of guilty passions; the other is filled with all the gentle impulses that spring from honourable loves or kindly feelings, and even its sorrow and sin are marked by a gentleness of conception, and language radically distinct from the tempestuous eloquence of Adam Blair. The one is black as midnight at Martinmas—the other glowing and balmy as a dewy morning when the sun in Taurus rides.—This one assertion would damn any critique.

I am interrupted. Treat this article as you please, for I can write no more.

Friday, 7 o'clock, A. M.

It was Mullion who called on me yesterday, and hindered me from writing. The worthy physician kept me up all night, discussing various topics of conversation, and "horns of horn," as Glenfruin hath it. He got quite sewed up about one o'clock, and is still slumbering away in a sort of comatose sleep. I have been up this hour, sound as a roach. These young fellows from towns, after all, cannot keep it up like us seasoned vessels, invigorated by exposure to the air, from year's end to year's end. I shall occupy the couple of hours, which will certainly elapse before he rises, in doing articles for you; and first I shall tack a few lines to this letter.

The doctor tells me, that in Edinburgh this Review is very generally considered quite a genteel, candid, amiable, not-to-be-expected sort of thing on the part of Blue and Yellow. Mullion even dropped a hint, that some conciliatory matter or other should be tossed off in Blackwood in return. I am sorry to hear this nonsense. There is nothing genteel at all in the business. A dirty feeling—a Whig feeling—kept them from noticing these novels when a notice could be supposed to be of any use. —I say *supposed* to be, for of *actual* use to them a notice from the Edinburgh could not be then or now. At last, when they became part of the staple of our literature—second but to one—when everybody had read them, and everybody had praised them—a sense of shame, of the skulking sneakiness in hanging back, came over the minds of the conductors of the Edinburgh. They could not but be conscious that the true motives of their silence were appreciated, and were driven into this Review. It was too late in the day to abuse them, and praised they were accordingly in the fashion you see.

The opening of the article is a specimen of humbugging pure—I mean where Jeffrey tattles about the nationality of Scottish feeling, and takes merit to himself for abstaining from displaying this trait by panegyrizing the productions of Mr Blackwood's press.

* Apropos, Lord B.'s very hard on a certain lawyer, in his 13th Canto of the Don.

There was Parolles too, the legal bully,
Who limits all his battles to the bar
And senate; when invited elsewhere, truly
He shews more appetite for words than war.—P. 48.

If his inmost heart could be seen, we should, I am pretty certain, discover that the honour these books have conferred on our Scottish literature is quite forgotten, in the fact of their being produced by men hostile to Scottish Whiggery; and that the most scabby Cockney libeller of Scottish character, provided he was Whig, would receive higher meed of applause for the dirtiest effusion of his dirty talents, from the Edinburgh Review, than the most honourable of the sons of Scotland, if holding by the cause of his country and his God, he was enrolled among the Tories. I have given the real reason of the Review, and I do not thank him for it, either on account of the authors of the novels, or of Blackwood. There is no use in holding farthing candles to the sun. Mr Jeffrey's praise or blame is matter of perfect indifference to men, his superiors in talent in every respect. Let his whigling admirers, or the pluckless shakers at his authority, say what they please,—he is but a shallow article-monger, who, by one quackery or other, has obtained the attention of the public, so far as to be called a smart clever man, and to be forgotten by the end of every quarter. In our literature, he has little place even now—when defunct, he will be remembered only by the poring and industrious John Nicholses, (honoured be the name,) of the next century. For such writers as those in hand, I anticipate a very different fate; nay, more, I think the very best things they have, as yet, written, far inferior to what they are capable of writing, and what they assuredly will write. Indeed, in point of fact, Blackwood has published no books at all equal to parts of his Magazine—that is the book of books. Pitch us, therefore, compliments to Auld Clootie.

One article remains, on a subject on which I could, and, perhaps, will, if vexed, write a volume—the cause of the West India Planters. But on that, you have had lately an admirable article, and I shall not intrude on your columns now. Suffice it to say, that it behoves Parliament and ministers to look, with a cautious eye, on the whole concern. Let us listen to no pseudo liberality—no mock philanthropy: let us regard it as it interests our brother subjects in the West Indies,—*their* property, and *their* rights. We have suffered things to come to an alarming crisis, and must nerve ourselves for the result. I impute ill designs to no man, professing zeal in the cause of the slave-trade, except the Whigs, who avowedly have taken it up as a claptrap, without caring for anything but their own aspiration after power; but I hope this great question will be taken out of the hands of irresponsible bodies, guided by men who *may be* actuated by unworthy motives. If these men have done what they have done through a love of God and man, even though mischief may have resulted from their measures, yet shall their motives have praise at all times from me—but if instead of piety and philanthropy, views of filthy lucre be mixed up in the business—if traces of bales of cotton, barrels of gunpowder, pieces of romals, &c. &c. be found in the process—great indeed is their damnation. Before another year elapses, we shall hear more on the subject.

Mrs T. calls me to breakfast. All well here. How is the hip? If poss. shall be with you on Tuesday. Give the enclosed to Professor Leslie.

Yours eternally,

T. Tickler.

I agree mainly with Tim. Even in the Review, they have let the cloven foot shew forth, as a practised eye will see. The indications are trifling, but indisputable. For instance, he begins his list with the Annals of the Parish, giving it, with Whig accuracy, a wrong date, in order to avoid putting the Ayrshire Legatees, which was the first, and is in reality the germ, of all that writer's best novels, at the head of the series, because it originated in this Magazine. Again, he condemns that pleasant little book, the Steam Boat, in a lumping censure—Why? because its stories were first published in the Magazine, in which he understands [*i. e.* knows right well] it originally appeared. Moreover, it contains the very good story of Mrs Ogle of Balbogle, which is not a pleasant recollection for *some folk*. For the same reason, Lights and Shadows, although bepraised, are rather given the go-by; because two or three of the best of them first appeared in this work—while Margaret

Lyndsay, who has not the taint of Maga on her, absolutely draws floods of tears from the critics' eyes—Nothing can be more beautiful!—The very blazoning of Blackwood's name, so ostentatiously at the end of every book, is also a *display* of candour; he even puts it to Ringan Gilhaize, which was not from the officina Ebonensis. After all, what can be more indicative of public opinion as to the fairness of the Edinburgh, than the fact, that a favourable critique of books published by Blackwood appearing in its pages, should have been considered quite an unlooked-for occurrence! We should consider it as a gross affront if it were imagined that our criticisms were on the bookseller, not on the book. If a jack-ass brayed forth from Ebony's counter, we should destroy him mercilessly—[we have done so before]—if a man of talent published with Constable or anybody else, a full and unsparing tribute to that talent should be cheerfully paid, as it has always been. We were ashamed of ourselves if it were otherwise. It may be objected, that we seldom praise Whig works—true—for the party is so awfully stupid, that they seldom give us anything worth reading. But Byron, Moore, Shelly, Luttrell, profess Whiggery, or something as bad; and we request our readers to revert to our remarks on *their* works. As for bibliopolic influence base, a figo for it—the fig of Spain.—M. ODoherty.

THE DIARY OF JOSEPH BURRIDGE, ESQ. OF MILLFORD HALL, ESSEX, EDITED BY LORD FLANDERS.*

We are inclined to consider this interesting little book as the most important piece of biography which has appeared in our time. As the title implies, it consists of the diurnal observations of a private gentleman, of some style and figure in Essex—his name was never before heard of among authors; it is not in Sir Richard's Dictionary—and yet his works are in the hands of everybody, and constitute the brightest stars in the literary galaxy of the late reign. He was, without question, the greatest genius of the last century, but such was his invincible reluctance to be known as an author, that he rather chose to see the brows of others adorned by the wreaths he had himself won, than endure the maudlin compliments to which he observed all sorts of literary men subjected. Never was hoax so complete and perfect throughout—never was the gullability of the world so largely drawn upon, nor its credulity so thoroughly demonstrated. Who, before, questioned that Oliver Goldsmith was not the author of The Traveller, The Deserted Village, The Vicar of Wakefield? Who suspected that Dr Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, was not the genuine work of the colossal Lexicographer? It is true, that doubts have before been surmised with respect to the authenticity of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Lectures; but that of Gray's Elegy was never questioned; and a Mr Rogers has always been considered and esteemed as the author of the Pleasures of Memory. What shall now be thought, when we assure the public, that those justly celebrated works were all written by the late Joseph Burridge of Millford Hall, Essex; that Oliver Goldsmith and Samuel Rogers, are but two of the many names under which Mr Burridge published his elegant and beautiful productions; that Rasselas was also written by him, and that he paid ten guineas to Dr Johnson, to dispose of it to the booksellers as his own composition!

Mr Burridge insinuates that other members of "The Club," (query, Literary Club?) were in the practice of hiring needy and obscure scholars to father their books; but he observes, that "this is not always safe; when it happens that the work does not take, the wretches are sure to blab, and when it does, they run away with the praise. It is truly lamentable to observe the inward tortures which the poor Duke suffers, as often as Sheridan is spoken of as the author of the School for Scandal."

The Duke here alluded to, we believe, was his late Grace of Devonshire, whose brilliant wit still is re-

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* London, Merry, 1823. 4to. pp. 267, (Portrait.)

membered with such delight in the fashionable circles. The noble editor ought to have subjoined a few notes to those passages where individuals are thus spoken of without being named; we hope some such key will yet be supplied. In the meantime, it is pleasing to see the modesty of sequestered genius at last rewarded with the fame which it ought always to have enjoyed. We never could before understand how a low-born fellow like Sheridan should have acquired such a familiar footing with the aristocratic Whigs, but Mr Burridge explains it by the simple circumstance of Sheridan, "when a young man about the play-houses, having fathered the School for Scandal for the Duke of Devonshire."

There are some things in which we think Mr Burridge, with all his opportunities, must be mistaken; and he evidently has committed a gross anachronism in stating that Home's tragedy of Douglas was a juvenile work of the Right Honourable N. Vansittart, the late worthy Chancellor of the Exchequer. He has confounded two things—"The Wealth of Nations,"—commonly ascribed to Dr Adam Smith, and not the tragedy of Douglas, was the production of the Right Honourable Gentleman's early promise and youthful pen. That Lord Lauderdale may have had something to do with Henry Brougham's unknown work on Colonial Policy, we believe few are so sceptical as to doubt; but, when we are called to credit that Sir William Curtis, merely because, as it would seem, he happens to be a biscuit-baker and banker, as well as baronet, wrote those articles in the Edinburgh Review, on the Corn Laws and the Bullion question, which have been always ascribed to Frank Horner, we may be allowed to doubt.—In the first place, from the well-known political sentiments of the loyal alderman, we think the thing *prima facie* improbable—he would never have become a contributor to the Edinburgh Review; nor do we think, had he been so inconsistent as to have been willing, that Mr Jeffrey would have permitted any article from his pen to be inserted.

When Mr Burridge speaks of the wits with whom he associated, when he tells us of what passed at "The Club," and when he alludes to the different negotiations with the booksellers for the sale of his own works, it is impossible not to feel and acknowledge, that all he states is perfectly true; but in those things which took place after he had retired into the country, on succeeding to his maternal grandfather's estate, by the death of his cousin Sir Pard Petersham—there is not the same force of minute circumstance, and his information is manifestly, in many instances, incorrect. Such, for instance, as saying that Mr Towal Buxton, a hale and vigorous brewer, "is a poet of the most refined sensibilities, and is indeed, in piety and adventure, the very Thalaba of his own poem, which, for three hogsheads of entire, he persuaded Mr Southey to adopt."—We sincerely sympathize in the great alarm and anxiety with which Mr Buxton naturally looks forward to some resolution of the House of Commons, whereby Government is to be requested to use its utmost endeavours to oblige all brewers of ale and porter to divide their profits with their workmen; but to consider him as the wild and wonderful Thalaba—we honestly confess our inability—Besides, the very idea of a brewer, with a great foaming tankard of heavy wet in his hand, going forth to drown sorcerers, is too ridiculous—No, Mr Burridge, we cannot swallow that; but if Jeremy Bentham really wrote the Life of Lopez de Vega, which Lord Holland has been so good-natured as to father, we shall stretch a point; at the same time we are disposed to allow, that the poetical translations may have been from his pen. The whole of that work, however, has so much of the elegance and erudition peculiar to Mr Jerdan of the Literary Gazette, that we are much inclined to ascribe it entirely to him. Indeed, as we have already remarked, Mr Burridge, in those notes which relate to the history of literature subsequent to his departure from London, is not to be trusted—but still his information is occasionally curious—and we admit, that some of the anecdotes relative to the management of our own Magazine, are not without foundation. It may be that some allowance should be made for his great age; time may have impaired his memory and obscured his judgment. By a note of the 10th of September, 1822, it would appear, he had on that day attained his ninety-first year. His noble biographer informs us, that he died suddenly of apoplexy, on the 7th of October following, and that the late Principal Taylor of Glasgow, together

with the celebrated Dr Parr, were appointed his executors, by whom, at their joint solicitation, his lordship was induced to undertake the task of preparing "The Diary" for the press.

"The custom," says the editorial baron, "so prevalent during the late reign, among men of parts and fortune, of publishing under fictitious names, has, in our own time, given way to the anonymous fashion, which, though, morally speaking, perhaps the more commendable of the two, is yet exposed to greater disadvantages. Sensible and well-bred people know, when an author withholds his name from the title-page of his works, it is an intimation to the world in general that he wishes not to be addressed concerning them. But low-bred and vulgar persons, by not understanding this, persecute the poor anonymous either with direct fulsome, or aside strictures."

We agree entirely with the noble editor; the life of an anonymous author would in mortal sufferance be far beyond any anguish which we who revel in celebrity, and have bragged ourselves into fame, can conceive, were it not happily ordered, that there are very few vulgar and impertinent persons in the world. And if it should so happen in an author's own time, that, like Mr Burridge, he sees others enjoying the honours and the homage which belong to himself, he has it always in his power to come forward and claim his right.

The anonymous system, however, has certainly been carried too far; and we take blame to ourselves for permitting it to grow to such a head. We say this the more emphatically, as we observe a dexterous use made of it, against ourselves, in the last Number of the Edinburgh Review. It is matter of universal renown with what success we have levelled that mighty and overweening journal to the ground. But, in a late article, Mr Jeffrey has classed all "the bailie's" novels, and more than the bailie's, together; and, without scarcely adverting to the existence of our triumphant Maga, has spoken of them in such a way, that many judicious persons consider it as a sort of handsome peace-offering. Now, what is the fact? Have we not, for the last five years, been playing off a thousand ingenious and clever jokes, ascribing books to different persons, who, as all the world knew, were utterly incapable of writing them?—Was it not by our instrumentality that the morose Byron has obtained the praise due to the author of Beppo, a poem which, it is no longer necessary to conceal, was from the lively Christian muse of Mr Zachariah M'Aulay?—But did we anticipate that ever the editor of the Edinburgh Review would borrow a leaf from our hoaxing, and so seem to fall in with the erroneous opinions of mankind—opinions which we are in part the source of propagating—as to treat those works as if he was heaping coals of fire upon the guilty heads of the gentlemen to whom they are commonly ascribed?—We appeal to himself if he does not believe that some of his own correspondents had a hand in more than one of them? We ask Henry Cockburn to declare on his honour as a gentleman, whether or no he did not write "The Provost?" We ask the Rev. Mr Lapsley of Campsie, that egregious Whig, to say what part he did not write in "Adam Blair?" A recent elevation to the bench alone deters us from hinting at the author of the sweet and mournful "Lights and Shadows." But we look to the ambrosial chambers of Professor Sandford of Glasgow, for an answer with respect to "Valerius." Mr Jeffrey has judiciously abstained from saying anything of "Reginald Dalton." He intends a separate article. It certainly would not become *himself* to speak favourably of that work; and he cannot naturally have any desire not to see it applauded. We have heard of authors reviewing their own books. We shall not impute anything so derogatory to the character of the Editor of the Edinburgh Review. But to return to "The Diary."

It was our intention to have given a few extracts; these, however, we must for the present postpone, as Mr North has informed us that he intends to begin the ensuing year with a series of personal attacks, under the title of "The Volcano;" and, in consequence, after due consideration, we have been induced to reserve them for that paper. They will come, perhaps, with more propriety, in some one of The Eruptions—not that they possess anything so particularly libellous as to raise the morbid appetite of the public to that state of ecstasy and excitement which some of our juvenile indiscretions produced, such as the Chaldee, for example; but still they are not without a currie, particularly those which relate to certain distinguished members of the English Bar.

WRESTLIANA, OR AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF ANCIENT AND MODERN WRESTLING, BY WILLIAM LITT.*

Our literature is rich in British Sports, and this admirable little volume will be a valuable addition to the most bang-up library. The author is not only perfectly skilled in the theory of wrestling, but an adept in its practice. He has contended with the best men in the north of England—that is, the world, and has thrown, and been thrown, with the most distinguished applause. He has not been deterred by a false shame from alluding to his own triumphs in the ring; but, like most persons of real talent, he speaks modestly of his greatest achievements, and therein resembles Xenophon and Julius Cæsar. There is none of that bluster about William Litt which there certainly was about Napoleon Buonaparte; and we have no doubt whatever, that, had he stood second at Carlisle for the championship of the world, he would have entertained towards his conqueror none of those petty feelings of spite and envy with which the exile of Helena regarded the victor of Waterloo.

Mr Litt is a person in a respectable rank of life, and his character has, we know, been always consonant with his condition. He is, in the best sense of the word, a gentleman, and his name, "familiar as a household word" all over the north, is a sufficient pledge and proof of the perfect accuracy of all the statements in this "wrestler's manual." It was highly gratifying to the thousands collected round the ring at the last grand northern meeting, to see him honoured by the especial notice of the members of the most powerful noble family in England. He ought to be, indeed, from what we can learn, is, by the unanimous voice of the North,† elected umpire of the wrestling ring. John Jackson is not more a *magnum et venerabile nomen* in the pugilistic hemisphere, than William Litt in the other half of the gymnastic world. Both are as honest, upright, independent Englishmen, as ever floored or threw; and while either ring continues to enclose such sterling characters, we need not fear for our country, notwithstanding the pressure of times, tithes, taxes, raw wet weather, and Joseph Hume.

It is impossible for a cold, dull, phlegmatic character, (but for such we do not write, "*procul, procul, esto profani,*") to conceive the intense and passionate interest taken by the whole northern population in this most moral and muscular amusement. For weeks before the great Carlisle annual contest, nothing else is talked of on road, field, flood, foot or horseback; we fear it is thought of even in church, which we regret and condemn; and in every little comfortable "public," within a circle of thirty miles diameter, the home-brewed quivers in the glasses on the oaken table to knuckles smiting the board in corroboration of the claims to the championship, of a Grahame, a Cass, a Laugklen, Solid Yaik, a Wilson, or a Wightman. A political friend of ours, a staunch fellow, in passing through to the Lakes last autumn, heard of nothing but the contest for the county, which he had understood would lie between Lord Lowther (the sitting member) and Mr Brougham. But, to his sore perplexity, he heard the names of new candidates to him hitherto unknown; and on meeting us at that best of inns, White Lion, Bowness, he told us, with a downcast and serious countenance, that Lord Lowther would be ousted, for that the struggle, as far as he could learn, would ultimately be between Thomas Ford of Egremont, and William Richardson of Caldbeck, men of no landed property, and probably radicals.

It is, in our opinion, and according to our taste, (and both our opinion and our taste are found to go a longer way with some people than they are aware of,) not easy, even to the most poetical and picturesque imagination, to create for itself a more beautiful sight than the ring at Carlisle. By altering one or two words, (eggs to men, and so forth,) Mr Wordsworth's lines on a hedge-sparrow's nest, become a

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* Whitehaven: Printed by R. Gibson, 26, King Street, 1823. Price 2*s*.

† North of England, our Contributor means; but we beg leave to add our own—NORTH.

sensible enough exclamation in such a case.

"See two strong men are struggling there,*
Few visions have I seen more fair,
Or many prospects of delight
More pleasing than that simple sight."

Fifteen thousand people perhaps are there, all gazing anxiously on the candidates for the county. Down goes Cass; Wightman is the standing member; and the agitation of a thousand passions, a suppressed shudder, and an under growl, moves the mighty multitude like an earthquake. No savage anger, no boiling rage of ruined black legs, no leering laughter of mercenary swells—sights and sounds which, we must confess, do sicken the sense at Newmarket and Moulsey—but the visible and audible movements of calm, strong, temperate English hearts, free from all fear or ferocity, and swayed for a few moments of sublime pathos, by the power of nature, working in victory or defeat.

We love pugilism and Pierce Egan, but in some respects they must yield the palm to wrestling and William Litt. All sorts of arguments, everything bearing the most remote resemblance to abstract reasoning, is our abhorrence, and, unless we give up reading the Edinburgh Review entirely, will be our death. Therefore (confound that logical-looking pedant of a word with his formal phiz) we shall not follow Mr Litt through his "Philosophical Dissertation on Wrestling, compared with other amusements of the present day;" however, we have read it, and prefer it infinitely to Macvey Napier's "Dissertation on the Scope and Tendency of Lord Bacon." Mr Litt seems more master of his subject, possesses a clearer head and style, is less assuming, although with every supposable reason to be more so, and brings to his task a larger mass of general erudition. If in any point he be inferior to Macvey, it is, we think, in the number of his authorities; yet, no doubt, many readers will prefer a writer who tells you what he knows, and has himself seen, to one who knows and has seen nothing, but endeavours to supply these deficiencies by quotations from the sundry languages of divers people.

The scope and tendency of Mr Litt's dissertation on the inductive philosophy of beans and bacon, (truly experimental,) is to prove that wrestling is superior, as a British field-sport, to pugilism, cock-fighting, horse-racing, foot-ball, running, leaping, and single-stick; to which may be added, *nem. con.*, badger-drawing and bull-baiting. From the little we have said, it may appear that we are Littites; but we acknowledge frankly that our opinion remains wavering between the comparative merits of the science of the Fist, of the Back-hold, and of the Quarter-staff; just as our opinion has long remained wavering between the comparative merits of Poetry, Painting, and Music. In these six sciences we excel; in pugilism, a Spring—in wrestling, a Tom Nicholson—in single-stick, a Wall—in "building the lofty rhyme," a perfect Pindar; as a limner, Haydon yields to us the title of modern Raphael; and on the violin, theorbo, and flageolet, we succumb only to Ballantyne.

But although candour constrains us to say that "this is a moot point," Mr Litt has certainly established the superior antiquity of his favourite science. Wrestling seems to be one of the few things not borrowed from the Egyptians; for says our author—

"We find in the 32d chapter of Genesis, that Jacob, having passed his family over the brook Jabbok, was left alone. In its history of events at this early period of the world, with a brevity commensurate with its high importance, the Bible minutely relates only those particular occurrences which refer to some covenant, or promise, then made, renewed, or fulfilled. It narrates facts, without commenting upon them. Therefore, although Jacob's wrestling with the Angel was too remarkable an incident to be omitted, yet we are not told in what manner he came, nor of any preliminary conversation or agreement between them. It, however, appears very evident, that until the Angel manifested his miraculous power, Jacob believed his opponent was a mere mortal like himself; and on whichever side the proposal originated, it was acceded to by the other, either as a circumstance not unusual, or as an amicable amusement, which might be practised without the least infringement on cordiality. If it was not unusual, we are warranted in supposing it a common diversion antecedent to that period, and that Jacob was himself a scientific practiser of the art when he was the

* In the original, "See five blue eggs are shining there," &c.

father of a large family. Nay, we might even *hint*, his celestial opponent was himself no stranger to that athletic amusement. If it *then* had its origin, no admirer of this athletic science can wish for one more ancient, or more honourable. That the Patriarch's antagonist was a being of a superior order, and sent by Divine authority, no Christian has ever yet disputed. That it was a corporeal struggle, or, *bona fide*, a wrestling match, between them, is universally admitted. It cannot therefore be denied, that it is either of divine origin, or that a Being more than mortal has participated in it. It is true, many of the commentators dwell upon it as a *spiritual*, as well as a *corporeal* struggle. This we are very ready to admit; but we will at the same time contend, that instead of diminishing, it adds considerably to its splendour. An amusement from which so many inferences and conclusions have been drawn to promote the welfare of Christianity, cannot be either degrading or confined in its nature; but, on the contrary, noble and scientific.

"It is a common and received proverb, that 'A man is known by his works, and a tree by its fruits.' Here then is an amusement peculiarly chosen, not only by one of the best of men, but by one better and greater than any man:—and if to give *strength* and *firmness*, combined with *quickness* and *elasticity*, to the limbs; *discrimination* and *vigour* to the body; *coolness* to the head, and *perception* to the mind—the whole forming an energetic combination of the whole power given to man! no exercise could have been selected tending more to exalt his character, and from which such typical illustrations could have been deduced for his spiritual advantage.—Here then we take our stand.—Advocates for any other diversion, be it whatever it may! can you produce an origin either so ancient or so honourable? Men of common sense, what can you object to it? Poets and lovers, ye who deal in heroics, and invoke ideal heathen divinities! or ascribe to a mere mortal, like yourselves, the epithet angelic! or even angel itself! while any *proof* you could bring forward in support of your imaginary divinities (or even the propriety of using such expressions) would be disputed—nay, condemned! by thousands of well-disposed Christians:—in all that we have advanced respecting Wrestling, none but heathens or atheists will attempt to confute."

Mr Litt, we before observed, makes no great show of erudition; but there are good schools in the north: and our author seems to know the history of the ancient world just as intimately as Izaak Walton. The following passage is quite in the classical vein of the Complete Angler.

"Having proved the existence of this amusement at so remote an era, it would be neither necessary nor important to trace the practise of this art through that period of time which intervenes from the time of Jacob, to the formation of the Grecian republics. The blindness and wilful transgressions of the Jews, and the barbarous ignorance of those nations whom God permitted to chastise them, render their exercises a matter of neither curiosity nor utility. But when Greece, emerging from obscurity and ignorance, began to take the lead in civilization, in military knowledge, and in the cultivation of learning and sciences, the utility of Public Games, not only to infuse a generous and martial spirit into the minds of the young men, but to improve their bodily strength, was too apparent to be neglected. Accordingly, we find these athletic exercises not only practised and encouraged in each particular state, but the highest honours and rewards bestowed on the victors at the Olympic, Nemean, and other games, where prizes were awarded, and contended for before the whole nation. It would be foreign to our purpose to quote the wrestling match of Hercules and Anteus, or anything bordering either on the fabulous or miraculous stories incidental to the times in which it is placed; but we may be allowed to observe, that these prizes were contended for, and often won, by men distinguished as much by their birth, patriotism, and valour, as by their skill in those exercises in which it was their pride to excel.

"The influence of these sports in advancing Greece, from a few petty states not equal in extent of territory to one half of England alone, into the most powerful kingdom at that time in the world, is universally acknowledged by all historians and commentators who have ever treated of the subject. And it is singular to remark, that while the fact is admitted by all modern legislators, few or none have recommended an imitation of them."

Leaving the Hebrews and the Greeks without reluctance, we take a leap with Mr Litt of a few thousand years into the ring of Longwathby Mill, A. D. 1778. That village, on Christmas or New Year's Day, and Melmerby on Midsummer's Day, (both, we believe, in Cumberland,) were the scenes of two distinguished annual contests.—Mr Litt, with that strange and undefined desire to extol past times at the expense of the present, which seems a principle in human nature, and makes every man "laudator temporis acti," observes—

"About forty-five years ago, or about the year 1778, back-hold Wrestling was more practised, and in higher estimation in that extent of country which comprises the borders of Cumberland, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, and Northumberland, than in any other place in England or Scotland. Since those days of our fathers, great indeed is the change effected in the habits, customs, and manners of all classes of people throughout England; and in no part of it more than in the north. The festivities of Christmas, the hilarities of sheep-shearing, and other seasons of mirth and jollity, are now but the mere shadow of what they were, even at the short distance of time we treat of. Though some dainties, neither much known nor wanted in those days, are now in common use, yet *home-brewed*, that soul and cementer of good fellowship, so often spoken of in raptures by the aged, has nearly disappeared. At that time, if *money* was more scarce, *ale* was better and cheaper; and pastimes were not only more frequent, but enjoyed with much less care for to-morrow. Accordingly, on the borders of these counties, prizes of different descriptions were frequently given to wrestle for. Although a belt was the most usual prize, yet silver cups, leather breeches, and other things of considerable value, accompanied by a belt, were by no means uncommon."

The cock of the north at this era was ADAM DODD, who, in the opinion of many who were acquainted with him, had won more prizes than any other man, either remembered at this period, or who has since appeared in the ring. But Mr Litt, from the most authentic accounts he has been able to collect, thinks he yielded in that respect to WILLIAM RICHARDSON of Caldbeck, (now alive and hearty,) who has gained, it is said, 240 belts, and is, we think, better entitled than old Howard of Castle-Dacre himself, to the cognomen "Belted Will." Mr Litt's portrait of Adam is, in its way, quite as good as Milton's, of his great ancestor and namesake.

"Adam, though not termed a *big one*, was yet far above the middle-size of wrestlers. He was between five feet ten and five feet eleven inches high, and weighed near fourteen stones—belonging to that class in which we have elsewhere stated the most distinguished wrestlers and pugilists were to be found. He has been described to us as a clean and well-built man, but withal rather flattish bodied, and slender backed, for such a distinguished wrestler; this is said by some to have been the only thing that prevented him from being invincible. He was a straight stander, and easy to satisfy with a hold; but the moment it was taken, eager to be at work, and seldom desisted from the attack till the fall was over. He seldom had recourse to the buttock; striking was his forte; and his dexterity and method of parting, or what is often provincially called *liveriag*, (a contraction of *delivering*,) his man, was such, that he seldom either missed his object, or went to the ground. His favourite method was the outside, and he was partial to feinting with one foot, and striking with the other; however, on striking out, he often seconded the attack with the foot he feinted with; and we have heard it asserted he struck uncommonly high. In this his trade as a miller might be advantageous to him. From frequent practice in lifting and removing loads with his arms, in which the knee and foot are sometimes used as auxiliaries, he might have acquired more strength in the leg when striking out, and felt less incommoded when balancing and turning his man, than if he had been brought up to almost any other trade. It would be impossible for us, or any other person at this period, to enumerate the tithe of his victories. Suffice it to observe, he was the hero of his day; and at the great annual meetings at Longwathby and Melmerby, as well as at Alston, often threw, not only the most noted wrestlers of the neighbourhood, and the borders of Cumberland and Westmoreland, but all the *dons* from Yorkshire and Northumberland who came to try their prowess with him. It would be foolish to assert, or lead any person to suppose, he was not occasionally thrown; for that is a thing which, like "time and tide, happeneth to all men;" but we believe we shall not be contradicted, when we say he ranked the *very first* on the list. He was a remarkably civil and peaceable man; and his conduct and character through life accorded with these two essential recommendations to respect and esteem—having never been called in question on any occasion. His death was occasioned by incautiously lying down to sleep upon the kiln when drying some oats, which brought on an illness that proved fatal a short time afterwards, whilst in the very prime of life. He died about the year 1782, leaving a widow then with child—having entered into the connubial state not long before his decease."

Then, too, flourished TOM JOHNSTON, now a powerful old man, in the employ of J. C. Curwen, Esq. of Workington-Hall. Tom, "like a true sportsman, still relishes the crack of the whip, and actually carried off the belt from the Cloffick at Workington, at one of the great meetings on Easter Tuesday, when nearly sixty years of age."

"Another celebrated hero, at the same period, was Thomas Lee, who, we are informed, is at this present time a publican

in Alston. Lee, we have been told, was from the borders of Northumberland, and was the unrivalled cock of the walk for many miles round him, both as a wrestler and pugilist. The fame of Adam Dodd continually ringing in his ears, inflamed him with an ardent desire to try conclusions with him. Accordingly, regarding minor conquests as beneath him, and believing himself nearly invincible, he set off in quest of Adam to a meeting of such celebrity as to insure the attendance of that hero. We have heard some assert, that it was at Longwathby, but we have undoubted authority for saying that it was at Great Salkeld that these heroes first met. However this may be, it is certain that they both fought and wrestled. The issue of the former contest was not unfavourable to Adam, although there are many who maintain that it was the only pugilistic contest in which he was ever engaged, and that it was only to prevent the imputation of being a coward that induced him to fight.—In wrestling, Adam proved the master; and this, we are told, Lee is still willing to acknowledge, but entertains an opinion that he was the better man in the other respect. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that Lee was a very noted man, and superior to his opponent in strength and weight."

But the most celebrated wrestler, that the north, perhaps, ever produced, also flourished during this epoch—THE REVEREND ABRAHAM BROWN. Let no prim-mouthed puritan purfle up his potatoe-trap at this announcement—a Cumberland curate is not a bishop. That granted, every objection to his trying a fall is at once removed. No doubt, when elevated to the bench, his own good sense will point out to him the propriety of quitting the ring, and even of circumscribing his private practice. Some of our own Scottish ministers are strong-built pillars, and not easy to be pulled down; and we could mention several, by name, thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen stoners, whom we would back for a trifle against either the medical or legal profession. Indeed, the greatest number of powerful men we ever saw enter a ring together, was at the Carlisle race-ground, and in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Anno Domini 1823.

"Bampton school, on the borders of Westmoreland, was perhaps the most celebrated seminary in England for turning out good wrestlers. It was usual at that period for those designed for the church, or any learned profession, to frequent school when grown up to manhood; and if a young man was known to be a Bampton scholar, it was considered conclusive of his being a good wrestler. Among those educated at this instructive seminary, whose genius led them to acquire a competent knowledge of the bodily powers of man, before they were honoured with the charge of his more important requisites, was the reverend and celebrated Abraham Brown, whom we have before alluded to. This gentleman was the first of whom we have any authentic records of excelling as a *buttocker*. Having lost no time in perfecting himself in this manly exercise when a *scholar*, he fully maintained the character of a very *first rate* when acting in the more exalted situations of *usher* and *schoolmaster* in different places, and occasionally after he became a curate. When a very young man he acquired great renown in carrying away a silver cup of considerable value from Eamont Bridge, which divides the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and which was consequently in the very centre of the most noted wrestling country in England. After his establishment at Egremont, Mr Brown had no objection, in the spirit of good fellowship, to oblige any man who felt extremely anxious for a trial of skill with him, and in these casual turn-ups it is said he was never vanquished. Abraham being a man of considerable humour and good nature, palmed himself more than once as a friend of Parson Brown's, on men who, hearing of his celebrity, expressed a strong desire to try a fall with him. On such occasions he pretended to be well acquainted with the Parson, and assured them, that if they could throw him easily, they would prove a match for Brown when they met with him. This of course caused a contest; and Master Abraham, after giving them full satisfaction, would advise them to go home, as he could assure them they were not able to vanquish the Parson. We have heard him assert, that when nineteen years of age, he did not weigh more than twelve stones, but a stranger to him in his younger days would have judged of him very differently. He could not be less than six feet high, and when at a proper age for entering the church, must have weighed fifteen stones at least. This well-known character died within the last twelve months; and it is but justice to his memory to observe, that though occasionally addicted to the bottle, he preserved through life, both in his public and private character, the regard and esteem, not only of his parishioners in general, but of nearly all who were acquainted with him."

Next to the above unconquered clergyman at this era, was supposed to stand JOHN TINIAN—he and his sons, and brother, make up a family

quite to the taste of our great Romancer.

"As a wrestler, boxer, runner, leaper, cudgel, and football player, he never met with an equal. It was no uncommon circumstance for Tinian to bear away all the three prizes,—viz. belt, hat, and gloves, from the neighbouring races; which feat he once performed at Penrith, where he was totally unknown, defeating in these different exercises the very best of the border heroes. He was about six feet high, and fourteen stone weight—an uncommonly powerful and muscular man, regarded as a desperado, and looked upon as the cock of the walk wherever he went. John Tinian is yet living, and some of his sons turned out promising *chicks*, though by no means equal to the old *cock*. His brother Job was equally well known. Job was no *apology* for a man—standing about six feet six inches high, and weighing accordingly! was remarkably in-knee'd, and had little of an Adonis about him at any time, but more especially when, as was frequently the case, *he stripped off all his clothes, and exposed himself to his opponent in a state of nudity.*"

These heroes flourished "on the eastern side of Derwent," and "we must go westward as far as Gosforth, before we find another wrestler of such celebrity, as to entitle him to notice in these memoirs."

"In that place, we find one of the most distinguished characters at that period between Derwent and Duddon, in the person of John Woodall, who was brought up as a husbandman, and succeeded his father as proprietor of a small estate in Gosforth. Woodall, though not the tallest, was, we believe, the strongest man we have yet noticed. His person was symmetry itself, he stood about five feet eleven inches high, weighed upwards of sixteen stones, and all who knew him agree in considering that he was the strongest man in the west of Cumberland. As a wrestler, Woodall was more indebted to strength than science; but he possessed the former requisite to such an uncommon degree, that he was considered no unequal opponent for the powerful and scientific curate of Egremont. At the King's Arms, in that place, Woodall exhibited a remarkable, and rather extraordinary specimen of his prodigious strength. Having been thrown for a prize by a shoemaker of the name of Carr, a well-known wrestler, the latter, flushed with his victory, began to ridicule Woodall on the circumstance. Woodall, though a very peaceable man, yet willing to turn the laugh against Carr, caught him up in his arms as if he had been an infant, and hung him by his breeches waistband upon one of the hooks in the ceiling!"

These, and other mighty ones of the earth, having either resigned the reins, or loosened the loins of their empiry, or been grasped by "THE WRESTLER," *"rerum nova nascitur ordo,* about the year 1800.

"Advancing forward to a more modern date, we will proceed to notice some of the most celebrated heroes at the close of the seventeenth century, or preceding the year 1800. In doing so, we must travel back to Alston and its vicinity, and introduce to the notice of our readers the very best Wrestler of his weight Cumberland, or even the United Kingdom, ever produced, in the person of JAMES, alias JEMMY FAWCETT. Anxious to do ample justice to the professional character of every Wrestler whose name is to be found in our pages, without detracting from the merited renown of others, we are compelled to acknowledge Jemmy must have been the most wonderful Wrestler, either of his own, or any other time of which we have any succinct, or authentic account. Jemmy, though yet living, is perfectly unknown to us,—therefore we cannot speak positively as to his weight, which we have heard some call *ten*, and others *ten stone seven pounds;* but admitting he weighed *eleven* stones, the eleven-stone man who could bear away the prize for *seven* successive years from the most noted place of meeting, and from the acknowledged best Wrestlers in Cumberland and Westmoreland, *must* have been a Nonpareil indeed! Yet that Jemmy Fawcett was the victor at Longwathby, the most noted annual resort, not only for the most celebrated border Wrestlers, but from Alston and twenty miles round, on every Midsummer-day, does not admit of the least dispute. If Jack Randall, the pugilist, is entitled to the appellation of Nonpareil, by beating men of his own weight, and one or two a single stone heavier; what would he have been called if he could have added to the list of heroes he has vanquished the names of Cribb, Neate, and Spring? Yet, granting he had done so, he would *then* scarcely have had as well-merited a claim to the appellation as Fawcett, who has thrown *scores* of heavier men than any of the three!! This single fact more establishes the superiority, as a *science*, of Wrestling, over Pugilism, than volumes filled with arguments on the subject could possibly do. It likewise equally exposes the folly of those who call *back*-holds a mere trial of strength. Fawcett, as we have before said, weighed under, or about eleven stones, and was about five feet seven inches high, and continued wrestling occasionally till he was nearly fifty years of

age;—a sufficient proof that he, though a slender man, and open to all comers, did not consider Wrestling as a dangerous amusement. Among the list of the many powerful men he threw, several entitled to be classed as first-raters might be produced. Nor was his superiority over such men, to be attributed either to accident, or confined to the circumstance of one trial only. We contend that Fawcett must have been, and *was*, able to throw many fourteen-stone men entitled to rank as first-raters; or to come to the mark at once,—men ranking as high, professionally, as any of the three Pugilists alluded to:—yet could Randall, although supposed to be the very best Pugilist ever remembered, beat any of them? The circumstance of Fawcett being able to throw fourteen-stone men, may be said to form one exception to our remark, that the most superior Wrestlers and Pugilists will be found between thirteen and fourteen stone weight; we answer, not exactly so. We do not think Fawcett could have thrown Adam Dodd, Thomas Nicholson, William Richardson, or some others we could select, in a number of trials; on the contrary, we are sure the odds would have been against him for a single fall;—but we contend these selected Wrestlers ranked higher in that exercise, than Cribb, Neate, or Spring ever did as Pugilists; we would compare them to James Belcher, or the Game Chicken, when in their prime; and we presume no pugilistic amateur will say the *latter* Pugilists were not considered superior to any of the present time, though some of *them* undoubtedly rank as first-raters. We must therefore conclude, that there is either more science in back-hold Wrestling, than in Pugilism, or that Fawcett is much more entitled to the appellation of Nonpareil than Randall. Jemmy was partial to getting his left side into action and striking from that position. It is not consistent with the limited nature of this work to dwell longer on the merits of this truly celebrated Wrestler, any further than to remark, that Swaledale, in Yorkshire, was the scene of his latest exploits, and in which place we believe he is still living."

And here Mr Litt pronounces a well-deserved eulogy on our poor friend John Barrow, whom he justly calls, "the most renowned wrestler in Westmoreland at this period." He was not a Cumberland man, as Mr Litt has heard—and he lived at Bowness, Windermere. "He was," says Mr Litt, "considered by many a match for any man in the kingdom; and to him it is said Richardson of Caldbeck, ('whom, henceforth, let the nations call Belted Will,') was indebted for his favourite method of striking inside." We add, that he stood upwards of six feet—was, we should think, fourteen stone good, of prodigious strength, not wanting in activity, good-tempered and brave.

"This champion, at a considerably subsequent period to his celebrity as a Wrestler, was unfortunately drowned by the upsetting of a boat on Windermere Lake. It was rather remarkable that Barrow, the only person lost by the accident, was an excellent swimmer, and the only person in the boat who could swim. The accident happening at a place of no considerable depth, his foot either stuck fast in the mud, or getting entangled in some excrescence attached to the bottom, he never rose to the surface of the water, and consequently perished before he could be relieved."

This account is inaccurate. John Barrow could not swim, and the accident happened in deep water. He and some others were trying a new boat, which he had built, the sheet of the main-sail was belayed, and the party were both rowing and sailing. A flaw of wind struck her, and the oars to leeward being in the water, the boat upset, and poor John disappeared. The boat did not sink; and two servant-girls, who had seen the accident, rowed from Bell-grange, and saved the lives of the other men. This we ourselves *saw*. The body was not found for some days. So much about the untimely fate of a great wrestler, and a good man!

Passing over John and Joseph Tinian, in the vicinity of Holm Cultram, the Halls of Alston, who were long the Dons of Ellenborough, Gilcrux, and the adjacent country; the brothers Allison of Cockermouth, and the Reverend Osborne Littleton of Buttermere, "who, previous to his entry into orders, was the best Wrestler within many miles of Whitehaven;" we shall, with Mr Litt, attend to the arrival of the Westmoreland militia, in that town, towards the close of the seventeenth century.

"In this regiment were several celebrated Wrestlers, among whom we will particularize the two whose names became most 'familiar in men's mouths' during the time the regiment remained at Whitehaven. These were Philip Stephenson and Thomas Madge. Philip was a strong-built muscular man, about five feet nine inches high, and must have weighed upwards of fourteen stones. His fame as a Wrestler ran before him,—his officers were ready to back him to any amount against any man in the kingdom,—and in fact, during his residence here as a soldier, he certainly was the most prominent hero on

the list. Philip was a straight stander, and extremely difficult to move from his position; and this, more than any other qualification, constituted his excellence as a Wrestler. His great practice had rendered him nearly perfect in that point, and made him very quick in availing himself of any advantage that presented itself in consequence of the unsuccessful efforts made by his opponents. Madge, on the contrary, might be called a light weight, but was a most excellent outside striker. Among the neighbouring Wrestlers who endeavoured to dispute the palm of superiority with these military champions, the Egremothians were the most conspicuous. The most noted of these were William Eilbeck, a stone mason, William Ponsonby, a butcher, and the two Roberts, Joe and Peter. Few likelier men than Eilbeck for a Wrestler are to be found; he possessed length, strength, and weight; was confident of his own powers, and a good outside striker. Ponsonby was the best and cleanest outside striker ever known in the west of Cumberland, and was by no means a little one, being not far from five feet ten inches high, and weighing near fourteen stones. Ponsonby much resembled Adam Dodd as a Wrestler, and was unquestionably a very first-rate, but at that time was considered something on the decline. The Roberts were something less than Ponsonby, but Joe was considered nearly as dangerous a customer to get rid of; being extremely ready, and as well up to every manœuvre how to get the best of it, as any man in the kingdom. However, after various trials, the red-coats proved the masters. Intemperance had produced its usual effects upon Ponsonby, Eilbeck could not force Philip from his position, and the manœuvring of Roberts failed when opposed to the superior weight and tactics of the soldier. The only reverse the military experienced, was at Saint Bees Moor during the annual races. Stephenson's officers were somewhat noisy respecting his great capabilities, when a friendly wager was offered them to produce a man on the ground to wrestle him a single fall. The offer was immediately accepted, and Philip, eager to be at work, soon appeared in the ring fully prepared for action, and anxiously expecting his opponent. After waiting some time, Ponsonby, the man selected for the trial, entered to him, rather the worse, or probably the better, for the 'water of life,' which had been plentifully administered to him; but no solicitations could prevail upon him to strip. Fully satisfied that if he won the fall it must be without loss of time, he chose to decide the business with his clothes on. The quickness and impetuosity of Ponsonby's attack carried all before it. Notwithstanding the boasted guard of the soldier, his neck and shoulders instantly exchanged situations with his feet. Philip was up in a moment and anxious for another trial, but Ponsonby was not to be had, his friends had carried him off in triumph, and Philip was obliged to wait for another opportunity of balancing accounts with him. The last meeting between the Westmoreland militia and the Egremothians was at Bigrig Moor, a place nearly equidistant from Whitehaven and Egremont; and this, we well remember, was the first prize we ever saw wrestled for. Philip had his revenge on Ponsonby, and finally threw Eilbeck, who in the course of the wrestling threw Madge. After the disbanding of the militia, Philip and Madge both returned to Whitehaven, where Madge still remains, being employed as a top-man about the collieries. Stephenson likewise remained in the neighbourhood many years, and wrought at his trade, which was a mason or waller. Philip often exhibited in the ring after his return, but the *soldier* Philip and the *mason* Philip seemed two very different persons. His most formidable traits were undoubtedly gone, and he was frequently thrown by men very far inferior to those he had before vanquished. He continued wrestling occasionally, till we who had regarded him with admiration when a mere lad, once or twice met him in the ring, when ranking higher on the list than any man he had previously encountered:—the result need not be told, for such are the changes of a few years!"

Stars rose and set, of whom our astronomer names John Blackstock, J. Wilkinson, both millers from the border of the Holm; John Stainton, whose beams were not easily shorn; Jacob Fletcher of Mockerkin; Henry Dixon and Joseph Bushby. "In pursuing the above progressive clue of wrestling," says Mr Litt, "we have got within the limits of the eighteenth century, and are consequently APPROACHING THE GREAT ERA OF THE CARLISLE WRESTLING IN 1809." But first he must, to render his historical work complete, narrate contests decided in some other rings.—*Quorum pars magna fuit.*

"For three or four successive years there were public bridals at Lorton, which occasioned the attendance of many celebrated Wrestlers from different parts of the county. The first of these we will notice was in the year 1806; the last fall was disputed between Jacob Fletcher of Mockerkin, and William Armstrong of Tallentire. The latter was an excellent Wrestler, but near three stones lighter than his opponent, and as many inches shorter. He was particularly good at striking inside with the left leg, and on this occasion was considered to have the best of the fall in question. Fletcher, however, refused to give it up, and in the course of the evening both parties agreed to decide the matter by an-

other trial; when, after a well-contested struggle, the three great advantages of length, weight, and strength prevailed, and Fletcher was declared the conqueror. Fletcher was a very quiet and well-behaved man, and if not diversified in action, was so well versed in the science, that we have heard him assert he was never vanquished in a number of trials, and never wrestled a disputed fall over again without winning it. In wrestling through the ring on that day, he threw that truly formidable character, Thomas Bell, for some time a schoolmaster at Bassenthwaite, and afterwards at Keswick. Bell at that period ranked higher as a Wrestler, and we believe as a Boxer, than any man in the two countries. In him were united all the qualifications which constitute a finished Wrestler, or Pugilist. He possessed youth, length, strength, courage, activity, and science, fully equal, if not superior, to any hero of that, or any other time of modern date; and there is no doubt, if he had remained in the county, he would have shone as a star of the first magnitude. In the situation he then filled, he was considered a very good scholar, but at times, unfortunately for himself, he deviated from that propriety of conduct always expected from those in his situation. We have the greatest reason to believe he was the master of Richardson of Caldbeck, then in his prime, and whom he resembled in his manner of wrestling, the inside being his favourite aim. Soon after the period alluded to, Bell emigrated to America, where, we have been informed, he has succeeded in establishing himself comfortably. In this contest with Fletcher, whom, at a previous period, he had thrown with ease, he went down when making play. Of one or two succeeding trials which Fletcher acceded to for mutual accommodation, we cannot speak decisively; we have heard them very differently represented, some affirming Fletcher had not the least chance, and others, among whom may be enumerated Fletcher himself, maintain that he had none the worst of them.

"In the following year, namely, 1807, no less than one hundred and twenty Wrestlers, from different parts of the county, entered the ring to contend for a very handsome belt, with plated buckles and sliders. The same William Armstrong who contested the last fall with Jacob Fletcher the preceding year, again distinguished himself on this occasion. He wrestled through the ring with much eclat, and, though vanquished by us for the prize, he lost no laurels in that contest, contending for victory to the last; and, though the advantages might certainly be considered against him, he was not disposed of without difficulty. This was the only time we ever wrestled, or witnessed wrestling, at Lorton; and the well known John Brownrigg, of Patterdale, was the first man we threw. Brownrigg was acknowledged by all who knew him to be an excellent Wrestler, and was more particularly known for being the conqueror of George Stamper, of Newlands, a very powerful man, and the only Wrestler, we believe, who ever vanquished both Thomas Nicholson and William Richardson, without being at some future time defeated by them. Brownrigg was about the size of William Armstrong, and, consequently, on encountering us, the advantages of length and strength were against him. This well-known Wrestler died some time ago.

"We will not dwell much upon the numerous meetings in this vicinity in which we ourselves played the first fiddle. We shall only observe, that in 1808, Blake Fell races, which had laid dormant for many years, were revived; and the weather proving favourable, they were well attended. Having carried off the prize with much ease the first day, a most determined opposition, often spoken of, was contrived against the ensuing day. The writer, with considerable adroitness, managed to call in against us, successively, no less than *seven* of the best Wrestlers upon the ground, among whom were Joseph Bushby, of Mockerkin, and the two best of the younger Tinians, John and Joseph. Notwithstanding this deep-laid scheme, their opposition proved of no avail, as none of these selected champions appeared to have the least chance of arresting our career of victory. We have elsewhere observed that the best wrestling in the west of Cumberland was on Arlecdon Moor, where one, two, and sometimes three prizes were given every year; one of them, for a number of years, amounting to two guineas. On that Moor we were never thrown from the year 1805 to the year 1815; during which time we either won, or could have won, all the prizes, if we except one carried off by William Mackereth, of Cockermouth, in 1814; for which we did not wrestle; therefore how that event might have terminated, can remain matter of opinion only. However, independent of that circumstance, the multiplicity of our victories there, sufficiently evince, that, although we were sometimes thrown in the west of Cumberland, our being so was more owing to carelessness, or accident, than to any *superiority*, or even *equality*, of those who threw us."

Mr Litt then takes a trip to Westmoreland, and gives a short, spirited, and accurate account of three Ambleside meetings, 1809, 1810, and 1811. We were ourselves present on those occasions, and Mr Litt is right to an iota. His narrative here, and indeed throughout, is equal to that of Mr Southey, in his History of the Peninsula, and we defy the Quarterly to deny it.

"Among the competitors collected to contend for this liberal prize, was Thomas

Nicholson of Threlkeld, in Cumberland, then in the height of his provincial reputation. We say *provincial*, because it was previous to what might be termed his attainment of the comparative *metropolitan* stamp by his repeated victories at Carlisle. Nicholson was the winner of this prize, throwing a distinguished Wrestler of the name of Dixon, and the two well-known Wrestlers, Rowland and John Long. It is, however, due to that impartiality which ought to be the invariable maxim of every historical writer to observe, that there *were*, and *yet are*, many in the vicinity of Ambleside that witnessed the contest, who positively affirm he had no right to it. Their opinion is that he was thrown by J. Dixon, (a brother to the Dixon he threw,) a Wrestler of no celebrity. It appears, however, that it had been the opinion of the stewards, that the fall in question was considered not fair, as they decided for another trial. This, Dixon, conscious of his inferiority, declined, and consequently Nicholson was declared the stander, and was the ultimate victor. Notwithstanding the magnitude of the prize, the competitors were not numerous, and the contests between Nicholson and the two Longs were considered the principal attraction of the day."

This contest was decided in the little field on the margin of Windermere, close to the turnpike-gate, within a mile of Ambleside. There was a regatta on the lake that forenoon; and many pleasure-boats bedecked with flags lay at anchor, close off shore, during the match. The day was bright and airy, and none present at that scene will ever forget it. We thus localize it for the sake of posterity. In this same pastoral field, did the shepherds of the north contend for a belt, five guineas, and a tobacco-pipe, the year following.

"In the year 1810, the patrons of the Ambleside wrestling disseminated handbills all over the country, to announce that a belt of considerable value, and five guineas, would be given to wrestle for at their annual sports at the head of Windermere Lake. The competitors, however, did not exceed sixteen couple, one half of whom were merely nominal. At this meeting we were present, as were Thomas and John Nicholson, and Joseph Slack from Blencow; all of course from Cumberland. The Westmoreland competitors were the same Nicholson had vanquished the preceding year, with the accession of Henry Chapman, a Bampton man, and Miles Dixon, a brother to the two already noticed in the year 1809. John Nicholson was thrown by Rowland Long, but both he and his brother were again thrown by T. Nicholson. Chapman was defeated both for the prize and a subsequent wager by Slack, who laid down to T. Nicholson; but, on the other hand, Miles Dixon threw us, and finally Nicholson. The circumstance of Dixon throwing two of the very first Cumberland Wrestlers, was certainly an unexpected one, although he was a stone heavier than either. Nicholson was no stranger to him, as they had had frequent trials together, and Dixon was consequently no stranger to his opponent's superiority; while Nicholson's knowledge of that fact, in this instance contributed to his defeat, by rendering him careless respecting his hold, as, through his negligence in that point, Dixon took him from the ground, and twisted him down without a single struggle. As for ourselves, we contend that Dixon derived no honour from the result of the contest between us, as he had a firm hold of the waistband of the breeches during the whole time of the wrestle. Notwithstanding this incalculable advantage, the result was for some time extremely dubious. In short, we will aver that we had such manifest unfair play as reflected disgrace upon those who should have been the umpires on the occasion, as we several times desired him *to quit his hold of our breeches*, and do declare, that, to the best of our belief, that circumstance alone prevented us from throwing him. After the victory was decided, both Dixon and his friends refused to accept of *two* guineas to *one* for a single trial only."

We remember Mr Litt most distinctly, a tall, straight, handsome, respectable, mild-looking, well-dressed man. If we mistake not, he wrestled in top-boots, a fashion we cannot approve, notwithstanding the example of the Grecian heroes, and our friend the Ettrick Shepherd. Truly sorry are we to think that anything like foul play should have occurred to him; but we declare, on our word of honour, that the circumstance was unknown to us and to the other gentlemen, who, although we were not umpire, (old Canon and Johnny Harrison acted in that capacity, along with a third old Trojan, whose name we forget,) would certainly have ordered another Try. On such occasions some little confusion is apt to occur, especially at a meeting then only two years old, and of which the directors were, no doubt, somewhat raw. Mr Litt himself, in that portion of his work which he calls "The Basis," most judiciously observes, "*that the circumstance of taking hold*, while it is the most frequent

cause of dissension among wrestlers, is, at the same time, the most difficult for an *impartial spectator*, or *umpire*, to form a correct and decisive judgment upon." We therefore throw ourselves on Mr Litt's candour; and we feel assured, that he will pardon us for any unintentional oversight on that important day. Whether Mr Litt could, or could not, have thrown Miles Dixon, can never be positively known in this world. Miles was nearly two stone heavier, and stronger far, although we believe Mr Litt to have been a more scientific wrestler. Miles Dixon never wrestled at Carlisle: he was somewhat sluggish—had not a good enough opinion of himself—was a very hard-working man—did not live on very generous diet—was not very young—and had a wife and family. That last circumstance (although we scarcely know why) seems very generally to be considered among wrestlers as a complete finisher. But be these things as they may, honest and worthy Miles, if put into good heart and stomach, and upon his own dunghill, was, in our humble opinion, a match for any cock in Cumberland.

"The Ambleside Wrestling in 1811 was, we believe, better attended than on either of the two preceding years. Miles Dixon did not wrestle, and therefore Nicholson, who was again present, had no opportunity of settling the last year's accounts with him. Tom, however, as early as the second round, had to encounter a much more formidable opponent than ever Miles Dixon was, in the person of John Lowden, from the neighbourhood of Keswick. Lowden, although at that time scarcely at his best, was not on good terms with Tom, and on that account purposely threw himself against him; and it was not till after three successive and keenly contested trials had taken place, that Nicholson got rid of this troublesome customer. Lowden was not satisfied with the different decisions. He indeed acknowledged that Tom won the last fall, but thought himself fully entitled to the first—the second being considered a dogfall. Tom, in the next round, threw Rowland Long, but was himself thrown by John Long in the fourth round. Long was now arrived near the end of his journey, but proved unable to reach it, being thrown by William Mackereth, a Cockermouth lad, then working at his business (a mason) with Nicholson, and on that account had accompanied him to the field of honour."

This is quite correct. Tom Nicholson had hard work; for he had a strong tussle with Earl, (the dancing-master, a pretty tripper,) before he encountered Lowden. That pithy, gnarled, and knotted, and cross-grained oak-stump, stood Tom, as Mr Litt has said, three desperate struggles. Rowland Long, whom he next threw, was no wrestler, but a huge log, of sixteen stone and upwards, and often bored first-raters of twelve and thirteen to the earth; so that at last, when Tom took hold of Rowland's brother, John Long, he was much exhausted—pale in the face; and was thrown clean, without a snap, by a vigorous and judicious buttocker; for John was a good wrestler; heavier than Tom; and was comparatively a fresh man.

Now, the grand question is, was Nicholson superior in the ring, taking one point with another, to all the Westmoreland wrestlers? He scarcely proved himself to be so, at three annual Ambleside meetings. At the first, his own Cumberland friends lay down to him; and after all, he only gained the Belt by throwing the younger Dixon, who was neither a heavier nor stronger man than himself, and never held to be more than a good decent wrestler. At the second meeting, our friend Miles Dixon laid him down like a child; and at the third, laughing Long, who, we allow, had him at a great advantage, threw him easy enough. So stands the case, and the world will form its own opinion.

After this, for various reasons, the wrestling at Ambleside declined; although there continued to be good men in the neighbourhood; so let us accompany Mr Litt to Carlisle.

"Previous to this period, wrestling in the immediate vicinity of Carlisle was in no very great estimation; it was seldom witnessed, and consequently could not be duly appreciated; and it was probably owing to this circumstance, that there was not any Wrestler of celebrity, either in the city itself, or within some miles of it: therefore, notwithstanding the novelty of such an exhibition on the Swifts, and the very handsome sum subscribed, the competitors were not unusually numerous. Among these, however, from what might be called *west* from Carlisle, were the celebrated Richardson of Caldbeck, and Thos. Nicholson of Threlkeld; and from the *east*, the equally distinguished Robert Rowantree, from the neighbourhood of Bewcastle, and the Earls, of Cumwhinton. As some wagers were depending whether the prize would be car-

ried *east* or *west*, it was deemed desirable that the best Wrestlers on either side should not encounter each other till the close of the contest. Accordingly, in wrestling through the ring, Nicholson successively threw the eastern heroes above alluded to; and in consequence of some dispute arising respecting the fall between them, he threw Rowantree a second time with such ease as to convince the amateurs of his superiority over him. The same good fortune did not attend Richardson; he was thrown by a noted Wrestler of the name of Harrison; and Harrison was the final opponent of Nicholson, who, by throwing him for the prize, was entitled to rank higher as a Wrestler than any man in the county.

"The gentlemen of Penrith, well aware of the universal satisfaction the revival of this truly British amusement had given to all ranks at Carlisle, determined to adopt the same means of increasing the popularity of the ensuing races at that town; and Dr Pearson, brother to Mr Pearson of Carlisle, exerting himself in the business, it was attended with corresponding success. As Penrith was deemed a kind of central situation between Carlisle and Ambleside, and situate in a much more noted country for wrestling than either of them, the competitors for that prize were more numerous than at the other places. From Nicholson's previous success, the established character Richardson had long possessed, and the celebrity Harrison had acquired by throwing him at Carlisle, these three heroes were considered by the amateurs to stand the best chance for the prize. But ''tis not in mortals to *command* success,' for, however much they might *deserve* it, they were all thrown at the close of the third round! and the prize was won by a lad of the name of Golding, said to be only eighteen years of age!!! The man whom Golding last threw was Paul Gedlin, from Culgaith, who, by all accounts, had at that time won as many prizes as Richardson himself, many more than Nicholson, and was as good a Wrestler as either of them. Some time previous to this, he had been matched to wrestle Richardson five falls, for five guineas a-side, though more than a stone below his weight. The parties met according to appointment, but the wager was never determined, owing to some disagreement about the holds. Our accounts respecting this meeting do not coincide; some affirm that each man won a fall, and others that one fall only was wrestled, which was won by Richardson. However that might be, the fact was, that Gedlin was the better loose-hold Wrestler, and Richardson was anxious for a tighter hold than he would allow to be fair; and, on the other hand, Richardson did not choose to risk his reputation and his friends' money with a *slack* hold, against an adversary whom he knew he could throw with a *tight* one. Gedlin was rather advanced in years when thrown by Golding, but was always considered a very superior Wrestler, and had won a great many prizes. In the course of the wrestling alluded to, he threw John Nicholson, brother to Tom, who had previously thrown Richardson on that occasion. Harrison, we believe, visited Liverpool soon after, and making *one ring* a very ostensible reason for never entering *another* in quest of athletic renown, we must here take our final leave of him. As for Golding, the very young and unexpected winner of this prize, although no doubt a very promising youth, and at that time heavier than Nicholson, yet it would be absurd to suppose he was an equal match for several of the competitors on that occasion. His most formidable point as a Wrestler, was a very vigorous assault outside with the left leg. A short time after this conquest at Penrith, he wrestled against T. Nicholson for a belt; the result was what might naturally be expected from the celebrity of that hero. In the course of that, or the ensuing year, Golding removed to London, and distinguished himself for the annual prize given there during the Easter holidays, for the young men from Cumberland and Westmoreland to wrestle for."

The year following, (1810,) Nicholson again conquered at Carlisle, throwing both Rowantree and John Earl, (not Vestris,) most formidable first-raters. And, in 1814, similar success crowned his efforts.

"Even the worthy and respectable proprietor and editor of the Cumberland Pacquet, who scarcely ever noticed any athletic achievement in the ring, began to think the subject worthy of honourable mention, and we accordingly select the following paragraphs from that paper of the 2d of October, 1811:—

"*Carlisle Wrestling.*—On the first day of the races, 20 guineas were wrestled for on the Swifts, in a roped ring, sixty yards diameter. We never witnessed so fine an exhibition of agility and nerve, or a diversion that gave such universal satisfaction. The peaceable deportment of the different combatants cannot be too highly praised, as they submitted in all dubious falls, in the most implicit manner, to the decision of the umpire.—The Wrestling was most severely con-

tested, in the presence of nearly 12,000 people, by some of the most sinewy and active youths, that we ever saw enter a ring. We observed amongst the spectators, the Marquis of Queensberry, the Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Lowther, Sir James Graham, (of Netherby) Sir James Graham, (of Kirkstone) Henry Fawcett, Esq. of Portland Place, together with a great concourse of other gentlemen. We understand the Lord Lieutenant expressed his most unqualified approbation of the diversion; and will annually give it his support, as long as there is not any riot or confusion, which, we may venture to pledge ourselves, will never be the case, as the Wrestlers are in general the sons of respectable yeomen and farmers, in this and the adjoining counties, and not like prize fighters, collected from the dregs of the people.

"Want of room prevents us giving the names of the different Wrestlers; but we understand the first prize was won by Thomas Nicholson, of Threlkeld, near Keswick; who is esteemed one of the best *thirteen-stone* Wrestlers in the kingdom.—John Richardson, of Staffield Hall, near Kirkoswald, gained the second prize, and is allowed by judges to be inferior to no man as a Wrestler, (being the favourite at setting to), but he did not Wrestle with such luck, *through the ring*, for the first prize, as the *Champion*. He was thrown by one Robert Rowantree, from Bewcastle, in one of the severest struggles ever witnessed; both being *fourteen-stone* Wrestlers, they shewed uncommon muscle when stripped, and Richardson was thrown by a *half jerk of the hip*, followed up by a *sweeping cross buttock*."

This was the last year that Tom Nicholson (our author's prime favourite) ever entered a ring to contend for a prize.

"In respect to Nicholson's Wrestling through the ring this third successive year of unequalled triumph, we must be allowed to observe, that though entitled to every credit, his progress was more smooth than he could possibly have anticipated. His first fall was gained under such circumstances as not to entitle it to the appellation of a Wrestle. Watson, who had thrown Rowland Long the first round, laid down to him in the second. In the third, he threw Jordan, a well-known Wrestler from the east of Penrith. In the fourth, W. Earl. In the fifth, he accommodated matters with Douglas, a very likely man, and just in his prime, from Caldbeck; and in the sixth threw his old opponent John Earl."

This is candid; and we shall let our readers have Mr Litt's full opinion of the champion.

"The circumstance of Tom carrying away the prize for three successive years, will best speak his merits as a Wrestler. He did not want half an inch of six feet, and generally weighed about twelve stone and eight pounds. Boxiana remarks, 'the great similarity of Jem Belcher's portrait to a most distinguished hero on the Continent (Bonaparte) is truly curious;'—the likeness, however, of the former distinguished pugilist to Tom Nicholson, is much more so, as the former likeness must have been confined to the *head* and *face*, while in the latter it is preserved through the *whole frame*, as there was not one quarter of an inch difference between their height, nor, as far as we can judge, a single pound in their weight; both weighing from twelve stone six pounds to thirteen stones. Nor was this resemblance in person, though certainly very remarkable, more so than the similarity visible in the different contests in which they were engaged. We have heard Nicholson assert that he was as good a man before he was twenty years of age, as at any succeeding period;—this was exactly the case with Belcher, who was at the same age open to all England. If an amusement like Wrestling can entitle any of its professors to the appellation of *Champion*, the victor at Carlisle for three successive years had certainly a better claim to the title than any other man; and it is well known Belcher was for some years considered the Champion of England. In the great essentials necessary for acquiring that enviable distinction, the similarity was equally striking. The same cool and undaunted courage, and the same varied and effective action, were conspicuous in both:—and if Jem's propriety when fighting 'might be deemed a model for pugilists in general,' it is but justice to remark, that a fairer Wrestler than Tom never entered a ring;—and sorry are we that Jem did not, like Tom, take his leave of the ring when in possession of the great renown he had acquired."

Our account of the heroes of this æra would be imperfect without the character of Richardson, thrown by Rowantree, as above, at the Carlisle meeting of 1811.

"The John* Richardson alluded to

* In Wrestliana it is "William," but that is a mistake,—the only one we have noticed,—so let it be corrected in the next edition.

in the above quotation was certainly a very celebrated Wrestler, and, we have heard, had once an intention of advertising himself to Wrestle any man in the kingdom. Wrestling, it is to be observed, is extremely different from boxing in respect to such challenges. A *Wrestler* stakes a trifling sum of money on the qualifications he naturally possesses, and the science he has acquired, that he cannot be excelled in what he himself has pursued, and what the world in general regards as an *amusement*; on the other hand, *pugilism* is a *profession*, and on the good or bad success of a contest, depends the comfort, and sometimes the subsistence, of the pugilist and his family. Being present, we can vouch for the accuracy of this hero being the favourite for the first prize, and some were even so confident of his capabilities as to take him against the field! this partiality we presume was more owing to his education and connections being superior to those of Wrestlers in general, than to his individual merit as a Wrestler. We admit that his requisites entitled him to stand on equal grounds with *any other* competitor, but against *such a field* was indeed an overwhelming preference. With his celebrated namesake from Caldbeck we believe he had never contended, and with Nicholson only once. It is true, on that occasion the fall was given in his favour, but he was not on fair grounds entitled to it;—it was a complete snap in every sense of the word, but Kirkoswald being the scene of action, his friends were averse to his giving Nicholson another chance, otherwise, we are informed, that he had no objections to Wrestling over, and was very ready to admit that he did snap. He was, in our opinion, as likely a man for Wrestling as we ever saw, being upwards of fourteen stone weight, and six feet three inches high; he generally struck outside with his right foot, and followed it up if occasion required with his left side. He did not at Carlisle, though the winner of the second prize, fall in with any that could be considered an equal opponent, except Rowantree; but he wrestled an extra fall for two guineas with a man of the name of Armstrong, but better known by the appellation of *Solid Oak*, who was upwards of six feet high, and without appearing particularly fleshy, or corpulent, weighed eighteen stones. In this contest Richardson, on making play, appeared to recoil and go down from, if we may so express it, the solidity of his opponent, who was, without exception, considered the strongest man in the north of England. Richardson probably did not rightly consider this, and so became the victim of his own temerity, otherwise the result *ought* to have been different, as *Oak* had been thrown by Rowantree, and that hero, though the conqueror of Richardson on this occasion, did not rank so high in the estimation of those, who, from an equal knowledge of both the men and the exercise, might be considered competent judges of their comparative merits."

In this bright galaxy also shone, besides the two Earls, John and William, of whom the first, although not young, and a benedict, was hardly inferior to Nicholson himself, SCOTT OF CANOBIE, of whom we wish we had heard more, and of whose achievements we hope to pick up a chronicle from our friend Fergy Armstrong, publican at that spot, next spring, when we take our annual sweeping of the Esk. Of Harry Graham of Brigham, the account in Wrestliana is more satisfactory, and is written *con amore*, Mr Litt having himself vanquished Harry in a sixty-guinea match, (what think you of that, ye gentlemen of England?) the best of eleven throws.

"As this was the only time the celebrated Henry Graham, of Brigham, ever entered the Carlisle ring, we cannot notice his exploits in a more proper place, though he continued a most distinguished Wrestler for many years after. Harry has wrestled more matches than any other man in the county, and several of his opponents have always been considered as first-rate Wrestlers as ever *packed* in a ring. When we mention the names of Thomas Nicholson, William Richardson, and inform the reader, that to these two he may add our own, the truth of that assertion will not be disputed. Previous to this visit to Carlisle, Harry had won many prizes, and ranked very high as a Wrestler, but being then in his very prime, (we suppose about twenty-two years of age,) it was his own opinion, as well as that of his friends, that he was a competent match for any Wrestler whatever. This opinion was by no means rashly grounded, when it is considered, that though only about about five feet nine inches high, he weighed between thirteen and fourteen stones,—possessed unrivalled activity,—had been a Wrestler from a boy,—and was then in full practice. At this meeting, having thrown a Wrestler of some celebrity in the first round, Harry, in the second, came against John Jordan, a noted Wrestler, from the Penrith side. On what account he was obliged to give Jordan a second chance, we cannot possibly deter-

mine, as Harry threw him so fair the first fall, that he himself never went to the ground. We believe the truth is, that *sport*, more than *fair play*, was the object of those assistant umpires who were within the ring; and such was the confusion, that J. Boadle, a good Wrestler, who had accompanied Graham, after winning his first fall, was never again called upon. However that may be, Jordan won the second fall, and Harry was crossed out. Feeling dissatisfied at the usage he had experienced, Harry expressed a wish on the following day to try a few falls with any Wrestler then at Carlisle. This being repeated to the Champion, Nicholson, Tom offered to stake *three* to *two* on himself, for the best of five falls, which offer was immediately accepted. It was then about eleven o'clock, and a meadow in Caldewgate, at five, was the place and time appointed for determining the wager. Both parties were true to the appointment, and no time was lost in proceeding to action. The first and second falls were similarly contested, and terminated in the same manner. Harry, eager to be at work, instantly made play;—the superior *length* of Tom, enabled him to defend himself, by lifting against his opponent, and he lost no time in returning the assault, by hankering his heel. Notwithstanding the activity of Harry, he could not, in either of these instances, resist the consequences resulting from this favourite mode of Tom's, in which he certainly excelled all the Wrestlers we ever knew, and both the falls were immediately conceded to Nicholson. The third fall was *contested* in nearly a similar manner, but the *termination* was different. Harry, on finding his heel again hooked, immediately turned his body round with such rapidity as to bring Tom *all but* underneath him in the fall. Tom insisted it was a dog fall, while Harry claimed it, in which he was supported by his friends, and in which opinion the spectators in general coincided. However, being left to us, we decided it was not *fair*. In this place we will remark, that it has been maintained by Tom's friends, that it was a *drunken* business altogether on his part;—this story is utterly false. Tom was apparently as sober when the wager was made, as any man on the Swifts; on meeting in Caldewgate, he remarked to us, that a pint, or glass of ale, then before him, of which he had drunk about one third, was the *only one* he had tasted since he had made the wager;—and on winning the two first falls he jocularly remarked, 'that Graham, though a good Wrestler, was far too fond for *making play*; but that if Harry gave him more time, he himself was no bad one in that *respect*;' besides, could any drunken man have thrown such a Wrestler as Graham was, twice successively? In the fourth trial Tom made play, which Harry warded off with much skill, and gave Tom a convincing proof of his quality, by striking him fairly down. The fifth fall was exactly similar to the third, and being so decided by us, the business was for some time suspended, as Harry's friends insisted that he had won; however, on Tom's offering to *strike even*, and *begin again*, it was acceded to, and the contest was instantly renewed. It is unnecessary to dwell on the ensuing falls, suffice it to observe they were well contested, both displaying great action and science. Harry won the first, Tom the second, and Harry the third and fourth; no dispute occurred, and Tom acknowledged defeat by paying his money cheerfully.

"We will now briefly give the reader our candid opinion of the foregoing contest, in which Harry acquired so many laurels. Neither of them, we believe, spent the preceding evening in the most sober or prudential manner; and probably Tom's more extensive acquaintance, joined to the circumstance of his winning the prize, might have rendered him the *less fit* for such a contest. Tom felt anxious for another trial, and how *that* would have terminated, can now only be *guessed* at. Admitting that we think the knowledge nine falls must have given them of each other, was not in *Tom's favour*, as Harry had become perfectly awake to his favourite method, and that Harry evidently gained ground as the contest advanced; still we do think Tom was the better Wrestler, and would have thrown more men than Harry *ever could*. As our *reasons* for this would occupy a much greater portion of our remaining pages than we can possibly spare, we are compelled thus abruptly to take leave of the subject.

"The great fame Harry acquired by this conquest, satisfied his friends that he was a match for any man in the kingdom; and our refusal to acquiesce in that opinion, occasioned an agreement to wrestle him within one month of his contest with Nicholson, for the greatest sum we ever knew wrestled for, either in Cumberland or Westmoreland. At the time of making this wager, nothing was farther from our intention than wrestling Harry, or any other person, as we had been unwell for some time, though we had been at Carlisle, where we were thrown after a smartish contest by Joseph Bird, of Holme Wrangle, a Wrestler highly noted in that part of the county. The preceding

year we had thrown Harry at Arlecdon with such ease, that we believe three or four to one would then have been offered against him for a single fall! and a meeting between us for a number of falls, would have been thought highly ridiculous. But now the case was totally altered;—through extreme illness we were obliged to solicit at least a respite of our engagement; this was not granted; and, as six guineas were deposited, we chose to appear rather than forfeit. The sum contended for was sixty guineas, and the number of falls wrestled was eleven. No Wrestler ever entered a ring in higher condition, or with greater confidence, than Harry, and his gaining the *three first* falls could not fail to increase the good opinion of his friends, as nothing but a most decisive victory could then be contemplated. But the loss of three falls, instead of *depressing*, only *roused* our energies; the *listlessness* which pervaded the whole frame at the commencement of the contest, now gave place to that animated feeling arising from exercise, and the situation in which we were then placed; and instead of the *expected victory*, Harry was somewhat obligated to fortune for *one fall* out of the other eight! Harry was some pounds the heavier man, but the advantages of *length* and *strength* were so much against him, that in the latter part of the contest, it is well known he had not the slightest chance whatever.—This contest took place on Arlecdon Moor, on the 26th of October, 1811."

In 1812, the first prize at Carlisle was won by James Scott of Canobie, throwing at the last William Richardson of Caldbeck—that is, Belted Will. In 1813, it was won by Robert Rowantree, from Bewcastle, who had often proved himself, there and elsewhere, a most distinguished wrestler. In 1814, it was won by William Dickinson, from Alston Moor, who threw, for his last man, our intelligent and intrepid friend George Dennison, the successor of that highly reputed bone-setter, Benjamin Taylor, and famous for his breed of cocks; which, however, met their match when sent over to Westmoreland. In 1815, it was won by James Robinson, one of the Earl of Lonsdale's gamekeepers, at Lowther Castle, whose last opponent, Will Slee, (who wrestled with alternate success at Ambleside, some years before, with young Green of Grassmere,) lay down on an understanding. In 1816, it was won by Tod; but some collusion being suspected, or rather proved, between him and Tom Richardson of Hesketh, Mr Pearson, the spirited promoter of the sports at Carlisle, very properly withheld the money, and this dispute caused the suspension of the wrestling therein 1817; nor was it renewed till 1821.

While the ring thus remained empty at Carlisle, the game was patronised in a liberal manner at Keswick; and has continued augmenting to the present time.

"The prize that year, (1818,) was won by Thomas Richardson, of Hesket, throwing at the last the celebrated William Williamson, of Ambleside. In 1819 it was won by Andrew Armstrong, of Sowerby Hall. In 1820, it was won by William Wilson, of Ambleside, whose last opponent was William Richardson, of Caldbeck. In 1821, so rapidly had wrestling increased in the estimation of all ranks, that it was found the attendance at the races was in a great measure governed by it; and the subscriptions proportionably increasing, it was extended to three days,—the winner on the first day being debarred on the second. Notwithstanding a very numerous field of Wrestlers, the first prize was won by Richard Abbot, a schoolmaster from Whitehal who weighed very little more than eleven stones. Neither could it be considered that Abbot fell *fortunately in* when wrestling through the ring, his four last opponents being A. Armstrong, J. Frears, T. Richardson, and T. Lock, all of them good Wrestlers, and averaging two stones above his weight. Two of these *four*, it will be recollected, had likewise been previously victors at Keswick, and had distinguished themselves at Carlisle. Frears and Lock were from the vicinity of Whitehaven, and both well known as Wrestlers; the *latter* on this occasion greatly distinguished himself, throwing both Edward Hawel, a very noted Wrestler, and the truly celebrated J. Lowden, who, though *married*, took a fancy to enter the ring, and was the third stander. The second prize was won by James Graham, then residing in Bassenthwaite, a very likely man for excelling as a Wrestler, standing above six feet, and weighing fourteen stones. We are very sorry our limits will not permit a more lengthy detail of this celebrated meeting.

"We come now to the Keswick Wrestling in 1822. The first prize was won by John Liddle, of Blind Bothel, throwing at the last William Cass, of Loweswater; and the second by Jonathan Watson, of Torpenhow. Weightman, who was the favourite, was thrown by Cass for the first prize, and Watson threw him the last fall for the second.

Watson likewise threw J. Richardson, T. Lock, J. Graham, and T. Tordiff. Watson had before thrown Weightman in the course of the year, at Micklethwaite, and W. Richardson, at, or near Caldbeck: these conquests we think entitle him to rank very high as a Wrestler. He is about five feet eight inches high, and near thirteen stone weight; is considered an excellent ground Wrestler, and is by trade a shoemaker. Notwithstanding Watson gained the second prize, he was thrown in the first round for the first, by William Wilson, of Ambleside, undoubtedly the best Wrestler Westmoreland ever produced; and it is the confirmed opinion of very many whose judgment is entitled to every consideration, that at the time he won at Keswick, he was the master of any man in the kingdom. It is certain that upon that occasion Richardson had not the shadow of a chance with him, and the preceding year he gave a convincing proof of his powers by striking J. Laughlen down in such a manner as we are convinced no other man in the kingdom could have done. When thrown by Weightman, he was labouring under an asthmatic complaint, otherwise he ought to have been in his very prime. He stands near six feet four inches high, and weighed, when in good health, about fifteen stones."

In the year 1821, the Wrestling at Carlisle revived; and may it never again languish and die; for that is the spot for the sport. Ambleside is quite out of the way; Keswick not so much so; Penrith better still; but Carlisle best.

"The first prize on this memorable day was won by William Richardson, of Caldbeck; and the second by John Weightman, a hero, who had, during the two preceding years, risen to the *top of the tree* in the vicinity of Carlisle. The last opponent of Weightman was Joseph Abbot, from the vicinity of Penrith, a very celebrated Wrestler, who likewise highly distinguished himself at Penrith races this year, where there were evident symptoms of this athletic exercise again becoming an object worthy of encouragement. Thomas Ford, who acquired great celebrity at this meeting, by *throwing* Weightman, and contesting the *last fall* with Richardson, has generally resided within a few miles of Egremont. He was thrown by Weightman for the second prize, but appeared to be no unequal competitor for him, being six feet two inches high, and weighing upwards of fourteen stones. To say the least of Ford, he was much noticed by the spectators for his manly exertions, and the alacrity and cheerfulness with which he always met his man. James Graham, before alluded to, was likewise considered to stand on very high ground, though thrown by Weightman for both prizes."

And here we must take leave of Belted Will, with Mr Litt's well-drawn character of that renowned hero, who began to wrestle in the ring several years before his great rival, Tom Nicholson, and was thus crowned with his latest laurels, ten years after Tom had retired into private life.

"As for the victor, W. Richardson, whom we have so often had occasion to allude to, this might very justly be considered an excellent *tie up* for him, as he was stated in the newspapers of the day, to be forty-five years of age! and the winner of 240 belts!! We cannot decisively contradict either statement, but, as far as we can judge, they are both rather exaggerated. We never met Richardson in a ring but once, and that was during our noviciate. Richardson was in his prime, and we well remember he then called himself about twenty-three years of age; we were turned of eighteen; therefore, if he spoke correctly, he could not be more than forty-one at the time he won this prize. Richardson might be about five feet nine inches in height, and would weigh from thirteen to fourteen stones. Being a Wrestler of twenty-five years standing, and for a long time open to *any man*, he has wrestled more, and gained a *greater number of prizes*, than any other man *ever* did. His favourite method was the inside, and he seems to have been (like Achilles) the most vulnerable in the heel. It was by catching his heel that Scott threw him two successive years, and by which J. Nicholson (brother to Tom) threw him at *different* times; and yet, neither of them, though excellent Wrestlers, *ought* to have stood any chance with him. We are likewise well informed, that in his casual trials with T. Nicholson, he not unfrequently *barred* that favourite *finish off* of that hero's, which was a kind of acknowledgment of his inferiority. We do not credit the assertions of his friends in regard to his being Tom's *master*, our opinion is, that he *was not*: and notwithstanding Tom was a stone the lighter man, the *fact* of his repeatedly *throwing* the *very men* who *have thrown* Richardson, as Rowantree, Harrison, and Lowden, and the great reasons there are to believe, that such men as his brother John, and Scott, could never have thrown him, justify us in asserting Tom was the *better Wrestler*, and more capable

of wrestling through rings than Will was, although the latter was always considered a more *pains-taking* Wrestler. Many of Richardson's friends assert, and among them are some well qualified to judge, that he was the *fairest* stander, and *best Wrestler*, of his time; while those rather hostile to him, contend, that he was a *sulky* (which is tantamount to an unfair) stander, and was as much indebted to *that*, and his tremendous strength of arm, as to his *science*. For our part, we have no reason to applaud or condemn;—we do not think any of our readers will deem us incapable of forming an opinion, and we assure them it is a free and unprejudiced one. We have not the least doubt but that he was for a number, or even for one fall, a competent match for any man in the kingdom for very many years. For us to endeavour to *particularize* his conquests would be absurd; and we have noticed his occasional defeats for the purpose of reflecting lustre on those who threw such a hero, and not by any means to detract from the great and well-merited renown he universally possessed."

We now bring this long, but, thanks to Mr Litt, this interesting article, to a close, with his account of the Carlisle wrestling in 1822.

"The first prize was won by W. Cass, and the second by John Weightman. As those who wrestled may yet be considered in *possession of the ring*, that circumstance must of course circumscribe our account of them. Cass is not far from six feet high, and weighs sixteen stones. The action he displays is an outside stroke with his left foot, but its fatality consists in the swing, or twist, with which it is accompanied, and his method of parting with his men. He was not much noticed previous to his throwing Weightman; but in our opinion he *will*, and is the *only man* who *ought* to throw him *again*. Cass is equally as strong, full as heavy, and Weightman will find it difficult to improve his hold, and command *him* as he does all his *other* opponents. Cass certainly won very cleverly, and though we must admit he wrestled fortunately through the ring, we think him the *likeliest* person to win again.—The redoubted Weightman is above six feet three inches high, and weighs upwards of fifteen stones. Weightman has certainly a very good-natured, and indeed we might with truth say, a prepossessing appearance. The *whole science* he appears master of is the address he displays in the application of his tremendous strength in breaking his adversary's, and improving his own hold. He appears to be master of Liddle, and in the *match* between him and Richardson, the latter certainly had no chance with him. Respecting his behaviour towards the spectators on that occasion, we will remark that there is a very material difference between wrestling a *private* match, and contending for a *public* prize. The *latter* is expressly for the *amusement* of the *spectators*, and they have a right, as in a theatre, to express, in a certain degree, their opinion of the conduct of the performers; but with the *former* they have no right whatever, excepting to preserve fair play between the men; and when it is well known that this was neither the *second* nor *third* instance in which matches with Richardson never were decided, we have room to infer that the fault in *taking hold* might not be *all* Weightman's. The grand question now is—Is there one man in the present list who can throw him again? Our opinion is, if there be *one*, there are not *two*. John Liddle, the victor at Keswick, and from whom much was anticipated at Carlisle, is upwards of fourteen stones, and about five feet ten inches high. It is scarcely fair to make lengthy remarks upon those who may again appear in the ring, therefore we shall only observe, that, with *one exception*, there is no wrestler *of*, or *under* his own weight at present, that can throw him. James Graham had for some time been labouring under a bad state of health, and in appearance, as well as powers, had evidently declined. We likewise think that T. Richardson cannot *be* what *he has* been. As a *hipper*, he is certainly the quickest and best on the list. He is taller, but not so heavy as Liddle; and though we do not think him a T. Nicholson, yet very few at *present* are an equal match for him. John Fearon, who threw Weightman at Carlisle, is about the same height, but heavier than that hero. The fame of Weightman was his principal inducement for entering that ring, and by throwing him he accomplished his object. Respecting the contest between them, it was a *bad one*, and Weightman *lost* the fall at a time when he *ought* to have been certain of *winning* it. John Laughlen, the fourth stander on that occasion, is near six feet six inches high, and at *present* weighs about seventeen stones. Had he been in practice, and taken more pains in procuring an equal hold, Weightman *ought* not to have thrown him; as, though not excelling in action, he is by no means deficient in science. Having been some years married previous to his present settlement in Whitehaven as a publican, his practice must have been latterly very con-

fined, otherwise *he ought*, and we think, *would* have been the present champion. —Weight and age considered, no Wrestler more distinguished himself at Carlisle than Robert Waters, the third stander. He appeared a *little* one, is a very *young* one, and gave most convincing proofs of his *science* and *quickness*—the two great essentials which constitute a finished Wrestler.—T. Todd, the *last* loser, is full five feet ten inches high, and weighs twelve stones and four pounds. Putting *hearsay* out of the question, and giving our opinion of what we have *personally witnessed*, Todd is the *best* and *most finished* Wrestler we ever saw. He has not the power of Nicholson, but excepting him, we never saw a *thirteen*, nor is there at *present* any *fourteen* stone man, in our opinion, able to throw him the best of three, or five falls.—The prize given for Lads afforded much amusement, and many of them displayed infinite *science*, and seemed *quite at home*, in the ring. The *two last*, though not the tallest, or heaviest, among the competitors, were *both*, we were told, above the age specified in the advertisement."

The wrestling at the meeting 1823 is just over; and the prize was won by Weightman, who is now believed to be the most powerful wrestler in the world, and could be backed for five, eight, or eleven falls, against the human race.

In conclusion, we thank Mr Litt for his well-written, candid, manly, and scientific "Wrestliana." Should he ever come to Edinburgh, most happy shall we be to meet him at Ambrose's. Neither of us are so young as we were ten or fifteen years ago; yet we should like to see the man who would shove the one or the other of us off the "crown o' the causeway;" and surely no stronger argument in favour of athletic exercises in general is required, than the sound, stout, hale, ruddy appearance which we both exhibit, being most beautiful and perfect specimens of that perfection of human nature so concisely expressed by the poet,

"MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO."

NOTICES OF THE MODERN BRITISH DRAMATISTS.

No. II.—*Beddoes.**

THIS is precisely one of those compositions that a cold, clear, shrewd, and sarcastic critic would delight in clutching into his merciless grasp, to tear it into pieces and strew the floor of his study with its shivering fragments. Had it appeared during the blood-thirsty youth of the Edinburgh Review, a much more cruel murder would have been perpetrated upon its body than that which causes its own catastrophe, and all hands would have been held up in wonder and scorn of young Mr Thomas Lovel Beddoes. He would have gone moping about for years in disconsolate solitude, silent and sullen as a ghost, or would have rent the air with unavailing shrieks and lamentations. But he has been born during a happier era—the mild and benignant spirit of Christopher North has overcome the truculent spirit of Francis Jeffrey—that "old man eloquent" gathers all the youths of genius under his wing, protects them from every cutting blast, and bids them all go abasking in the sunshine of public favour, like so many partridges on a bank adjusting their fair plumage without fear of the fowler. Young men, now-a-days, are not only permitted to write like young men, but praised and encouraged while doing so; and the whole world regards them with smiles of complacency and kindness, when they are seen to enjoy the favour of one benevolent Greybeard, who will not suffer his rising progeny to be maltreated by the vain or the venal critic-crew.

The Brides' Tragedy is the work of a Minor—and, although no doubt there have been many instances of Minors writing better than they ever did after they became Majors, nevertheless we admit the plea of nonage—an old head has no business on old shoulders; and an extremely wise, rational, sober, pretty-behaved and judicious spring-ald, is not, to our taste, a commendable specimen of human nature. Now, Mr Beddoes is very far indeed from being a boy-wiseacre. He is often as silly as may be,—trifling to a degree that is "quite refreshing,"—as childish as his best friends could desire to see him in a summer's day,—fantastic and capricious as any Miss-in-her-teens,—and

* The Brides' Tragedy. By Thomas Lovell Beddoes. London, F. C. and J. Rivington, 1822.

pathetic to an excess that absolutely merits the strappado. Why not? all so much the better. He is a fine, open-hearted, ingenuous, accomplished and gentlemanly youth; and we, whose prophecies have been fulfilled somewhat more frequently than those of the Editor of the Blue-and-Yellow, pronounce him a promising poet,—we tie a wreath of laurel round his forehead,—and may it remain there till displaced to make room for a bolder branch of the sacred Tree.

The subject of the Drama is a good one, deeply, terribly tragic—"a tale of tears, a rueful story,"—a murder strange and overwhelming to the imagination, yet such a murder as the mind can image and believe in its wild and haunted moods. Mr Beddoes deserves praise for choosing such a subject—for all true Tragedy must possess its strength in a spirit of terror. His reading seems to have lain among the elder Dramatists, and his mind is much imbued with their tragic character. We sup full of horrors, but there are some gay and fantastic garnishings and adornments of the repast, disposed quite in the manner and spirit of those great old masters. Joy and sorrow, peace and despair, innocence and guilt, saintliness and sin, sit all together at one banquet; and we scarcely distinguish the guests from each other, till something interrupts the flow of the feast, and they start up in their proper character. Yes, there is a dark and troubled, guilt-like and death-like gloom flung over this first work of a truly poetical mind, sometimes alternating with an air of ethereal tenderness and beauty, sometimes slowly and in a ghastly guise encroaching upon and stifling it, and sometimes breaking up and departing from it, in black masses, like clouds from a lovely valley on a tempestuous and uncertain day. Dip into the Poem, here and there, and you cannot tell what it is about—you see dim imagery, and indistinct figures, and fear that the author has written a very so so performance. But give it a reading from the beginning, and you will give it a reading to the end, for our young poet writes in the power of nature, and when at any time you get wearied or disappointed with his failure in passion or in plot, you are pleased—nay, delighted, with the luxuriance of his fancy, and with a strain of imaginative feeling that supplies the place of a profounder interest, and also prepares the mind to give way to that profound interest, when, by and by, it unexpectedly and strongly arrives.

"The following scenes were written, as you well know, exclusively for the closet, founded upon facts which occurred at Oxford, and are well detailed and illustrated by an interesting ballad in a little volume of Poems, lately published at Oxford, entitled the Midland Minstrel, by Mr Gillet: and may thus be succinctly narrated.

"The Manciple of one of the Colleges early in the last century had a very beautiful daughter, who was privately married to a student without the knowledge of the parents on either side.

"During the long vacation subsequent to this union the husband was introduced to a young lady, who was at the same time proposed as his bride; absence, the fear of his father's displeasure, the presence of a lovely object, and, most likely, a natural fickleness of disposition, overcame any regard he might have cherished for his ill-fated wife, and finally he became deeply enamoured of her unconscious rival. In the contest of duties and desires, which was the consequence of this passion, the worse part of man prevailed, and he formed and executed a design almost unparalleled in the annals of crime.

"His second nuptials were at hand when he returned to Oxford, and to her who was now an obstacle to his happiness. Late at night he prevailed upon his victim to accompany him to a lone spot in the *Divinity Walk*, and there murdered and buried her. The wretch escaped detection, and the horrid deed remained unknown till he confessed it on his death-bed. The remains of the unfortunate girl were dug up in the place described, and the Divinity Walk was deserted and demolished, as haunted ground. Such are the the outlines of a *Minor's Tragedy*."

There is nothing very imposing in the office of a manciple; and accordingly Mr Beddoes has left the peculiar character of his heroine's status in society undefined. She and her parents are poor and humble, and live in a cottage—that is all we know, and it is enough. The fair Floribel is the bride of Hesperus, a youth of high birth, and their marriage remains, for obvious reasons, concealed. The first scene in which they appear at evening in the garden of the lowly cottage, and feast on love's delicious converse, is very pretty, although not very rational, and serves to interest us for the simple, beautiful, and affectionate Floribel.

"Come, come, my love, or shall I call you bride?

Floribel. E'en what you will, so that you hold me dear.

Hesperus. Well, both my love and bride; see, here's a bower
Of Eglantine with honeysuckles woven,
Where not a spark of prying light creeps in,

So closely do the sweets enfold each other.
'Tis Twilight's home; come in, my gentle love,
And talk to me. So! I've a rival here;
What's this that sleeps so sweetly on your neck?
Flor. Jealous so soon, my Hesperus? Look then,
It is a bunch of flowers I pulled for you;
Here's the blue violet, like Pandora's eye,
When first it darkened with immortal life.
Hes. Sweet as thy lips. Fie on those taper fingers,
Have they been brushing the long grass aside
To drag the daisy from it's hiding-place,
Where it shuns light, the Danäe of flowers,
With gold up-hoarded on its virgin lap?
Flor. And here's a treasure that I found by chance,
A lily of the valley; low it lay
Over a mossy mound, withered and weeping
As on a fairy's grave."

After some soft talk and fond endearments, not unmixed with some natural tears, Floribel gives utterance to those thoughts "that in the happiness of love make the heart sink"—they part, and the short scene passes by like a dream.

Hesperus has a rival in the affections of Floribel, "the Diana of our Forests," named Orlando, who throws old Lord Ernest, the father of Hesperus, into prison, on account of a debt, "of which his whole estate is scarce a fourth." This debt, however, is not to be claimed, provided Hesperus consent to wed Olivia, in which case Orlando hopes to espouse Floribel. This is a clumsy contrivance, but it cannot be helped. Accordingly Hesperus is admitted to his father, in chains and in a dungeon, when the following dialogue ensues.

"*Lord Ernest.* Oh set me free, I cannot bear this air.
If thou dost recollect those fearful hours,
When I kept watch beside my precious boy,
And saw the day but on his pale dear face;
If thou didst think me in my gentlest moods,
Patient and mild, and even somewhat kind;
Oh give me back the pity that I lent,
Pretend at least to love and comfort me.
Hesp. Speak not so harshly; I'm not rich enough
To pay one quarter of the dues of love,
Yet something I would do. Shew me the way,
I will revenge thee well.
Lord Ern. But whilst thou'rt gone,
The dread diseases of the place will come
And kill me wretchedly. No, I'll be free.
Hesp. Aye, that thou shalt. I'll do; what will I not?
I'll get together all the world's true hearts,
And if they're few, there's spirit in my breast
Enough to animate a thousand dead.
Lord Ern. My son,
We need not this; a word of thine will serve.
Hesp. Were it my soul's last sigh, I'd give it thee.
Lord Ern. Marry.
Hesp. I—cannot.
Lord Ern. But thou dost not know
Thy best-loved woos thee. Oft I've stood unseen,
In some of those sweet evenings you remember,
Watching your innocent and beauteous play,
(More innocent because you thought it secret,
More beautiful because so innocent;)
Oh! then I knew how blessed a thing I was
To have a son so worthy of Olivia.
Hesp. Olivia!
Lord Ern. Blush not, though I name your mistress,
You soon shall wed her.
Hesp. I will wed the plague!
I would not grudge my life, for that's a thing,
A misery, thou gavest me: but to wed
Olivia; there's damnation in the thought.
Lord Ern. Come, speak to him, my chains, for ye've a voice
To conquer every heart that's not your kin?
Oh! that ye were my son, for then at least
He would be with me. How I loved him once!
Aye, when I thought him good; but now —Nay, still
He must be good, and I, I have been harsh,
I feel, I have not prized him at his worth;
And yet I think if Hesperus had erred,
I could have pardoned him, indeed I could.
Hesp. We'll live together.
Lord Ern. No, for I shall die;
But that's no matter.
Hesp. Bring the priest, the bride.
Quick, quick. These fetters have infected him
With slavery's sickness. Yet there is a secret,
'Twixt heaven and me, forbids it. Tell me, father;
Were it not best for both to die at once?
Lord Ern. Die! thou hast spoke a word, that makes my heart
Grow sick and wither; thou hast palsied me
To death. Live thou to wed some worthier maid;

Know that thy father chose this sad seclusion;
(Ye rebel lips, why do you call it sad?)
Should I die soon, think not that sorrow caused it,
But, if you recollect my name, bestow it
Upon your best-loved child, and when you give him
His grandsire's blessing, add not that he perished
A wretched prisoner.
Hesp. Stop, or I am made
I know not what,—perhaps a villain. Curse me,
Oh if you love me, curse.
Lord Ern. Aye, thou shalt hear
A father's curse; if fate hath put a moment
Of pain into thy life; a sigh, a word,
A dream of woe; be it transferred to mine;
And for thy days; oh! never may a thought
Of others' sorrow, even of old Ernest's,
Darken their calm uninterrupted bliss,
And be thy end—oh! anything but mine.
Hesp. Guilt, thou art sanctified in such a cause;
Guards; (*they enter*) I am ready. Let me say't so low,
So quickly that it may escape the ear
Of watchful angels; I will do it all.
Lord Ern. There's nought to do; I've learned to love this solitude.
Farewell, my son. Nay, never heed the fetters,
We can make shift to embrace.
Hesp. Lead him to freedom,
And tell your lord I will not, that's I will.
(*Exeunt Lord Ernest and guards.*)
Here, fellow; put your hand upon my mouth
Till they are out of hearing. Leave me now.
No, stay; come near me, nearer yet. Now fix
The close attention of your eyes on mine."

Soon after his father's liberation, Hesperus visits his Floribel in her cottage, but finds her rather coy and fretted by his too-long absence. During this lovers' quarrel, Orlando's boy gives a letter to Floribel, who reads it, and then dismisses him with a kiss. Hesperus either feels or feigns jealousy, and parts from his unhappy wife, with displeasure and anger. He is next introduced to Olivia, who proves to be a most engaging and delightful creature; and Hesperus, alas! transfers his affection to her, from his own Floribel. This scene is managed with considerable skill, and reminds one of something in Ford or Massinger. We see that the affection of the fickle, weak, and unprincipled Hesperus for Floribel, has given way under the fascination of a beautiful woman of his own rank, and that misery and death are about to knock at the door of that humble cottage.

"Floribel,
I would not have thee cross my path to night;
There is an indistinct dread purpose forming,
Something, whose depth of wickedness appears
Hideous, incalculable, but inevitable;
Now it draws nearer, and I do not shudder;
Avaunt! haunt me no more; I dread it not,
But almost—hence! I must not be alone."

In this unhallowed state of mind he retires to rest, but finds none, and starts up from horror-haunted dreams.

"*Hesperus discovered in a disturbed slumber.*
Hesperus, (*starting from his couch.*)
Who speaks? Who whispers there? A light! a light!
I'll search the room, something hath called me thrice,
With a low muttering voice of toadish hisses,
And thrice I slept again. But still it came
Nearer and nearer, plucked my mantle from me,
And made mine heart an ear, in which it poured
Its loathed enticing courtship. Ho! a light.
Enter Attendant with a torch.
Thou drowsy snail, thy footsteps are asleep,
Hold up the torch.
Attend. My lord, you are disturbed.
Have you seen aught?
Hesp. I lay upon my bed,
And something in the air, out-jetting night,
Converting feeling to intenser vision,
Featured its ghastly self upon my soul
Deeper than sight.
Attend. This is Delusion surely;
She's busy with men's thoughts at all night hours,
And to the waking subtle apprehension
The darkling chamber's still and sleepy air
Hath breath and motion oft.
Hesp. Lift up the hangings, mark the doors, the corners;
Seest nothing yet? No face of fiend-like mirth
More frightful than the fixed and doggish grin
Of a dead madman?
Attend. Nought I see, my lord,
Save the long, varied crowd of warlike shapes
Set in the stitched picture.
Hesp. Heard ye then?
There was a sound, as though some marble tongue
Moved on its rusty hinge, syllabling harshly
The hoarse death-rattle into speech.

Attend. The wind is high, and through the silent rooms
Murmurs his burthen, to an heedless ear
Almost articulate.
Hesp. Thou sleepest, fool,
A voice has been at my bedside to-night,
Its breath is burning on my forehead still,
Still o'er my brain its accents, wildly sweet,
Hover and fall. Away and dream again,
I'll watch myself.
[*He takes the torch and turns to the hangings.*"

The horror of his reason is more distinctly avowed in his soliloquy.

"Speak! who is at my ear?
[*He turns and addresses his shadow.*
I know thee now,
I know the hideous laughter of thy face.
'Tis Malice' eldest imp, the heir of hell,
Red-handed Murther. Slow it whispers me,
Coaxingly with its serpent voice. Well sung,
Syren of Acheron.
I'll not look on thee;
Why does thy frantic weapon dig the air
With such most frightful vehemence? Back, back,
Tell the dark grave I will not give it food.
Back to thy home of night. What! playest thou still?
Then thus I banish thee. Out, treacherous torch,
Sure thou wert kindled in infernal floods,
Or thy bright eye would blind at sights like this.
[*Dashes the torch on the ground.*
Tempt me no more, I tell thee Floribel
Shall never bleed. I pray thee, guilty word,
Tempt me no more."

He now roams about in the darkness, sullen, fierce, and distracted; and hints are dropped, that there is a taint of madness in his mind. A great deal of fine poetry occurs in this part of the drama, but throughout either extravagant, or bordering on extravagance. It is, however, effective; and we quote, as a proof of this young poet's fine powers, the first scene of the third act.

"*An apartment in Orlando's Palace. Hesperus seated. Attendants. Enter to them Claudio.*
Claud. The bridegroom's here?
Attend. Yonder he sits, my lord,
And since the morn's first hour, without the motion
Even of a nerve, as he were growing marble,
Has sat and watched, the sun blazed in at noon
With light enough to blind an eagle's ken,
He felt it not, although his eye-balls glared
Horribly bright: I spoke: he heard me not:
And when I shook his arm, slept on in thought;
I pray you try him.
Claud. Sir, good Hesperus,
I wait at your desire; we are to end
Our match at tennis. Will you walk with me?
Attend. Your voice is weak as silence to his sense.
Enter Orlando.
Orlan. My brother, you must join us at the banquet;
We wait your coming long; how's this?
Attend. My lord,
Like trance has held him since the dawn of day,
He has looked down upon yon wood since then,
Speechless and still.
Enter Lord Ernest.
Lord Ern. Now, health and good be here,
For I have missed my son this livelong day.
Why, what an idle loiterer thou art;
By this your vacant sight must ache with gazing
Upon that view. Arise, I'd have you with me
To fix upon some posy for the ring
You wed your love with. Death! Some fearful change
Is here. Speak; speak, and tell me if he lives.
Attend. He does, my lord, if breathing is to live,
But in all else is like the coffined dead;
Motion and speech he lacks.
Lord Ern. Oh heavens, Orlando,
Tell me 'tis false.
Orlan. I would 'twere in my power,
But it doth seem too true.
Lord Ern. Ride like the wind,
Fetch him the aid of medicine. See you not
Some vision has come to him in the night,
And stole his eyes, and ears, and tongue away?
Enter Olivia.
Oh, you are come in time to see him die;
Look, look, Olivia, look; he knows us not;—
My son, if thou dost hear me, speak one word,
And I will bless thee.
Orlan. He is dumb indeed.
Olivia. Let me come near him. Dearest Hesperus,
If thou beholdest these poor unbeauteous cheeks,
Which first thy flattering kindness taught to blush;
Or if thou hearest a voice, that's only sweet
When it says Hesperus; oh gentle love,
Speak anything, even that thou hatest Olivia,

And I will thank thee for't; or if some horror
Has frozen up the fountain of thy words,
Give but a sign.
Claud. Lady, alas, 'tis vain.
Olivia (*kneeling.*) Nay, he shall speak, or I will never move,
But thus turn earth beseeching his dull hand,
And let the grass grow over me. I'll hold
A kind of converse with my raining eyes,
For if he sees not, nor doth hear, he'll know
The gentle feel of his Olivia's tears.
Claud. Sweet sir, look on her.
Orlan. Brother.
Olivia. Husband.
Lord Ern. Son,
Kind heaven, let him hear, though death should call him.
[*Pause, a clock strikes.*"

Hesperus has now wrought his courage to the striking place, and goes to the cottage, where he had often been so blest, to murder Floribel. Perhaps, after Othello and Desdemona, no man should ever murder his wife more, except off the stage. Dr Johnson thanked God when he had done annotating on that dreadful scene. Mr Beddoes has here conceived something very fearful—in our opinion, much beyond what lately occurred near Gill's-hill cottage.

"*Flor.* Hence did I seem to hear a human voice,
Yet there is nought, save a low moaning sound,
As if the spirits of the earth and air
Were holding sad and ominous discourse.
And much I fear me I have lost my path;
Oh how these brambles tear; here 'twixt the willows;
Ha! something stirs, my silly prattling nurse
Says that fierce shaggy wolves inhabit here,
And 'tis in sooth a dread and lonely place;
There, there again; a rustling in the leaves.
Enter Hesperus.
'Tis he at last; why dost thou turn away,
And lock thy bosom from my first embrace?
I am so tired and frightened; but thou'rt here;
I knew thou wouldst be faithful to thy promise,
And claim me openly. Speak, let me hear thy voice,—
Tell me the joyful news.
Hesp. Ay, I am come
In all my solemn pomp, Darkness and Fear,
And the great Tempest in his midnight car,
The sword of lightning girt across his thigh,
And the whole demon brood of night, blind Fog
And withering Blight, all these are my retainers;
How: not one smile for all this bravery?
What think you of my minstrels, the hoarse winds,
Thunder, and tuneful Discord? Hark, they play.
Well piped, methinks; somewhat too rough, perhaps.
Flor. I know you practise on my silliness,
Else I might be well scared. But leave this mirth,
Or I must weep.
Hesp. 'Twill serve to fill the goblets
For our carousal; but we loiter here,
The bridemaids are without; well-pick'd thou'lt say,
Wan ghosts of woe-begone, self-slaughtered damsels
In their best winding-sheets; start not, I bid them wipe
Their gory bosoms; they'll look wondrous comely;
Our link-boy, Will o' the Wisp, is waiting too
To light us to our grave—bridal, I mean.
Flor. Ha! how my veins are chilled—why, Hesperus!
Hesp. What hero of thy dreams art calling girl?
Look in my face—Is't mortal? Dost thou think
The voice that calls thee is not of a mouth
Long choaked with dust! What, though I have assumed
This garb of flesh, and with it the affections,
The thoughts and weakness of mortality?
'Twas but for thee; and now thou art my bride;
Lift up thine eyes and smile—the bride of death.
Flor. Hold, hold. My thoughts are 'wildered. Is my fancy
The churlish framer of these fearful words,
Or do I live indeed to such a fate?
Oh! no, I recollect; I have not waked
Since Hesperus left me in the twilight bower.
Hesp. Come, we'll to our chamber,
The cypress shade hangs o'er our stony couch
A goodly canopy; be mad and merry;
There'll be a jovial feast among the worms.
[*Aside.*
Fiends, strew your fiercest fire about my heart,
Or she will melt it.
Flor. Oh, that look of fury!
What's this about my eyes? ah! deadly night,
No light, no hope, no help.
Hesp. What! Darest thou tremble
Under thy husband's arm, darest think of fear?
Dost dread me, me?

Flor. I know not what to dread,
Nor what to hope; all's horrible and doubtful;
And coldness creeps—
Hesp. She swoons, poor girl, she swoons.
And, treacherous dæmons, ye've allowed a drop
To linger in my eyes. Out, out for ever.
I'm fierce again. Now, shall I slay the victim
As she lies senseless? ah, she wakes; cheer up,
'Twas but a jest.
Flor. A dread and cruel one;
But I'll forgive you, if you will be kind;
And yet 'twas frightful.
Hesp. Why, 'twere most unseemly
For one marked for the grave to laugh too loud.
Flor. Alas! he raves again. Sweetest, what mean you
By these strange words?
Hesp. What mean I? Death and murder,
Darkness and misery. To thy prayers and shrift;
Earth gives thee back; thy God hath sent me for thee,
Repent and die.
Flor. Oh, if thou willest it, love,
If thou but speak it with thy natural voice,
And smile upon me; I'll not think it pain,
But cheerfully I'll seek me out a grave,
And sleep as sweetly as on Hesperus' breast.
He will not smile, he will not listen to me.
Why dost thou thrust thy fingers in thy bosom?
Oh search it, search it; see if there remain
One little remnant of thy former love
To dry my tears with.
Hesp. Well, speak on; and then,
When thou hast done thy tale, I will but kill thee.
Come tell me all my vows, how they are broken,
Say that my love was feigned, and black deceit,
Pour out thy bitterest, till untamed wrath
Melt all his chains off with his fiery breath,
And rush a-hungering out.
Flor. Oh piteous heavens!
I see it now, some wild and poisonous creature
Hath wounded him, and with contagious fang
Planted this fury in his veins. He hides
The mangled fingers—Dearest, trust them to me,
I'll suck the madness out of every pore,
So as I drink it boiling from thy wound,
Death will be pleasant. Let me have the hand,
And I will treat it like another heart.
Hesp. Here 'tis then. [*Stabs her.*
Shall I thrust deeper yet?
Flor. Quite through my soul,
That all my senses, deadened at the blow,
May never know the giver. Oh, my love,
Some spirit in thy sleep hath stole thy body
And filled it to the brim with cruelty;
Farewell, and may no busy deathful tongue
Whisper this horror in thy waking ears,
Lest some dread desperate sorrow urge thy soul
To deeds of wickedness. Whose kiss is that?
His lips are ice. Oh my loved Hesperus,
Help! [*Dies.*"

The murderer buries his bride—but is seen by one Hubert and his huntsman, who think him a miser hiding treasure, and dig up the warm corpse. He is afterwards seized at his marriage feast.

He is tried, condemned, and brought out to the scaffold. There Floribel's mother, Lenora, gives him a bouquet of flowers to smell, impregnated with deadly poison, having herself imbibed the mortal fragrance; and they both die after a few words suitable to their respective characters.

This is a hasty and imperfect sketch of the drama; but we have said enough and extracted enough, to enable our readers to judge of the powers of this new aspirant after poetical honours. His language, it will be seen, is elegant, and his versification constructed on a good principle. It is dramatic. He has no mean talents, keen perceptions, and fine feelings. He has evidently never once attempted to make his different characters speak naturally; they all declaim, harangue, spout, and poetize with equal ease and elegance; and when they go mad, which, towards the end, they almost all do, man, woman, and child, they merely become a little more figurative and metaphorical; but the train of their thoughts and feelings proceeds much the same as when they were in their sober senses. But to point out the faults of this composition would be absurd indeed, for they are innumerable and glaring, and the deuce is in it, if Mr Beddoes does not wonder at himself and his play, before he is three-and-twenty. Wonder he may and will, but he need never to be ashamed of it, for with all its extravagancies, and even sillinesses and follies, it shews far more than glimpses of a true poetical genius, much tender and deep feeling, a wantoning sense of beauty, a sort of light, airy, and graceful delicacy of imagination, extremely delightful, and withal a power over the darker and more terrible passions, which, when taught and strengthened by knowledge and experience of human life, will, we hope, and almost trust, enable Mr Beddoes to write a *bonâ fide* good English tragedy.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A new Edition of Mr Alaric Watts' "POETICAL SKETCHES," with Illustrations, is preparing for publication, which will include "GERTRUDE DE BALM," a Poetical Sketch, and other additional Poems.

Journal of a Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, performed in the years 1821, 1822, 1823, in his Majesty's ships Fury and Hecla, under the orders of Captain William Edward Parry, R.N.

Appendix of Natural History, &c. to Captain Parry's First Voyage of Discovery, with Plates, 4to, is also in the press.

Preparing for publication, a complete History of London, Westminster, and Southwark, in Three Volumes Folio, the two first of which will be appropriated to London, and will form an entire Work; and the Third Volume will contain the Histories of Westminster and Southwark, forming also a distinct Work, but on a corresponding scale. By John Bayley, Esq. F.A.S., of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, and one of his Majesty's Sub-Commissioners on the Public Records.

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Volume Second of the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, translated, with Notes, by William Stewart Rose, will soon appear.

The Rev. D. P. Davies, author of the 'History of Derbyshire,' has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, the History and Antiquities of the Town of Carmarthen, and Parish of Saint Peter.

The Rev. Harvey Marriott has in the press a Third Course of Practical Sermons for Families.

Mr Bowring and Mr Van Dyke are about to publish a Volume of translated Specimens of the Dutch Poets; with Remarks on the Poetical History and Literature of the Netherlands.

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No. I. of British Entomology, or Illustrations and Descriptions of the Genera of Insects found in Great Britain and Ireland, by John Curtis, F.L.S. will appear in January, to be continued monthly.

Original Letters in the times of Henry VI., Edward IV., and V., Richard III., and Henry VII. By various Persons of Rank and Consideration, with Portraits, Fac-similes, &c.; with Notes, &c. by the late Sir John Fenn, 4to., has been announced.

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Mr. Wirgman is about to publish a faithful Translation from the original German, of Kant's work, entitled, 'The Critic of Pure Reason.'

A new Periodical is about to appear, under the title, 'The Westminster Review;' to be published quarterly.

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	s.			s.	
Wheat, red, old	46	to 58	Maple, new	—	to —
Fine ditto . .	40	to 42	White pease .	30	to 35
Superfine ditto	44	to 49	Ditto, boilers .	36	to 40
Ditto, new . .	32	to 38	Small Beans, new	33	to 38
White, old .	52	to 65	Ditto, old . .	36	to 40
Fine ditto . .	4	to 50	Tick ditto, new	30	to 34
Superfine ditto	52	to 56	Ditto, old . .	31	to 36
Ditto, new . .	35	to 44	Feed oats . .	19	to 22
Rye	36	to 40	Fine ditto . .	22	to 23
Barley, new .	21	to 23	Poland ditto .	20	to 24
Fine ditto . .	24	to 26	Fine ditto . .	25	to 26
Superfine ditto	28	to 31	Potato ditto .	21	to 24
Malt	48	to 52	Fine ditto . .	25	to 26
Fine	52	to 58	Scotch . . .	27	to 28
Hog Pease .	30	to 32	Flour, per sack	50	to 55
Maple . . .	31	to 33	Ditto, seconds	45	to 48

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	s.	s. d.		s.	s. d.
Must. White, .	10	to 10 6	Hempseed .	—	to — 0
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Tares, per bsh.	5	to 9 6	— Fine . .	—	to — 0
Sanfoin, per qr.	30	to 35 0	Rye Grass, .	16	to 24 0
Turnips, bsh.	10	to 15 0	Ribgrass, . .	28	to 34 0
— Red & green	10	to 14 0	Clover, red cwt.	54	to 75 0
— Yellow,	9	to 11 0	— White . . .	62	to 72 0
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	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.				
Eng. new	7	9 to	8	8
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Waterford	6	6 to	7	0
Limerick	—	0 to	—	0
Drogheda	6	9 to	7	3
Dublin	6	4 to	6	10
Scotch old	8	6 to	9	6
Irish Old .	6	6 to	8.	4
Barley, per 60 lbs.				
Eng. . . .	4	6 to	5	0
Scotch . .	—	0 to	—	0
Irish . .	4	3 to	4	9
Oats, per 45 lb.				
Eng. new	3	0 to	3	2
Irish do. .	3	0 to	3	1
Scotch do.	3	0 to	3	2
Rye, per qr.	34	0 to	36	6
Malt per b.	8	0 to	8	9
—Middling	7	0 to	7	9
Beans, per q.				
English .	33	0 to	42	0
Irish . .	36	0 to	40	0
Rapeseed, p.l. £23 to 25				
Pease, grey	32	0 to	36	6
—White .	41	0 to	50	0
Flour, English,				
p. 240lb. fine	38	0 to	48	0
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Amer. p. 196 lb.				
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Bran, p. 24 lb.	1	3 to	1	4

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	s.	d.	s.	d.
Butter, p. cwt.				
Belfast, new	89	0 to	91	0
Newry .	84	0 to	86	0
Waterford .	79	0 to	80	0
Cork, pic. 2d,	78	0 to	—	0
3d dry	72	0 to	0	0
Beef, p. tierce.				
— Mess	78	0 to	84	0
— p. barrel	50	0 to	56	0
Pork, p. bl.				
— Mess .	65	0 to	67	0
— Middl. .	60	0 to	62	0
Bacon, p. cwt.				
Short mids.	46	0 to	48	0
Sides . .	44	0 to	45	0
Hams, dry,	54	0 to	56	0
Green . .	—	0 to	—	0
Lard, rd. p.c.	50	0 to	52	0

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	3d.		8th.		15th.		22d.	
Bank stock,	222¾		222		——		223	
3 per cent. reduced,	82¼	⅛	82¼	⅜	82⅛	¾	83	⅛
3 per cent. consols,	83¼		83⅛		83¼	⅞	83⅜	⅞
3½ per cent. consols,	——		——		96⅛		96⅜	
4 per cent. consols,	99½		99¼		99¾		100	
New 4 per cent. consols,	103⅞		103¾		103⅞		104⅛	
Imper. 3 per cent.	——		81⅞		81⅜		81¾	
India stock,	265½		266		——		267¼	
—— bonds,	——		81 p.		79 p.		78 p.	
Long Annuities,	20⅞		20⅞		21		21⅛	
Exchequer bills,	38	42 p.	48	49 p.	45	47 p.	46	49 p.
Exchequer bills, sm.	38	42 p.	47	49 p.	45	47 p.	46	49 p.
Consols for acc.	82¼	¾	83⅛	⅞ 3	83¼	⅜	83¼	⅜
French 5 per cents.	98f.	25c.	88f.	60c.	——		——	

Course of Exchange, Dec. 9.—Amsterdam, 12 : 3. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 4. Antwerp, 12 : 6. Hamburgh, 37 : 8. Altona, 37 : 9. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 70. Ditto 25 : 90. Bourdeaux, 25 : 90. Frankfort on the Maine, 157. Petersburgh, per rble. 8¾ : 3. *Us.* Berlin, 7 : 10. Vienna, 10 : 13 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 14 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36¾. Cadiz, 36. Bilboa, 36. Barcelona, 35¾. Seville, 36. Gibraltar, 30¼. Leghorn, 46¾. Genoa, 43¼. Venice, 27 : 50. Malta, 45. Naples, 38¾, Palermo, 117. Lisbon, 52. Oporto, 52. Rio Janeiro, 49. Bahia, 51. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

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	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57 to	59	57	60	49	52	59	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	62	64	61	64	58	61	60	71
Fine and very fine, . .	74	80	—	—	69	74	—	—
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	112	125	—	—	—	—	106	115
Powder ditto, . .	100	110	—	—	—	—	—	—
Single ditto, . .	92	104	91	100	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps, . . .	90	98	85	86	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, ...	88	90	80	81	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . .	35	52	80	86	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	30	31	28	29	—	—	28	29
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	90	110	72	90	76	92	70	92
Mid. good, and fine mid.	120	130	90	110	95	110	—	—
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—	—	—	—	50	75	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	—	—	76	90	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	91	106	—	—
St Domingo, ...	122	126	—	—	76	78	—	—
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	9	10	8½	9	8½	8¾	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	1s 10d	2s 2d	1s 6d	1s 10d	1s 10d	2s 0d	1s 7d	1s 9d
Brandy, ...	3 3	3 4	—	—	—	—	2 3	3 8
Geneva, ...	2 3	2 5	—	—	—	—	1 6	2 3
Grain Whisky, . .	5 0	0 0	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£25	£30
Portugal Red, pipe.	32	44	—	—	—	—	27	34
Spanish White, butt.	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	27	29	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira, ...	40	0	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£10	0	8 0	8 10	£8 0	8 5	£8 10	9 0
Honduras, ...	—	—	—	—	8 10	9 0	9 0	9 10
Campeachy, ...	8	—	—	—	9 5	9 10	9 10	10 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7	8	—	—	8 10	8 15	6 0	7 0
Cuba, ...	9	11	—	—	9 0	9 5	— 0	0 —
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	10s	11s 6	—	—	9 0	10 6	—	—
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 0	2 4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0	1 6	1 3	1 4	0 11	1 2	0 10	1 1
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6	2 8	1 6	3 0	1 7	2 10	1 8	1 11
TAR, American, brl.	19	20	—	—	14 0	15 0	17	—
Archangel, ...	14	15	—	—	—	—	16 6	0 0
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	— 0	0 —
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	37	38	40	41	39	—	35 6	35 9
Home melted, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	32	—
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton.	43	44	—	—	—	—	£42	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	38	39	—	—	40	44	—	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	56	—	—	—	—	—	£60	—
Dutch, ...	55	90	—	—	—	—	45	55
Irish, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	88	93	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	17	—	—	—	—	15 10	15 15
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	45	—	—	—	—	—	45	—
Montreal, ditto, . .	44	—	43	—	42	—	—	—
Pot, . . .	40	42	43	—	42	—	47	48
OIL, Whale, . tun.	17	18	18	18 10	—	—	18	16
Cod, ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	19	20
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7	7½	7¼	7½	0 5½	0 8	0 5½	7
Middling, ...	5½	6½	5½	6¼	0 5¼	0 5	—	—
Inferior, ...	4	5	4	4½	0 2	0 2¼	0 2½	5½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 8½	0 9½	0 6¾	0 9¼	9	11
Sea Island, fine, .	—	—	1 5	1 7	1 3	1 5	1 1¼	1 9
Good, . . .	—	—	1 3	1 5	1 0	1 2	—	—
Middling, . . .	—	—	1 1	1 2	1 0	1 2	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	0 11½	1 0	0 10½	1 0	0 11	1 0½
West India, . . .	—	—	0 9	0 10	0 8	0 10	—	—
Pernambuco, . . .	—	—	1 1	1 1½	0 11	0 11½	0 11¾	1 1
Maranham, . . .	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 10¾	0 11½	—	—

Meteorological Tables, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

December.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach Ther.	Wind.	
Dec. 1	M.25 A. 30	29.775 .710	M.42 A. 42	Cble.	Frost foren. fair aftern.	Sept.16	M.35½ A. 42	29.999 .999	M.44 A. 44	NW.	Dull, slight rain aftern.
2	M.35½ A. 41	.665 .604	M.43 A. 45	SW.	Fair & mild.	17	M.38 A. 45	.904 .904	M.45 A. 45	NW.	Fair, with sunshine.
3	M.33 A. 49	.439 .296	M.48 A. 46	SW.	Dull, with rain foren.	18	M.39 A. 43	30.188 29.999	M.45 A. 46	Cble.	Sunsh. fore. dull aftern.
4	M.37 A. 42	.230 .229	M.45 A. 43	E.	Dull most of day.	19	M.39½ A. 43	.664 .559	M.45 A. 45	SW.	Foren. fair, aftern. rain.
5	M.31 A. 37	.427 .504	M.50 A. 44	E.	Frost morn. dull day.	20	M.40 A. 52	.538 .675	M.50 A. 50	NW.	Fair, but dull.
6	M.37 A. 49	.684 .676	M.48 A. 48	E.	Dull, but fair.	21	M.44 A. 48	.642 .642	M.48 A. 49	NW.	Fair, with sunshine.
7	M.37 A. 47	.756 .886	M.48 A. 48	E.	Very foggy, with rain.	22	M.45 A. 49	.515 .580	M.50 A. 49	SW.	Ditto.
8	M.41 A. 44	.994 30.180	M.47 A. 45	E.	Very foggy, but fair.	23	M.41 A. 50	.561 .561	M.51 A. 51	W.	Morn.sunsh. dull day.
9	M.37½ A. 42	.198 .250	M.44 A. 44	E.	Ditto.	24	M.46 A. 50	.58 .691	M.51 A. 49	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
10	M.38 A. 43	.328 .329	M.45 A. 44	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	M.42 A. 48	.725 .725	M.49 A. 48	W.	Dull, but fair, cold.
11	M.37 A. 41	.314 .299	M.45 A. 44	Cble.	Foggy foren. clear aftern.	26	M.42 A. 47	.755 .755	M.47 A. 48	W.	Foren.sunsh aftern. dull.
12	M.36 A. 41	29.996 .994	M.43 A. 43	Cble.	Fair, but dull and cold	27	M.45 A. 49	.594 .492	M.49 A. 49	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
13	M.37½ A. 42	.975 .902	M.43 A. 43	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	28	M.30 A. 45	.480 .612	M.49 A. 47	SW.	Fair, with sun. cold.
14	M.40 A. 48	.905 .916	M.50 A. 47	W.	Ditto	29	M.30 A. 41	.156 28.612	M.44 A. 44	SW.	Fair foren. rain aftern.
15	M.38 A. 46	.994 .998	M.48 A. 48	W.	Ditto.	30	M.30 A. 47	.610 .784	M.48 A. 45	SW.	Heavy shrs. hail & rain.

Average of Rain, 1.207 inches.

Alphabetical List of English Bankruptcies, announced between the 20th of Oct. and the 20th of Nov. 1823; extracted from the London Gazette.

Arnold, W. J. Idol-lane, wine-broker.
Atkinson, T. Bradford, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner.
Ball, R. Bristol, baker.
Beale, W. & J. H. Wrathall, Union-street, southwark, hatters.
Benson, J. Lancaster, linen-draper.
Bignold, T. Bridge-street, Blackfriars, boot-maker.
Bidder, T. Ilfracombe, tallow-chandler.
Birchinall, J. Macclesfield, cotton-spinner.
Bird, D. P. Bristol, grocer.
Bolton, E. Mare-street, Hackney, butcher.
Bottrell, H. Ostend, merchant.
Brookes, C. Southampton, cabinet-maker.
Brown, A. Plymouth, ship-builder.
Brown, H. W. Surrey-street, Strand, merchant.
Burraston, J, Hereford, coal-merchant.
Burridge, J. Ironmonger-lane, merchant.
Cardlin, J. J. Fenchurch-street, merchant.
Carpenter, J. Ramsay, Hants, coal-merchant.
Chabert, P. Lloyd's Coffee-house, merchant.
Charnaud, J. & J. N. Shoolbred, Great St Helens, merchants.
Clark, J. Trowbridge, linen-draper.
Colton, Rev. C. C. Prince's-street, Soho, wine-merchant.
Cone, J. Crutched Friars, victualler.
Cort. R. Cow Cross-street, currier.
Coulston, R. Tewkesbury, plumber.
Coupland, W. & W. B. Colton, Liverpool, merchants.
Cox, J. Wells, Somerset, miller.
Croft, W. P. M. Smithfield, victualler.
Davis, R. London, ironmonger.
Day, R. & R. H. Tovill, Oil Mills, Maidstone, Kent, seed-crushers.
Dickenson, R. Hexham, Northumberland, bookseller.
Dow, J. Bow-common, rope-maker.
Dowman, T. & J. Offley, Bread-street, Cheapside, warehouseman.
Ewes, J, Canterbury, ironmonger.
Gignay, S. Letchingdon, Essex, farmer.
Gingell, W. J. Norton-street, Mary-le-bonne turner,
Glynn, E. J. Launceston, banker.
Gordon, W. High-street, Gravesend, merchant.
Greathead, R. Bristol, dealer and chapman.
Greenland, S. N. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier.
Haines, H. J. Jermyn-street, oil merchant.
Hamer, S. B. Furnival's-inn, broker.
Harnage, Sir G. Chatham-place, merchant.
Harrison, C. Aldgate, cheesemonger.
Hassan, W. Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, brass-founder.
Hawkins, E. Hereford, dealer and chapman.
Hewitt, T. Carlisle, iron-founder.
Hills, T. Southend, builder.
Hoar, T. Flamstead, Hertfordshire, baker.
Holl, C. A. Worcester, printer.
Holt, W. F. Cannon-row, Westminster, surgeon.
Honeyborne, J. Kingswinford, Staffordshire, coal-dealer.
Huckman, J. Bristol, butcher.
Ingram, E. Castle-street, Reading, dress-maker.
James, J. J. A. & Co. Liverpool, ship-builders.
Jewson, J. C. High Holborn, linen-draper.
Lacey, L. Garden-row, London-road, horse-dealer.
Lacon, W. Oswestry, ironmonger.
Lainy, G. Dunster-court, Mincing-lane, merchant.
Lewis, J. Goyfrey, Monmouth-shire, timber-dealer.

Linde, J. Fillitter-street, broker.
Longton, J. and J. Liverpool, ironmongers.
Marshall, R. Jury Farm, near Ripley, Surrey, farmer.
M'Cheane, D. Fenchurch-street, merchant.
M'Kenzie, J. Manchester, draper.
Monatt, J. Lower Thames-street, ale-dealer.
Murgatroyd, W. Scarr Bottom, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner.
Myers, J. Preston, wine merchant.
Naish, J. Bristol, tanner.
Neale, J. Liverpool, merchant.
Northover, H. Nunny, Somerset, farmer.
Nunn, R. and T. Fisher, Grub-street, timber-merchants.
Oakley, T. Titchfield-street, carpenter.
Ord, J. St Paul's Church-yard, haberdasher.
Peacock, J. Manchester, merchant.
Peet, G. and J. Gutter-lane, riband-manufacturers.
Pelham, J. Chart, Kent, seed-crusher.
Pickard. W. Knaresborough, lime-burner.
Prosser, J. Abergavenny, grocer.
Randall, R. Truro, draper.
Ringshaw, G. Tooting, builder.
Roach, R. S. Bishop's Waltham, Hants, tanner.
Smith, E. Chatham, hatter.
Smith, R. Piccadilly, fruiterer.
Stavie, T. King-street, Seven Dials, stove-grate manufacturer.
Stephens, W. C. Westbury-on-Trim, Gloucestershire, grazier.
Stewart, H. Old Burlington-street, victualler.
Stoakes, W. Liverpool, carver and gilder.
Thorndike, J. Ipswich, cheese-factor.
Turner, T. Stoke Goldington, Bucks, baker
Ubsdell, C. Warminster, linen-draper.
Vines, W. Lucas-street, Commercial-road.
Watson, R. Britannia-terrace, City-road, coal-merchant.
Watson, T. Turf Coffee-house, St James's-street, wine-merchant.
Watts, S. Yeovil, Somersetshire, banker.
White, J. Prince's-street, Storey's-gate, undertaker.
Whittingham, T. Cheltenham, currier.
Withington, H. Manchester, silk-manufacturer.
Wood, S. Poswick, Hereford, dealer.
Wood, T. Barbican, oilman.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 18th and 30th November, 1823; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Buchanan, David, butcher in Veal-market, Edinburgh.
Cuthill, the Rev. Alexander, minister in the second charge of the Church of Ayr, and printer, publisher, and stationer, in Ayr.
Gibson, Thomas, mason and builder in Perth.
Greenhill, James, merchant and corn-dealer in Newburgh.
Hartthill, John, merchant in Aberdeen.
Lawrie, Archibald, upholsterer, Edinburgh.
M'Lean, Captain Hector, wool and kelp merchant, Carsaig, Island of Mull.
Munro, Hugh, spirit-dealer, Queensferry-street, Edinburgh.
Paterson, John, merchant in Stirling.
Rose, William, merchant in Glasgow.
Virtue, James & Co. merchants in Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

Gillespie, Colin, merchant in Glasgow; a 2d dividend on 9th December.
Harkness, Robert, of Inaishenrusk, in Cowal, Argyllshire, wool and cattle merchant, sometime residing there; a dividend after 5th December.
Kerr, Alexander, haberdasher and silk-mercer, South Bridge-street, Edinburgh; a first dividend after 23d December.
Moffat, John, merchant, Lerwick; a dividend after 9th December.
Weir, William, sheep and cattle dealer in Darley, parish of Ber; a dividend after 5th January.
Wylie, William, the deceased, manufacturer in Paisley; a fourth and final dividend after 26th December.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet.	Major *Hon.* J. Finch, h. p. R. W. I. Ran. Lieut. Col. in the Army, 25 Oct. 1823	
1 Life Gds.	Cor. and Sub-Lt. *Hon.* H. M. Upton, Lt. by p. vice Moseley, pro. 10 Oct.	
	C. Heneage, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by p.	do.
3 Dr Gds.	Lt. Bolton, Adj. vice Towel, res. Adj. only	6 Nov.
7	Vet. Surg. Anderson, from h. p. 24 Dr. Vet. Surg. vice Nesbitt, dead	do.
8 Dr.	As. Sur. Farnden, from 70 F. As. Surg. vice Carter, dead	do.
10	Surg. M'Roberts, from 78 F. Surg. vice Chermside, h. p.	30 Oct.
11	Cor. Partridge, Lt. by p. vice Crole, 41 F.	do.
	C. Johnson, Cor. by p.	do.
12	Reg. Serg. Maj. White, Qua. Master. vice Bull, dead	do.
	Lt. Lane, Capt. by p. vice Patton, ret.	6 Nov.
	Cor. Harington, Lt. by p.	do.
	W. Hyde, Cor. by p.	do.
14	Lt. Gen. *Sir* J. O. Vandeleur, *K.C.B.* Col. vice *E. of* Bridgewater, dead,	28 Oct.
Gren. Gds.	Bt. Maj. *Hon.* R. Clements, Capt. and Lt. Col. by p. vice Packe, ret.	6 Nov.
	Lt. Lyster, Lt. and Capt. by p.	do.
7 F.	Lt. Orr, Adj. vice Hay, res. Adj. only	25 Oct.
25	Bt. Lt. Col. Dalmer, Maj. by p. vice Keightley, prom.	16 do.
	1st Lt. Beale, Capt by p.	30 do.
	2d Lt. Mathison, 1st Lt. by p.	do.
	C. Beauclerk, 2d Lt. by p.	30 do.
24	G. K. Tucker, Ens. by p. vice Bennet, prom.	do.
25	Lt. Miller, Ad. vice M'Leod, res. Adj. only	6 Nov.
37	Hosp. As. Neill, As. Surg. vive Robertson, 70 F.	do.
39	Lt. Gen. *Sir* G. Airey, *K.C.B.* Col. vice Gen. N. Balfour, dead 28 Oct.	
41	Lt. Crole, from 11 Dr. Capt. by p. vice Johnson, cancelled	30 do.
57	As. Surg. Latham, from h. p. 34 F As. Surg. vice Inglis, dead	23 do.
67	Ens. Pilford. Lt. vice Lescelles, dead	30 do.
	L. Carey, Ens.	do.
70	As. Surg. Robertson, from 37 F. As Surg. vice Farnden, 8 Dr.	6 Nov.
71	Lt. Dashwood. Capt. by p. vice Roy, ret.	25 Oct.
	J. Barry, Ens. by p.	do.
74	Lt Yates, from Cape Corps, Lt. vice Herron, h. p. 24 F.	6 Nov.
78	Staff Surg. Boitem, from h. p. Surg. vice M'Roberts, 10 Dr.	30 Oct.
84	Capt. Cruise, Maj. by p. vice Arden, prom.	6 Nov.
92	Ens. Bayly, Lt. vice Sutherland, ret.	23 Oct.
	W. E. Sawbridge, Ens. by p.	do.
W. I. R.	Lt. Hughes, from h. p. 2d Bahama Gn. Comp. Qua. Mast. vice Dukes. h. p.	do.
Ceyl. Reg.	2d Lt Lewis, 1st Lt. vice Burke, dead	do.
	R. Jefferson, 2d Lt.	do.
Cape Corps	(*Inf.*) Lt. Harvey, from 24 h. p. Lt. vice Yates, 74 F.	6 Nov.
1 R. Vet. Bn.	Lt. Rawstorne, from h. p. 10 F. Lt.	25 Oct.

1 R. Vet. Bn. Lieut. Knox, from h. p. 3 F. do.
—— Collins, from h. p. 26 F. do.
—— Fleeson, from h. p. Afr. Corps. do.
—— Fielding, from h. p. 3 F. do.
—— Fraser, from h. p. 56 F. do.
—— Nicholls, from h. p. 31 F. do.
—— Johnson, from h. p. 5 F. do.
—— Thomson, from late 9 Vet. Bn. Lt. do.
As. Surg. Keoghoe, from h. p. 44 F. As. Surg. do.
Lt. Bell, from h. p. 2 Gn. Bn. Lt. do.
—— Stewart, from h. p. 95 F. do.
—— O'Neill, from h. p. 83 F. do.
—— Dickens, from h. p. 28 F. do.
—— Kirkley, from h. p. Rifle Brig. do.
—— Butler, from h. p. 37 F. do.
—— Waddell, from h. p. 48 F. do.
—— M'Grath, from h. p. 96 F. do.
—— Griesbach, from h. p. Meuron's Reg. Lt. do.
Staff As. Surg. Lawder, As. Surg. do.
Lt. Crofton, from h. p. Yk. Lt. Inf. Vol. Lt. do.
—— Waters, from h. p. 83 F. do.
—— O'Reilly, from h. p. 6 Gn. Bn. do.
—— M'Kenzie, from h. p. 72 F. do.
—— Scarman, from h. p. 67 F. do.
—— O'Beirne, from h. p. 96 F. do.
—— Bowen, from h. p. 65 F. do.
—— Dickson, from h. p. 25 F. do.
Ens. Harrison, from h. p. 81 F. Ens. vice Greenham, ret list. do.
—— Lane, Adj. vice Yellon, ret. list. do.
As. Surg. Gardiner, from h. p. 53 F. As. Surg. do.

Unattached.

Major *Hon.* R. P. Arden, from 84 F. Lt. Col. of Inf. by p. vice M. Gen. Chabot, ret. 30 Oct. 1823.

Hospital Staff.

Surg. Maling, from h. p. Surg. vice Clarke, prom. 3 July, 1823.
As. Surg. Clifford, from h. p. 68 F. As. Surg. vice Finlayson, cancelled 23 Oct.
—— Magrath, from h. p. 20 Dr. As. Surg. vice Lawder, 2 R. Vet. Bn. 6 Nov.
Hosp. As. Gallagher, from h. p. Hos. As. vice Lough, h. p. 23 Oct.
J. Wylie, Hosp. As. vice Neill, 70 F. 6 Nov.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Popham, from 24 F. with Lt. Col. Fleming, h. p. 53 F.
Major Jonson, from 93 F. with Major Allen, h. p. 10 F.
Bt. Maj. Mackworth, from 13 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Heyman, h. p. 8 Dr.
Capt. Webb, from Rifle Brig. do. with Captain Stevenson, h. p. 12 F.
Lieut. Towell, from 3 Dr G. do with Lieut. Todd, h. p. 8 Dr.
—— Smith, from 4 Dr. G. do. with Lieut. Nash, h. p. 21 Dr.
—— Grayson, from 15 F. with Lieut. Hammond, h. p. 94 F.
—— M'Leod from 25 F. with Lieut. O'Brien, h. p. 22 Dr.
Cornet Cunninghame, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Cornet *Sir* W. H. Clarke, *Bt.* h. p.
Ensign Young, from 17 F. with Ensign Farwell, 31 F.
—— Michel, from 27 F. with Ensign Sleator. 60 F.
Ensign Collings, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Fothergill, h. p. 85 F.
Assist. Surg. M'Clintock, from 1 Dr. with Assist. Surg. Tedlie, h. p. 89 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Maj. Gen. *Visc.* Chabot, late of 5 F.
Col. H. P. L'Estrange, King's County Mil.
Lieut. Col. Packe, Gren. Gds.
Capt. Patton, 12 Dr.
—— Roy, 71 F.
Lieut. Sutherland, 92 F.

Appointment Cancelled.

Capt. Johnson, 41 F.

Deaths.

Gen. *Sir* A. Farrington, *Bt.* Roy. Art. Director General of the Field Train, Dep. Blackheath, Kent. 5 Nov. 1823.
—— Barclay, late of Roy. Marines, Taunton, 12 do.
Lieut. General Peche, East India Comp. Serv. April.
Maj. Gen. Steuart, late of 1st F. Edinburgh, Sep. 23
—— Durand, East India Comp. Serv. Fort St George, East Indies, 24 Dec. 1822.
Col. Uniacke, h. p. 104 F. 31 Oct.
—— Chichester, Cardigan Mil. 23 Oct.
Lieut. Col. Miller, 87 F. Ghaseepore, Bengal, 17 May.
—— *Earl of* Athlone, h. p. 95 F.
—— *Sir* M. Grant, *K.C.B.* h. p. Portugal Serv. MacKrach, near Granton, 22 Oct.
Capt. Lennon, h. p. R. Wagg. Train, 25 Oct.
—— Kelly h. p. 80 F. Clashmore, Youghall, 21 Oct.
—— Gardiner, h. p. 89 F. Isleworth, Middlesex, 16 Sept.
—— Hunt, h. p. York Rang. London, 17 July.
—— Ubaldini, h. p. Malta Regt.
—— de Harling, h. p. 2 Dr. Germ. Leg. 7 Nov.
—— Taylor, of late 5 Vet. Bn. St. Athan, 9 May.
—— Finch, of late 9 Vet. Bn. 10 Oct.
Lieut. Stuart, 32 F. Corfu, 23 Aug.
—— Bowra, 64 F. I. of Wight, 8 Nov.
—— *Hon.* F. Lascelles, 67 F. London.
—— J. Gordon, late Invalids, July.
—— Doughty, do. 29 Oct.
—— Rushton, do. 24 Jan.
—— Aitkin, of late 4 Vet. Bn. Jedburgh, North Briton, 10 Sept.
—— Mussen, h. p. 3 Dr.
—— Crawford, h. p. 2 F. Lambeth, 24 Sept.
—— Daniel, h. p. 12 F. Wheelock, Cheshire, 12 Oct.
—— Doig, h. p. 23 F. Sept.
—— Barr, h. p. 26 F. 26 do.
—— Donald Campbell, h. p. 27 F. 21 Nov.
—— Mulkern, h. p. 65 F. Aug.
—— Uniacke, h. p. 66 F. 10 July.
—— Duff, h. p. 67 F. Isle of Man, 29 Oct.
—— Ruddiman, h. p. 71 F. 13 Sept.
—— Andrews, h. p. 84 F. 21 May
—— Peters, h. p. 88 F. 18 Feb.
—— Patton, late 6 Vet. Bn. 8 Oct.
—— Frey, h. p. Roll's Regt.
—— Robertson, Stirling, Mil. Edinburgh, 25 Oct.
Ens. Le Mesurier, h. p. 9 F. 15 Mar.
—— Cheney, h. p. 72 F. 14 Dec.
Chap. Pulejo, h. p. Sicilian Regt.
Qu. Mast. Bull, 12 Dr. Cork, 21 Oct.
—— Andrews, h. p. 72 F. 22 Jan.
—— Elliott, So. Devon Milit.
Med. Dep. Surg. Gruskopff, h. p. 1 Dr. Germ. Leg. 21 Apr.
—— Surg. Dunn, Ayr, Milit.
—— Staff Assist. Surg. Rossiter, Frome, Sommersetshire, 7 Sept.
—— Assist Surg. Duval, h. p. 1 Lt. Inf. Germ. Leg.
—— Dep. Purv. Sherrin, h. p.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 3. At Surat, the Lady of Edward Grant, Esq. of the Civil Service, Bombay Establishment, of a son.

25. At Madras, the Lady of J. Macleod, Esq. of a son.

Aug. 16. At Mount Atlas, Jamaica, the Lady of Hinton Spalding, Esq. M. D. of a daughter.

27. In George's Square, Mrs Captain Mackenzie, of a daughter.

Oct. 30. At Copenhagen, the Consort of Prince William of Hesse, of a daughter.

31. At Balnamoon, the Lady of James Carnegy, Esq. of a daughter.

Nov. 7. At Brechin, the Lady of John Guthrie, Esq. banker, of a daughter.

7. In York Place, London, the Lady of Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P. of a daughter.

— At Oatfield, East Lothian, Mrs Alex. Burn, of a daughter.

9. At Crook, near Stirling, Mrs Micking, of twin sons.

12. At Portsmouth, the Lady of Major-General Sir James Lyon, K. C. B. of a daughter.

— At Cargen, the Lady of William Stothert, Esq. of a daughter.

14. At Belmont, the Lady of Mathew Fortescue, Esq. of a daughter.

15. Lady Dunbar of Boath, of a son.

16. At Greenbank, near Glasgow, Mrs W. D. Blair, of a daughter.

— Mrs Clarke of Comrie, of a daughter.

— Mrs William Young, Great King Street, of a daughter.

— At Wheatfield House, the Lady of Mark Sprot, Esq. of Garnkirk, of a daughter, still-born.

16. At Greenock, the Lady of Lieut-Colonel Douglas, 79th Regiment, of a son.

18. At Blackheath, the Lady of Captain P. H. Bridges, R. N. of a daughter.

— At Shrubhill, Leith Walk, the Lady of John Mansfield, Esq. of a daughter.

20. At Hillhousefield, Mrs James Borthwick, of a daughter.

— Mrs Tod, 46, Charlotte Square, of a daughter.

25. At Larchgrove, near Edinburgh, Mrs Dr Merison, of a son, being her fifteenth child.

Lately. In Castle Street, the Lady of Colonel O'Connel, 73d Regiment, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 21. At Googry, East Indies, Joseph Woolley, Esq. assistant-surgeon 2d battalion 6th Regiment, to Mary, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Maxwell, commanding that battalion.

Feb. 8. At Bengal, Thomas Reid Davidson, Esq. of the Civil Service, to Helen Eliza, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel J. Paton, Commissary-General in Bengal.

June 5. At Bombay, Donald Smith Young, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Medical Service, Madras Establishment, to Mary, second daughter of Campbell Mackintosh, Esq. of Dalmigavie, Inverness-shire.

July 14. (O. S.) At St Petersburgh, Colin Campbell Sawers, Esq. merchant, St Petersburgh, to Miss Marjory Forman, of that city.

Oct. 17. At Kingsburgh, Isle of Skye, the Rev. Roderick M'Leod, minister of Brackadale, to Miss Ann M'Donald; and on Nov. 2d, George Gun, Esq. to Miss Margaret M'Donald, both daughters of D. M'Donald, Esq. of Skeabost.

23. At Sheriff Mill, near Elgin, Alex. Sutherland, Esq. Rose Valley, to Ann, daughter of John Innes, Esq.

27. At Denbie, Thomas Dickson, Esq. of London, to Mary, second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Carruthers of Denbie.

30. At Wandsworth, Archibald Montgomery Maxwell, Captain in the Royal Artillery, to Mary, third daughter of John Falconer Atlee, Esq. of West Hill House, Wandsworth.

Nov. 1. James Webster, Esq. of Balmuir, Forfarshire, and of West Ham, Essex, to Miss Elizabeth Ramsay, of Mark Lane.

3. At Bush House, Fisherrow, Lieut. Patrick Kerr, Royal Navy, to Helen, daughter of Mr Robert Mitchell, wood-merchant.

4. In Castle Street, Lieut. Henry Steele, of the Royal Navy, to Margaret, third daughter of the late Captain John Stenhouse, of the 20th Regiment of Foot.

— At Haddington, Mr James Gibson, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of the late Robert Somerville, Esq. surgeon there.

6. At Barossa Place, Perth, Mr William Wilson, bookseller, Edinburgh, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late John White, Esq.

10. At Mary-le-bone Church, London, Walter Stevenson Davidson, Esq. of Inchmarlo, Kincardineshire, to Anne, only daughter of Gilbert Mathison, Esq.

— At Stirling, John Telford, Esq. cashier of the Stirling Bank, to Jane, eldest daughter of Thomas Wright, Esq. of Glenny, late Provost of Stirling.

12. At Polmally Glen, Urquhart, Inverness-shire, Sir Charles Chambers, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Major Wm. Wilson, of Polmally.

— James Begbie, M. D. to Eliza, second daughter of the late Robert Speare, Esq. of Millbank, Cheshire.

13. At Auchindinny, Mr James Ritchie, stationer, Edinburgh, to Janet, eldest daughter of Mr George Laing, paper manufacturer there.

13. Lieut.-Colonel Colquhoun, to Magdalene, fourth daughter of John Stein, Esq. of Kennetpans.

17. Henry Bellenden Ker, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, London, to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of Edward Clarke, Esq. of Cheshunt, Herts.

19. At Staple Grove near Taunton, Major Stepney Cowell, of the Coldstream Guards, to Euphemia Jemima, eldest daughter of General John Murray, and sister to Major-General Murray, Lieutenant-Governor of Demerara.

24. At Glasgow, Matthew Fleming, Esq. merchant, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Robert Strang, Esq.

— At Kinnaber, near Montrose, William Smart, Esq. of Cononsyth, to William, daughter to R Gibson, Esq.

— At Millfield, by Leven, Mr Henry Balfour, Durie, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Mr Robert Bisset, Millfield.

25. At Glasgow, Henry Houldsworth, jun. Esq. to Helen, only daughter of the late James Hamilton, Esq. of Glasgow.

— At Dolphingston, Mr Samuel Johnston, Barbauchlaw, to Christiana Mary, daughter of Mr James Cunningham.

— At Edinburgh, Mr David Robertson, merchant, Grangemouth, to Euphemia, daughter of John Charles, Esq. Sciennes Street.

27. At the Manse of Methlick, James Nicol, Esq. advocate in Aberdeen, to Barbara, only daughter of the late Rev. George Allan, minister of Newhills.

29. At Rankillor Street, Edinburgh, Mr John C. Tweedie, merchant, Leith, to Helen, only daughter of Alexander Cunningham, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, on Saturday, Sir Abraham Elton, Bart. of Cleveden Court, Somerset, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late William Stewart, Esq. of Castle Stewart, and niece of Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth.

DEATHS.

Dec. 8. 1822. At Canton, Captain Thomas Sanders, of the Orwell, Indiaman.

Feb. 11, 1823. At Chunar, Bengal, Lieut. George Gordon, of the 21st Regiment, N. I. and Fort Adjutant at Chunar.

Mar. 20. At Fort Marlborough, Bencoolen, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel M'Innes, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

April 21. At Choadringhow, East Indies, Lieut. John Hadaway, 24th Native Infantry, Bengal, surveyor of Government lands in Rochilcund, and eldest son of the late Patrick Hadaway, Esq.

Aug. 30. At St Thomas's in the East, Jamaica, Mrs Monro of Novar.

Oct. 3. At Rasay House, the same day with her brother, James M'Leod of Rasay, Mrs Martin of Attadale.

4. At Xeres de la Frontera, in Spain, James Gordon, Esq. senior partner of the old established house of Gordon & Co. of said city.

11. At Auchtermuchty, Mr James Bowes, surgeon, aged 74.

16. At his residence, in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, Lieut.-General Baily Willington, Colonel Commandant of the 2d Battalion of the Royal Regiment of Artillery.

19. At Perth, Mrs Hosack, wife of Dr Hosack, physician there, late surgeon to his Majesty's forces.

20. At Edinburgh, David Rutherford, youngest son of the Rev. James Rutherford, minister of Hownam.

24. At Musselburgh, Mrs William Charles, jun.

25. At Elie, Fifeshire, Dr John Croley, late surgeon to the Canadian North-West Company.

— At Lynlish, near Granton, Lieut. Colonel Sir Maxwell Grant, K.C.B. late of the 42d Highlanders.

26. At Gremston Lodge, Yorkshire, Mrs Haggerston, jun. of Ellingham.

— At Muttonhole, Mr Robert Renton, farmer there.

27. At Rink, Mr Thomas Arras, farmer, Craigcrook.

28. At Stromness, Henry Cruickshank, Esq. of Hoy.

30. Mary Roper Paton, youngest daughter of Mr John Paton, builder.

— Suddenly, Robert Elliot, Esq. of Pinnacle-hill.

31. At the Hague, of apoplexy, the Earl of Atholne.

— At Newbigging, Musselburgh, Captain John Thomson, late of the 69th regiment.

Nov. 1. At Altona, Mr H. W. Von Gustenberg, one of the veterans of the German Literature and Poetry, having nearly completed his 88th year.

— At Inveresk, Mrs Taylor, wife of John Taylor, Esq. of the Exchequer.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Kennedy, wife of James Kennedy, Esq. M. D. physician.

— At Dumfries, Miss Margaret Lawrie, younger sister of the late General Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, Bart.

— At Nith Bank, Walter Ritchie, Esq. late Lieutenant 14th Light Dragoons.

2. At Edinburgh, Mr George Wilson, writer.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Spence, solicitor in the Supreme Courts of Scotland.

5. At 15, London Street, Edinburgh, Mr John Wright, merchant.

— At the Castlehill, Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Rochead, musical-instrument maker, in the 86th year of his age.

— At Edinburgh, Rebecca, second daughter of Mr William Boyd, W. S.

— At Balbegno, in Kincardineshire, Mrs Ramsay, wife of Captain Thomas Ramsay, half-pay 14th foot.

— At Blackheath, General Sir Anthony Farrington, Bart. D.C.L. commandant of the 1st battalion royal artillery, and director general of the field train department, aged 83; he had been in the army 68 years, and was the oldest officer in the British service.

4. At the Manse of Urquhart, Sarah Louisa, daughter of the Rev. William Smith of Petty.

— At New Saughton, John Hope Watson, second son of the deceased James Watson, Esq. of Saughton, aged 6 years.

— At Edinburgh, Robina, youngest daughter of Mr Alexander Douglas, W. S.

5. At Edinburgh, Miss Jane Grant Simpson, third daughter of John Simpson, Esq. late captain in the 27th regiment of foot, formerly captain in the Inverness-shire militia.

— The Honourable Frederick Eden, eldest son of Lord Henley.

— At Kettle Manse, Fife, Helen Moncrieff, fifth daughter of the Rev. Dr Barclay.

— At London, in her 20th year, Mary, only daughter of the late Robert Hamilton, Esq. of Queenston, Upper Canada.

— At Weymouth, Colonel Chichester, of Arlington, Devonshire.

— At Berwick, suddenly, Mr Henry Richardson, proprietor and printer of the Berwick Advertiser.

— Ann White, wife of John Wigham, jun. Salisbury Road, Edinburgh.

6. At Falkirk, Charles Mackintosh, Esq. in the 28th year of his age.

7. At Edinburgh, Niel Gow, son of Mr Nathaniel Gow, music-seller.

— At Musselburgh, Jessy, youngest daughter of Mr George Stuart, merchant there.

10. At Belfast, the Rev. Josias Alexander, pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian congregation there, and teacher of mathematics in the Belfast Academy.

— At Edinburgh, Anna, eldest daughter of David George Sandeman, Esq. Springland.

— Mrs Stewart of Alderston.

— Mr Charles Broughton, W. S. accountant in Edinburgh.

11. Robert Lorimer, Esq. of Holmhead, residing at Kirkland, near Sanquhar.

— At Kingsbarns, Mrs Moncrieff, widow of the Rev. David Moncrieff of Whitewells, minister of Redgorton.

— At London, Lord Chief Baron Richards.

12. At Edinburgh, Mr William Sibbald, architect and builder.

13. At Edinburgh, David Forrest, Esq. solicitor in the Supreme Courts.

14. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ross, widow of Hugh Ross, Esq. of Kerse.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Murray, baker.

15. At London, the Earl of Portmore, aged 78.

— At Jersey, on the 15th inst. aged 45, of apoplexy, John Dumaresq, Esq. his Majesty's Attorney-General, and colonel of the 1st regiment of militia of that island.

16. At Edinburgh, Henrietta, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Dundas, Bart.

— At Kirkden, the Rev. William Milligan, minister of that parish, in the 90th year of his age, and 40th of his ministry.

— At Dumbarton, Walter, youngest son of Mr Archibald Colquhoun, writer.

— At Smeaton, Lady Buchan Hepburn, widow of Sir George Buchan Hepburn, Bart. one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland.

— At Glasgow, Mr Robert Watson, merchant, aged 59.

— At Balveny, Captain A. Cameron, late of the Scots Brigade.

17. At Innergellie, Robert Lumsdaine, Esq. of Innergellie.

— At Hexham, Elizabeth, infant daughter of the Rev. James Richardson, minister of the Presbyterian Church there.

— At Port Elliot, John Earl of St Germans.

— At Methven Manse, the Rev. John Dove, minister of that parish, in the 78th year of his age, and 51st of his ministry.

18. At 14, George Street, Mrs Turner, formerly residing at Newbattle.

— At Ammondale, a seat of his brother, the Right Hon. the Earl of Buchan,—the Right Hon. Thomas Lord Erskine, K. T. third son of the deceased Henry David, Earl of Buchan, a Privy Councillor and late Lord High Chancellor of England. His Lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by the Hon. David Montague Erskine, his eldest son, late ambassador to the United States of America.

19. At his house in Queen Street, George Kinnear, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

— John Wilson, Esq of Cultershogle, merchant in Dundee.

20. In Roxburgh Street, Robert, aged 23, third son of Mr Adam Anderson.

— At his house, Hunter-Square, Mr John Ferguson, clothier.

— West Bank, Portobello, Alexander, fourth son of Mr Alexander Guthrie, bookseller, Edinburgh.

21. At his house, Trinity Square, London, John Roebuck, Esq.

22. At Libberton, Mr Robert Johnstone, late merchant, Port-Glasgow.

23. At Edinburgh, Mrs Marion Bell, wife of Mr Andrew Steele, of Crosswoodhill, W. S.

24. In New Palace Yard, Westminster, London, Mrs Bankes, wife of the Hon. Member for Corse Castle.

— At Greenbank, near Glasgow, Mrs Jane Bruce wife of William Davidson Blair, Esq.

25. At Edinburgh, Mrs Isabella Cochrane, relict of Mr James Taylor, Mound Place.

— At Edinburgh, Mary Rooke Geva, infant daughter of Sir James Riddel, Bart.

— At Edinburgh, Charles, youngest son of Charles Tawse, Esq. W. S.

27. In Graham Street, Robert Barclay, only son of Mr John Sim, accountant of the Bank of Scotland.

Lately. At Petersburgh, the celebrated Steibelt. He was the author of a great number of musical compositions; among which, is the fine opera of Romeo and Juliet. He had resided for fifteen years in St Petersburgh, and acquired a large fortune.

— At London, Colonel Lyon, in his 56th year. He expired in the arms of his son, Captain Lyon, of the Hecla, recently returned from the Northern Expedition.

— At the Manse of Glammis, on the 23d ult. Barbara, daughter of the Rev. James Lyon.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Jean Baillie, 56, Queen Street.

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INDEX TO VOLUME XIV.

Abercromby, Mr D., review of his speech at the Scottish club, Liverpool, 73
African Institution, remarks on their proceedings, as affecting our West Indian colonies, 438
Age of Homer, prize dissertation on the, review of, 343
Ambrosianæ, Noctes, No. X. 100—No. XI. 236—No. XII. 484
Ancient manners and customs, vestiges of, in Italy and Sicily, 254
Angler, the Complete, review of 473
Appointments, promotions, &c. 117, 368, 618, 739
Ariosto, review of his Orlando Furioso, translated by W. S. Rose, 30
Attacks on the Lord Chancellor, on the late Whig, 202
Author, tales by an unwilling, review of, 417
Ball at the Opera-house, Paris, 196
Bankrupts, British, 116, 367, 617, 738
Bartholomew fair, 259
Battle between Spring and Neat, Idyl on the, 65
Beaton, Cardinal, review of Tennant's drama of, 421
Beauty, remarks on, 472
Births, 119, 372, 622, 740
Bits, by the Director-General, 342
Black Jack and leather bottle, dissertation on the, 521
Blaquiere, Mr, remarks on his Report on Greece, &c., 465
Blessington, Earl of, on his observations on Ireland, 534
Bloody bread-bag, the, a sailor's story, 271
Bloomfield, Robert, verses to the memory of, 353
Blunt, Rev. J. J., review of his Vestiges of Ancient Manners and Customs, 254
Bridal Song, a, 672
Brides' Tragedy, the review of, 723
Bridges, Rev. G. W., remarks on his answer to Mr Wilberforce, on the West India slave question, 444
British dramatists, notices of modern, 421, 723.
Brougham, Mr, remarks of Tickler on, 215—On the dinner given to, at Glasgow, 459
Buonaparte, review of Las Cases' Journal of the Private Life of, 169
Burridge, Joseph, Esq., on the diary of, 702
Byron, Lord, remarks on his new Cantos of Don Juan, 88, 282
———, and Mr Landor, remarks on, 99
Caithness, death of the Earl of, 376
Campbell, Thomas, Esq., letter of Timothy Tickler to, 308—Postscript by Odoherty, 311
Campbell, Cobbett, &c. &c. remarks of Tickler on, 312
Cardinal Beaton, a drama, review of, 421
Chancellor, the Lord, on the late Whig attacks on, 202, 627
Chapter on Goblins, 639
Charles Edwards, Esq., the last words of, 396
Cobbett and Sir Francis Burdett, 314
Cobbett's Year's residence in America, Remarks on, 319—His attacks on Shakespeare and Milton, 222—On the objections to rural sports, 223—Specimens of Cobbett, merry, 225—His letter to Mr Malthus, 226
Coleridge's translation of Wallenstein, remarks on, 377
Complete angler, the review of, 473
Confessions of a footman, the, 590
Contributor, letter from one in the sulks, 181
———— letter from one in love, 471
Controversy, remarks on the West Indian, 437, 647
Conveyancing, remarks on a proposal to obtain a chair in the University, for the lecturer on, 148
Corn markets, 114, 355, 614, 736
Credit, public, project in aid of, 516
Cruickshank, George, on his talents as an artist, 18
Deaths, 119, 373, 624, 741
December, lines on, 670
Dinner to Mr Brougham at Glasgow, remarks on, 459
Dissertation on the leather bottle and the black jack, 521
Domestic Scottish Tales, by James Hogg, review of, 427
Doncaster, Sawney at, 468
Don Juan, on Cantos 9, 10, 11, of, 88—By Odoherty, 282
Dramatic writers, modern dramas and, remarks on, 555
Dramatists, modern British, notices of, 421, 723
Ear-trumpet, a new one, 199
Edwards, Charles, Esq. the last words of 396
Eloquence, on the gormandizing school of, 73, 497
English songs, remarks on, 4
Esk, sonnets on the scenery of the, 601
Exhibition of Paintings in London, remarks on, 10
Faust, a drama, by Goethe, review of translation of, 35
Faux, William, review of his Memorable days in America, 561—The voyage, 565—Arrival in Charleston, 566—Washington, 567—Quinsville, ib.—Family pictures, 568—Judicial sketch, 569—Philadelphia, 570
Fine Arts, lectures on the, No. I., 18
Footman, confessions of a, 590
France, Memoirs of the History of, during the Reign of Napoleon, review of, 173
Garcilaso de la Vega, review of his works translated by Wiffen, 26
Garden of plants at Paris, review of history of the, 121, 577

General Question, the, No. I., 332
Gentlemen of the press, letter of Tickler on the, 511
Germanicæ, Horæ, No. XVI., 377
Glasgow dinner, the, by Mr Tickler, 459
Goblins, a chapter on, 639
Goethe's Faust, &c., review of Lord F. L. Gower's translation of, 35
Gormandizing school of eloquence, No. I. Mr D. Abercrombie, 73—No. II. Mr Lawless, 497
Gower, Lord F. L., review of his translation of Goethe's Faust, &c., 35
Graces, the, or Literary Souvenir, review of, 669
Grave, the unknown, 59
Greece, remarks on Blaquiere's Report on, &c., 465
Haydon, remarks on his style of painting, &c., 11
Hayley's Memoirs, review of, 303
Heaven and hell, Mr Irving's, 346
History of the garden of plants at Paris, review of the, 121, 577
Hoaxing, Italian art of, No. IV.
Hogg, James, account of a Scots mummy by, 188—Review of his Three Perils of Woman, 427
Homer, review of prize dissertation on the age of, 343
Hopetoun, death of the earl of, 376
Horæ Germanicæ, No. XVI., 377
Horticultural Tour, note on Mr Niell's, 123
Hunt, Leigh, lecture on his poem of the Choices, 241
Idyl on the battle between Spring and Neate, 65.—Round the First, 67.—Round Second and Third, 68.—Round Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh, 69. Round Eighth and Last, 70.—Lament of a big Bristol butcher, 72
Inhabited Well, the, 93
Inscription for Picton's cenotaph at Waterloo, 671
Irishman, the, No. I. 354
Irving, the Rev. Mr, review of orations by, 145.—Opinions of the Londoners on, 192.—His "Judgment to Come" put into verse, 246
Italian art of hoaxing, No. IV. Tenth and last tale of the third supper, 43
Italy, modern, vestiges of ancient manners and customs in, 254
Jeffrey, Mr, remarks on his conducting of the Edinburgh Review, 220
Journal of the private life and conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St Helena, review of, 169
Keats, John, and the Edinburgh Review, remarks on, 225
Lasca, extract from the novels of, 43
Las Cases' journal, review of, 169
Last words of Charles Edwards, Esq. 396
Lawless, Mr, remarks on his speech at the Glasgow dinner, 497
Lessowes, a visit to the, 262
Leaving port, a passenger's olio, 520
Lecture on "The Choices," a poem by Leigh Hunt, 241
Lectures on the fine arts, No. I. George Cruickshank, 18
Letter concerning Mr Tickler's last appearance in Maga, 572
——— from a contributor in the sulks, 181
——— to the editor from Andrew Ardent, Esq. 330—Mr North's answer, 331
——— from a contributor in love, 471
——— from Gabriel South, Esq. 532
Letters of Timothy Tickler to eminent literary characters, No. VII. 80—No. VIII. 212—No. IX. 306—No. X. 312—No. XI. 511—No. XII. 695
Literary Souvenir, review of, 669
Litt, William, review of his Wrestliana, 705
Liverpool Scottish Club dinner, review of the, 73
London oddities and outlines, No. I. 3—English songs, 4—Exhibition at Somerset House, 10—No. II. the drama, 191—Mr Irving, 192—No. III. 294—A traveller's week, 296—No. IV.—The theatre, 470.
Lord Chancellor, on the late Whig attacks on, 202
Love, Learning, and Jealousy, the Three Perils of Woman, review of, 427.
——, letter from a contributor in, 471
Maga, letter concerning Tickler's last appearance in, 572
Manifesto, the, 504
Man-of-war's-man, the, Chap. VIII. 269—Chap. IX. 278
Manners and customs, ancient, vestiges of, in Italy and Sicily, 254
Marriages, 119, 372, 623, 741
Memoirs of General Rapp, review of, 30
——— of the History of France, by Napoleon, review of, 173
——— of Hayley, review of, 303
Memorabilia, the, of William Faux, review of, 561
Meteorological tables, 113, 364, 616, 738
Mexico, sketch of the revolution in, 61
Military promotions, &c. 117, 368, 618
Milton at Chalfont, 265
Miracles, short rules respecting the evidence of, 552
Modern British dramatists, notices of, 421
Modern dramas and dramatic writers, remarks on, 555
Mummy, account of a Scots one, 188
Napier, Lord, death of, 376
Napoleon, review of Journal of his Private Life and Conversations, 169
Napoleon's Memoirs, review of, 173
Naval promotions, 621
Navigation code, song occasioned by the change in the, 254
Neill, Mr, note on his horticultural tour, 123
New poetical translations, review of, 26
New ear-trumpet, a, 199
Night-walker, the, 507
Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. X. 100—No. XI. 236—No. XII. 484
North, Mr, lecture of, on Leigh Hunt's Poem of "The Choice," 241
Northern nations, review of popular tales of the, 293
Notices of modern British dramatists, No. I. Tennant, 421—No. II. Beddoes, 723

Oddities and outlines, London, No. I. 3.—No. II. 191.—No. III. 294.—No. IV. 470.
ODoherty on Cantos 9, 10, 11, of Don Juan, 268.
O'Driscoll, J. remarks on his Views of Ireland, 534.
Orations of the Rev. Mr Irving, review of, 145.
Orlando Furioso, review of Rose's translation of, 30.
Paintings exhibiting at Somerset-House, remarks on, 10
Pamphlets on Ireland, remarks on, 534
Panaceas for Poverty, 635
Parliament, on the proceedings of the last Session, 184
Paris, review of history of the garden of plants there, 121
Parisian Sketches—No I.—Six months before, and six months after October, 1814, 193—A ball at the Opera-house, 196
Parson's Visitor, the, 200
Passengers' Olio, a, 530
Perry, Mr, late of the Morning Chronicle, note on, 228
Pewter quart, the, 520
Picton, General, inscription for his cenotaph at Waterloo, 671
Picturesque and beautiful, on the sources of the, 249
Plants, history of the garden of, review of, 121, 577.
Pluckless school of politics, No. I. 139—No. II. 330.
Pococurante, 133
Poetical Translations, review of new ones, 26.
Poetry.—The flowers of Guido, 27.—The progress of passion, 28.—The unknown grave, 59.—The inhabited well, 93.—The parson's visitor, 200.—The Tories, a national melody, 241.—On a childe playing, 268.—Verses to the memory of Robert Bloomfield, 353.—Song, 345.—Sunday evening, 483.—The pewter quart, 520.—The leather bottle, and black jack, 521.—Leaving port, 530.—Sonnets on the scenery of the Esk, 601. December, 670.—Inscription for General Picton's cenotaph at Waterloo, 671. Bridal song, 672.
Politics, on the pluckless school of, No. I. 139. No. II. 330
Popular Tales of the northern nations, review of, 293
Press, letter of Mr Tickler, on the gentlemen of the, 511
Prices current, 118, 366, 615, 737
Prize-dissertation on the age of Homer, review of, 343
Promotions, appointments, &c. 117, 368, 618, 739
Public credit, project in aid of it, 516.
Publications, monthly list of new ones, 108, 537, 607, 732
Pyrenees, the review of a tour in, 13.
Question, the general, No. I. 332
Raeburn, Sir Henry, death of, 375
Rapp, General, review of Memoirs of, 39
Remarks on English songs, 4—On the exhibition of paintings at Somerset-House, 10—On the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, 30—On the new Cantos of Don Juan, 88—On the pluckless school of politics, 139, 330—On the late Whig attacks on the Lord Chancellor, 202—On the sources of the picturesque and beautiful, 249—On Bartholomew Fair, 259—On Coleridge's translation of Wallenstein, 377—On the West Indian controversy, 437—On the dinner to Mr Brougham, at Glasgow, 459—On Mr Blaquiere's Report on Greece, &c. 465—On pamphlets on Ireland, 534—On modern dramas, and dramatic writers, 555—On the Edinburgh Review's attack on the Lord Chancellor, 627—On the Diary of Joseph Burridge, Esq., 702
Review of Thiers's Tour in the Pyrenees and South of France, 13—Of new poetical translations, 26—Of General Rapp's Memoirs, 39—Of Mr D. Abercromby's speech at the Liverpool Scottish club dinner, 73—Of the history of the garden of plants, 121—Of the Rev. Mr Irving's Orations, 145—Of Quin's Visit to Spain, 163—Of Count Las Cases' Journal, 169—Of Napoleon's Memoirs, 173—Of Blunt's Vestages of Ancient Manners and Customs, 254—Of Popular Tales of the Northern Nations, 293—Of Hayley's Memoirs, 303—Of prize dissertation on the age of Homer, 343—Of Mr Irving's "judgment to come," 346—Of Tales by an unwilling author, 417—Of Tennant's Cardinal Beaton, 421—Of Hogg's Three Perils of Women, 427—Of Walton's Complete Angler, 473—Of Faux's Memorable days in America, 561—Of the Literary Souvenir, 669—Of Litt's Account of Ancient and Modern Wrestling, 705
Review, the Edinburgh, on the last number of, 212, 695—Its attack on the Lord Chancellor, 627
Reviews, the Edinburgh and Quarterly, remarks on, 30
Revolution in Mexico, sketch of the, 61
Rose's translation of Orlando Furioso, review of, 30
Roxburgh, death of the Duke of, 376
Rules respecting the evidence of miracles, 552
Sawney at Doncaster, 468
Scots mummy, a, 188
Scottish Tales, domestic, review of 427
Short rules for plain people regarding the evidence of miracles, 552
Sicily, modern, vestiges of ancient manners and customs in, 254
Sketch of the revolution in Mexico, 61
Slavery, proceedings of the Society for the Mitigation of, remarks on, 441
Song of a fallen angel over a bowl of rum-punch, 102
Songs, English, remarks on, 4
Sonnets on the scenery of the Esk, 601
Sources of the picturesque and beautiful, on the, 149
Spain, Visit to, in 1822-23, review of, 163

Spanish affairs, on the present state of, and on the late campaign, 675.
Spring and Neat, an idyl on the battle between, 65
Sulks, letter from a Contributor in the, 161
Sunday evening, verses on, 483
Tales, Popular, of the Northern Nations, review of, 293
Tales by an unwilling author, review of, 417
Tennant, Mr, review of his drama of Cardinal Beaton, 421
Things in general, letter of Tickler on, 212
Three Perils of Woman, by James Hogg, review of, 427
Tickler, Timothy, letters of, to the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, 80, 212, 308, 312, 511, 695—Remarks of, on the Glasgow dinner, 459—Letter concerning his last appearance in Maga, 572
Time's whispering gallery, No. V.—Visit to the Leasowes, 262—No. VI. Milton at Chalfont, 255
Tories, the, a national melody, 247
Tory, the, No. I. 78—No. II. On the late session of Parliament, 184
Toryism in 1823 the representation of Whiggism in 1688, 76
Traveller's week, a, 296
Unknown grave, the, 59
Verses on a child playing, 268
—— to the memory of Robert Bloomfield, 353
—— on Sunday evening, 483
Vestiges of ancient manners and customs discoverable in modern Italy and Sicily, 254
Visitor, the parson's, 208
Wallenstein, Coleridge's translation of, remarks on, 377
Walton's Complete Angler, review of, 473
Well, the inhabited, 93
West Indian controversy, remarks on the, 437, 647
Whig attacks on the Lord Chancellor, remarks on the late, 203, 627
Whig and Tory, 666
Wiffen, J. H. review of his translation of Garcilaso de la Vega's poems, 26
Wilberforce, Mr, remarks on his conduct regarding the African slave question, 438
Works preparing for publication, 107, 355, 604, 730
Wrestling, Ancient and Modern, review of Historical Account of, 705.

INDEX TO BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Adam, 622
Aitchison, 622
Anderson, 372
Alison, 372
Baillie, 119, 372
Balfour, 119, 372
Ballard, 622
Barber, 372
Becher, 372
Bell, 119, 622
Bethune, 372
Black, 372
Blackburn, 372
Blair, 741
Block, 622
Bogle, 372
Borthwick, 741
Boswell, 622
Boyd, 622
Bradford, 622
Brewster, 623
Bridges, 119, 741
Brodie, 372
Broomfield, 119
Brougham, 119
Bruce, 622
Burn, 372, 741
Burnet, 622
Cadell, 119, 372
Cameron, 372
Campbell, 622, ib., ib.
Cargill, 622
Carmichael, 372
Carnegy, 740
Carruthers, 622
Cathcart, 622
Cay, 623
Cheyne, 372
Clarke, 741
Cook, 372
Crawford, 622
Curle, 372
Dalzel, 119, 622
Davidson, 622, ib.
Davis, (3 children,) 623
Dick, 372
Dickie, 623
Dickson, 372
Dimma, 372
Douglas, 372, 741
Dudgeon, 372, ib. 622
Dunbar, 741
Dunlop, 119
Elliott, 119, 372
Espinasse, 622
Farquharson, 623
Ferrier, 622
Ferguson, 119
Filder, 119
Fleming, 372
Foggo, 622
Forbes, 372
Fortescue, 741
Fraser, 622
Fullarton, 622
Gibson, 372
Gifford, 119, 372
Gordon, 119, 372, ib. 623
Gower, 119
Grant, 622, ib. 623, 740
Grey, 372
Guthrie, 740
Hamilton, 119, 372
Hastings, 622
Hay, 372, 622
Henderson, 372
Hepburne, 119
Hesse, 740
Hislop, 622
Hope, 622, 623
Hopetoun, 372
Hopkirk, 622
Howe, 372
Horrocks, 119
Hume, 741
Hutchison, 622
Inglis, 372
Inverarity, 622
Irvine, 119
Iveson, 622
Johnstone, 622, 623
Laurie, 622, 623
Learth, 622
Loch, 372, 622
Londonderry, 372
Long, 622
Lyon, 741
M'Arthur, 622
Macbean, 372
M'Candlish, 119
Macfarlane, 372
Macgregor, 622
Mackenzie, 372, 622, ib. 740
Maclean, 119
Macleod, 740
Maconochie, 623
Mansfield, 741
Marjoribanks, 372
Marshall, 622
Megget, 622
Meikleham, 372
Menzies, 372
Melville, 622
Mercer, 622, ib.
Meredith, 622
Micking, 741
Milner, 119
Milton, 622
Mitchell, 622
Montgomery, 372
Moodie, 622
Moncrieff, 622, ib.
Morrison, 741
Morson, 622
Mossman, 623
Mowbray, 372
Munro, 119
Noel, 119
O'Connell, 741
Orr, 622
Parsons, 119
Paterson, 622
Peel, 119, 623
Plimer, 119
Pringle, 623
Radcliffe, 119
Ramsay, 119
Reid, 372
Robertson, 622, ib. ib.
Ross, 622, ib.
Scott, 119, 622, ib. ib.
Shandos, 622
Silver, 372
Sinclair, 372
Sitwell, 622
Skinner, 372

Smith, 119
Spalding, 740
Spottiswoode, 372
Sprot, 741
Stark, 372
Stedman, 119
Stenhouse, 622
Stopford, 622
Stothert, 741
Stuart, 119
Swaby, 623
Swan, 372
Sydserf, 622
Tait, 622
Taylor, 622
Tennant, 622
Thornton, 372
Tod, 741
Torrington, 372
Tweddale, 622
Walker, 622
Watts, 623
Wemyss, 372
White, 119
Wishart, 372
Wood, 119
Young, 622, 741
Yule, 119

MARRIAGES.

Allan, 624
Allison, 623
Ainslie, 373
Anderson, 373
Arnot, 623
Baillie, 624
Balfour, 741
Barr, 119
Bayley, 373
Bedford, 624
Begbie, 741
Berry, 623
Briggs, 119
Bremner, 373
Brodie, 373
Brunton, 119
Buchan, 373
Bushby, 623
Calthorpe, 373
Cameron, 373
Campbell, 373
Carson, 373
Chambers, 741
Charleton, 373
Cockburn, 624
Colquhoun, 741
Cowell, 741
Cunynghame, 373
Cust, 624
Dassanville, 623
Davidson, 373, ib. 741, ib.
Delisser, 373
Dickson, 741
Dobbie, 623, ib.
Donald, 119
Donaldson, 373
Dores, 624
Dundas, 623
Drury, 119
Elliot, 623
Elton, 741
Fahie, 373
Fitzwilliam, 373
Fleming, 741
Forrest, 373
Franklin, 373
Fraser, 373, 623, ib.
Fyfe, 623
Gardner, 623
Garioch, 623
Gibson, 373, 741
Glover, 119, 623
Grant, 623
Gray, 119
Grice, 119
Gun, 741
Hamilton, 373, 623
Handyside, 624
Harrison, 372
Harvey, 373
Harward, 119
Helley, 373
Henderson, 119
Hill, 119, 623
Hislop, 624
Horsley, 623
Houldsworth, 741
Howden, 119
Hurt, 623
Hutton, 623
Irving, 624
Johnston, 741
Kennedy, 119
Kerr, 741, ib.
Kinnear, 119
Laurie, 624
Lascelles, 373
Little, 373
Logan, 373, 624
Lothian, 119
Luke, 119
M'Arthur, 624
M'Donald, 373
M'Intosh, 623
M'Kinnon, 373
M'Laine, 623
M'Lauchlan, 119, 623
M'Leod, 741
M'Neill, 119
M'Pherson, 373
Martineau, 623
Maxwell, 741
Mercer, 372
Milne, 372
Mildmay, 623
Mitchell, 119
Montagu, 624
Morant, 623
Morris, 373
Murray, 119, 373
Nasmyth, 623
Nichol, 741
Nisbet, 119
Niveson, 623
Orr, 373
Orrock, 373
Oscar, 373
Playfair, 624
Poole, 373
Porteous, 373
Pott, 119
Pursell, 623
Purves, 372
Ritchie, 741
Robertson, 623
Rule, 119
Rutherford, 623
Sandford, 372
Sandon, 623
Sands, 623
Sawers, 741
Scott, 373, 623
Shenley, 623
Sidmouth, 373
Smart, 741
Smith, 373, ib. 624
Sommerville, 119, 623
Somner, 119
Stanford, 623
Steele, 623, 741
Steuart, 623
Steven, 623
Stevenson, 119, 373
Stewart, 119, 623
Stirling, 623
Sutherland, 373, 741
Telford, 741
Thomson, 119, 373, ib.
Tweedie, 623, 741
Waldegrave, 373
Wallace, 623
Webster, 741
Whitehead, 624
Williamson, 373
Wilson, 741
Wingfield, 623
Woolley, 741
Wylie, 372, 623
Yorke, 372
Young, 741

DEATHS.

Addington, 374
Aitken, 625
Allan, 373, 374
Alexander, 742
Anderson, 120, 374, ib. ib. 624, 742
Arthur, 624, 742
Arras, 741
Ashburnham, 375
Athlone, 742
Baillie, 625, 742
Bain, 626
Bald, 624
Balfour, 626, ib.
Balleny, 625
Bankes, 742
Barclay, 742
Barnard, 374
Barr, 374
Bayne, 625
Beattie, 626
Bell, 742
Benton, 625
Beresford, 374
Bertram, 624
Blackie, 120
Bloomfield, 375
Bond, 626
Boog, 374
Boswell, 374
Bowen, 374
Bowes, 741
Boyd, 742
Bridges, 374
Bridgewater, 626
Brotherston, 626
Broughton, 742
Brown, 374, ib. 375, ib. ib. 624, 626
Bruce, 742
Brydon, 624
Buchanan, 120, 624
Burns, 625, 626
Burton, 120
Cadell, 625
Caithness, 376
Cameron, 626, 742
Campbell, 374, ib. 624, ib. ib. 625, ib.
Cardigan, 120
Carmichael, 375, 625
Carnegie, 626
Carnot, 375
Carss, 624
Cathcart, 374
Charles, 741
Chiaramonti, 375
Chichester, 742
Chisholme, 120
Christie, 120, 626
Clark, 120, ib. 624
Clary, 375
Cleghorn, 120
Cochrane, 742
Cockburn, 374
Coldstream, 374
Colquhoun, 742
Coombe, 120
Cornwallis, 375
Craigie, 120
Crawford, 120
Croley, 741
Cruickshank, 742
Cundell, 120
Cuningham, 375
Curtis, 626
Dalrymple, 626
Dalzel, 374
Dartmouth, 626
Davidson, 120
Davoust, 120
Dawson, 120
Dickson, 624
Ditton, 375
Doig, 625

Dougall, 624
Douglas, 626, 742
Dow, 742
Doyle, 120
Dreghorn, 374
Drysdale, 375
Duguid, 626
Dumeresq, 742
Dun, 625
Duncan, 374, 626
Dundas, 742
Dunn, 626
Dunstanville, 120
Dussaux, 626
Edmondstoune, 374
Elder, 374
Elliot, 120, 742
Erskine, 742
Ewart, 626
Falconar, 624, 625
Farie, 120, 624
Farnham, 374
Farquhar, 374, 625
Farquharson, 120, 626
Farrington, 742
Faulkner, 120
Fenton, 625
Ferguson, 742
Finch, 625
Finlayson, 624
Fisher, 375
Fitzgerald, 374
Fletcher, 120
Fleming, 120
Forrest, 742
Forrester, 625
Foulis, 120
Fraser, 120, 625
Fullerton, 625
Gardner, 374
Geddes, 373
George, 374
Gillespie, 120
Gilmour, 625
Gilchrist, 120
Gordon, 120, 625, 741, ib.
Gow, 742
Gowan, 625
Grahame, 373
Grant, 120, 374, 626, 741
Griffith, 375
Grindlay, 626
Guild, 626
Gustenberg, 742
Guthrie, 742
Hadaway, 741
Haggerston, 741
Hamilton, 625, 626, 742
Harvey, 624
Hastings, 626
Hay, 120, ib. 374
Henderson, 624, ib.
Henley, 742
Hepburn, 742
Herries, 625
Hill, 120
Home, 120, 374
Hope, 120
Hopetoun, 376
Honeyman, 626
Horne, 626
Hosack, 741
Howison, 375
Hume, 375
Hunter, 120, 626
Hutchinson, 375, 625
Inglis, 375, 626
Innes, 625, ib.
Ironside, 375
Irving, 374
Jameson, 375, 624, 626
Johnstone, 624, 626, 742
Jones, 374
Jopp, 624
Kellie, 626
Kelso, 626
Kennedy, 742
Kerr, 374, 625
Kinnear, 374
Kinloch, 625
Kinnear, 742
Kinnersley, 375
Kirkwood, 120
Laing, 625
Lamb, 625
Lambton, 373
Lascelles, 626
Lawrence, 375
Lawrie, 374, 742
Lawson, 375
Learmonth, 626
Ledwich, 375
Lemeny, 626
Leslie, 120, ib. 374, 624
Liddle, 375
Little, 375
Lockhart, 120
Longmore, 375
Lorimer, 374, 742
Louth, 120
Lumsdaine, 742
Lyon, 742, ib.
Macadam, 374
MacAllan, 120
Macalpine, 120
Macallum, 625
M'Caman, 120
M'Caul, 374
M'Comish, 375
M'Cormick, 375
M'Farlane, 626
M'Gibbon, 374, ib.
M'Innes, 120, 741
Mackintosh, 742
M'Intyre, 374
Mackenzie, 374, ib. 625
M'Laren, 625
M'Lean, 624
M'Leod, 626, 741
Manners, 120
Marshall, 625, 626
Martin, 119, 741
Mathew, 624
Maxwell, 373, 625
May, 625
Mead, 325
Mellish, 624
Mill, 626
Milne, 374
Miller, 374, 624, 625
Milligan, 742
Milroy, 624
Mitchell, 626
Moncrieff, 742, ib.
Monro, 741
Moodie, 626
Morrison, 374, 626
Mowat, 120
Mowbray, 625
Mudie, 624
Muir, 375
Murray, 120, ib. 374, ib. 624, ib. 742
Napier, 376
Neale, 375
Newbigging, 626
O'Donnel, 375
Ogilvie, 120, 374, 624, 626
Ogle, 120
Oliver, 374, 624
Ollerenshaw, 626
Orrock, 626
Park, 119
Paterson, 120, 624
Paton, 742
Pearson, 374, ib. 375
Peat, 624
Playfair, 375
Plimer, 120
Portmore, 742
Powerscourt, 375
Powlett, 375
Rae, 624
Raeburn, 375
Ramsay, 742
Rayner, 625
Reid, 375
Renton, 741
Ricardo, 625
Richards, 742
Richardson, 374, 742, ib.
Riddel, 742
Ritchie, 742
Robertson, 374, 625
Rochead, 742
Roebuck, 742
Rolland, 624
Ross, 120, 626, 742
Roxburgh, 376
Rumpenheim, 624
Rutherford, 741
Salisbury, 120
Sanders, 741
Sandeman, 742
Scott, 120, 375, 642
Shade, 374
Sheriff, 126
Shireffs, 374
Sibbald, 742
Sim, 626
Simpson, 625, 626, 742
Skene, 625
Smith, 374, 625, ib. ib. 742
Somerville, 120
Spalding, 120
Speid, 374
Sprott, 375
Spence, 624, 742
Steibelt, 742
Stewart, 742
Stewart, 120, 374, 375, 625
St Germans, 742
Stirling, 374, 626
Stoddart, 374, ib. 625
Stormonth, 120
Strachan, 120, 626
Strang, 120
Stuart, 742
Surchen, 374
Taylor, 742
Tawse, 742
Templeman, 624
Templeton, 626
Tennant, 625
Thomson, 120, 374, ib. 742
Trail, 120
Troup, 120
Tulloch, 624
Turner, 742
Urquhart, 374
Vernon, 626
Walker, 374, 375
Wallace, 120, ib. 375
Ward, 374
Warrand, 624
Waterhouse, 120
Watson, 374, 375, 626, 742, ib.
Watt, 374, 626
Waugh, 375
Webster, 626
Weller, 375
Whigham, 626
Whyte, 375
Wigham, 742
Willington, 741
Wilson, 374, 375, 624, 626, 742
Winstanley, 624
Wright, 626, 742
Yeoman, 375
Young, 624

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